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movie MIRROR

Photoplay

10¢

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

JUNE

JOAN CRAWFORD
Sketched By
MES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Hollywood Bad Girls by VIÑA DELMAR

M-G-M is proud of John Barrymore! "Reunion in Vienna" is his new picture and Diana Wynyard is the girl! One night of reckless romance, risking capture to recapture the love of his mad days in the Imperial Court... Gayest of this year's Broadway romantic hits "Reunion in Vienna" from Robert E. Sherwood's play, produced by the Theatre Guild, becomes another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer delight! Directed by Sidney Franklin.

★ The reproduction above of an original painting of John Barrymore by Otis Shepard is the second of a series of caricatures by famous artists of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars.

GIFT OF PUBLISHER

.P515

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Never fails to use Lipstick—
Neglects her Teeth and Gums and she has **"pink tooth brush"!**

IT HAS never dawned upon this girl that lipstick draws attention to her dull, dingy-looking teeth — or she would take better care of her teeth and gums.

Are *your* teeth dull—or bright? Are your gums firm — or flabby?

If your gums bleed easily — if you have "pink tooth brush"— the soundness of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, and the attractiveness of your smile may be in danger.

"Pink tooth brush" may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea. It is a threat to the good-looks of your teeth — and sometimes to the teeth themselves.

Try the Ipana method of keeping your teeth sparkling, and your gums firm and healthy.

Soft modern foods rob your gums of the stimulation they need. To give them this necessary stimulation, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you clean your teeth.

Almost immediately your teeth will brighten. Soon, you'll see an improvement in your gums. Continue with Ipana and massage, and you needn't be bothered about "pink tooth brush."

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73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxu

MOVIE MIRROR

Filmland's Most Beautiful Magazine

VOL. 4, No. 1

Ruth Waterbury
Editor

JUNE, 1933

HOLLYWOOD REPRESENTATIVE ◆ HARRY LANG

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL ◆ ART DIRECTOR

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This Tooth Paste delights 2,000,000 *Cranks*

–*not* because of its price, but *because* of its *results*

Women are cranks about their teeth and the tooth paste that goes on them. And why not! Sound teeth are vital to health. Beautiful teeth enhance a woman's charm.

We are rather proud of the fact that more than two million women have chosen Listerine Tooth Paste above all others. Certainly no higher compliment could be paid to its quality and the results it achieves.

We would like to have you judge this tooth paste yourself. Buy a tube. Give it a fair trial. Compare it with any paste at any price and judge by what it does for you.

Note how swiftly it cleanses the teeth. See how its special cleansing and polishing agents penetrate between teeth, erasing decay, tartar, and discolorations. See how they make the surfaces of the teeth gleam and flash. Note how firm and healthy your gums feel after you've used Listerine Tooth Paste a few short weeks. Note, too, the delightful feeling of freshness and exhilaration it imparts to your mouth—that brisk, clean feeling you associate with Listerine itself.

That Listerine Tooth Paste can be offered at 25¢ is due to the fact that we buy and manufacture economically; eliminating unnecessary costs at every turn. These economies are reflected in the price of this remarkable dentifrice. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

What you can buy with that $3 you save

On the basis of the use of a tube of tooth paste per month, Listerine Tooth Paste, at 25¢, saves you approximately $3 a year over dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Below are a few suggestions as to what to buy with that $3:

A hat. A scarf. Stockings (2 pairs). 6 handkerchiefs.

THE QUALITY DENTIFRICE AT A COMMON SENSE PRICE

Tips on TALKIES

by DORA ALBERT

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

✓✓Animal Kingdom, The (Radio)
Here is one of the most intelligent triangle dramas of the season. And what's more, it's beautifully acted by such troupers as Leslie Howard, Ann Harding, Myrna Loy and Bill Gargan. The title is based on the idea that most of us are members of the animal kingdom, because of the way we let sex attraction blind us to more important qualities.

☆

✓Be Mine Tonight (Gaumont-Universal)
A foreign-made musical with a cast of names you won't know, but it won't matter, because the picture is delightful. It has some grand singing, which isn't spoiled by a lot of interminable close-ups of the leading man. You'll like this and wish Hollywood would copy the pattern. Oh, yes, it's all in English.

☆

✓✓Big Cage, The (Universal)
If you don't get a thrill out of this one, you're shock-proof. It shows you Clyde Beatty, the world's most famous lion-and-tiger trainer, doing his stuff. It has the stamp of authenticity and reality, and you'll be wild about it. For good measure there's a love tale between Anita Page and Wallace Ford, but the picture is mostly thrill stuff.

☆

✓Bitter Tea of General Yen, The (Columbia)
An amazing performance by Nils Asther as a Chinese general puts this picture over. He makes even Barbara Stanwyck, splendid emotional actress though she is, look like an amateur beside him. The theme is a delicate one, for it deals with the hopeless passion a Chinese general feels for a white girl. However, the whole production is so beautifully done, that you will not be offended at all but deeply moved instead.

☆

✓Blondie Johnson (First National)
Though the plot of this is trite, Joan Blondell's wisecracks put it over. The story is simply that of a girl who becomes the head of a gang and is called upon to send her own sweetheart (Chester Morris) to his death. The picture moves swiftly.

☆

✓Call Her Savage (Fox)
Here is Clara Bow's answer to those who said she couldn't act. It is a magnificent, splendid answer. She moves triumphantly through every situation, from comedy to tragedy. From the moment she appears on the screen her vivid, vital personality dominates the picture. It makes little difference that the story is a combination of all the dramatic plots you have ever heard about; the picture is all Clara, and Clara at her best.

PERSONALLY RECOMMENDED

✓✓42nd Street
Because it's gay and sparkling, because of the lilt of its music and the catchiness of its songs and the drama of its plot. Because it's the best musical comedy we've seen in months.

Also

- **✓✓Animal Kingdon**
- **✓✓Cavalcade**
- **✓✓A Farewell To Arms**
- **✓✓Hard To Handle**
- **✓✓The Masquerader**
- **✓✓She Done Him Wrong**
- **✓✓State Fair**

On the other hand, I did not like—

Perfect Understanding
Because it doesn't do right by Gloria Swanson. The plot is trite, the acting hopeless. The lighting is so inexpert that Gloria Swanson doesn't even look right.

Rome Express
Because although many critics have raved about it, it seemed to me just another imitation of the "Grand Hotel" idea.

☆

✓✓Cavalcade (Fox)
An epic picture that never loses the human touch. It tells the story of an English family from 1899 to the present date, and makes each member of that family seem thrillingly real. You will laugh with them, cry with them, feel as if you know them. You will see the intimate tragedies of their lives and the moments of high comedy against the tremendous panorama of English history. The entire cast is magnificent, with Diana Wynyard giving the most notable performance.

☆

Child of Manhattan (Columbia)
You might call this the modern version of Cinderella. A dance hall girl falls in love with a wealthy man. She has an affair with him, which eventually leads to marriage, after a lot of trials and tribulations. Obviously, this is a routine program picture, but if you like Nancy Carroll and John Boles, you'll find it fairly entertaining.

☆

✓Christopher Strong (Radio)
It's hard to tell whether this picture is good, bad or indifferent, because it's so completely dominated by the personality of Katharine Hepburn. To say that the picture is 95 percent Hepburn is putting it mildly; she *is* the picture. And oh, those love scenes between Hepburn and Colin Clive! They almost set the screen on fire and they're strangely beautiful.

☆

✓Clear All Wires (M-G-M)
Here's a story about a swashbuckling, conceited, fast-talking, egotistic but withal lovable foreign correspondent, based on the career of you-guess-whom. The rôle's a natural for Lee Tracy. Even though the story's somewhat uneven, you won't be sorry you spent your movie money to see it. Besides Lee Tracy's grand work, there's a honey of a performance from Una Merkel.

☆

✓Destination Unknown (Universal)
Have you been crying for something "different"? This is. You may like it or think it absolutely impossible, but you'll have to admit it's a variation from your usual screen fare. It deals with twelve men on a derelict ship, a lone woman stowaway, and a mysterious "Stranger" who suddenly appears among them. You'll like the work of Ralph Bellamy, Pat O'Brien, Betty Compson and Tom Brown.

☆

Ex-Lady (Warners)
Gene Raymond and Bette Davis lavish two good performances on a picture that isn't worthy of any good acting at all. The plot's too silly. It's about a girl and a boy who start out on a free love basis and end up by deciding on marriage. It drags you through a lot of sex, without any good reason for it.

☆

Face in the Sky (Fox)
The chances are you won't like this, even though it has an excellent cast, including Marian Nixon, Spencer Tracy and Stuart Erwin. There is no excuse for such an absurd plot as this. It's the story of a kind-hearted sign painter who falls in love with an orphan girl and tries to rescue her from a group of ignorant mountaineers. The actors struggle in vain to put over this weak sister.

(Continued on page 9)

NO WASHDAY PROBLEM HERE! — by D'ALTON VALENTINE

I STOPPED IN AND SAW THE MAN WHO SOLD YOU YOUR WASHING MACHINE
WHY DARLING— WHY DID YOU DO THAT?
WELL, YOU TOLD ME YOU COULDN'T GET CLOTHES WHITE ENOUGH—
BUT THAT WASN'T THE FAULT OF THE WASHER! I'VE BEEN USING THE WRONG KIND OF SOAP
MRS BRUCE, WHO LIVES NEXT DOOR, TOLD ME TO USE RINSO SHE SAYS IT WASHES CLOTHES AT LEAST 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT THE SALESMAN SAID! HE SAID HE THOUGHT EVERY WOMAN KNEW ABOUT RINSO
NEXT WASHDAY—
IT'S A JOY TO TAKE THIS RINSO WASH FROM THE LINE — IT SMELLS SO SWEET AND CLEAN! AND HOW BRIGHT THE COLORS ARE — LIKE NEW!
D'ALTON VALENTINE

THAT EVENING —
I SEE YOU'RE USING RINSO FOR DISHES, TOO
I USE IT FOR ALL MY CLEANING, BOB—IT GIVES SUCH NICE RICH SUDS. AND IT'S *SO EASY ON MY HANDS!*

"Rinso for whiter clothes—*safely*,"

say makers of these 40 famous washers

ABC
American Beauty
Apex
Automatic
Barton
Bee-Vac
Blackstone
Boss
Cinderella
Conlon
Decker
Dexter
Fairday
Faultless
Fedelco
Gainaday
Haag
Horton
Laundryette
Laundry Queen
Magnetic
Meadows
Mengel
National
"1900"
One Minute
Prima
Princess
Rotarex
Roto-Verso
Savage
Speed Queen
Sunnysuds
Thor
Universal
Voss
Westinghouse
Whirldry
Woodrow
Zenith

And for tub-washing—like magic!

Throw out your washboard. Say goodbye to scrubbing. Rinso's lively suds *soak* out dirt—clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. Think how much money that saves!

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Rich, creamy suds—marvelous for dishes, too. Ask your grocer for Rinso—try it next washday.

The biggest-selling package soap in America

You against the Rest of Womankind your Beauty • • your Charm • • your Skin!

CAMAY
CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Alone, your looks may not seem so important to you. But when you must hold your own, in competition with other women, you realize that life is a Beauty Contest. Someone's eyes are forever searching your face, comparing you with other women, judging the beauty of your skin.

• *To have a skin of clear, natural loveliness, apply a lather of Camay and warm water to your face twice a day. Rinse thoroughly with cold water.*

• *Pure, creamy-white Camay is the safe beauty soap for the feminine skin. You'll find Camay's rich, luxuriant lather delightful in your bath, as well!*

Of course, you can mask your thoughts, your feelings. But you cannot mask your skin. It is there for all to see . . . to flatter or criticize, to admire or deplore. In the Beauty Contest of life, in keen rivalry with other women, it's the girl with flawless skin who wins.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Your complexion at its radiant best is a glorious weapon that can help you conquer. And Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is your skin's best friend. Camay is mild, pure, safe. Made of delicate oils for delicate skins. And what a rich, copious lather it gives, even in hard water!

THE PRICE IS DOWN

Camay, in its gay new dress, is the outstanding beauty value of the hour that women are flocking to buy. Never has a soap so fine sold at a price so low! Get a dozen cakes today!

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

(*Continued from page 6*)

✓✓Farewell To Arms, A (Paramount)
A magnificent production of Hemingway's famous novel. Though it doesn't follow the book exactly, few people will cavil at such details. For it is emotionally one of the most moving dramas you have ever seen. No one could give a more heartbreaking and vivid performance than Helen Hayes as the English nurse who falls in love with an American soldier. Gary Cooper, too, rises to heights you hardly believed him capable of. Women will find it necessary to bring plenty of handkerchiefs to this picture, and they will use them all.

☆

Fast Workers (M-G-M)
Poor John Gilbert! His last picture on his M-G-M contract is anything but brilliant. Here he is with Bob Armstrong trying the McLaglen-Lowe kind of stuff. Only they're not the McLaglen and Lowe type, and they don't put it over.

☆

✓Flesh (M-G-M)
There's something as human about Wallace Beery's performances as there is about the man himself. That's what makes "Flesh" well worth your while. Beery seems to get into the very heart and soul of the man he portrays, a dumb but lovable German wrestler who falls in love with a girl who's been deserted by her man. Karen Morley plays her part, too, to the limit.

☆

✓✓42nd Street (Warners)
I don't see how anyone could possibly fail to like this. It has music and gayety, it whirls, it sparkles, it has catchy songs and marvelous dancing, and it has action, oh, how it has action! And, oh, baby, what a cast! Una Merkel, Ruby Keeler, Warner Baxter, Ginger Rogers, George Brent, Bebe Daniels. You will be glad you went to see this!

Well, well, well, is this a new combination—Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres? Ginger used to go with Mervyn Le Roy and Lew has just been divorced from Lola Lane

On "New Beer's Eve" Mike Levee, the producer, gave movietown's gayest party. That's Mike, smiling behind the bar, with Mary Pickford and Director Frank Borzage

✓✓Frisco Jenny (Warners)
You've been waiting for something like this. Confess it; haven't you been wanting to see Ruth Chatterton her old self again, emoting with all the fire that is in her? This story gives her the chance, and she makes the most of it. The plot is the old one about the son who grows up to be a district attorney and has to try for murder his own mother, whom he doesn't recognize.

☆

✓From Hell to Heaven (Paramount)
Eleven persons get tangled up in a big race. Their stories provide a variety of entertainment, since there's plenty of action, including murder, violence, robbery, reformation and what not. Jack Oakie steals all the laughs. For romance there's Carole Lombard, looking as exquisite as ever. Chances are you'll like this.

☆

✓Grand Slam (Warners)
Believe it or not, this picture actually dares to kid the great game of contract bridge. Paul Lukas and Loretta Young (and you'll be surprised at the way the girl handles a comedy rôle) make a swell couple. The picture is mostly satire, and then it's at its best. When it descends to pure farce, the humor seems a little overstrained at times.

☆

✓✓Great Jasper, The (Radio)
Here's a character study that is really vital. It's one of Richard Dix's greatest performances. Once again he goes through a lifetime in a picture, playing a man who never could refrain from chasing after women, and making the character seem real and even sympathetic. Dix's superb performance opposite Wera Engels makes the picture.

☆

Handle With Care (Fox)
The adult actors in this aren't worth a row of pins as far as their performances go. The whole thing's stolen by two bright kids, Buster Phelps and George Ernest. If you like to watch the antics of children, this picture may amuse you. You certainly won't find much of a thrill in the tepid romance between Jimmie Dunn and Boots Mallory.

☆

✓✓Hard To Handle (Warners)
The story of a press agent who's always in a jam, and who has to keep whizzing to get out of those jams. And oh baby, does he whiz! You never saw, you hardly ever dreamed of such stunts as Jimmy Cagney puts across in this. Fast and funny as he is, though, he has to keep stepping to keep pace with two other people in the cast, Mary Brian, tons more sophisticated now, and Ruth Donnelly, who's a wow.

☆

Hello Everybody (Paramount)
They put Kate Smith in a weak picture, and thought that her singing would carry the story. She sings magnificently as always, but movie fans who demand a decent plot will not be satisfied.

☆

Humanity (Fox)
This doesn't quite come off. It's one of those tales about a neighborhood doctor who dies in disgrace to save his son's reputation when his son gets tangled up in gangland. Ralph Morgan plays the doctor, Alexander Kirkland the son.

☆

✓Island of Lost Souls, The (Paramount)
You'll either think this picture more terrible than any nightmare you ever had in your life, or you'll revel in it. This is certainly one of the most gruesome of them all. It deals with a mad doctor who has a mania for transforming animals into half-human creatures. Charles Laughton plays the rôle superbly.

Keyhole (Warners)
Here's one of those plots that doesn't quite make the grade. Kay Francis is the lovely wife whose elderly husband hires a good-looking detective (George Brent) to watch her. Warners is putting a lot of faith in that Francis-Brent team, but this picture doesn't put them across.

☆

✓✓King Kong (Radio)
It's a matter of individual preference. Only it's such an imaginative drama, so different even from other horror pictures, that we can't help rating it extraordinary drama. It's the story of a gargantuan ape who falls in love with a white girl, is captured by a group of movie people and brought back to New York. Then the picture deals with the havoc he raises in New York. Those scenes are thrilling and different, and make the picture gasp-worthy entertainment.

(*Continued on page 91*)

Hollywood BAD GIRLS

"I AM a woman. I am very good looking and I have had many lovers," Evalyn Knapp said.

This series of statements would surprise nobody who has a friend who heard that a friend of a friend told a friend just exactly how Hollywood's younger set does go on.

But it was a bit surprising to hear Andy Devine say to Evalyn, "Are you living or dead?" And to hear Evalyn reply, "I'm dead."

"When did you die?"

"A long time ago."

"Are you Cleopatra?" asked Andy's fiancée.

Evalyn sighed and admitted that she was. Yes, she was Cleopatra. Believe it or not.

Andy's sweetheart, blonde Arline Carol, looked complacently out at us and said, "I have been married six times. I've had three legitimate children and scads of the other kind."

Andy never batted an eyelash. He didn't seem to care at all. Rather wearily he asked, "Did you ever kill anybody?"

"Yes," said Arline.

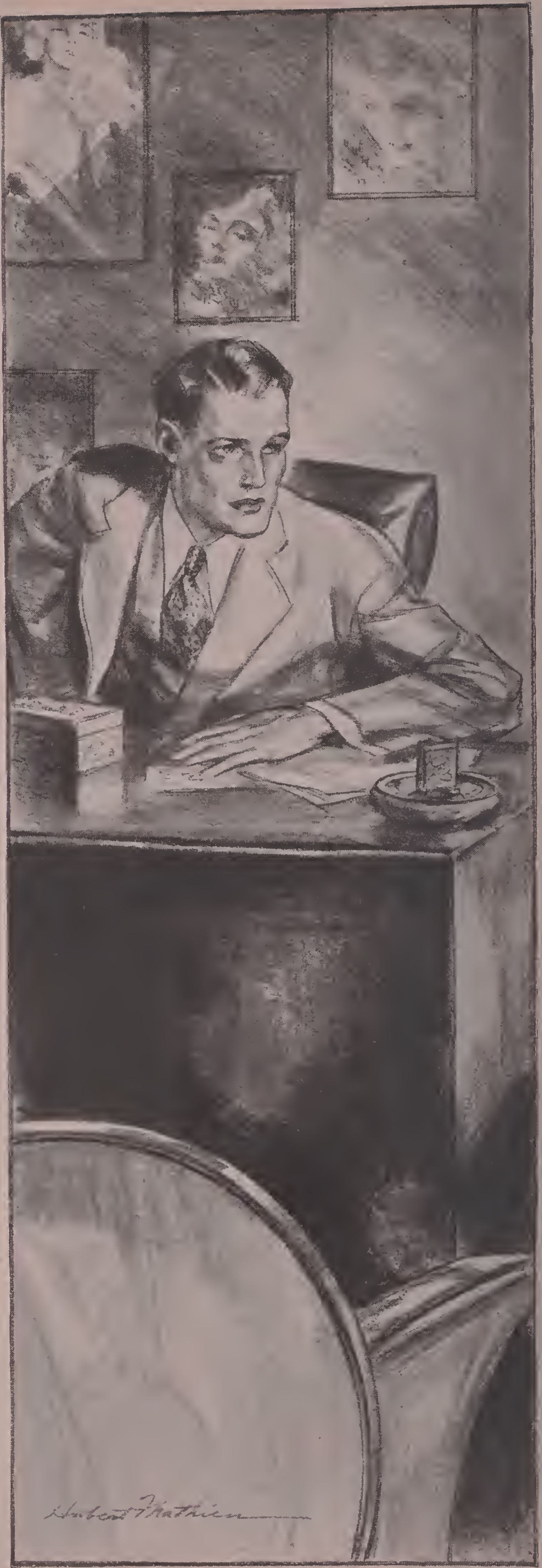
And as it turned out she was none other than Henry the Eighth. And there we sat playing guessing games far into the night. Everybody plays guessing games. Hollywood has gone naïve.

I don't tell you that because I want to white-wash Hollywood. It needs no more white-washing than Cleveland, Memphis, Rochester or Tacoma. It's just another town with a fair allottment of all kinds of people. Hollywood has its girls who could say what Evalyn Knapp said in my first paragraph and *they* wouldn't be playing. But I'd like to see the town that hasn't got its local Cleopatras. May I point out without giving too much offence that only a handful of Hollywood's population is California born? The golden state can't be blamed for the sinners or take credit for the saints in the moving picture industry. They've come from all over seemingly undaunted by the tales of the terrible sacrifices a girl must make to become a movie star.

She must permit an important executive to force a Beverly Hills mansion and a foreign car upon her. You've heard that story and maybe you believe it. Where there's smoke, there's fire. It has happened. Beautiful girls have given themselves for screen glory. Sure, they have. But they're the same girls who would have chosen the line of least resistance if they had stayed home and worked in a factory or a restaurant or an office. It is not necessary to choose what the old-fashioned novelist called a fate worse than death. If a girl has charm or talent the industry needs her and her chastity is just as safe as she wants it to be.

Nothing but the box office can make a popular star and the girl who has just enchanted an important executive is still a long way from her goal. She must make the public "that way" over her, too, and if she fails the executive can do nothing for her.

Hollywood is full of one-picture gals who thought they were set when some man with twelve telephones on his desk said, "How about tonight?"



"Look," cried the extra girl and stood before

the casting director just an unadorned young lady

America's Smartest Young Writer Gives You Some New Facts on the Movies' Torrid Ladies

by VIÑA DELMAR

I do not mean by this that all executives make passes at young, helpless females trying to get into pictures. It is the exception rather than the rule but no great industry is without its men to whom every new ankle is a challenge.

A man I know was making a picture last summer for which he needed many beautiful girls. It was well known around town that he was in the market for beauty and much was offered him. His secretary one day ushered a young lady into his office. He looked up at his caller and beheld an an exquisite face—but what about the form? He needed exquisite forms as well and the young lady was clothed in a huge and bulky mink coat. (And this was a Hollywood summer's day.)

"I understand you want beautiful young women, Mr. ———," she said.

"Yes. Good forms and good faces."

"Do you like my face?"

"Sure. But come back tomorrow wearing something I can judge your form by." He turned from her and picked up some papers on his desk.

HE was startled by a sudden command from his visitor. "Look!" she cried. He raised his head and was astounded to see that she had thrown off the coat and stood before him—well, I mean after all. Not even a garter. Not even a tattoo mark. Nothing but just unadorned young lady.

Did she get the job?

He was still mad when he told me the story. He got her out of the office so fast that she never knew what happened to her. She had orders never to come back and the secretary and the doorman had orders, too, concerning her.

"Fun's fun," the executive said to me, "but after all this is a business and crack-pated women have some funny ideas about it."

I felt a little sorry for the girl. I said, "Perhaps she needed the job badly and spent hours nerving herself for the ordeal of showing her form at its best."

He shook his head. "They want to get into the movies and they offer anything. If you won't take it then they get mad and tell the world that they could have been stars if they'd been willing to be bad."

There was a girl in town here on the preferred extra list of a big studio. She had come to Hollywood to be a star and was impatient at the delay. She wanted to move into a lovely pent house she had seen and it just wasn't possible on an extra's income. So one day she listened to reason as put forth by a moneyed and married gentleman (not a movie man, by the way) and coyly said, "If you promise to be good to me." He promised and she had her name taken off the extra list and went shopping for pent house furniture. And she moved into her pent house.

The first evening she was in, dear moneyed man was coming to dinner at half past six and the lovely little ex-extra was primping in her orchid satin boudoir with the assistance of a kow-towing and very able maid when Zowie! came the earthquake and the pent house shook like a willow tree in a stiff wind. Ex-extra said never a word but she wasn't there when the gentleman arrived. She was back in the bungalow court with the girl friend she had just left and the next morning her name was again on the extra list.

"The world is full of girls getting easy money," she said mournfully. "But just let me try it and all hell breaks loose."

Who knows? Maybe she'll be a star some day and tell mystified interviewers that she owes her success to an earthquake.

There is very little nonsense among the girls who are slowly but steadily climbing up the ladder to stardom. What the world never remembers is that these movie girls work hard and have less time for deviltry than the secretaries and stenographers. They have no private lives. The studios that are grooming them for future triumphs know what they do with their spare time and no maiden aunt ever cut a frivolous niece out of her will any quicker than a studio will drop a girl who gets herself unpleasantly discussed.

One studio has a contract clause forbidding their young girls to go to prize fights maintaining that it is no place for a lady to be seen. The girls accept the rules. Why not? Business is business and as for the moral clauses—they are just common sense. You don't go far with dissipation and scandal for companions and most people know that now. Those who don't know it soon find it out and they turn over a new leaf. If they still have something to offer the public, they get another chance. If that mystical something has perished in the pursuit of pleasure, it's just too bad and it makes another Hollywood story that baby stars tell each other in shocked and frightened tones.

The professional "bad girls" of the films are a sad disappointment to anyone expecting to see them sizzle. Jean Harlow who made her reputation by portraying wicked females is considered one of the sweetest young women in the colony. Hairdressers, actors, realtors, everybody with whom she comes in contact speaks of her quiet, pleasant manner. She is building a home at the moment and her taste runs to solid, home-like beauty. There is no flash or ostentation. She is not like the rôles she plays but it says much for her ability when she has convinced fifty million people that she's a hot, hot hot-cha.

CLARA BOW'S husband brags about Clara's cooking. I wonder how many young women outside our industry with Clara's financial means would actually enjoy so unexciting a pastime as cooking. Clara can't be terribly blasé, do you think? Remember that in every story the tale-bearers carry they find themselves more in demand if they use a star's name instead of the unknown name of Lizzie Blotz.

Mae West is perhaps the film's most wicked woman. There is no vice which she has left unsampled—that is in the films. And in Mae we have the most profound student of wicked women that can be found anywhere. She is an authority on the conversation, clothes and psychology of a bad girl. She has studied and never ceases to study the women whom she has so faithfully depicted on the stage and screen. When meeting her you find a woman with a good, keen mind, a fine sense of humor and a well-routined life. Incidentally you wouldn't recognize her if you are looking for a big woman with an hour-glass figure. She takes off the padding when she takes off the hard-boiled personality. She is an actress and a student and a grand person. It might be a blow to the die-hards but it's a fact that Mae never says anything that even little Junior couldn't hear.

The few first-class supper clubs which the town boasts do a flourishing business. It is acknowledged by everyone that youth must have its fling but once every two or three weeks is considered often enough for youth to have its fling in the late spots. Sleep is a beautifier and rest is necessary to one who must face the merciless camera at half past eight in the morning.

One gay little resort in town has been ruled off the favored list because the proprietor failed to check a flow of coarse language which was issuing loudly from the mouth of a prominent sportsman. The little Hollywood girls objected.

YOU might say, "I can't believe a girl in pictures would be such a prude." But stop and think. She must object. People love to tell stories about little Hollywood girls and by the time the story has been kicked around for a day or two it has emerged with additions and embellishments and soon it is the girl herself who is reported to have used the objectionable language. Just that little lie told by someone who wanted to be considered an interesting teller of tales might rob that girl of all she has worked for.

The gossip about Hollywood is really only gossip about a few foolish girls who would have gone wrong in any other town in the world for they are fundamentally stupid. But it is the gossip that is told and remembered because it is infinitely more amusing than the stories of hard work and honest effort.

The competition is fierce and a girl needs all her unspoiled beauty and fresh youth to get anywhere and the big shot who says, "I've got great plans for you, Baby" might himself be out in the alley tomorrow. But the man who pays his admission at the box office goes on forever and he is the final judge—the very last word on who must die and who will endure.

And the little Hollywood girls know about that last word and so while the rest of the world uses Hollywood as a synonym for "wild" they do jig-saw puzzles and play anagrams and Twenty Questions.

And they say, "I am fresh looking and I am well-mannered and I have common sense. Guess who I am."

That would be a tough one to guess because it describes so many hard-working, hopeful, young kids. Hollywood is full of them and if the world could meet them and know them the sinful glamour would drop right away from Hollywood. But maybe the world doesn't want it to drop. Maybe it's more fun to believe that sixty slinking sirens shimmering in their sinful silks slyly slide to the studios.

If it's more fun to picture it that way, that's the way the world can picture it. Because the public must be pleased and sixty small stars slouching in their slacks smile and scarcely adhere to the moral clauses.

Virtue pays in dollars and cents in Hollywood—that is if you have talent or charm to go with it. If you haven't talent or charm, you're out of luck. There are no substitutes for these gifts. None at all. And business is at a stand-still for the damsel willing to give "all" for stardom. There are too many damsels willing to give nothing but a lot of hard work.

She knows life as few writers do, this Vina Delmar who sprang into fame with "Bad Girl." Still in her early twenties, she looks like a high-school girl and then astonishes you by being a wife and mother. Unlike too many successful writers, she doesn't ritz Hollywood but thinks it's keen. Watch for further Delmar stories in Movie Mirror. You'll be seeing them

Your New Movie Mirror

THIS is the first issue of your NEW MOVIE MIRROR. We hope you will be well pleased with its contents and that as it goes out to you from month to month it will be a great source of pleasure, entertainment and inspiration.

We hope you will be one of a huge family which will like the stories, pictures and articles that are presented, to add to your entertainment.

This magazine will try to fulfill your every reading desire. It will give you the latest news of your favorite movie stars and tell you what they are doing. It will be up to date in every way and will bring you the most interesting authentic information not only from Hollywood, but from wherever movie news emanates.

We are happy to have as our Editor, Miss Ruth Waterbury, who has been Editor of Movie Mirror for some time. Previously she was on the Editorial staff of Photoplay Magazine. She brings to this magazine a wealth of editorial experience backed up by a host of friends in Moviedom, which will help build an outstanding movie magazine.

She will be supported by the backing of a large organization, equipped to supply and present the latest exclusive pictures and other material that go to produce a successful publication.

We have many friends in the movie industry and have for years been as interested in it as they are.

OUR weekly publication, LIBERTY, has been running a regular movie review each issue of the important pictures. Its two and a half million readers have also enjoyed outstanding articles of some of the more famous stars.

In TRUE STORY Magazine, each month, we have been presenting a gallery of pictures of movie folks, which have pleased our two million readers.

The Macfadden Publications have made a great success in not only publishing these two magazines, but many others, so that today our monthly distribution of publications amounts to sixteen million copies.

We want to make this new movie magazine so fascinating to you and our many other friends that it will add to our circulation and prestige in a field we are re-entering, and we hope to make as emphatic a success as we have with our other magazines.

It will be of particular interest to you to learn in the cities served by the stores operated by the J. J. Newberry Company and Neisner Brothers that this magazine will be on sale regularly for your convenience.

Macfadden Publications, Inc.

HOT NEWS!!

By MARQUIS BUSBY

HOLLYWOOD—Last minute news as Movie Mirror goes to press—Wedding bells are being tuned for Doris (stage and screen) Kenyon Sills and Arthur Hopkins . . . he's not the stage producer Hopkins . . . and the wise men of Filmburg say that Doris is in line for a brilliant new screen career now that musicals are back in vogue . . . she's THAT good as Pompadour in George (teachaser) Arliss's pict-uah, "Voltaire" stop . . . Paramount's getting foxy in handling of Mae ("Sex") West . . . you probably will not see her on the screen again this season . . . studio idea of showmanship . . . and after "Diamond Lil" aren't we all BUSTING to get another look at the breezy West question mark . . . a picture filmed twenty years ago is as outmoded as the first horseless carriage . . . a preview audience hooted at "Tillie's Punctured Romance" . . . a reissue with sound effects of the famous Marie Dressler-Charles Chaplin rib tickler of years gone by . . . however it was fun seeing how Marie and Charlie looked that long ago stop . . . the John (contract expired) Gilberts are vacationing on shipboard . . . through the canal to New York stop...and a Hollywood sleuth uncovers the headline news that Dorothea ("Maedchen in Uniform") Wieck first won fame as a blonde . . . and that her private life name is Mrs. Dorothea von der Decker . . . incidentally the town is still snickering over the press story that Dorothea was afraid of scalping Indians while enroute west stop . . . Janet (poignant) Gaynor starred in a real life divorce drammer t'other day...she told the judge that Lydell (meet the mister) Peck was jealous and suspicious and interfered with her work...add it altogether and you get mental cruelty...and Los Angeles judges never let screen beauties suffer from that...now Janet is a bachelor girl again... isn't it going to be interesting to watch who will be the first new Gaynor boy friend question mark.

TOM (OLD WEST) MIX was victor in that $50,000 promissory note suit brought by his former wife... Victoria Forde Mix de Olazabal (there's a memory test for you)...during the trial it was revealed for the first time that Mrs. Mix shot Tom during a quarrel in 1924...DID the papers go for that exclamation mark...Now Gary Cooper's going to do it, too...in "One Sunday Afternoon" he appears in several sequences as a middle-aged man . . . and he's hankering to shoot lions and tigers and things in South Africa...he may join the Walter Futter camera expedition to the Dark Continent...when Gary gets away from it all he GETS away from it all stop...Lupe (hey-hey) Velez has just made Johnny Weissmuller the present

The grandest old lady comes back to Hollywood to begin work on "Tugboat Annie" and do her fans welcome her! And of course Queen Marie Dressler stops to sign all the autograph books in sight. She would, the generous soul. The handsome gent in the background is Howard Strickling, MGM's demon publicity head, and one of Marie's closest friends

Here he is, being photographed publicly for the first time, Irving Thalberg, Jr. He's going abroad with his dad and mother, Miss Norma Shearer. He'll summer in Italy but fall will find him back in Hollywood because his father had to come back to run the MGM studio again. And his beautiful mother has to go back to starring, too

of a swell-elegant watch... the gadget is mounted on the back of a twenty-dollar gold piece...and it's all veddy ultra stop...Jimmie (schnozzola) Durante has received an extension on his leave from M-G-M...his N. Y. stage show is a smash...Lupe's in it, too, and Johnny wishes it would go floppo...so he wouldn't have to keep rushing to New York all the while stop.

IF there are any arguments between George (sleek) Raft and George (sinister) La Rue they can fight it out with grease paint...both will emote in "The Trumpet Blows"... in case you've forgotten La Rue is the lad who replaced Raft in "The Story of Temple Drake" stop...the tumult and the shouting dies...William (boulevardier) Powell and the Freres Warner have patched up their little salary spat ...Bill remains at the old stand for another year...and Ruth ("Frisco Jenny") Chatterton isn't going to retire for awhile at least...she's got a grand new rôle in "America Kneels"...'tis a story dealing with three generations of a famous theatrical family...couldn't be the Barrymores again by any chance question mark...with all that acting talent in "Dinner at Eight" the film is just one day behind schedule...and that is due to the fact Marie (recuperating) Dressler may only work for a limited time each day stop ...Paramount is in the market for bright, new faces... fifteen girls and fifteen young men will be selected in a national contest to appear in "The Search For a Beauty"... the lucky ones get a five weeks' contract...transportation and hotel accommodations...and, of course, the chance for a long contract stop . . . Peggy Hopkins Joyce had just finished telling how she had cured Jack Oakie from going around in sweat shirts . . . and in walked Jack . . . he wore a sweat shirt stop . . . lots of screen celebs got jittery when federal agents raided the town's flossiest speakie . . . but the "feds" only took the "speak" bar to jail . . . funny angle to the raid . . . the police trailed in behind two famous comedy co-stars . . . now the comic boys are being kidded for being "stool pigeons" stop . . . the "unwritten law" of Hollywood prevented Curley Guy from beginning a screen career . . . recently acquitted of the murder of Captain Wanderwell, Guy had found himself a job in a Universal serial . . . suddenly he was dropped from the cast . . . the studios have an agreement that those figuring in unpleasant notoriety will not be permitted on the screen . . . and you'd be surprised to know how many times that secret rule has been used stop.

DICK (SCREEN CROONER) POWELL will master of ceremonies it at the RKO-ROXY in New York during the summer days and nights . . . also a broadcasting contract . . . but he returns to Warners and Mary Brian long before the frost is on the pumpkin stop . . . "Brew Year's Eve" in Hollywood was more exciting than New Year's Eve . . . half the town set up waiting for legal beer . . . and one night club did a land office business by serving free beer at midnight stop . . . Gloria (ex-Marquise) Swanson and Constance (current Marquise) Bennett are both in town . . . but they haven't run into each other YET . . . when they do sunny CAL. will freeze over solid for the first time stop . . . Marlene (tailor's delight) Dietrich announces that she is returning to Germany at once . . . she will make no plans until after she has rested for several months . . . in the dim future she may return to America for a picture or two . . . but never under long term contract . . . so it's hail and farewell to Marlene stop.

TAKE it for what it's worth . . . a deadline of May 15th has been set for starting of "Queen Christina" . . . the next Greta (where art thou?) Garbo feature at M-G-M . . . and *did* you know Greta will collect something like $350,000 for her next two numbers . . . Hollywood has quit predicting the date of Greta's return . . . they'll look for her when they see her coming stop . . . we like the story of the man who went to see "King Kong" and walked out in disgust . . . "What, no Mickey Mouse?" he asked stop . . . only his closest palsy-walsies knew that Ronald (tank he go home, too) Colman had left Hollywood for Havana and Europe . . . but the town sports are betting that Ronny will be back making pictures before that two years is up stop . . . if young love gets you all steamed up Tom Brown and Anita Louise look *that* cuddly . . . ditto marks for Eric (RKO riot) Linden and Frances (Paramount pride) Dee stop . . . Charles (free-lancing) Farrell and Virginia (meet the missus) Valli were on the Empress of Britain when it steamed out of L. A. Harbor on an around the world cruise . . . and Fox is getting 'steen million letters from fans who want to see Charlie and Janet (nix on marriage) Gaynor teamed up some more stop.

Here's the littlest Caesar, the eagerly awaited Eddie Robinson heir. Junior was born in New York and upset his father's working schedule something awful

Remember Alice Joyce? She's just married Director Clarence Brown. It's the third marriage for both of them. We hope you'll be very happy, Alice

PLENTY of heartaches back of the Crawford-Fairbanks, Jr., separation . . . Joan would have given a great deal to have postponed the announcement . . . with Doug faced with that Dietz love balm case . . . but a magazine already had the story in print and what to do . . . but she has faced bravely all the criticism . . . she had dinner t'other night with young Doug at the Beverly-Wilshire . . . and they kissed each other good night . . . the next night Joan was dancing with Franchot Tone at the Cocoanut Grove . . . Hollywood expects no reconciliation in what has been Movieland's most spectacular marriage . . . too-oo bad exclamation mark . . . Tom (out west) Mix and Monte (where's he been?) Blue riding up Hollywood Boulevard each equipped with a ten gallon sombrero . . . whee another exclamation mark . . . did you know that Jean (pul-enty beaux) Harlow has double-jointed thumbs question mark . . . now here's some more much needed legislation . . . Beverly Hills chief of police says aeroplanes must stay away from his village . . . there's sun-bathing *au naturel* on Beverly rooftops . . . it will cost the aerial Peeping Toms $500 for just *one* look . . . ah, well, maybe it's worth it stop.

Well, Josef (temperamental) von Sternberg is back in our midst . . . Marlene (pantaloons) Dietrich was at the airport to meet him . . . she says she will have no announcements to make as to her future career until she confers with Josef . . . so hold everything . . . and wonder if Marlene will have so much time now for Brian (handsome) Aherne question mark . . . the Alice (perky) White-Cy (polo) Bartlett thing is colder than an old maid's tootsies . . . Cy is stepping here and there with "Boots" Mallory . . . so maybe Alice and James (Lothario) Dunn should give a consolation party stop . . . Lilian (town topic) Harvey shed real (not reel) tears when Maurice (bee-stung lips) Chevalier departed for La Belle

Frawnce stop . . . if it interests you to know, Constance (Marquise to you) Bennett gained ten pounds during her twenty-five days on that Dutch freighter . . . and she didn't buy any pretties in Paris . . . she's endorsing the "Buy American" campaign stop . . . yup, guess that's true about wimmin loving cave man stuff . . . Katherine (American Beauty) MacDonald has kissed and made up with Christian R. Holmes . . . scion of the Fleischmann yeast millions . . . in her divorce complaint per 1931 the former screen star said hubby beat her with a snake-skin cane stop . . .

THAT fancy RKO contract has been signed by Dolores (classic) Del Rio . . . the first feature will be "Modesta" with Joel (hard to get) McCrea opposite . . . all about a young English aristocrat who marries and masters a spitfire Eye-talian gal . . . hmmm, Shakespeare thought of something when he wrote "Taming of the Shrew" stop . . . if Diana ("Cavalcade") Wynyard feels so disposed she can do a lot of plain and fancy gloating during her London vacation . . . little more than a year ago English studios rejected her as "no good for pictures" . . . incidentally, "Cavalcade" has the sedate Britishers doing nip-ups stop . . . Gary (swell host) Cooper has contributed $50 to the N. Y. *Daily News* fund to build a swimming pool for President Roosevelt . . . and now that the Countess di Frasso is returning from Europe with Mary Pickford Hollywood wonders if things will be just the same between the Countess and Gary . . . Heather (English import) Angel is also in the picture now stop . . . here's a veddy impertant sassiety note . . . the Crown Prince of Italy threw Mary (perennial) Pickford a swell-elegant brawl at his estate in Sorrento . . . shucks, what's a crown prince to Mary any more question mark.

Hollywood's younger set feels the spring influence. That's Loretta Young and sister Sally Blane out walking with George Meeker and Bruce Cabot

Mary Pickford comes back home while Doug goes on to China. Mary's going to make "Alice in Wonderland" next

Busy times for Charles (little genius) Chaplin . . . his book will be published serially come September . . . and he's going to make another comedy . . . the story is all ready but try and find out what it's about . . . Paulette (gay divorcee) Goddard will be the leading lady in the opry and the next Mrs. Chaplin, too, if the rumors are correct . . . it's getting to be almost a tradition for Charlie to marry his leading ladies stop . . . horrible *faux pas* in the Paramount commissary . . . Harpo (blonde chaser) Marx ordered a large box of Melachrino cigarettes, cork-tipped, number nine . . . the waitress brought a large covered bowl containing maraschino cherries on ice stop . . . Ernst Lubitsch hankers to refilm "The Czarina" with Mae (rings on her fingers) West . . . swell idea but a czarina with a Brooklyn accent would be kinda funny stop . . . Some of the savings of the Talmadges . . . Peg, Norma and Constance . . . were in the Harriman bank . . . and Norma is back in Hollywood not admitting a thing about the George (serio-comic) Jessel business stop . . . low point in humor for the month . . . one of the Eskimos brought from the Arctic by Director Van Dyke was asked his opinion of Hollywood . . . said the Eskimo, "No place like Nome" . . . o-o-o-oOW—exclamation marks and asterisks . . . Garbo she don't say nothin' . . . she refused to broadcast six words over a national radio hookup for the tidy sum of $25,000 . . . all she had to say was "Hello, I'm glad I'm back" . . . lots of stars would recite Thanatopsis for $1.29 right now stop . . . the next big Universal epic . . . at least they say it will be an epic . . . is "Gulliver's Travels" . . . the company expects to spend six months filming stop.

Lil (style-setter) Tashman is packing her bibs and tuckers and will go to London to star in Lonsdale's "They Never Come Back" . . . British Gaumont produces it . . . Bebe (devoted parent) Daniels will do two pictures for British International . . . and London wants to keep Constance (popularity) Cummings on a long-term contract . . . is England trying to steal all our American gals question mark . . . M-G-M will team Joan (glamorous) Crawford and Clarke (*wotta* man) Gable in "The Prizefighter and the Lady" . . . and the studio is also considering starring Joan in a picturization of the vivid life of Gaby de Lys . . . that should be something stop . . . Marian (minus a husband) Nixon and Buddy Rogers scrammed out of the Club New Yorker when Joe (prizefighter) Benjamin walked in . . . Joe was the first Mr. Nixon . . . and that is that-a for another month stop.

Scoop: Movie Mirror Gives You the First Genuine Gaynor Interview in Two Years

Understanding Janet Gaynor

by ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

FOR years now Janet Gaynor has been conceded queen of the Fox lot.

But Times change. . . . Competition is keen. . . .

Recently Fox imported the Dresden China Lillian Harvey from Germany. They furnished her dressing-room bungalow with five thousand dollars' worth of champagne and pearl gray fripperies. They tied ermine bows on her lamps and tiled her kitchen in gay canary yellow.

Then there's Sally Eilers. Fox are enthusiastic about her too. Their scouts have been ordered to find, at any cost, the very stories that will keep bright that stardom which the delightful, swaggering Sally found in "Bad Girl."

And there's Heather Angel, whom Fox stole away from the British studios. Bunnies and doves to be posed with the diminutive Heather in publicity photographs are ordered by the crateful.

For years now Janet Gaynor has been conceded queen of the Fox lot.

But Times change. . . . Competition is keen. . . .

THE day I went to see Janet she was working on stage five. The man at the door would not let us pass. It didn't matter that I had one of the executives from the publicity department with me.

"My orders are nobody's allowed on the set," he growled.

"It's always difficult to get on the Gaynor stage," the publicity executive explained. "But it will be all right. She said she'd see you right after lunch. She never sees anyone at lunch, you see. She rests."

We had walked straight onto the other stages, the stages where Lillian Harvey was working, where Sally Eilers was working, where Heather Angel was working. . . . But not until a messenger had been dispatched to the "Adorable" set and returned with word from Miss Gaynor herself that she was expecting us were we permitted to proceed.

Janet reigns as queen of the Fox lot still. No doubt about that! The only question in my mind was could she hold first place.

I sat on the sidelines and watched them rehearse and finally film that scene in "Adorable" in which Janet as the Princess of mythical Hipsburg-Legstadt crosses her boudoir and, love sick for the handsome lieutenant, played by Henri Garrat, sings a little love song.

"What's Janet like these days?" I asked Molly, a wardrobe woman who sat beside me. I've uncovered the kind of stories the publicity department never sends out asking random questions like this.

"She's the hardest worker on this lot," Molly told me promptly, "and the sweetest. . . .

"She did something when we were working on 'State Fair' I'll never forget as long as I live. It was rainy. She was soaking wet. They'd been making a rain scene and she'd had to stand in water for hours.

"I was worried she might take a chill. So I ran over to my house—I live close by—for a bottle of brandy I've had since before the war. Something special I'd been saving. And I took it to her dressing-room.

"I got kind of wet. . . .

"Well, I just wish you could have heard that Janet scold me. You'd have thought she was my mother. She told me I had no business to run through the rain and get wet like that. And then . . ."

Molly blinked hard to keep back the tears.

". . . and then, what do you think she did? She sat me down in a big chair, she got down on her knees, she took off my shoes and stockings, and she dried my feet. She didn't ask anybody else to do it, mind you! She did it herself!

"Do you wonder I love her?

"And plenty of times, late in the afternoon, when we've been working hard, she'll say, 'Molly, will you run over to my dressing-room and get the little package you'll find on my dressing-table?' And, bless you, when I go there's no package at all. That's just been her way of getting me off duty for a spell. And she'll have sent her maid on ahead to brew me a cup of tea and cut me a piece of cake or something.

"I'm not with her company now, I'm sorry to say. Usually I am. But my company's through for the day, so I stopped by here to watch a bit before going on home. I miss her awfully. . . ."

Naturally what Janet does for Molly endears her to all the workers on the lot. Things like that get talked about. And the queen reigns long who has the workers on her side. . . .

Molly finally gathered up her things and departed. Still they continued working on the same scene. They tried it over and over and over. Those of us sitting outside the camera's range moved restlessly in our chairs.

At the very end of this scene Janet had to throw herself on a great white sofa and keep a flower spray she held waving gently in time with the music while a butterfly flew across the room. It was the butterfly that caused all the difficulty. The camera didn't always pick it up.

At last Dieterle, who wears white kid gloves when he is directing, raised a hand that made me home-sick for New York's traffic cops.

"That will do, I guess," he said.

Several members of the crew sighed with relief.

But Janet, who had had to maintain a spirit of gaiety all this time, didn't appear relieved at all. She stood hesitant in the middle of the set.

"Mr. Dieterle," came her small voice, "I think we ought to try it just once again. I really do."

"Okeh!" He seemed pleased. He had stopped, likely enough, out of consideration for her. "Everybody take their places."

They did it again. This time, without any doubt, it was perfect.

No wonder Janet's pictures are what is known in the trade as "box-office." And the queen reigns long who keeps gold in the treasury. . . .

At last we drew two chairs (*Continued on page 74*)

The child-like face of Janet Gaynor is a mask for her turbulent, troubled heart which she reveals for the first time in the fascinating story on the opposite page

What Joan Crawford Expects of the FUTURE

By SUSAN TALBOT

WHEN that afternoon that now seems so long ago Joan Crawford wept on my shoulder—and I mean she actually wept—and told me of her unhappiness with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., one thought kept leaping into my mind. I couldn't put it away. I couldn't shove it out with other thoughts. And here's what kept running through my mind:

"But what of your future? What is to happen to you when you are separated from Douglas? How are you to cope with life after that?"

I must go back a little and describe that afternoon.

Although it was many weeks before the separation I could, as I stepped into that exquisite white drawing room, feel unhappiness in the air. It hung in the room like a low, dark thunder-cloud.

Then Joan came into the room looking like a composite picture of the world's tragedy. She wore a wine-colored, velvet negligee, a dramatic sort of negligee with enormous sleeves and draped lines that melted into her figure. Her eyes glowed like twin furnaces in her pale face, and her scarlet mouth was hard and determined.

She told me that Douglas had gone to New York the night before. And as she said it I knew that that trip foreboded something. It was, as a matter of fact, a momentary separation in which they were "to think things over." And this was her first day alone. The whole situation was brimming up inside her. That was one of the vital days of her life.

She asked if the rain got on my nerves as it did on hers, for outside it was pouring—a California cloudburst. And then it seemed as if there were nothing more to say. We tried to talk but somehow in that room, so charged with emotion, a strange taboo seemed to be placed on ordinary conversation.

At last I turned to her: "Joan, forget that I'm a member of the press. There's something inside you that needs to be poured out. Tell me. What is it?"

This was the match that touched off the smouldering fire within her. She began to cry—as a hurt child would cry—and she couldn't stop. Later when our talk was finished she was worried lest I think that she spilled like that to everybody. But I knew that it was her loneliness, the rain outside, and her great need for unburdening that had made her talk. "Excuse me," she said like a very little girl, "I didn't mean to blubber this way."

I gave her my word that I would not write what she had told me, but later, when the separation came, I asked her if I might use in part our intimate talk, and she graciously consented. So I am not betraying a trust when I tell you what went on that afternoon.

The reasons for the separation of these two have already been told. She told them to me that afternoon. They had married so young, they had grown apart, each had changed, the things that meant much to him no longer meant anything to her. She felt sure that when the time for the separation came Douglas would understand and be willing to set her free. But something else was worrying her, something about which another woman who finds life with her husband no longer a glorious adventure and wants to end it does not have to worry. But because Joan Crawford is Joan Crawford, the most important woman star in Hollywood, she had to look into her future.

"What will it do to me, this parting?" she asked. "What will the people who seem to like me on the screen think about me?"

She had voiced the question that was uppermost in my mind.

Suddenly she burst out, "I know (*Continued on page* 82)

How Doug, Jr. Hopes To Win JOAN Back

By HARRY LANG

"NOT in a long, long time have Joan and I had so much fun together as we've had on these few 'dates' of ours since our separation—!"

That's Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., talking. And he adds:

"Now that the break has finally come, after more than a year of growing bitter unhappiness, I find that it's really the finest thing we could have done. And we should have done it a year ago!

"Today, I'm Joan's suitor, again. I'm courting her just as I courted her before I married her—except maybe that I have an advantage in that I know the things she likes—and doesn't like . . .

"And I know, too, that today I'm up against competition. Because Joan was never more lovely, more desirable, more attractive than she is today. And, of course, there are other men. . . ."

—and so there's Young Doug, an admittedly chastened Young Doug since that marital break flared across the newspaper front pages, frankly telling the world that he's a suitor for his own wife's love in the hope that somehow he and she will win to a new life together.

Not *win back* to what they *had,* mind you. For Doug is too intelligent to believe, for long, that time can be turned back. It's true that a few months ago, in one of those intimate discussions that preceded their break, Doug proposed to Joan that "let's go back to where we were two years ago, and begin all over again."

Today Doug knows that's impossible.

"After what's happened, neither we nor any couple in our position, could ever 'go back' to something that's passed forever.

"But we can—and I'm sure we will—work out our problem so that in the end, even if we stay apart for a year or more, we will come together again and find a new sort of happiness and a new and finer and bigger life *together.* What it will be, how it will work out, when it will come—these are things I do not know. And neither Joan nor I are making any promises or predictions, either to each other or to the world, save this—that we are both trying and both hoping that somehow we'll win to happiness together again."

It's not easy to talk with Doug about this thing that's come between him and Joan. Not that it isn't close to his heart. But because he finds a strange new diffidence in talking about it.

"I've learned," he says, "that it's a matter I ought to *do,* instead of talking about. . . !

"For fully a year, now, Joan and I have been unhappy, and growing more so, together. We've talked about this separation endlessly, but never found the courage actually to do it. Over and over I'd propose to Joan that we forget the things that made us unhappy together, that we put them aside and try to be again to each other what we were in the beginning.

"But that was the trouble. We just *talked* about it. We didn't *do* it. Either of us. And so, inevitably, living together became unbearable, and we at last decided and made all preparations for the formal separation. How that announcement was hurried is an old story now; I needn't repeat it.

"But I do want to admit this: that the shock of the actual separation has been a tremendous thing to me. It was so different from talking about it. Today, I'm living at the Beverly-Wilshire hotel while Joan—still my wife, you realize—is living in a home that's hers, all hers, only hers, and *privately* hers now—although a week or so ago, it was *ours.* I knew, all along, that this would come sooner or later—yet the strangeness and the shock

(*Continued on page* 81)

INSIDE STUFF

Now Paramount is in the Columbus business, busy discovering stellar possibilities. They think they've got a find in Verna Hillie. Looks alluring, doesn't she?

FRIENDSHIP

One of the more interesting sidelights on the Joan Crawford-Doug Junior breakup is the fact that it precipitated one of those blazing friendships—between Joan and Ruth Chatterton. . . .

Ruth and Joan had always been speaking acquaintances, but little more. But during the last few weeks before the Joan-Doug open announcement, Ruth and Joan saw much of each other, and Joan poured out her troubles in confidence to the older, more experienced Ruth. Joan's dignity and poise during the ordeal won the heart of Chatterton, who has known heartache and heartbreak herself. And on the other hand, Ruth's sane calm advice helped Joan weather the strain.

The open announcement of the Joan-Doug break (which came a week or more before Joan had actually planned to make it public) "broke" just as Ruth and Hubby George Brent were about to leave Hollywood for Europe. Ruth was all for cancelling her reservations, postponing or even calling off her trip, in order to be with Joan during the excitement that followed the announcement. It was only after Joan's insistent urgings and assurances that she could handle matters all right that Ruth finally consented to go.

They're telling about Estelle Taylor, teaching the alphabet to her little niece. She was getting on fine until Estelle asked her: "And now, what comes after O?"

"Yeah," replied the niece.

Silly, isn't it?—but while Hollywood's cuties pedal all over movieland on bicycles to keep their weight down, Charlie Farrell has been doing his darndest to put weight *on*.

His quitting Fox has been the best thing that could have happened to his health. Farrell was on the verge of a collapse—nervous and physical—from overwork in pictures. Since he and Fox said bye-bye, Charlie has devoted himself completely to play—especially polo, which he has taken up in a big way. Within a month, he has gained seven pounds!

And when you see him again (yes, he's returning to the screen soon), you'll see a new Charlie, without that drawn look that was his trademark in his more recent pictures.

In the Cocoanut Grove. Mary Brian, there with Jack Oakie. Up breezes Dick Powell, asking: "What's the idea?"

"Oh," oh-ed the perennially popular Mary: "Jack is just back for re-takes . . ."

HOW TO MAKE IM-PRESSION

A few nights ago, a studio boss was to be a guest of one of Hollywood's top-ranking stars at dinner. The star, knowing the executive's fondness for a certain artist's etchings, called a Hollywood art dealer.

"I want to buy some etchings," he said. "I haven't time to come to the shop for selections, so will you send up whatever you may have of Bowers' etchings. I'll look 'em over and return those I don't want."

The art dealer was delighted. He sent up his entire stock—many framed specimens. But next day, the dealer was very disappointed. They *all* came back, with a note from the star saying: "I've changed my mind, and won't buy any now."

But what the art dealer did *not* know was that all the etchings had been hung in the star's home to impress the executive!

Motheriest mother in Hollywood is (of *all* people!) Arline (Flapper) Judge! Ever since the new baby arrived at the Arline-Wesley Ruggles home, Arline's been able to talk of *nothing* else! And she even carries a snapshot of the baby in her purse all the time, and drags it out every place!

What do you make of the shortest title change in movie history?—Fox adding a question mark to make "The Worst Woman in Paris" "The Worst Woman in Paris?"

HUBBY SEES WIFIE THROUGH HOLLYWOOD EYES

One of the more glamorous of the recent flood of foreign actresses imported into Hollywood brought her husband with her. Hubby was kept well in the background, and a few weeks after arrival in movieland, started back to Europe.

But he stopped in New York, and saw, in the offices of the company for which his wife was working, a test-reel of the glamorous one, in a hot love sequence with a Hollywood actor. Forthwith, the husband rushed out, bought tickets to hurry back to Hollywood.

"Jealous?" they asked him.

"No, not that," he replied, "but I've just discovered that she's got sex-appeal!!!"

You can have your Paris and New York. Give Janet Gaynor Honolulu when it comes to vacationing. Here's Janet and her mother returning from Waikiki after the little star's recent rest

Don't be surprised if you see Norma Talmadge make a movie comeback this fall. And, what's more, as a star for a new producing firm to be organized by Georgie Jessel, who is still willing to marry Norma when and if she ever divorces Joseph Schenck.

MORE, ABOUT JOAN

A few days after the announcement of the Joan Crawford-Doug Fairbanks, Jr., split it happened that the wife of Joan's chauffeur, "Bennett," fell ill and had to be hospitalized. That left the chauffeur with three children—the youngest 3 months, the eldest not yet five years—to care for. It might have been a problem for papa—save that Joan took charge of the situation.

She turned the guestroom of their home into a nursery, had toys and other equipment sent out by a big store, hired a nurse, and installed the chauffeur's tots. The nurse takes care of them nights—and all day long (since she wasn't working at the time) Joan forgot her broken heart and had herself a seventh heaven of delight playing mama-and-nurse to the youngsters.

Incidentally, Joan's original plan to sell the home in which the happiness of herself and Doug turned bitter has been changed. Joan is keeping it—but having it redecorated and refurnished under William Haines' supervision.

Visiting in Hollywood, Mme. Minerva Maiullo, Italian opera singer, met ZaSu Pitts. And told ZaSu something that makes ZaSu happy—

"I have been Mussolini's guest several times," the singer said. "Last time, I asked him who his favorite movie star was. I expected he'd mention one of the glamorous ones. Instead, he told me *ZaSu Pitts* was his favorite."

JUST SO YOU'LL KNOW WHAT'S COMING

Get ready to see—

—Lawrence Tibbett sing his way back to the screen in "The Cossack," which John Gilbert did a long time ago in the silent days . . .

—Wally Beery as Pancho Villa in a picture of the Mexican bandit's career . . .

—Harry Carey, Tom Keene and Randolph Scott in a three-star western called "Sunset Pass" . . .

EXCERPTS FROM DANNY CUPID'S NOTEBOOK

DIVORCE SECTION:

—because he wasn't at all funny at home, Chester Conklin's wife sued for divorce, and besides, she

You know Shaw—oh, G. B. Shaw, that most famous English author. He stopped off in Hollywood recently, wisecracked at everyone, and had lunch with Marion Davies. The other guests were Charlie Chaplin, Louis B. Mayer, and Clark Gable. Marion didn't give the other studio gals a look-in

My, my, what is happening to colleges these days? Used to be that all college girls were stuffy and dull—but look at this charmer. She's Mary Blackwood of the University of Texas and she has just been put under contract by Fox

objected to waiting all night for him to come home.

—Director William Wellman, according to the wife he married twice, told "risqué" stories at home and she didn't like it, so she got herself a divorce.

—June MacCloy divorced Schuyler Schenck, director, in one of those do-it-by-mail Mexican divorces in Juarez.

—Marian Nixon (remember Movie Mirror's story that gave the inside of their marriage?) got her divorce from Eddie Hillman, Jr., and signed an agreement to rent him their home at $9,500 a year, and if he wants to buy it, he can have it for $67,000.

—and Hollywood can't figure out, as this is written, whether Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson really will divorce or not. Because every time they announce they will, they're suddenly seen dancing together again at some night spot or other.

—Eleanor Boardman changes her mind, and now, instead of asking separate maintenance, she wants a 100-percent divorce from King Vidor. And she wants custody of their two daughters. But her new complaint charges arrogance, and makes no mention of Betty Hill, who was named in the other suit.

—and Vera Reynolds (remember?) is on the verge of divorce from Robert Ellis.

—because, he says, wifie stayed out nights and wouldn't tell him where she'd been, Screen Veteran H. B. Warner files for divorce after 18 years of married life.

WHO'S WHO DEPARTMENT

—Marian Nixon, having dissolved the tie that binds to Eddie Hillman, is seen places with Buddy Rogers. But she got up and walked out in a huff with Buddy one night at the Club New Yorker when her first hubby, Joe Benjamin the boxer, came in!

—Alice White and Si Bartlett, having let their long-lasting romance finally go pfft, are playing elsewhere. Alice dined with recently-divorced Lew Ayres the other night and Si was dancing with Eleanor Hunt. But it's handsome Jack Carroll of New York who seems to have the "in" with Alice.

—Buddy Rogers and booful blonde Jeannette Loff are here and there and where!

—and Jimmy Dunn lunching with Janet Gaynor! While Maureen O'Sullivan is everywhere with Johnny Farrow again.

—Boots Mallory is the datingest gal!—five different swains in as many nights. One of them was Si Bartlett. And another was Jimmy Dunn. Yep—the Jimmy Dunn-Maureen O'Sullivan pash is off again as this is being written, and Maureen is here and there with Johnny Farrow.

—Merna Kennedy, red-headed actress who was once all adither over Actor James Hall, is now going places with Busby Berkeley, who directed the dance sequences in "42nd Street."

—Lydell Peck, who's getting the divorce business from Janet Gaynor, is quite happily consoling himself with the gorgeous presence of Catherine Dale Owen.

—George Meeker and Sally Blane.

—What about Jean Harlow, anyway? Just when Hollywood gets excited over whether or not she's serious about that handsome Mexican doctor named Orsonio, she's suddenly getting herself photographed here and there with Fred Booth, wealthy Canadian whose sister is the wife of Denmark's Prince Erik!

—Ginger Rogers and Howard Hughes.

—Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Jack Oakie, of *all* people!

—Jocelyn Lee's been seen places with George Raft.

—and what of Donald Cook? If it's true, as is rumored, that he's secretly married to Evalyn Knapp, why does he look so happy when he's being called "Cookie" by Raquel Torres, whom he takes out?

WEDDING BELLS SECTION:

—probably by the time you read this, Lila Lee will be Mrs. George Hill, and they'll be off on that around-the-world honeymoon they've been planning for so long.

—and the rumor-insisters are busily insisting again that the Charlie Chaplin-Paulette Goddard ding-dong will be any time, now.

—Carlyle Blackwell, who just Renoed it from his British wife, plans to marry Avonne Taylor, Divorcée.

—and Hollywood's still giggling over Buster Keaton and his ex-nurse, May Scribbens, getting married in Mexico even though his divorce isn't final yet. Says Buster: "Of course we're not legally married in the United States but we will be as soon as my divorce becomes final in August. Valentino did the same thing. Those who don't like it aren't my kind of people anyway!"

AND RANDOM NOTES:

—when Maurice Chevalier left Hollywood on that recent visit to Paree, Lilian Harvey gave the big farewell party. Marlene Dietrich was not there.

—and isn't Eddie Robinson proud that it's a boy!

—we're not saying anything definitely, but it wouldn't surprise some people who smiled sagely when Ruth Chatterton and Hubby George Brent departed for Europe recently, to have three return.

—and aren't Wera Engels and Gary Cooper putting on the torrid act? Gary is so different from other American men, says Wera. How?

—Blessed Events due (probably by the time you read this): The Herbert Marshalls (Edna Best); the Richard Arlens (Jobyna Ralston); the Tom Moores.

The one and only Gloria comes home with her fourth husband, Michael Farmer, her two dogs, and without her three children. La Swanson is glad to see Hollywood again and we hope she makes one of her old time grand pictures

WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT NIXON BABY

Too young to know a thing about it, nonetheless a little baby got the worst break of all when Marian Nixon and her million-heir hubbie, Edward Hillman, Jr., decided to call it quits. . . .

The baby was the tot Marian had adopted just a few weeks before the separation was broadcast to the newspapers.

Under California law, a baby must remain two years in a home before it can be finally legally adopted. When the Nixon-Hillman home was split up, it simply violated this specification of the law. Marian, honestly grown deeply attached to the child, tried every legal means to keep it herself, in her own home. But the law's technicalities said NO! Then Marian tried to arrange for her married sister to take the baby, with the eventual aim of having Marian adopt it later. But again, the attempt to circle the law's provisions failed through technicalities. And so, at last, the baby had to be returned to the Los Angeles orphanage whence it was taken.

"We were sorry," says the matron. "Miss Nixon, in the short time she had the baby, showed she would have been a good foster-mother. But the law is the law. . . !"

As this is written, it is reported that the baby has again gone out for adoption—but to no million-dollar movie-star home; to an obscure but happy non-professional home instead.

—is it funny, or isn't it, that in "Fellow Prisoners" at Warners, a man named Pasch is cast as a heavy lover!

It was one of the bluest days in Carole Lombard's life, that day she discovered that the star sapphire ring which Hubby William Powell had given her last Christmas had slipped off and couldn't be found.

But—the next day, a newspaperman returned it to her. He had found it lying on the street just outside the Paramount studio entrance. And had kept it until the identity of the loser was revealed.

Henry Garat, Fox's importation, was in a studio projection room, watching a test reel of himself singing, when the earthquake hit. As the walls rocked and everybody dashed for outside, Garat followed, muttering: "I never expected my first song here would cause SUCH excitement!"

TWO MORE OF THOSE MARQUEE SIGNS:

IF I HAD A MILLION
and
THIRTEEN WOMEN

SHE DONE HIM WRONG
and
THEY HAD TO GET MARRIED

Normalcy Note about Movie Kiddie:—Buster Phelps swiped one of his dad's cigars the other day and smoked it. Results: 100 percent normal. Buster did what any other kid does when he swipes a cigar from dad and smokes it.

ANYWAY, IT'S NOT A "BOUNCING BABY!"

Reginald Denny is awfully glad he let his Jap gardener talk him into putting a flowerbed in place of a concrete court in his back yard. Because the other day, Reg's baby (it's about a year old, now) fell off the back porch of the Denny home and plunged thirty feet . . .

The nurse screamed. The gardener, working below, grinned. Because he had seen the baby land in the soft earth of the new flower-bed—absolutely unhurt, and quite delighted with the experience.

Did you hear about the beautiful film star who, in the hospital after an automobile accident, was shown an X-ray picture of herself. And ordered it sent back to be retouched?

"WHO WAS THAT LADY I SEEN YOU WITH?"

The English language is a bit puzzling to Henry Garat, who is the newly-imported chevalier of the Fox lot. And the other day, introducing his wife, he explained carefully:

"My wife—she looks like a lady, but she isn't, yet. She is only 22."

With Indian pictures coming into cycle, a certain producer's planning one with a double punch—Indian stuff plus sex. Title?—oh, "The Lust of the Mohicans . . ."

Hollywood Depression Wheeze: An extra tells of getting a call to be in a grandstand mob scene. "Bring an extra hat and coat," read the order, "for the dummy you'll sit next to." And did you hear about the Hollywood great lover who drove into the pool at Palm Springs and lost his false teeth?

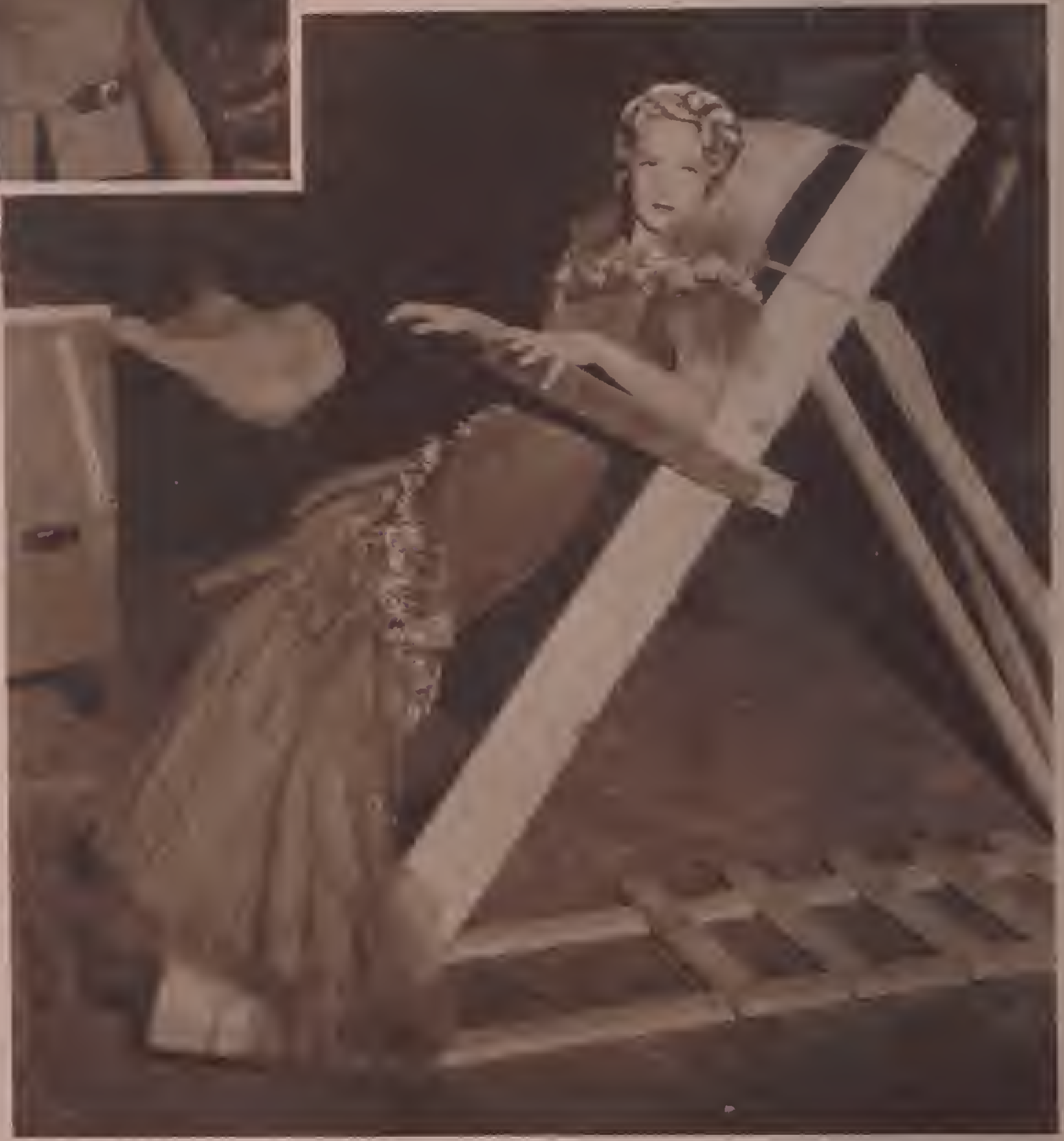
IS SHE STEALING BEN TURPIN'S STUFF?

Toughest scene they shot in "Story of Temple Drake" was a simple-appearing closeup of Miriam Hopkins, staring wide-eyed into the camera. Trouble: every time they tried it, Miriam was not only WIDE-eyed but CROSS-eyed as well!

She explained: "Ever since I was a kid, whenever I stare fixedly at anything, my eyes uncontrollably cross."

It took hours of work to finally get the shot without making Miriam look turpinish.

From star to bit player but beautiful still! That's Betty (Queen of Sheba) Blythe with William Collier, Sr. and she's making her film come-back in "Pilgrimage" for Fox



Something very exotic in chairs—It's a sort of combined chair, lounge and ironing board. The idea is Dietrich can rest between scenes and yet not put wrinkles in her gown

Y'know Frank McHugh's silly laugh? Well, for the first time in his life, he's learning to drive a car. And he's scared stiff and drives about eight miles an hour. And if you want to make him mad, just give him his own goofy laugh. He burns!

ISN'T IT JUST LIKE YOUR OLD HOME TOWN?

Push aside all those pictures of orchid-garlanded stars at the Cocoanut Grove, and look at this picture of simple life in Hollywood—

The Younger Set in pictures are doing the very same thing you and your pals did back home. They've got a Dutch Treat Club. If they DO go out cafe-ing, everybody takes a pro-rata share of the expense—boys and girls alike! But as a matter of fact, they rarely go out. Instead, they have their parties at the several homes of members of the group. And they include:

Rochelle Hudson, Anita Louise, Tom Brown, Patricia Ellis, Eric Linden, Helen Mack, Patricia Ziegfeld, William Janney. They two-some around, also, just like small town kids except that they talk careers instead of marriage. Almost all of them live at home with their parents, too, like regular kids anywhere.

STYLE WAR IN HOLLYWOOD

The latest style war in Hollywood is that between Hedda Hopper and Lilyan Tashman.

Hedda accused Lilyan Tashman of choosing extreme styles to attract attention to herself.

Lilyan burned.

"Hedda," said she, "apparently didn't think my new coiffure too flamboyant to copy. And when I got back from Europe she was the first one out to look at my clothes. What has Hedda Hopper done to set herself up as a style authority?"

But the Agua Caliente Hotel has stepped in and maybe what it has done will settle the controversy. Maybe. It invited *both* Lilyan Tashman and Hedda Hopper to be judges of its fashion show.

STRANGE SIGHTS OF HOLLYWOOD

John Barrymore skipping about at the birthday party of his daughter, Dolores Ethel Mae, serving ice cream and cake to her twenty-two young guests.

DANGEROUS CURVES

Curves are coming back. Mae West says so, and after her smash hit in "She Done Him Wrong," everyone is listening to Mae West. "Curves where the good Lord meant them to be, a slender waistline and shapely limbs make the ideal figure," said Mae. The men are all on her side.

Helen Hayes recently got her first real vacation since she entered pictures. She and Charlie MacArthur, her husband, left for a glorious trip to Europe. Before she went Helen Hayes told reporters that this trip meant more to her than her career.

While they were in France came a wire from M-G-M summoning Helen back to make "Night Flight" immediately.

What Charlie MacArthur said was plenty. But Helen Hayes gave up her vacation and came back. That's Hollywood.

Franklin D. Roosevelt wrote a book called "Looking Forward." M-G-M had a picture called "Service," starring Lionel Barrymore. The story of the picture had nothing to do with the subject of President Roosevelt's book, but M-G-M liked the title. They asked President Roosevelt if they could use it. He said he was flattered. So that's why, when you see "Service," you'll see it under the title of the President's book. And now they are going to make the book "Looking Forward" anyway.

NEW COMBINATIONS IN HOLLYWOOD

Miriam Hopkins and Jean Negulesco, who thought Sidney Fox was going to marry him until she up and married Charlie Beahan.

Boots Mallory and Cy Bartlett.

Hollywood is chuckling at Sidney Skolsky's story of the author who got tired of trying to write scenarios in Hollywood. One day he went to a movie executive and said, "Listen, I'm through here. I'm going back to Oxford." The producer kept offering him more money to remain, but the author was obdurate. Finally the producer said, "Listen, let me see that contract you've got with Oxford. Maybe I can buy them off."

An amazing boy, that Henry Garat, Janet Gaynor's new leading man. Fox liked his work in "Adorable" so well they signed him to make more pictures. He planned to leave for Europe first and then return to make other films. He and his wife were all packed up and ready to leave when Fox ran off his first picture for him. "My work is terrible in many spots," he said and insisted on staying in Hollywood for retakes.

Nice when stars are that way, isn't it?

Doesn't Charlie Ruggles look adorable? No, no, not the comedian. We mean his nephew starring above. His mother's Arline Judge and his dad's Director Wesley Ruggles.

He thinks he'll go home now but he'll be back, this Chevalier. And when he returns from Paris will it be Lillian Harvey or La Dietrich he'll see most often?

Is Ann Harding still in love with Harry Bannister?

Bannister got a job as war correspondent in China. When he left Los Angeles, Ann was at the airport with her little daughter. Both wept.

The stork visited Louise Fazenda, who is married to Hal B. Wallis. He left a seven pound boy.

These beautiful body boys have their troubles. Buster Crabbe complains that because of his broad shoulders he can't find a ready-made suit that will fit him. His shoulders measure 44. Incidentally Buster just got married to a non-professional beauty.

After Fay Webb left Rudy Vallee, saying there was no hope of reconciliation, Rudy had to return to the Paramount Studio to resume work on his picture, "International House." His first job after their parting was to record a song called "Thank Heaven For You."

Ruth Chatterton apparently doesn't find that three's a crowd. While she and George Brent are honeymooning in Europe, Ronald Colman will be on his way over. The three of them will meet in Spain. And when Ruth is home Ralph Forbes is the Brents' constant guest.

They Expect to Live Happily Ever After

Robert Young, Rising Star, Marries the Girl He Fell in Love With When He Was Twelve Years Old

by JERRY MARTIN

AND so they were married and lived happily ever after. A pretty way to end a romance! Ah, but this isn't an ordinary romance. And it isn't the end. It's the beginning. For after ten years of courtship, Robert Young, aged twenty-two, has taken unto himself a wife. She's Betty Lou Henderson, his childhood sweetheart and the first girl of his dreams.

The romance of Bob and Betty is as sweet as an old-fashioned bouquet. Had some romantic novelist or poet breathed life into this story, a more beautiful picture of two young people in love, could not be painted.

Knowing Robert Young, it's rather nice to see him stand by his first love and choose her for his bride. It proves that in a make-believe world, where people are taken from oblivion and skyrocketed to fame, it is possible to remain, regular and human. It proves that the depth and sincerity Robert Young reflects on the screen is only strengthened by the actor in person.

Going back ten years, we find Bob and Betty in grammar school. Much to his distaste, it seemed inevitable that he should find her firmly planted in the seat in front of him. He made little effort to control his real feelings. The sight of her stiffly-starched back and tightly-braided hair did not add to his happiness. She was always wiggling in her seat. She insisted on turning around and gazing at him in moon-eyed rapture.

Finally, as a last resort to attract his attention, she would start giggling and whispering. The combination of the giggles and the wiggles were too much for him. A sharp pen, thrust between a crack in the seat produced temporary results. But young love is not easily discouraged.

Freshmen days at the Lincoln High School in Los Angeles found Bob and Betty attending the same classes. They were friendly now, but he was much too bent on book knowledge, to pay much attention to affairs of the heart.

IN his sophomore year, he suddenly discovered there was much more to girls than giggles and whispers. He had been going through the painful process of growing up. Being young, idealistic and terribly sensitive, he longed for someone who would not belittle his dreams.

One day, in a fit of despondency, he confided in Betty. It seemed he would never gain the courage, strength and poise he needed so badly. She seemed to know all about these things. She encouraged him to pour out his heart.

In Mrs. Mullens, a school teacher who believed in feeding the soul as well as the mind, he found another friend. She understood youth and its problems. Through her suggestion later on, Bob enrolled in the Pasadena Community Players. His membership in this worthy organization, where aspiring young actors are trained, eventually led to his studio contract.

By the time graduation day came around Bob and Betty were firmly established sweethearts. School plays gave Bob his first taste of wanting to be an actor. Having a beautiful singing voice, rated Betty the coveted rôle of Maid Marion to his "Robin Hood."

With high school days behind, Bob started out to make his mark in the world. The various jobs of working in a bank, clerking in a stock exchange and collecting for a Building and Loan Association, were not inspiring for one with acting ambitions. But there was Betty, who always encouraged him. He had little money to spend. There were long street car rides and Saturday night movies. The ownership of an automobile was an unbelievable luxury.

Bob's break in the movies caused a break in their friendship. Betty was happy for him, knowing how badly he wanted this career. When he moved to Hollywood to be near the studios, she hid her disappointment. She knew the early calls and late working hours would prevent his taking the long street car ride across town to see her. The exacting production demands of the studio even cheated them out of week-end dates.

IT was at this time, Bob met Virginia Bruce. A picture called "Boarding School" was about to go into production. All the younger members of the studio were to be featured. There were daily lessons with a dancing master. There were visits to the dramatic coach, who was training the newcomers.

At first it was just a shy "good morning" between Virginia and Bob. When they found themselves partners in dancing and dramatics the friendship blossomed. Bob was lonesome and felt strange on the lot. He still could not believe he really belonged to this new world of make-believe. Virginia had just come out from New York. She had tried pictures once before. She was ambitious for herself and terrified at the thought of returning a failure.

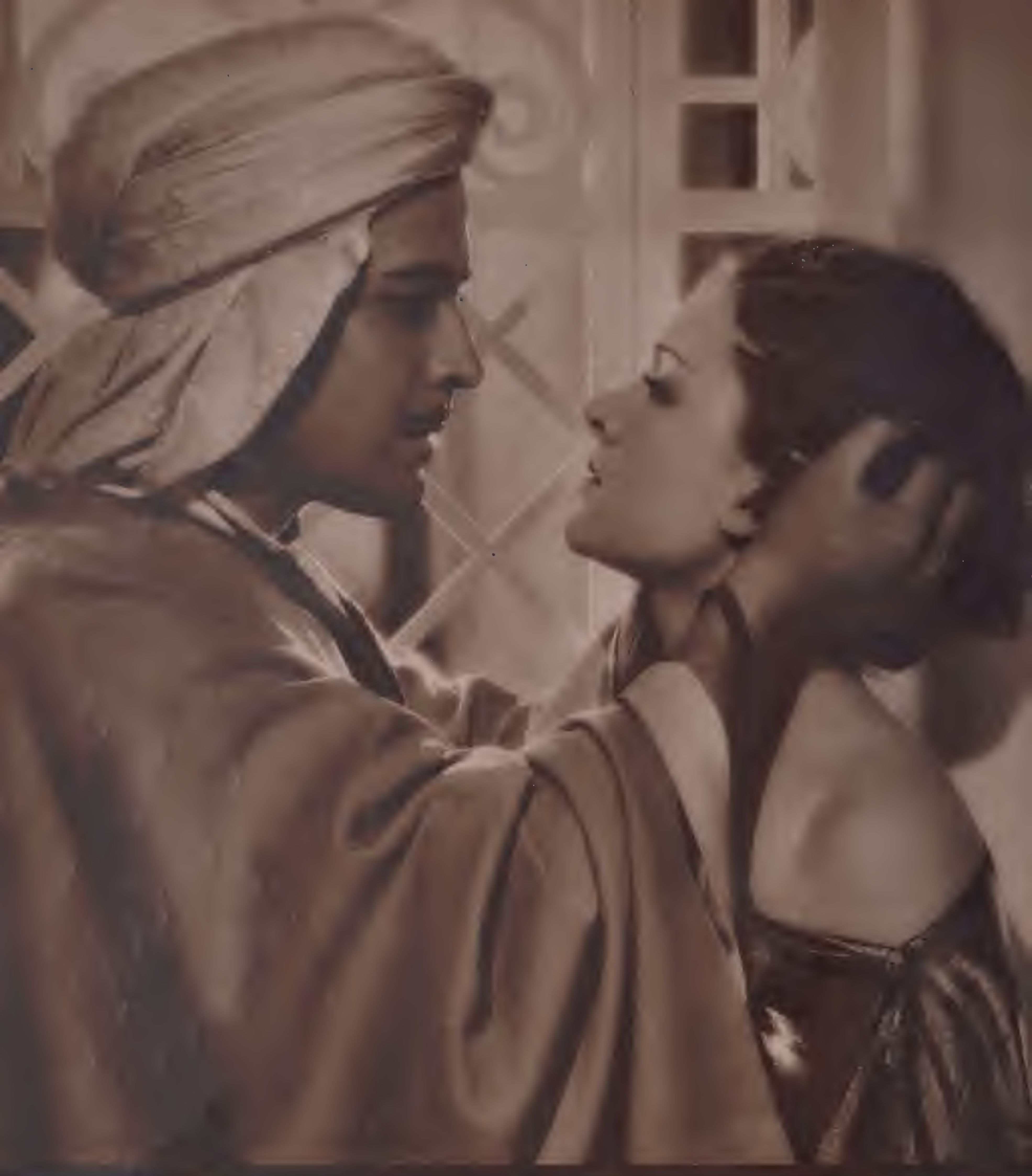
Neither one of them knew another soul on the lot. It was natural they should cling to each other. Then one day a miracle happened. Bob made a down payment on a Ford. He would pick Virginia up on the way to the studio and drop her off on the way home. Sometimes they would stop for a sandwich. There was an occasional movie. They could leave right from the studio and get home early. Having the same manager, they were invited on different occasions to the same places.

Bob and Virginia both knew of the other's family responsibilities. Both knew of the other's (*Continued on page* 95)

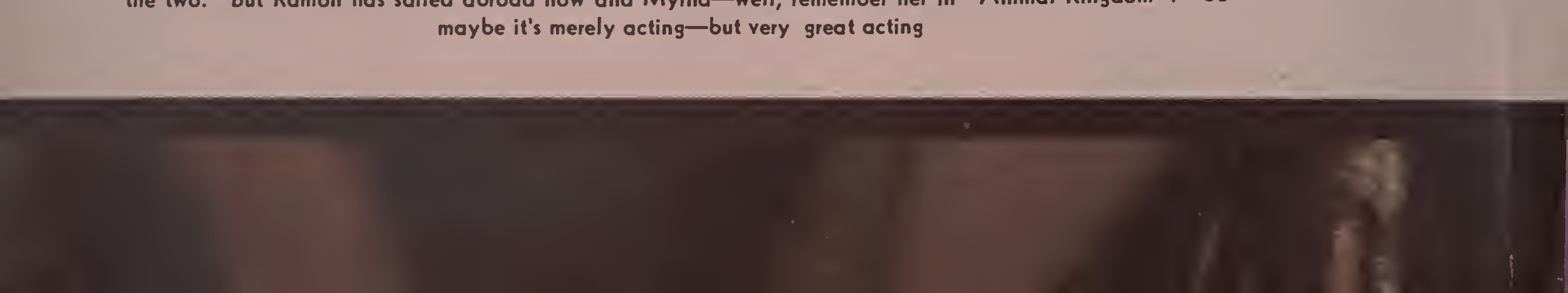
There's a new intensity and passion to young Doug's love scenes these days and why not? As he tells you himself on page 20 of this issue, he's trying to win back the wife he loves, and if he does a little make-believing in his studio scenes, Warner Bros., his bosses, are only too delighted. Here he is in a scene with Patricia Ellis in "Narrow Corner" and isn't it a thrill?

● When you sit right down and think about it (or even walk around and think about it) there isn't much "young love" on the screen—just sweet love, honeysuckle and moonlight love. So RKO has decided to do something about it and they've teamed Dorothy Jordan, that cute little Southerner and Joel McCrea, that great big Californian. Their first picture is called "Three came unarmed"

● If you can't have Gaynor and Farrell, how do you like Gaynor and Garat? (You pronounce Henry's name Garrah, like rah, rah.) They look pretty charming to us, the wistful little Janet and this gay, dashing Frenchman. And what a nice title their first picture has—"Adorable." It's got songs and dancing in it, too, so it's exciting to think about



● Oooooooh, hot stuff, and from gentle Ramon Novarro and ladylike Myrna Loy, too! After seeing their scenes together in "The Barbarian" Hollywood has been whispering that there must be a romance between the two. But Ramon has sailed abroad now and Myrna—well, remember her in "Animal Kingdom"? So maybe it's merely acting—but very great acting



GIBSON vs EILERS

Round 6

Will old George Cupid be k. o. or o. k. in the big Gibson-Eilers heart battle?

FEBRUARY 10, 1930. Three days after he receives a divorce from his second wife, Helen Gibson, Hollywood serial actress, Edmond Richard Gibson, best known as "Hoot," gives to Dorothea Sally Eilers an engagement ring.

FEBRUARY 11, 1930. Hollywood thinks things over and then declares that it's a love match and that they are, or must be, the happiest couple in town.

FEBRUARY 12, 1930. Hoot suddenly remembers that Sally has been engaged to both Matty Kemp and William Hawks. He proceeds to get jealous and word leaks out that they are not the happiest couple in Hollywood.

JUNE 7, 1930. Flo Ziegfeld canvasses the community and announces that Sally is the most beautiful brunette in Hollywood. Hoot hears about that and is quite pleased, except that he thinks he should wear the trousers. This Sally gal is getting to be pretty prominent.

JUNE 27, 1930. While 150 cowboys and other assorted guests look on, Hoot and Sally appear before a preacher at Hoot's Saugus ranch, and become wed. Everybody has a delightful time, and the word goes out that Sally and Hoot have a love match and that they are the happiest couple in Hollywood.

JUNE 28, 1930. Off on a honeymoon to the Canadian Rockies.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1930. Rumors freely circulated in Hollywood that maybe it isn't a love match after all, with Sally staying a few days with friends. It seems Hoot's jealousy of Sally's career is growing by leaps and bounds. No cowboy can be happy as Mr. Sally Eilers, he concludes.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1930. Sally returns home and word goes the rounds that it's a perfect love match.

AUGUST 12, 1931. Sally, ravishing with red-brown tresses (the brunette of the Ziegfeld selection is a thing of the past), suddenly appears as a blonde for a Fox picture without telling "Hooter," as she calls him, anything about it. First, he goes into a complete flat spin. Then he decides to sulk and won't talk to Sally.

AUGUST 13, 14, 15, 1931. The non-speaking period continues.

AUGUST 16, 1931. Hoot issues a statement declaring that he is a gentleman, and gentlemen prefer blondes. Hoot and Sally, now becoming known as Hoot's Who, declare it is a love match and that they are the happiest pair in Hollywood. Just as happy as larks.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1931. Sally clicks in "Bad Girl."

MAY 9, 1932. Hoot and Sally decide that it's no use—they simply can't go on. Sally goes right home to her mother. Hoot issues a new manifesto declaring that until Sally clicked in "Bad Girl" she's had the worst case of enlarged hat in history, and no dame is going to get that way and get away with it, as far as he is concerned.

MAY 10, 1932. Attorneys for both sides issue statements saying that Mr. and Mrs. Gibson are just having a marital vacation and that there will be no divorce.

MAY 11, 1932. Hoot and Sally meet at a party and give each other a neat collection of dirty looks.

MAY 13, 1932. Hoot and Sally are brought together by their good friends, Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels. Sally denies that she has said that Hoot is jealous and Hoot says it never even occurred to him that Sally was getting stuck on herself. No, sir!

MAY 14, 1932. Hollywood discovers that all is not well in the Gibson menage. It seems that Sally is only back with Hoot because she is very fond (*Continued on page 77*)

Love is Greater than Fame

It was a Possible Broken Heart Against the Risk of a Ruined Career—So Ann Dvorak Risked the Career

by ROBERTA ORMISTON

"*LOVE is greater than fame . . .*"

Ann Dvorak not only believes this; she lives accordingly. Last summer she ran away from the studios and the two important pictures scheduled for her to get on a boat and go traipsing around the world with her new husband, Leslie Fenton. Doing this, Ann was not only gambling with her fame, she was risking her career itself.

No one could quite believe she wouldn't reconsider by the time she reached New York and turn back home. But she did nothing of the kind. She had seen too many Hollywood marriages crack under the strain of two people working like fiends, coming home to each other night after night suffering with nervous exhaustion. She had seen too many Hollywood brides and grooms run away for a week-end afraid to quit working long enough for a real honeymoon until, at last, aware they were growing apart, they would rush off to Mexico or New York or Europe in a vain, frantic attempt to recapture that which already had escaped them.

"Now," said Ann, "it will be all right for me to plunge into the rôles they're planning for me, for Leslie to work like a Trojan. We've become well acquainted. We understand each other. Besides being lovers we're friends. The things we did together, the things we saw together, all the adventures we experienced together have knit us close. Now our marriage has roots."

A globe of the world stood on a desk beside her. With hands browned by an African sun she traced their travels. "We've more than gone around the world," she said with satisfaction.

Fifty odd days and nights it took them to come from the Mediterranean to California. They came on a slow freighter and touched at Central American ports.

"We would lie on deck in the sun," she said. "And read. Or talk. Or be quiet. Now let the problems fly around us." She laughed. "And they will. We're ready for them. Both of us.

"YOU can't walk over the ancient stones we walked over; become aware of the comparative unimportance of the very civilization of which you are a part, much less your personal atomic unimportance, without growing wiser. You can't take a long holiday and have months at sea without relaxing and growing physically stronger. You can't spend nine months together, traveling, studying, and playing without growing closer . . ."

"You're really very glad you went," I said, "in spite of everything, in spite of the sensation you caused . . ."

"Of course I am," she said. She seemed rather surprised there could be any question about it. "Banks can fail. Studios can close. But nothing can take those nine months away from us. We had Christmas in the snow at St. Moritz. In Africa we saw veiled women who'd never heard of Hollywood. Always when we were beside the Mediterranean we had a hanging balcony. We saw the little, toy-like harbor of Monte Carlo change color in the dawn. In Germany we left our grand hotel to live in a pension. In London we dressed every night and went to a play.

"We're back now, ready to work. We're both eager to work, as a matter of fact. But not for anything would we have missed those months. Had we waited until we were older, until we'd made our fortune, surely they never would have been as glamorous.

"Better take life as it comes, if you ask me. Not wait until your blood is thin and your enthusiasms have paled.

"I want success. But I don't want it more than I want happiness. I'm not a fool. I wouldn't put fame before love. Ever. Fame can't last. Love can. And does, I think, given just half the chance most people give fame."

IT was late afternoon a year ago last New Year's Eve that Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton met. The assistant in the studio make-up shop introduced them.

"I've lost the keys to my car," he said. "I don't know what to do."

Then he started off. Ann had a feeling she mustn't let him get away, that she must hold on to him in some way.

"If you don't find your keys," she offered, "I'll drive you home."

However, she was really glad that he didn't come back. She found him exciting. She knew at once that he had it in his power to upset all her ambitious plans. When you're ambitious at twenty you're very ambitious indeed.

Two weeks later they were cast together in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain." They couldn't avoid each other any longer. The first scene filmed showed them standing on either side of a counter. They had to face each other, without saying anything, for a long, long time.

It's as charming a love idyll as ever came out of Hollywood, the love marriage of Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton—and the way Miss Ormiston writes of it will make you believe in dreams come true

"In the story Leslie was supposed to like me a lot," Ann explained. "And I was supposed to be fooling him. For some insane reason that pleased me. I supposed it gave me a vicarious edge that I knew I really didn't have at all."

Sitting on the side-lines between scenes, Leslie and Ann talked. Almost always the two camp-chairs with their names painted across the canvas back-rest stood close together. He asked her a hundred questions. What she did when she went home. What people she saw. If she studied much. If she liked sports. If she liked travel.

"He sounded me out very carefully. He was terribly cagey," she told me, laughing.

Still he never asked to see her away from the studios. Still he never told her that he liked her more than he'd ever liked any girl before, that ever since they'd met in the make-up shop he'd been trying very hard to find something about her to dislike.

"Nevertheless," Ann told me, "I knew he loved me. I could feel it. Women always can, I think."

Then one night the company worked late.

"What are you doing when we're through?" Leslie Fenton asked, turning his chair so he faced Ann, bending towards her.

"Nothing," she said. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing," he said.

"Let's do it together," she suggested. She felt this game of touch and go had lasted long enough. Too long in fact. The picture was almost finished.

"Do you mean that?" Light sprang into his eyes and eagerness into his voice.

Ann nodded.

They drove to a little cabin that hangs to the side of a cliff beside the Pacific. They ordered dinner. A mist blew in from the sea to hang about the mountains. There was the boom and swish of the waves. A moon rode high. They talked. They talked. They talked.

Dark excitement lay between them. When their hands touched as he lit her cigarette, when their feet met accidentally beneath the table, when their eyes clung, then they knew ecstasy.

"That night," says Ann, "we were the only two people in the world!"

All their fine resolutions went tumbling. After that they saw each other all the time. Previous ambitions seemed pretty silly. They swam together. They played tennis. They drove to the old Missions where grapes still hang, purple in the sun, on the vines the padres planted long ago. They drove to romantic southern California's other places of interest. And they saw all of them through a beautiful haze.

"I love you," Leslie Fenton told Ann at last, when she thought she couldn't bear his silence another hour. "But I don't want to hurry you. I want you to be sure. I'm older than you by nine years. I want you to think about it."

Ann's laughter rang out against the night.

"I've been sure ever since the first afternoon I saw you," she told him. And he admitted then that he had been sure ever since the meeting in the make-up shop too. He confessed, a little sheepishly, how when he had found his car keys he had been tempted to hide them so she would drive him home, how he even had gone so far as to stuff his keys into an inside pocket and start back for her, how he had experienced real difficulty taking himself in hand and going his own way.

Two weeks later they were married.

"What was there to wait for?" Ann asked. "We knew we wanted each other. It seemed silly to go around being engaged. We'd found a little furnished house on top of one of Hollywood's hills, with trees all around it, and a patio bordered by a crazy quilt flower garden. Leslie already had moved his books and prints and things in.

"We didn't want to buy a house or even to buy furniture. We didn't want to tie ourselves down anywhere, by anything. We wanted to feel free. We still do."

It was here, however, that life began to intrude upon them, to press.

(Continued on page 97)

Husbands can be HEROES

Romance Can Live On and On, Even in Hollywood, As This Story on Warner Baxter Proves

Warner Baxter's love for his wife was subjected to a test such as few men could have borne

By GLADYS HALL

THERE is more than one kind of hero, you know—I mean, in private life. There is the hero home from the wars, covered with medals and honors.

There is the hero who does the spectacular thing—flies the Atlantic, perhaps, on silver wings and the courage of his soaring spirit.

There is the most colorful of the movie heroes—famed for his gallantries, head-line news whenever he takes a new blonde out for dinner.

There is another kind of hero. For him no flags fly, no brass bands blare, no head-lines scream at you. The hero who lives quietly and says nothing. The hero who makes neither boast nor brag; who is not known for his vivid successes with women, who never figures in the spotlight, who does not exhibit on the playgrounds of the world. The *husband*-hero—the hero of little services rendered inconspicuously day after day, year after year. The man who is a hero in the intimate environs of his own home.

Such a hero, we make bold to say, is Warner Baxter. In none of the rôles he has played from the epic-making "Cisco Kid" to "Dangerously Yours" and "42nd Street" does he give such a sound and exquisite performance as he does in the rôle of husband—a rôle he has been playing for, it must be, upward of ten or more years.

And we are emphatic when we say that Warner does *not* consider this rôle a martyr's rôle—as he will tell you himself.

* * *

Hollywood, the past year or two, has been saying, "Where is Warner Baxter? What has become of him? We know what he is doing on the screen, of course, but where is the man himself? We never see him any more, at parties, at Caliente, at Palm Springs, at premières or at any of the places where the stars go to make merry."

Warner has been, and still is, *at home*. He is at home devoting all of his non-working hours, all of his thought and care and devotion to Winnie, his wife. Winnie, who has been a semi-invalid.

They never see Warner, the Hollywood funsters, because Warner stays at home and stands as a willing buffer between Winnie and all of the cares and perplexities, great and small, that go to make up this life we live. It is Warner who hires and fires the servants, who orders the meals, who does the marketing, who inspects the ice-box daily, who pays the bills and buys train tickets and theater tickets whenever there is any occasion. Warner who does all the things a man ordinarily does and all the things a woman ordinarily does, too.

Warner, as a matter of fact I happen to know—*not* from him—does more than the things one man ordinarily does. For he not only takes luxurious care of Winnie but he also has several families on both sides to support, too. He says: "It is because of these responsibilities of mine that I intend to drain every last drop there is to be had from this picture game. I may admire a man like Ronnie (Colman) who can up and shake the dust of a place he doesn't like from his feet—but I'm afraid I'm too commercial to be like that myself.

"I HAD a long talk with Ronnie just before he left. He asked me if *I* would stay in a place if someone had, as it were, spit in my face. I told him that if I knew for a fact I'd have half a million dollars at the end of six months, yes, I'd let anyone spit in my face and I'd take it. Ronnie's more sensitive than I am, I guess. He probably cares more for the finer things of dignity and personal integrity and self-pride. It's a terrific loss to Hollywood, to pictures, though, to have him go—Funny thing, it was the dream of Ronnie's picture life to do 'A Tale of Two Cities.' I always longed to do 'The Masquerader.' Now, Ronnie has done 'The Masquerader' and it looks as though I will play Sidney Carton in 'A Tale of Two Cities.'"

Warner, I must again assert, lest he murder me, made it very clear to me that he does all these things he does *because he likes to*. He said "It's selfishness, really. When I do the things I do at home, for instance, I do them because I think *I* can do them better than anyone else can. I've spoiled Winnie because *I* wanted to have my hand on the helm. It makes me the Big Boss, you see, the Head of my House in every one of its aspects, the arbiter and lord and over-lord. I do these things because I *choose* to do them. Winnie and I often laugh about it together—sometimes Winnie gets sore at me for taking so much out of her hands—"

* * *

ABOUT a year ago Winnie Baxter—you'll remember her as Winifred Bryerson on the screen, pretty and dark and seductive to look at—suffered a complete nervous breakdown. She had long been a sufferer from anemia—a stubborn hemoglobin that was counts and counts below normal. And for years Warner has taken her to doctor after doctor all over the country in a desperate effort, or efforts, to raise the hemoglobin count. The dratted thing would not be raised. Warner told me that he has stood by time after time and actually *prayed* and tried to *fool* himself into believing that he could see the blood count raise to somewhere near normal.

Winnie has had treatments of all kinds and descriptions—from Science to being drastically "shot" with every kind of ray that was ever rayed out of a machine. She has eaten, Warner says, pounds and pounds of the snooty liver. She has had injections of every known manifestation of iron and other supposed blood-making remedies. No good—and then, probably as a result of all this high-tensioned and high-powered treatment, she completely collapsed.

For six months, a year or so back, she never stepped foot out of bed. For six months there were trained nurses in constant attendance, night and day, and also in constant attendance was—Warner.

Warner Baxter is a hero on the screen but for ten years he has been—though he won't admit it—an even greater hero in private life

That six months out of both their lives made of itself a little bridge separating the old Warner and Winnie from the new—

Warner said: "Of course I didn't go anywhere during those six months. I was too deeply worried to want to go. It wasn't Winnie who kept me at home. She wanted me to go places, have a good time. I kept myself at home because I could not be comfortable anywhere else. I didn't invite people to the house because the slightest commotion would send Winnie into helpless hysterics. She couldn't even have anyone come in to see her, no matter how well she knew them. The mere impact of personalities sent her off. I couldn't go into the room myself unless I sort of *eased* in, very gradually. I'd start whistling softly as I came up the stairs. I'd cough a time or two. I managed to invent all sorts of little, un-startling signals to herald my approach. If I ever forgot for one time and entered her room suddenly she'd go almost crazy—try to jump out of bed—cry. For most of that six months all she did was lie there and cry anyway. I didn't feel like partying about with the sound of those helpless tears in my heart. *No man would have.*"

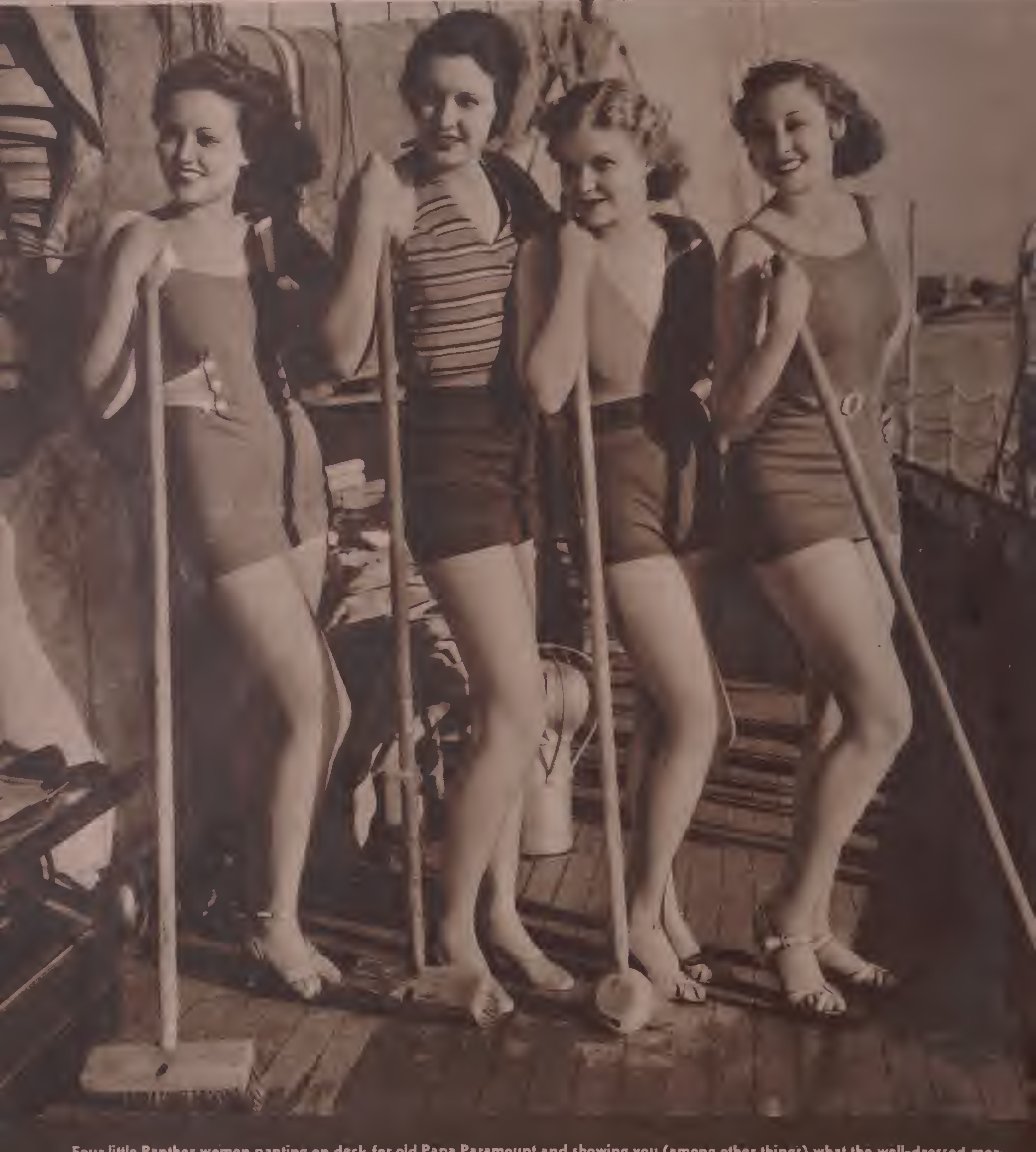
I INTERRUPTED here to observe, cynically, perhaps, that I was afraid a great many men would have—especially movie men of undoubted attraction, fame, popularity, open houses and proffering company to right and to left of them. Few movie heroes, indeed, who would be voluntary recluses for six months.

Warner said: "Well, you may be right, I don't know—it all depends, I suppose, on how much you care about a person. The men who wouldn't have done the little I did for Winnie probably didn't care for their wives as I care for mine—"

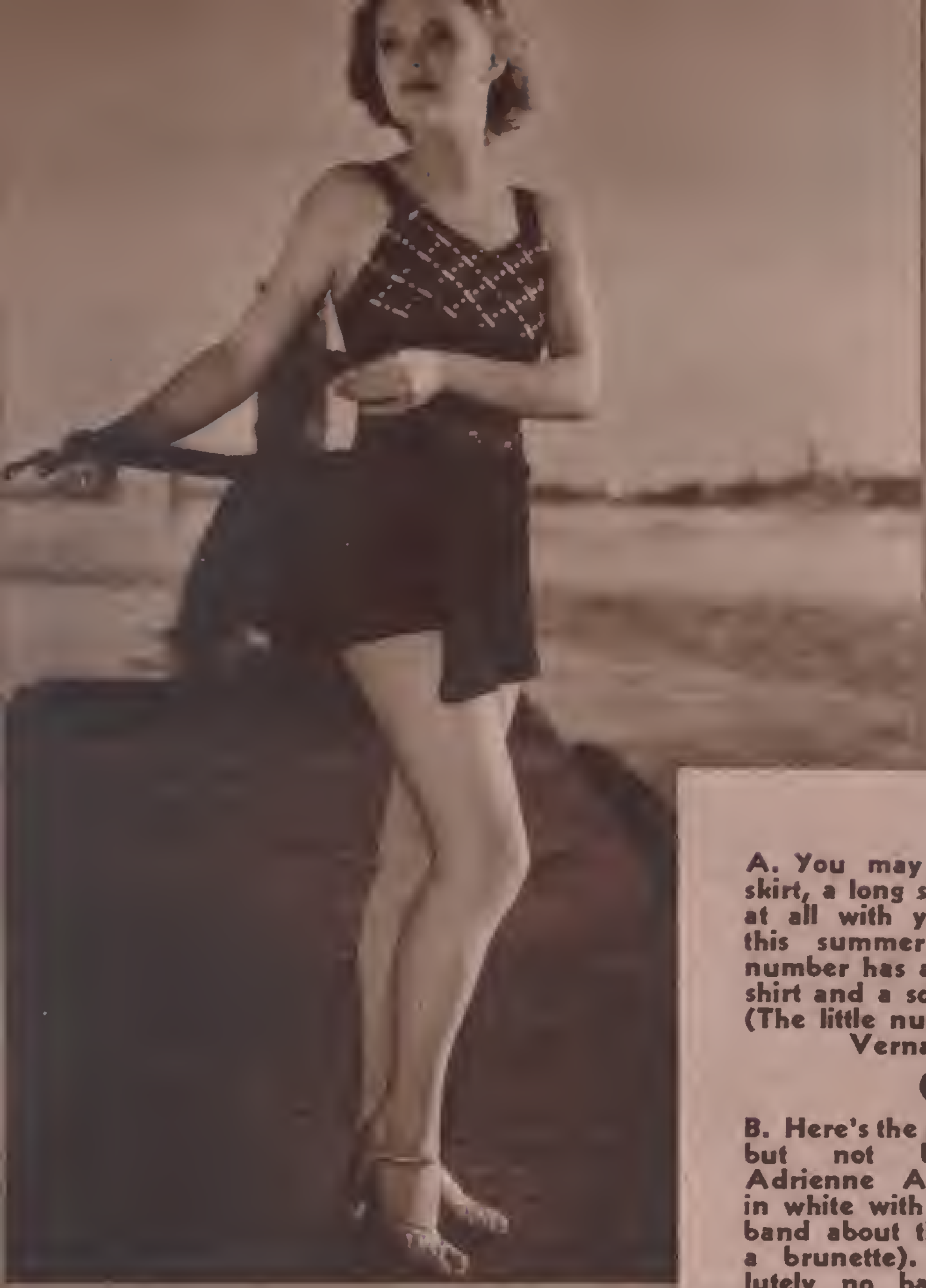
(*Continued on page 75*)

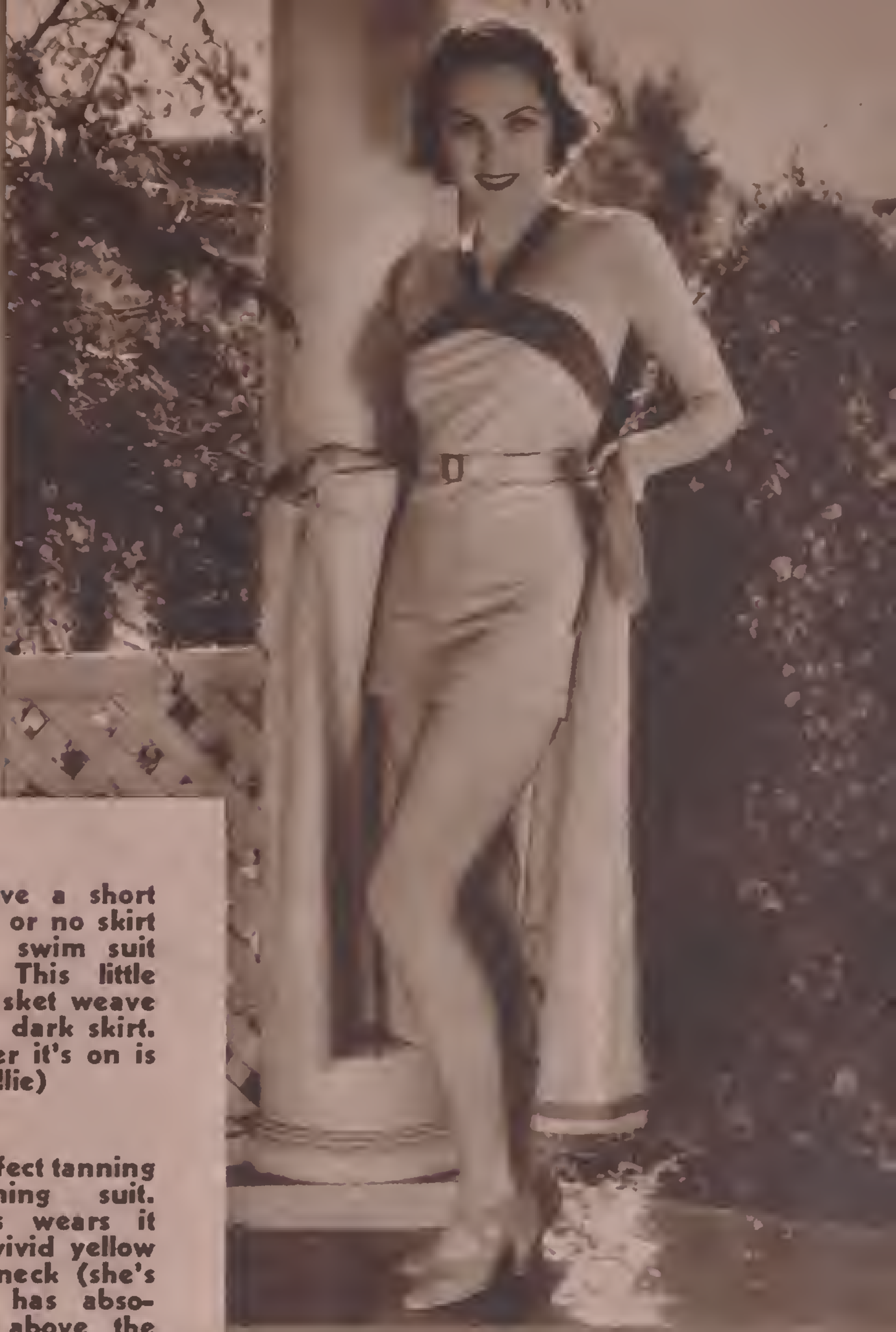
How many men would give six whole months without anything but work and tears for their wives?

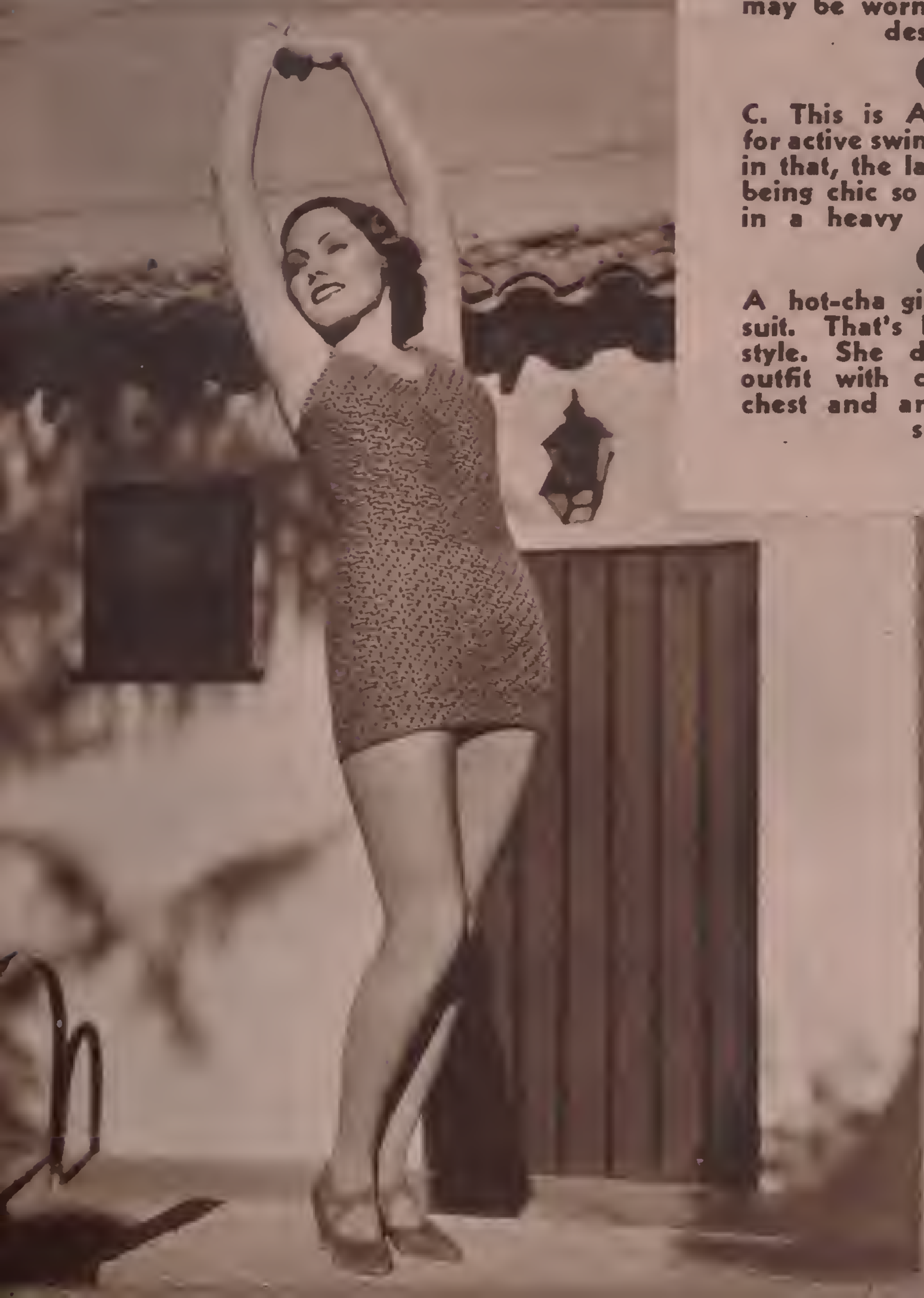
Beauties and the beach

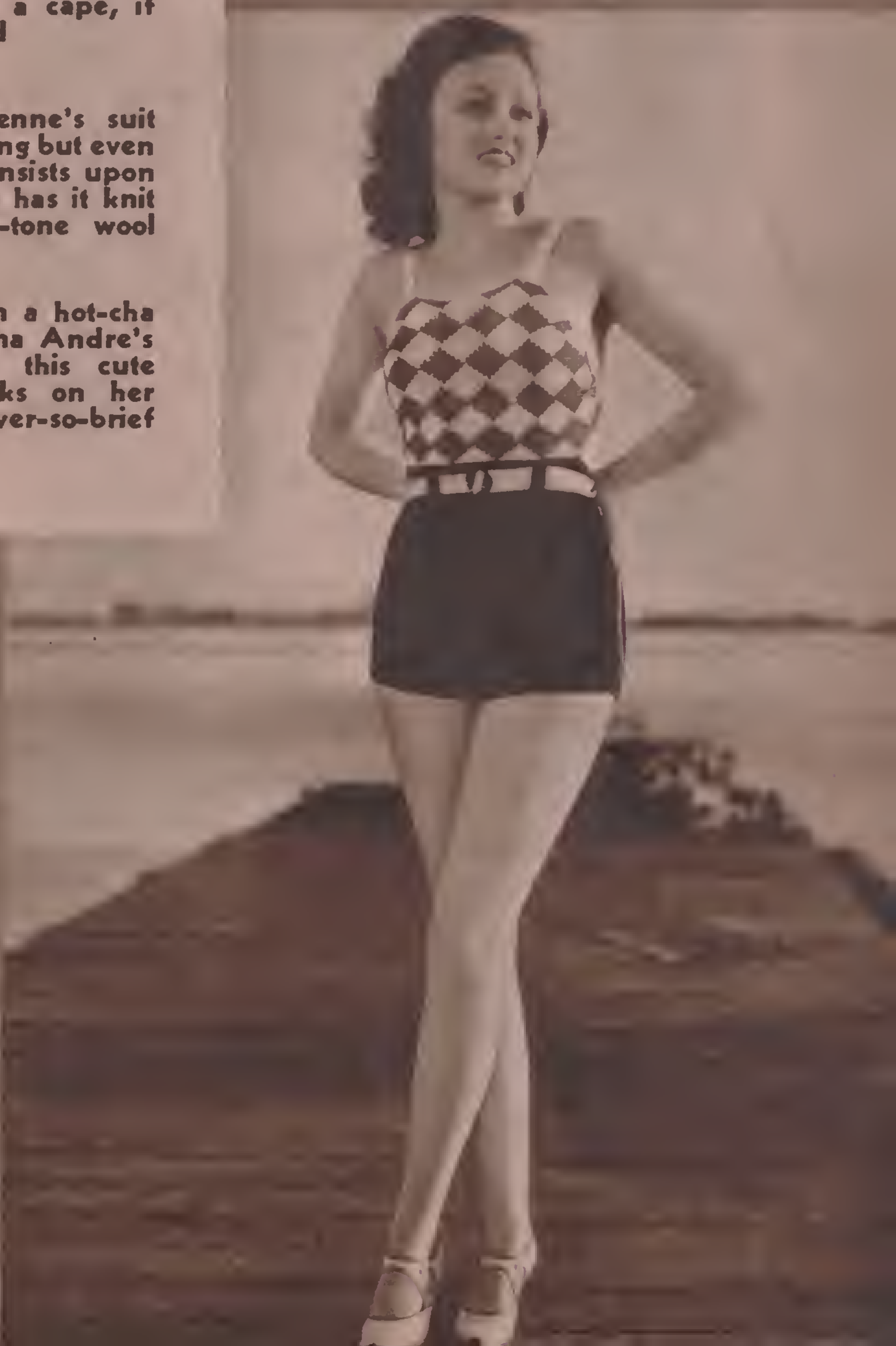


Four little Panther women panting on deck for old Papa Paramount and showing you (among other things) what the well-dressed mermaid will wear. In that well-known left to right manner, Lorna Andre wears a one-piece suit of orange with six bright yellow buttons and a bright yellow sash; Gail Patrick sports a two-piece affair with solid green trunks and a striped shirt in green and white; Verna Hillie has a criss-cross model in pale and dark blue and Kathleen Burke wears a classic one-piece model in honey beige









A. You may have a short skirt, a long skirt or no skirt at all with your swim suit this summer. This little number has a basket weave shirt and a solid, dark skirt. (The little number it's on is Verna Hillie)

●

B. Here's the perfect tanning but not burning suit. Adrienne Ames wears it in white with a vivid yellow band about the neck (she's a brunette). It has absolutely no back above the waist but the separate skirt may be worn as a cape, if desired

●

C. This is Adrienne's suit for active swimming but even in that, the lass insists upon being chic so she has it knit in a heavy two-tone wool

●

A hot-cha girl in a hot-cha suit. That's Lorna Andre's style. She dons this cute outfit with checks on her chest and an ever-so-brief skirt

Hollywood's

If You Want to Throw a Real Nut Party, Read About the Mad Manner Hollywood Goes Gay

They go in big for baby parties. This beautiful doll is Norma Shearer. Her sailor friend is Irving Thalberg

Here are Phil Berg and his wife Leila Hyams with Buster Collier at Buster's party

THERE'S no doubt about it—Hollywood isn't what it used to be. Very few things are, come to think of it. Peggy Hopkins Joyce rides around in a flivver, Marlene Dietrich wears pants, and Mae West won't take a cocktail. Even the parties are different. Oh, particularly is there a change in the Hollywood parties from the days when Gloria Swanson and Florence Vidor were the select hostesses. There still aren't any orgies—but lots of Hollywood-ites would like to go to one of 'em—if the novelists will just explain how to get there. But social life, out where the west dives off into the Pacific Ocean, has changed more than Jackie Coogan. Society is just plain "nutsy"—if you know what I mean.

It wouldn't surprise anyone very much if the next big party was given in the psychopathic ward of the county hospital. In fact it's an idea that will surely occur to somebody pretty soon.

Time was when everything was as formal as a chapter out of Emily Post's little tome on good manners and such. Parties were given and everyone came in their best bibs and tuckers. When the guests weren't talking about themselves, the most rakish subject permissible was Vina Delmar's latest novel. Then, like a bolt from the blue, some bright soul discovered that Hollywood actually liked to relax. Things changed just like *that*. Nowadays you don't know what to expect when you get an invitation to a party. You just go with an open

More of the guests at the Collier party which is described in this article. Do you recognize Polly Moran? She goes everywhere

At Gary Cooper's party are Mrs. John Hay Whitney, Polly Moran, Charlie Farrell, Elsa Maxwell, Richard Arlen

Going Party Crazy

By
MARQUIS BUSBY

mind, expecting the best and prepared for the worst.

Even as far back as last summer any prophet that was up in his prophesying knew that a change was imminent in the social scheme. Stars were tired of standing around like those wax dummies in the lobby of Grauman's Chinese Theater. They wanted to make a little whoopee after the studio grease paint had been exchanged for playtime make-up. And they did make whoopee. Golly, though, lots of people are getting headaches thinking up new ways to give parties. Almost everything has been thought of by now from spin-the-platter to chartering a fleet of patrol wagons for a progressive dinner party.

John P. Medbury, who writes funny dialogue, sort of started the ball rolling last summer. He invited everybody that was anybody up to his house on a sultry afternoon. Guests came in good faith, expecting just another one of those things that happen all over the world come teatime. And *what* did they get! Inside the house was a big Christmas tree, with Santa Claus handing out gifts. You could fry eggs on the sidewalks outside, but inside Yuletide joy reigned unrefined.

You know how it is in Hollywood. If one studio films a successful gangster opry every other studio tries to climb on the band wagon. So if one fellow gives a good "nutsy" party everyone else will try to go him one better. It was the dawn of a new day, that Medbury party. Away went the old

Roscoe Karns, Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone at the Whitney affair. This was Joan's first party after her separation. Franchot, Joan's new leading man, is her most persistent escort these days but the lovely Crawford doesn't look very happy, does she?

Also at Gary's were Carole Lombard, Zeppo Marx, Chico Marx and Mrs. Marx. Gary's party was very, very special

Marion Davies threw an Old Heidelberg party for the Thalbergs and here's how Marie Dressler and Harpo Marx acted

When you get Jack Oakie, Polly Moran and Jimmy Durante all at one party, that's entertainment supreme

Imagine going to a party as Old Man Gloom. That's Billy Haines' idea of a good gag. The Edgar Selwyns are with him

formal dinners. Avast the bridge tables and the small talk. If you did something really original with your party you got columns of newspaper type, and no one in camera town minded that excepting Greta Garbo, and sometimes I'm not so sure—but never mind.

William Collier, Jr.'s birthday party was a perfect example of what is now going on after the Hollywood curfew has finished curfewing. Buster hired a gymnasium for his party, and the guests all came as acrobats and ladies and gentlemen of the sideshow. By midnight it wasn't safe to walk across the floor. The air was filled with amateur trapeze performers, and an impromptu basketball game was in full swing in the middle of the hall. Polly Moran played a good, but a trifle rough game. Walter Huston, arriving late, accompanied by a large police dog, joined the game. So did the dog, who really didn't know the rules one bit better than the humans on the floor. Lilyan Tashman offered herself up as the lady in the knife-throwing act, but someone decided that maybe that part of the show should be left to those who really knew the technique.

SOMETIMES the hosts start out to have a really nice party and the guests change the plans. That happened to Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe one Sunday morning. They had planned a breakfast party—they called it a "Hunt Breakfast" for no particular reason. At least nobody intended to hunt for anything unless it be a second helping of scrambled eggs. At twelve-thirty no guests had arrived and Lilyan was beginning to worry. Her parties are usually well attended. In fact, as a rule, more people come than she invites. She heard a hunter's horn in the street and looked out. She saw something that she will probably remember to her last day on earth. Her guests were walking up the street—all attired in what the costuming company had considered the thing to wear to a hunt. The fit of the garments had not been considered important. In the vanguard of the little party was a pack of assorted and very mangy canines. If a fox had ever seen that troupe it would have died with hysterics.

Anyway that was the last Hunt Breakfast Lil ever gave. She was afraid if she tried it again her guests would bring the horses right into the living-room.

Since Marlene Dietrich laid aside her fluffy ruffles for gent's haberdashery there has been a regular parade of "Dietrich Parties." The title is self-explanatory. The ladies just borrow a pair of pants from a gentleman friend—and just like *that* they're Dietrich. Size or contour doesn't matter. The Frank Morgans tried it with moderate success. Three girls arrived in the specified attire. Constance Cummings, Una Merkel and Carmelita Geraghty kept faith with the host and hostess, but the other feminine guests wore skirts, the sissies. The big surprise of that party, however, was Chico Marx. This scion of the mad Marx family arrived as a colored maid. He answered the doorbell and fondly embraced each incoming guest. And *were* the guests surprised!

Coming to Hollywood with such an impressive title as "Hostess of the World," and being chummy with both Mary Pickford and Marion Davies, it was a foregone conclusion that Elsa Maxwell would provide a new chapter in the social history of Hollywood. And so she did. At Gary Cooper's party she attended as Lord Nelson. At another soiree she was Herbert Hoover. Her best performance, however, was given at the M. C. Levy dinner party, which by now belongs to the ages. Elsa arrived dressed as Einstein, and astounded everybody by smoking large and very black cigars. That whole evening had a nightmarish quality. The dining room was lined with kleig lights because Elsa had complained that Hollywood parties were too dimly lighted. Corned beef and cabbage was the chief dish, and anyone feeling so disposed could throw a hunk of beef to the several dogs around the table.

The usually well-behaved Fredric March gave a lively "Gay 90's" party with Mary Pickford, linen duster, goggles and all, bicycling over from Pickfair. This was the occasion when the ultra-dignified English star, not having his Weber and Fields pants securely anchored, lost them in the middle of the ballroom floor.

Joan Crawford has a gay little game which is sometimes played at her parties. Everyone walks along the street until a member of the group calls out "Air-raid." Then the entire party throws themselves face downward on the ground. The

Even Mary Pickford, Queen Mary of Hollywood, has dropped formal parties. Doug and Charlie Chaplin are serenading

More of Mary's New Year's party for Doug. Can you pick out young Doug, Joel McCrea, Mary Brian, Fay Wray?

game has been known to throw unsuspecting motorists and pedestrians into frightful jitters.

Another Hollywood hostess thought up an idea for a party which is just too cute for words. The guests assemble at her house for cocktails and then go to their respective homes to dress for formal dinner. When the mood strikes her the hostess calls all the guests on the phone and they rush right back to her house—dressed exactly as they were when they received the call. It's quite an idea, but until television is an actuality, there's a lot of cheating going on. Some of the guests love to parade over in B. V. D.'s. and the more modest insist they were already fully dressed. The game, really, should be played by only the closest of friends, and in communities where the authorities aren't too narrow-minded. Perhaps it would be better to forget all about it.

This is the year that witnessed the blossoming of Gary Cooper into one of the town's best party-givers. On one occasion he arranged his Beverly Hills house (it's the old Garbo homestead, incidentally) to resemble a night club. Little tables with checkered cloths were placed along the walls, and the center of the room was cleared for dancing. No one danced—the food was too good. That was the night that Polly Moran fooled practically everybody. She attended as the grandmother of somebody or other, and Whistler, himself, couldn't have painted a better subject. The usually lively Moran wore a rusty black silk dress, and sat with her hands folded demurely. Samuel Goldwyn almost bent backward fetching and carrying for her. Bebe Daniels was at the party tricked-up in Harpo Marx's clothes and red wig, and Harpo, rather surprisingly, wore a plain business suit.

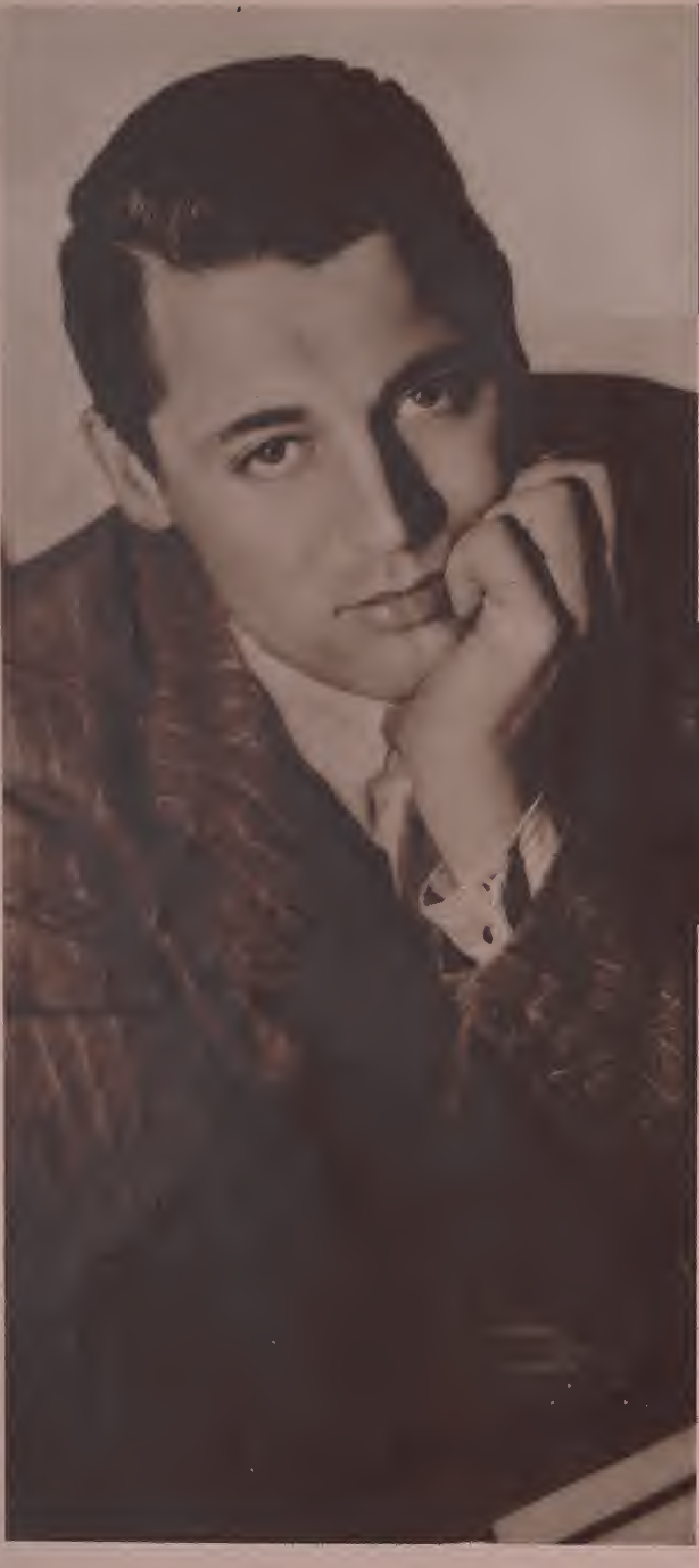
Things were pretty exciting when Lawrence Tibbett was around, too. There was the party Larry attended when he drove his car up a terraced lawn, doing considerable damage to the terraces to say nothing of breaking two of his ribs. It didn't keep him from the party. That boy has gu— er, ah, stamina. Then, too, there was the time he broke into song in a night club. The manager asked him to leave. No one has ever known exactly whether the manager failed to recognize his distinguished patron, or just happened to prefer tenors to baritones.

Little things like that are always happening in Hollywood. For instance, there was the party when Ruth Chatterton fell into the fountain. She was sitting on the edge of the blamed thing when someone gave her a playful shove. They do say that Ruth forgot her English accent for a few minutes. And that time Polly Moran got the black eye. One story had it that Polly and William Haines were doing an adagio dance and Billy dropped her. However, if I recall, the studio story read that Polly tripped and fell down the church steps on Easter morning. Anyway, Polly *did* have a black eye. Then there was Lupe Velez's impersonation of Lilyan Tashman and her opera-length gloves. Words were exchanged between the two stars, and Lil went home mad. And that time Ronny Colman asked a lot of folks over to Corinne Griffith's, and neglected to tell Corinne. Ronny was smart. He didn't go.

BUSTER KEATON always provides fun at a party. Not long ago he jumped into the middle of his own birthday cake, and, on a wager, leaped fully clothed into Victor McLaglen's swimming pool.

There was a time when formality hung like a London fog over the society doings up at Pickfair, but even Mary is going hey-non-nonny with her parties. Of course, that delights Doug who is a great lover of the informal. One of Mary's most amazing evenings was the night the Hindu mystic was introduced to the flower of Hollywood society. The mystic gent had not spoken for seven years, but he deigned to answer questions by an alphabetical board he held on his lap. He had an eye for beauty, too. All the pretty girls were going to have the pleasantest kind of lives. In another room, although neither Mary nor the mystic knew it, another and funnier fortune-telling act was going on. Mary's New Year's Eve costume party for Doug was also a far cry from the old formal dinners at Pickfair.

So, you see, practically everything has been thought of in the party line. Everyone hopes that legal beer will make *somebody* think of *something*. In fact one star has already thought of it. He's had a party right across from a brewery. The barrels were rolled over with no trouble at all. Too bad, but there wasn't a pretzel factory next to the brewery. Of course that would have been *just* perfect.



THEY'RE *new!*

THEY'RE *hits!*

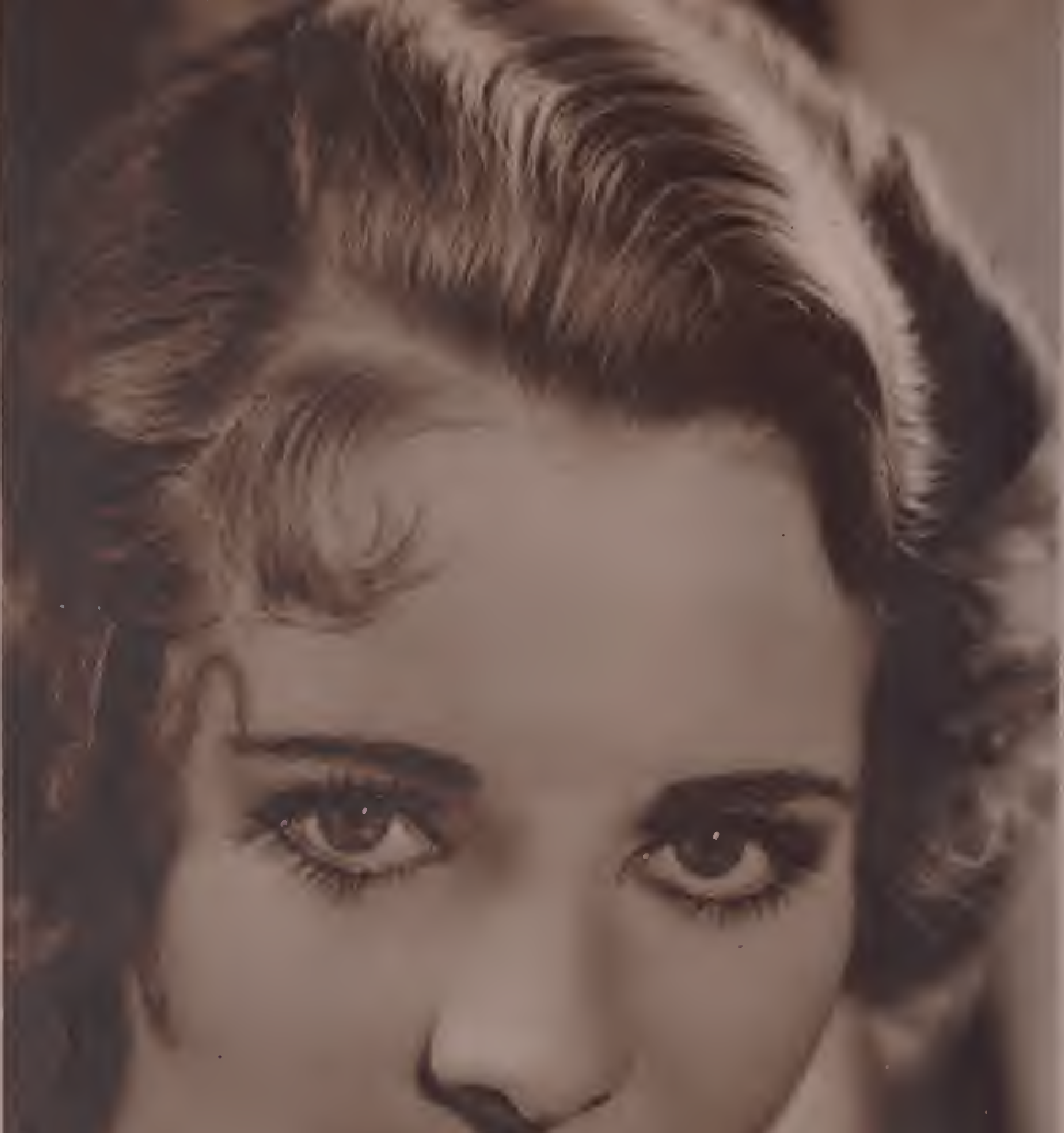
CARY GRANT

He's over six feet tall, dark-eyed and black-haired, and he seems to be what women prefer. He looks very much the Gary Cooper type, lean, manly, very outdoor-sy and wholly American, but the truth is he was born in England. Though he's only thirty, he's been places and done things. Once, to keep from starving, he was even a stilt walker at Coney Island, and that's how he learned to step high, wide and handsome. Paramount is excited about his future, and you'll see him next in its super-special, "The Eagle and the Hawk"

THEY'RE *handsome!*

KATHARINE HEPBURN

Not in years has any new personality created such excitement as Katharine Hepburn. She is the despair of press agents and a thorn in the side to interviewers, because she won't answer questions, and yet she gets more publicity than any other newcomer. With only two pictures to her credit, "Bill of Divorcement" and "Christopher Strong," she is being hailed as the greatest new star of 1933. She is five feet, five and a half, weighs 107 pounds, and has gray eyes and freckles. You'll see her again in "Morning Glory"



RUBY KEELER

She looks so sweet, so guileless and simple, this Ruby Keeler, that she has Hollywood stumped. What right, says Hollywood, has a girl who danced in Texas Guinan's night club for three years to look and act that way? She finds it hard to believe that she was really a hit in "42nd Street." But that's what happens to a girl who was a chorus girl at thirteen, who was glorified by Ziegfeld, and who for all that doesn't wear much make-up and confesses that she loves her husband. He's Al Jolson, of course, and is he proud of her success! Her next is "Gold Diggers of 1933" for Warner's

BRUCE CABOT

For months he was buried under the title of "another Gable," till RKO gave him a chance to play a leading man in "King Kong." And how he played the part! Women started whispering about him. Then they started sighing. Then they asked for more, lots more of Bruce Cabot. That's why he's on the road to stardom now. He's not one of the Cabots of Boston. He's a De Bujac of New Mexico, and his nickname is TNT. He has been a seaman, an oil worker and a surveyor, among other things. Now you'll see him as an aviator in "The Flying Circus"

● **MAE WEST**

"She Done Him Wrong," starring Mae West, has been sweeping box-offices. Paramount is excited. The whole movie world is excited. Only Mae West isn't excited. She knew it would happen. She's made her name a synonym for sex and sensation. Her father was a prize fighter, she was born in Brooklyn, and how she knows her stuff! She loves golden beds, has blonde hair, and wears tons of jewels. Her next picture will be "Don't Call Me Madame"

LEE TRACY

Another box-office sensation. He's as hot at the box-office right now as a ball of fire. He's the Peck's Bad Boy of pictures. He breaks every rule of the way a star is supposed to act, and should be on every Hollywood blacklist. So what? So M-G-M has him under long-term contract, and everyone in Hollywood is raving about him. His next picture will be "Never give a Sucker a Break"

"I am one of the most disagreeable women in pictures," announces Alison Skipworth

Why Interviewers

It's Hard Enough Asking English People Personal Questions, but Alison Skipworth Makes It Worse by Scorning All Serious Writers

I MET Alison Skipworth first over the telephone. "You probably won't like me," she informed me, crisply. "I am one of the most disagreeable women in pictures!"

I didn't believe her, of course. Really disagreeable people are never kind enough to warn you. Later I met her in person and she looked me over appraisingly. "You don't look so bad," she concluded at last. "I hope you are not as dull as the last one. I don't mind people being rude but I do object to their being dull! Come along to tea with me."

The "last one," I gathered, was the interviewer who had preceded me. The occasion, it appeared, had not been a happy one.

"I hope," she went on, comfortably, "that you are not one of these dainty people about your eating. I do like a good fish for tea!" Over filet of sole, with tartar sauce, muffins, buttered toast, marmalade and orange pekoe, she remarked, "Why anyone should be interested in interviewing me at all is beyond me. Years ago when I was a good looking woman, when I was doing interesting things in the theater—yes. But now . . ." she shook her head.

"As a matter of fact, I can't imagine what motion pictures see in me with this present face of mine. Look at it! Isn't it awful? I am simply amazed and incredulous every time I receive my salary check—and most grateful, I assure you!"

The face to which she referred so slightingly I regard as one of the most interesting of the recent acquisitions to pictures. Kind and wise . . . with a twinkle in the eye which belies her sometimes pungently peppery tongue. An experienced, intelligent, humorous face. And as for that salary check which so astonishes her—Paramount has recently renewed its promise to present her with a somewhat larger one each week for the coming year. So, you see, it is a valuable face!

There are other things which amaze her in this modern day. "Every time I get into my little automobile and press a gadget with my foot—and the thing actually moves away with me and takes me where I want to go—I am astonished anew! I can't believe it!"

I learned that she "loves" Hollywood. "I do not see that it is funny or fantastic or dull," she declared. "I do not see what people find in it at which to laugh. I think it is a sad and bitter place, filled with struggle and tragedy. Filled with earnest people, working harder than people work anywhere else in the world. Filled with people making sincere efforts to do something that is worth doing. It has its tawdry side, of course. Any branch of the show business has its tawdry element. But Hollywood is intrinsically honest and hard working. What more do its critics want?"

Presently she said, eyeing me shrewdly, "I thought this was supposed to be an interview. Haven't you any questions to ask me?"

"Is there something you want to tell me?" I countered.

"They always ask, 'How did you happen to go on the stage?'" she said. "The answer to that is, I had owed my grocer for nearly two years and things reached a point where I really had to pay him—one way or another! So—I ran away and went on the stage. And eventually I paid him.

"Don't you want to know whether I have ever been married?"

"Do you want to tell me?"

"My dear child—I was married to a very, very fine artist. He died—two years ago."

I emitted a small, sympathetic chirp.

"Don't be too sorry for me!" she directed. "I hadn't seen him in twenty years!"

It was thirty-three years ago, in London, that Alison Skipworth fled from that fine and sensitive artist to go on the stage in order to pay the grocery bills to which his fine and sensitive Art was not quite equal. Two years later, Daniel Frohman, having seen her current performance, sighted her walking in Piccadilly. He was riding a bicycle. In those dear, dead days, even an important theatrical producer did not approach a lady whom he had not met, without an introduction. Miss Skipworth was taking her constitutional. Mr. Frohman dismounted and trundled his bicycle along behind her, hoping

(*Continued on page 98*)

"Would you like to see my garters?" asks Mr. Roland Young of the astonished writer

Roland Young Refuses to Answer Any Sensible Questions, Violently Objects to Being Made Seem Whimsical—and Then Goes Persistently Quaint

Die Young

by

HELEN LOUISE WALKER

WHEN Roland Young is first introduced to you, he turns a deep and startling terra cotta hue, wriggles miserably and speaks (*if* he speaks) in stammering jerks. You feel a little alarmed, lest he have a touch of apoplexy then and there. He avoids any direct question or remark with a horrified shudder.

I had looked forward with a good deal of pleasure to meeting him—I had been so fond of a number of his performances. (My favorite was the mussy, irritated little king in "The Woman Commands," with Pola Negri. After he was assassinated in that picture, I wanted to go right home!) Anyhow, I went to his house for an interview. I had been warned that it was difficult to get him to talk. I told him so at the beginning. "But I am a persistent woman," I threatened him. "If I don't get something about you to write today—well, I'll be back every Tuesday and Friday at four o'clock until I *do* get something. You will save yourself a good deal of annoyance if you just break down and tell me about yourself."

He gasped, managed to bow politely and to murmur in anguished tones that he would be "charmed" to see me twice a week. "What," he added, fearfully, "do you want to know about me?" Well—I don't know what I want to know about anyone until I become just a little bit acquainted with him. How can I?

"I understand that you have a passion for penguins," I suggested, hopefully.

"Yes—ah!"

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. They're funny birds."

We were sitting in his study and the place was swarming with penguins. Carved ones, china ones, jade ones, pictures of the things, ash trays be-decked with them. Thousands of penguins. It occurred to me that Mr. Young looked a trifle like a penguin, himself. And he certainly is "a funny bird!"

"What else do you like?" I wanted to know. I was beginning to feel shy, myself.

"Oh—" He squirmed. "Penguin eggs. They taste like shrimp."

"Why not *have* shrimp?"

"I don't know." He looked so darned helpless over the whole thing!

"What sort of person do you think you are?"

He turned an even stranger color than he had been before. "If I told you what I wanted you to think," he pronounced, bitterly, "you wouldn't believe me. And I wouldn't *consider* telling you the truth!"

That seemed to settle that. A deep, discouraged silence descended upon us. Suddenly he said, "Would you like to see my garters?" It seemed that I might as well. He rolled up a trouser leg to display a wool sock, the garters knitted right onto it. The sock could not come down. I was—naturally—charmed. There was more silence. Then he said, brightly, "I don't like Hoover—or A. A. Milne. I detest A. A. Milne. People have said that I belonged in one of his pieces." He was growing more and more bitter. Well, I'd be just a bit bitter if anybody said that A. A. Milne had written me!

Subsequently, after a long struggle, I learned that he liked Hollywood people but hated the town, itself. Why? "It has no zoo!" He likes zoos better than *anything*. I gathered also that he is a little lonely for a slightly more sophisticated existence than is possible here. Lonely for new plays and for concerts, Grand Opera and art museums. He grew up in London and matured in New York. Hollywood is a little young and raw for him.

He was born in England, went to school there and studied, at last, with his father who was a successful hospital architect. But Roland did not enjoy planning hospitals. His sedate family was a trifle disconcerted when he confided his wistful ambition. But they finally consented to let him try—and away he went, rejoicing, to attend Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's school of acting. His first appearance was in London in a play called, "Hindle Wakes." He came to the United States fifteen or twenty years ago and played successfully on the New York stage

(Continued on page 98)

Will

Not All the Movie Babies Approve of their People's Profession. Some of Them—But Read This for Yourself

THE other day Bebe Daniels, who gets paid a sizable sum for vocalizing on the screen, was singing to her eighteen-months-old daughter, Barbara Bebe. She finished one song and was starting on another when Babs wrinkled up her small brow and said firmly, "No more, Mummy." Bebe laughed merrily and went right on. She thought Babs was only kidding. But Babs proved she was dead serious by brandishing a chubby fist and repeating loudly (fortissimo, no less) *"No more, Mummy! NO MORE!!"* Which forced Bebe to face the fact that although her expensive vocal chords might spell joy to millions, to one critical young lady they were just so much spinach.

All of which started me thinking. (Darn that Babs!) What about this second Hollywood generation? What about these scions of filmdom's elite, these youngsters who bear names that are household words, these princelings to whom the kings and queens of Cinemaland are simply ma and pa? What will be their attitude toward their royal parents? Is Barbara Bebe's scornful disdain (disdainful scorn if you prefer) for her famous mother's talents a sample of what we are to expect from this rising generation? Will these Hollywood kids grow up to ritz their elders? There are two groups—the children who think their parents' profession is just too grand and those who hate it with bitter loathing.

The Tibbett twins have their own ideas about taxis

Joe E. Brown has grease paint trouble with his children

Wally Beery adopted three youngsters — and simply adores them

Little Jane Bannister once seemed the luckiest baby in Hollywood but with her parents divorced life seems lonely for the little girl

the Stars' Children Ritz Their Parents?

by HARRIET PARSONS

Buster Keaton's two small sons are typical. They attend the Black Foxe military academy. Most of their fellow cadets are picture kids, too. But just ask Jimmy and Bobbie who the guy is who really put Hollywood on the map. They see all Buster's pictures and always act them out afterward. When they saw "The Cameraman" they promptly went home, built themselves a little camera and proceeded to re-enact the story. (With improvements on all the actors but Buster.) They think Chaplin and Lloyd are just third-raters compared with Buster.

Far from ritzing his father, Jean Hersholt's sixteen-year-old son wants to be exactly like him. He was christened Alan Hersholt, but he hied himself over to his school and registered as Jean, Jr. He's so proud of his dad that he even wants to bear the same name.

Clive Brook's two children, Faith Evelyn, ten, and Clive, Jr., seven, go to see all his pictures (that is, all he deems suitable) and are quite aware that he is a movie star. They attend the Curtis School where most of their playmates are the children of film players. Until they made a trip to Vancouver two years ago they didn't realize that being from Hollywood was any distinction.

But in Vancouver they soon discovered that their connection with the film colony made them decidedly important. From that time on they had a Roman holiday telling about Hollywood and bragging about Clive. At home they couldn't get an audience because the other kids' parents were equally famous—but in Vancouver they had no rivals.

When you ask Gloria Swanson's lovely little daughter, Gloria the Second, about her glamorous mama she tells you that she wants to be just like Gloria the First—with one exception—she hopes she doesn't grow up to have a nose like mother's! A curious irony in that when you stop to realize that the exaggeratedly retrousse Swanson nose, while far from classic standards of beauty, is one of la Swanson's most distinctive and striking characteristics.

But there are kids who look upon their parents' screen work with disapproval and contempt. Leslie Howard's son, Ronald (fifteen) hates the theater and the films. He wants to be a writer himself and thinks his dad would be a fine writer if he'd give up this time-absorbing nonsense of acting. Hedda Hopper's stalwart young son (he's of high-school age and six feet three) actually suffers when he sees his mother on the screen. The sophisticated characters —frequently heavies—which she usually portrays distress

Bob Woolsey's little girl is her dad's great pal. She tags him everywhere, even at the studio

The Keaton boys think their dad's the world's funniest man. But there's a divorce in that family, too, and the boys spend most of their time with their mother

him. On one occasion when he attended a showing of one of Hedda's films with her he turned to her apologetically and said, "Mother, do you mind if I just close my eyes until you are through with this scene?"

Little Mary MacArthur ought to be a genius for her mother's Helen Hayes, her father's Charlie MacArthur and two more mad, delightful people there never were

Which reminds me of an incident concerning actor-director Irving Pichel's youngsters. As a great treat their mother took them one day to see a film in which Pichel had an important rôle. The youngest child squirmed and twisted in his seat throughout the first part of the picture and finally during one of papa's most important scenes asked wistfully, "Mother, how soon can we go home?"

LESLIE HOWARD'S small daughter, "Doodie," aged eight, actually hates having her father in the theater or in films, but hers is a different reason from her brother's. She's proud of Leslie, thinks he's a grand actor, but is inordinately jealous of him—hates to see him play love scenes with "other women." She'd like to play opposite him herself some day—but meanwhile she wishes he'd just kill time and wait for her to grow up. Here's a story which illustrates both her precociousness and her intense affection for Howard. A rather attractive young masseuse came to the house one day to give her father a treatment. Doodie followed Howard and the young woman to the door of his room, where the latter, not noticing the small girl, shut the door in her face. Doodie came downstairs bristlingly indignant to her mother who unwittingly said, "Isn't your father's new masseuse attractive?" "Huh!" said Doodie contemptuously, "she looks to me like the kind of woman who'll be holding his hand in two minutes!"

One more yarn about a young man who doesn't think so much of his famous parent's work in pictures. An interviewer once asked Irving Thalberg, Jr., who his favorite actress was and nearly fainted when the three year old answered decisively, "Joan Crawford." Joan being one of Mamma Norma Shearer's outstanding rivals in the cinema marathon you can't blame the reporter for being startled.

You've seen that the majority of these kids are proud of their parents and of their parents' profession. Yes—but will they want to take up the same profession themselves? When they grow big enough they become aware of the glamor, the limelighted thrill that attaches to the career of film player. But they also become aware that being a movie star is one of the hardest jobs in the world. They see the toll in time, energy and spirit that "the movies" exact from their parents. Sometimes they learn this latter fact while they are hardly more than babies. I am thinking of Nancy Carroll's small daughter, Patricia Kirkland. When Patricia was a tiny thing she was trained to keep quiet all morning. Nancy was working in silent pictures then and often the cameras would grind all night. She must have absolute quiet in the mornings to get her much needed sleep, and Patricia knew that silence was the law until mummy should wake up. Such an impression did this make on the small girl that even now she tiptoes around the house in the morning and when other kiddies come in to play with her she shushes them, saying "My mommie's asleep." Will this prejudice Patricia against a film career when she comes to choose for herself?

Probably not, surprisingly enough. For that part of Hollywood's second generation which is in its early twenties or late teens has already shown a decided tendency to take up this demanding profession in spite of all object lessons. Phil Holmes, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Noah Beery, Jr., Creighton Chaney, young Wallie Reid, Francis Bushman, Jr., Frances Rich—all have followed in the footsteps of the first generation. There's greasepaint in their blood, and though in many cases their parents would like to spare them the hardships and heartbreaks of a career in pictures they are determined to have at least a fling at being actors and possibly stars.

But although they take up the profession of their fathers, are they of the same calibre? Have they the same color, the same vitality, the same stamina which brought the elder generation to the top and kept it there for years? Or is the blood thinner—are these offspring of a glamorous and full-blooded cinema era destined to be effete, unbalanced, weak—as children of such parents often are? I am reminded of a story about the twin sons of Lawrence Tibbett. The two youngsters were going to a costume party one afternoon and were all dressed up in cowboy suits for the occasion. The party was only three blocks from their home but they demanded to be taken in the car. When Mrs. Tibbett informed them the car was not there and she would have to call a taxi they replied that that was all right—a taxi would do. Somewhat appalled Grace Tibbett spoke to them of the days when she and Lawrence hadn't possessed even a Ford. They listened respectfully, but when she had finished firmly reminded her about the taxi! Naturally Grace Tibbett worries about the effect of their father's fame on her two sons. Yet I don't think she needs to worry. They are fine boys—they simply haven't grown up enough to gain a perspective.

I THINK all these film kids have to learn their lessons just as their parents did—though the lessons themselves may be different. Perhaps some of them grow up with distorted ideas due to their parents' fame, perhaps they even have to grow through periods of readjustment as young Phil Holmes did—periods when their behavior is wild, foolish, slightly mad. But I think in the end they snap out of it—as Phil also did. They realize that being an actor is a job—and a darn hard job, and that they must either buckle down to it—or get out.

Certainly no "star's child" has buckled down to it or worked harder than young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. It looked like a particularly perfumed bed of roses young Doug was to fall heir to when he made his first picture when he was around fourteen. But that first opus of his was a flop and the kid labored under the burden of premature stardom and being his father's son for several seasons. Then Warners signed him for stardom and he labored under the handicap of being Joan Crawford's husband. Now with the rift in that marriage it will be interesting to watch which way Douglas goes. He's terrifically talented, almost too much so, since it makes him scatter his abilities instead of concentrating them in one line, but right now he's co-starring with Leslie Howard. After that, he co-stars with Katharine Hepburn. Not having to bear the entire responsibility of a production by himself will undoubtedly help him. Personally I'm willing to gamble on his future being a pretty hotcha affair. For one thing he's got a lot of room to grow in. He's still in his earliest twenties and yet he's got some ten years of acting experience behind him. He's successfully ridden over that period that engulfs so many talented children—that period that may carry even as gifted a boy as Jackie Cooper to oblivion, the awful growing-up time. Remember Phillipe de Lacy, Baby Peggy, Wesley Ruggles, even Jackie Coogan, who made one stab at a come-back? For the stars' children who want to act that fourteen-to-twenty span is the most important in their whole lives.

So much for that part of the second generation which is already of a career-choosing age. As for the youngsters still under fifteen—it's pretty hard to tell about them. Joe E. Brown's boys love to run wild in his dressing room, trying on his costumes and experimenting with his make-up box—but they may turn out to be baseball players for all that. When Joe brings his scripts home to study he has a deuce of a time finding them. His two sons are always swiping them to read and play the parts. A swell ten-round classic could probably be arranged any day by bringing together the junior Keatons and the junior Browns (aged fourteen and sixteen) and letting a knockout decide whose old man is the funniest. The Keatons being considerably younger would undoubtedly be licked but I'm betting they'd never give in. Clive Brook's small daughter wants to be a second Helen Wills (in a pinch she wouldn't mind being another Helen Hicks). Little Maria Dietrich says she isn't going to be an actress—wants to be a swimmer. Who knows—maybe she'll be another Eleanor Holm and wind up in the movies in spite of herself? Incidentally seven-year-old Maria (if she can be cured of her aquatic ambitions) ought to make a first-rate movie executive. She is learning the business from A to Z, goes to pictures almost every night and is on the set with Marlene three or four times a week.

And though I haven't mentioned them up to now there is another group of children in Hollywood who interest me more, if that's possible, than the bunch I've been discussing. Those are the adopted children. So much is written about the terrible morals of Hollywood and about its uneven love lives but when you stop to think that in practically every home of any permanence there is a child, or several children, you get a different slant on the place. And not all the adopted children are only children, either. Gloria Swanson's adopted son, Joseph, is being brought up with just the same love and affection that is lavished on her other two "real" children. Peggy Lloyd, the adopted daughter of Harold and Mildred Lloyd, belongs to the family group as really as do the baby and Mildred Gloria. Wally Beery just adopts them in bunches. He's got three right now, the children of a relative of Mrs. Beery. The Neil Hamiltons found themselves a little girl, Patricia, and are so delighted with her they are thinking of finding another occupant to share her nursery. There is young Dion Fay, an adopted son, over at Barbara Stanwyck's. Barbara always declared she was going to have two children, a boy and a girl, you remember. She even had them named, but she and Frank seem perfectly content now that Dion's around. Clara Bow brought her little cousins back with her from her last trip East. She hasn't adopted them because of their mother who hates the idea of giving her babies up but who is overjoyed to have her children share the advantages Clara can give them. The Freddy March's adopted infant is one of the most adored of the whole colony and such an apparent butterfly as Miriam Hopkins makes an amazing fine proxy-mother.

These youngsters haven't the blood of Hollywood in their veins, but if there's a thing in environment, they certainly should be worth watching.

But how can you tell about these kids or what they'll grow up to be? There's only one thing this exhaustive research of mine has proved to me—this second generation of ours isn't going to give us the ritz. I should say not. Why—it thinks we're the berries, as we of the old guard used to say before there *was* a second generation. And now I'm going over and spank that Barbara Bebe. She started this whole darn thing.

Barbara Bebe Lyon doesn't like to hear her mother sing and doesn't care who knows it

When J. Phineas Stevens couldn't find a good accident, he framed one. He was that kind of lawyer

Never Give a Sucker a Break

CAST

Joe	Lee Tracy
Dorothy	Madge Evans
Dr. Prescott	Frank Morgan
Floppy	Charles Butterworth
Calhoun	John Miljan
Kelly	David Landau

A STREET car rumbled at lively speed along a residential street. Just ahead of the car, at an intersection, was an ancient Ford. A fat and flustered woman clutched the wheel. She gazed around her despairingly. The street car clanged nearer. Finally, at precisely the wrong moment, the woman driver made up her mind to cross the street car tracks. There was a scream of brakes, a grinding impact, and the Ford thudded over on its side.

In a receiving hospital some distance from the accident, a bored young attendant in white uniform sat listlessly at a desk in the reception room. Suddenly, the telephone beside him rang.

"Receiving Hospital," the attendant murmured and paused, listening to an excited voice on the other end of the wire. "79th and Spring? Okay."

He hung up the receiver but immediately lifted it again and, casting a furtive look about, dialed a number.

A telephone in an inner room of J. Phineas Stevens' suite of law offices jangled loudly. J. Phineas Stevens, better known as Joe, sat in his private office, regaling a client with stentorian conversation. J. Phineas Stevens was the sort of lawyer known in ultra legal circles as a shyster. He chased ambulances. He chased accidents. He button-holed the injured, sold himself to them as their lawyer. Joe was a smart young man. He didn't mind being called a shyster. He was clever, regardless of what he was called.

His assistant in the inner room answered the ringing telephone. He said: "Hello?" and no more. He was listening intently. He knew what this silence meant.

At the hospital, the attendant turned to the wall beside him. A small sign read: "Ambulance Bell." He pressed the bell and lowered his head to a speaking tube. As he did so, he placed the mouthpiece of the telephone close beside the speaking tube so that as he spoke into the tube his voice could also be heard over the telephone.

The attendant directed: "Accident at 79th and Spring. Street car hit auto."

Leisurely he turned back, carefully glanced about the deserted reception room and quickly replaced the telephone receiver.

The grinning youth in J. Phineas Stevens' law offices also hung up his telephone receiver and hurried to a door marked "Private."

J. Phineas Stevens looked comfortable in his swivel chair. He was a keen, reckless, good looking young man who gestured tirelessly as his smooth pleasant voice informed his attentive client:

"Madam, the professional standard of J. Phineas Stevens—My ethics—my standing in the courts of this state—"

"Hey, Joe."

"Yes, Fred," gravely.

"There's an accident at 79th and Spring."

Joe nodded solemnly and, while continuing to talk to his client, he reached for his coat and hat. "Madam, you may leave everything to me," and with a flourish of his hat he walked into the ante-room. Jerking his thumb back toward his office, he instructed his secretary: "Get in there and finish my J.-Phineas-Stevens-keeps-faith-with-his-clients-record."

The secretary smiled and obeyed. Joe walked past an outer office full of expectant clients. Two henchmen swung into step behind him. Joe carried his own witnesses to accidents. He smiled confidingly at his disappointed clients:

"Sorry to keep you waiting a little longer, folks, but a certain Supreme Court Justice won't hand down his decision before *I* check it."

The Supreme Court Justice happened to be a curious, gaping crowd huddled around the supine figure of a fat woman above whom stood a policeman, a motorman, and a conductor. The crowd gave way suddenly to violent pushes and J. Phineas Stevens' slim brisk figure strode to where the victim of the street car accident was preparing to rise.

"I'll attend to everything," Joe announced to his startled

An M-G-M production by Chandler Sprague and Bella and Samuel Spewack starring Lee Tracy

Fictionization by Constance Brighton

They were very slick, Joe and the Doctor, and they worked together smoothly, pals against the world.

"You are a brave woman trying to carry on when you have just faced death" said Joe to the startled fat lady. "Just leave everything to me. I'll make your fortune."

audience. With a swift shove of his arm, he pushed the woman who had decided she was not injured back to a reclining position. He sighed deeply. "I see this is just another victim of a reckless corporation. Please don't try to talk," to the protesting woman, "you're brave, trying to carry on when you've just faced death. Now leave everything to me. Here's the doctor now."

It was. It was the ambulance interne who frowned severely as Joe confidentially took his arm and murmured with a nod toward the reclining woman:

"She's conscious now, Doc, but she's suffered a severe nervous shock. Better get her to the hospital immediately."

The interne knelt over the woman. Joe moved over to where the motorman and policeman were standing.

THE motorman was expostulating: "I tell you, she seen me comin' a block away and I keep givin' her the bell—"

Joe looked pointedly at the alert Fred and the two henchmen who had left his office with him. This look was the signal for Fred to step forward and declare to the interested policeman:

"Officer, I was standin' right there on that corner and I didn't hear no bell. This motorman come tearin' along forty miles an hour."

"Who, me?" the motorman turned red with fury.

"You sure did," the second man chimed in and, turning to an innocent bystander, demanded persuasively: "Didn't he come tearin' along? You was there."

"He was sure going fast," the innocent bystander remembered.

Joe spoke up. "So he was making forty miles an hour, eh? You weren't drunk, by any chance?"

The motorman gulped. "Who, me—drunk?"

Joe shook his head sadly. "Just reckless. Oh," generously, "I'm not blaming you. It's the policy of a ruthless corporation that thinks nothing of human life. And who gets the blame?—the poor motorman!" He turned squarely to his assistant. "Now you look like an honest man. I want you to get the names of every witness to this outrage." He moved over to the interne. "Well, doctor?"

The interne shrugged. "Nothing wrong with her, just shock."

"Just shock!" Joe cried. "A cursory examination by a medical student, that's the kind of treatment the poor of this city are getting, is it? Well, as a citizen, a tax payer and a lawyer I demand you take this woman to the hospital at once."

The interne groaned. "All right, Jim," to his assistant, "bring a stretcher."

A stalwart man pushed through the curious crowd. Joe looked up, grinned. He recognized his arch enemy, Simon Kelley, the insurance adjuster for the street car company.

"Wait a minute there," Kelley called to the Interne. "I'm the adjuster for the car company and I—"

Joe interrupted: "As counsel for this lady, I refuse any and all propositions."

Kelley glared at him and turned to the bewildered woman. "Listen, lady, don't pay no attention to this shyster lawyer. You're just gonna get yourself in a mess of trouble. Here's ten bucks—sign this—and go home and forget it."

Joe laughed scornfully. "Sign that and you sign away your birth-right."

The woman started to talk. She seemed perfectly willing to accept the ten dollars. Joe tut-tutted her graciously. "Not a word, madam. Not a word. It's a lucky thing for you I happened to be passing at this moment. Sign this. We can sue the street car company for $50,000 and that's little enough for all you've been through. Sign right here," he produced a printed form and a fountain pen.

The wiry figure of Kelley attempted to intervene. "Sign this, lady," he shoved a card at the dumbfounded woman, "and you get ten dollars cash."

But Joe was already guiding the woman's hand and assisting her to sign the printed form that appointed him her lawyer. "That's right," he approved, slipping the signed sheet into his pocket.

"ALL right. Let's get moving," the Interne called impatiently. The stretcher with the still bewildered woman on it, was lifted into the ambulance. Joe grinned genially at Kelley who snapped:

"Some day you're going to stick your neck out too far—even for a shyster."

"Think so?" Joe included the crowd in his impressive reply. "I can never go too far, defending the interests of the poor and the downtrodden, Kelly." He moved forward a step, then turned back and raised his voice again to say: "You can tell that soulless street car corporation of yours that J. Phineas Stevens practises law for the forgotten man and the forgotten woman. To all who seek justice from the traction interests, my office is always open—Samson Building, Twelfth Floor—Regent Six Five Hundred. So long, Kelley."

And with righteous assuredness, Joe strode to the curb, stepped into his waiting car, and directed the driver back to his office.

A few doors from the legal offices of Joe was the office of one Dr. Prescott. Earlier in his medical and surgical career, Dr. Prescott had been a prominent M. D. A too indulgent propensity for the bottle, however, had deprived the doctor of the promise of a brilliant career. Indeed, he had been little better than a tramp when Joe met him, took a liking to the slow speaking, apologetic man, tucked him under his wing and enlisted him as a valued aid in proving to judges and juries that his injured cases were really badly injured and deserving of huge settlements.

Despite his re-entrance into a semblance of respectability, the Doctor had moments when he fell from the water-wagon with a bang. He was enjoying one of those moments now as he stood at his desk, pouring a drink from a bottle of rye into a medicinal glass.

The door opened. The Doctor saw Joe, moved quickly to the window and began to examine the glass as if it were a specimen. He considered it with rapt interest, then set the glass down in a rack with other similar glasses.

Joe watched the performance with an effort at severity. "Why weren't you here half an hour ago?" he finally demanded. "Off on another binge?"

"I'm sorry, Joseph," the Doctor spoke with great dignity. "Half an hour ago I stepped out for a moment."

"Yeah, I bet." Joe swung around the room once. Then: "Get over to the Receiving Hospital right away and take a look at a case I just had sent in. Washwoman and a tin lizzie bounced by a trolley car at 79th and Spring. No injuries—yet!"

"Very well, my boy." The Doctor rose unsteadily to his feet and reached for a dilapidated bag.

"Got the X-rays on Mrs. Whittaker?" Joe asked.

"I have." He opened a drawer. "Here they are, fresh from the laboratory."

"Fresh is right." Joe held the X-ray pictures up to the light. "What does this spell?"

The Doctor put an unsteady hand on the desk, sank gratefully into the chair and put a shaky finger on the X-ray. "That's multiple thrombosis of the spine."

"You can't even point straight," Joe complained.

"Very well," the Doctor retorted. "I'll show you on Gladys," and he picked up a little dummy of a human figure that was stuffed and leather covered like an undressed doll with articulated joints. He placed Gladys on the desk between them and twisting her legs and arms into grotesque contortions continued his explanation of the X-rays.

"You see," he demonstrated, "it's a double fracture of the tibia," and he twisted the dummy's leg. "It's loss of function in the trembula," he yanked the dummy's head around.

JOE compared the X-ray with the dummy. "Look at that!" he exclaimed. "Expect me to present *that* in any court? A two year old could see it's a fake composite. You're laying down on me, Doc, and I know why."

The Doctor looked up piteously as Joe took possession of the bottle of rye.

"Handle that Bourbon carefully, Joseph. On my word of honor as a southern gentleman I can take it or leave it alone. You know that."

"Yeah—I know!" Joe derided. Then he poured a drink and placed it before the Doctor. "Let me see you leave this one alone."

"Easiest thing in the world," the Doctor insisted reaching for the glass and holding it up to the light. "The craving for alcohol is merely an illusion. I remember when I was at the head of my own hospital—"

"You're not going to tell me again about the 'Prescott operation!'"

"My dear sir," the Doctor drew himself up, aggrieved, "it's difficult for you as a layman to understand but that operation," he sighed, and absent-mindedly lifted the glass to his lips.

"Listen, Doc," Joe took the glass away and shook it before the wistful eyes of the man before him, "do you want to roll back to the barrel-house where I found you?"

"Joseph—please—"

"Why can't you keep your mind on your work?" exasperated. "Look at me—on my toes every minute of the day—giving the best that's in me. I expect the same from you. Toodle oo." He lifted the glass and swallowed the liquor in one gulp.

"Joseph," the Doctor declared, "if I didn't love you I'd tell you you're no gentleman. That was my last drink."

"Fine. Now get over to the Receiving Hospital—quick."

Dorothy was falling in love with Joe whom she was plotting to ruin

"You don't have to worry about my testimony now, Joe," whispered the Doctor. "They can't call me. It's too late."

He reached over, slapped the sagging shoulders of the Doctor and hurried back to his own office.

The Street Car Corporation was irritated and angry from the highest to the smallest executive. J. Phineas Stevens had just won another case against them. J. Phineas Stevens was *always* winning another case against them. Mr. Beaumont, general manager of the Street Car Corporation scowled blackly as he beat a tattoo on his shiny, flat-top desk. His scowl was directed from nowhere to Mr. Calhoun, attorney for the corporation.

Mr. Beaumont snarled: "So—Stevens licked you again, eh? How long is this going to continue and *must* I get a new general counsel?"

Mr. Calhoun had difficulties swallowing. "Stevens won by a cheap theatrical trick!"

"Did he?" Mr. Beaumont drummed louder on the desk. "Do you realize that J. Phineas Stevens has cost this company half a million dollars in damage suits in a year's time?"

Mr. Calhoun coughed. "I think I know what the trouble is."

"Oh, you do, do you?"

"Yes. We've been fighting a crook with clean hands!" Mr. Beaumont stared coldly. "If we used his methods—"

Mr. Beaumont interrupted. "Are you intimating that this company should stoop to unethical tactics? That is unforgivable, Calhoun. What—er—what did you have in mind?"

The telephone rang. Mr. Calhoun answered. "Hello—Kelley? . . . The Mannheimer case? . . . Who's her counsel? . . . Stevens? . . . Well, settle now. Go as high as three thousand dollars but settle. Settle today. Get over to the Mannheimer house right away." He hung up the receiver, turned to Mr. Beaumont, and in a low, confidential tone began to talk.

Going home that evening, Joe was discussing the Mannheimer case with the Doctor, while a radio in the car, turned down low, announced all police calls.

"Calling car 452," a voice droned. "Car 452—3468 Madison . . . see a man regard——"

Suddenly, under an arc-light, a figure darted out from the curb and threw itself in front of the car. The breaks squealed as the car came to an abrupt stop almost throwing Joe and the Doctor through the partition. They climbed out. A huddled figure lay beside the car, groaning. A small crowd began to collect. Joe and the Doctor bent over the man. He was slight, undersized. His groaning continued. The Doctor tried to make him sit up but he collapsed. A shoulder hung at a grotesque angle, evidently thrown out of joint. Under his head was a small pool of blood. Joe considered the man coolly.

A BYSTANDER cried: "Quick, phone for an ambulance."

"Never mind the ambulance," Joe returned authoritatively. "I'll take him to the hospital in my car. It'll be quicker."

The Doc aided him in helping the man into the car. "Receiving Hospital, Tim," Joe called to the driver. The car started off. The Doc dragged out his bag, began searching for a stimulant.

"Never mind that," Joe said and, to the driver. "Slow down. There's no hurry." He stared thoughtfully at the injured man, put out his hand and lifted his head to get a better view of his full face. Then suddenly, without warning, he turned loose a full arm swing on the injured shoulder. Like magic, it snapped back into (*Continued on page* 83)

Movies of the Month

Isn't it romantic, this charming glimpse of Myrna Loy in "The Barbarian"? Ramon Novarro is the star but Myrna steals the show

(Check ✓ for good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss)

By HARRY LANG

DESPITE salary cuts, bank troubles and other disturbances, Hollywood comes into its own this month. The quality of the pictures offered is the highest in more than a year. And what we like best about it all is that there is no arty quality in the movies shown. There is, instead, vast entertainment, high romance, real drama, and simply swell comedy. And what performances! Crawford, Cooper and Tone in "Today We Live"; Myrna Loy and Novarro in "The Barbarian"; Joe E. Brown in "Elmer, the Great"; Barbara Stanwyck in "Baby Face"; Bob Montgomery, very bad in "Made on Broadway," being simply elegant in "Hell Below"; Jimmy Cagney in "Picture Snatcher." If you get a thrill from fine acting, you mustn't miss any of these. And, by way of novelty, you should by all means see "Gabriel Over the White House."

✓✓Today We Live (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Roscoe Karns, Louise Closser Hale, Hilda Vaughn, Rollo Lloyd.*

It's About: *The tangled love-story of a girl in war—she in the ambulance unit, her brother and two lovers in different arms of the service.*

Yes, it comes up to what you've a right to expect from the teaming of Crawford and Cooper. The intensity and power Joan and Gary pack into their scenes will run your temperatures to the boiling point.

Maybe it was because, throughout the shooting of this, Joan was silently living through a love-hell of her own (for Your Reviewer knows that her domestic troubles reached their emotional peak at the time), that she gives such an amazing emotional performance. She's never been deeper in her intensity—and, incidentally, never more beautiful. And Gary Cooper, who is a much better actor than he used to be, moves a bit higher with his work in this. And you'll want to see more of Franchot Tone after watching him in this.

It depends on your own personality which of the scenes in this will give you the greater thrill—the love scenes or the battle scenes. Of the former, say only that the film MUST be fireproof! Of the latter, say that while you may have seen some hair-raising air and water battle scenes in previous pictures, you'll still find these lifting you out of your seat.

Your Reviewer Says: The double-check mark up there is without reservation. It's a picture any movie fan will hail.

For Children: Too adult.

✓✓Baby Face (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Barbara Stanwyck, George Brent, Donald Cook, John Wayne, Margaret Lindsay, Arthur Hohl, Henry Kolker, James Murray, others.*

It's About: *A hard-boiled gal to whom men are merely the means to an end, and who makes her way to the top of her profession by leaving a trail of broken men.*

It sounds trite, told like that. And that sort of a story could be so awfully trite. But not *this* one—thanks to the grandest performance that grand little actress, Barbara Stanwyck, has yet given the screen. In Hollywood, some who saw it previewed immediately compared it to Mae West's performance in "She Done Him Wrong." Because it's the same kind of a rôle. Barbara is a beer-saloon gal from a small town who's generous to all men—but who gets ambitious, learns she can gratify her wishes by swapping what men want for what she wants. She gets everything she wants and more—because murder and suicide suddenly break around her, and she flees to Paris, and there life catches up with her.

It's virtually a 100-percent Stanwyck show, and she makes the most of it. The others in the cast are all right, but you'll hardly remember them for the lasting glow of Barbara's job.

Your Reviewer Says: Here's another double-check picture that will delight you.

For Children: No, indeed!

The intensity and power Joan Crawford and Gary Cooper put into their love scenes in "Today We Live" will run your temperature to the boiling point

"Hell Below" is a navy thriller with a touching love story sandwiched in between terrific action shots

"Central Airport," Dick Barthelmess' newest opus, is crippled by a weak story

"Trick for Trick" is gorgeous spoofing of mediums and such

✓✓Picture Snatcher (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Jimmy Cagney, Alice White, Ralph Bellamy, Patricia Ellis, Robert O'Connor, George Collins, Ralf Harolde, Tom Wilson, Robert Barrat.*

It's About: *The exploits of a young ex-convict who "goes straight" by becoming a picture-grabbing cub on a tabloid.*

O-KAY, movie fans! Get this one and you'll get every cent of your box-office money's worth of speed, fun, excitement, action—all the ingredients you hope for every time you pay to see a movie. It's the best picture Cagney has done yet, in Your Reviewer's individual opinion. And if that's an endorsement, make the most of it.

It starts with Cagney getting out of prison and telling his ex-gang-pals that he's off the racket and plans to go straight. A tabloid city editor gives him a chance at being a cub—and Jimmy, with no qualms or scruples or ethics, proceeds to out-tabloid even the most lurid tabloid picture-stealing stunts. The cop who arrested him is also the father of the gal Jimmy goes for. It leads to complications that get very complicated.

"Looking Forward" is glorified by two beautiful performances from Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone

"The Working Man" is the fines film George Arliss has ever made and easily the most charming

'Gabriel Over the White House" is going to be one of the most talked about pictures ever screened. So you'd better not miss it!

The show is almost ALL Cagney, and he comes through. But there's still a measure of orchids due Alice White, in a tough sob-sister rôle, who adds a swell dose of spice—and, incidentally, gets socked in the face and other places. Yep, Jimmy does the socking.

Your Reviewer Says: He'll guarantee you a swell evening's screen entertainment in this one.

For Children: If they're over fourteen, all right.

✓✓Hell Below (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Bob Montgomery, Jimmy Durante, Walter Huston, Madge Evans, Eugene Pallette, Robert Young, many others.*

It's About: *Life on the navy's pig-boats (which is gob-slang for submarines), and how a young officer proves a hero both in love and war.*

The people who make pictures at M-G-M seem to have an especial knack of making grand screenfare out of movies about war matters. Remember Hell Divers—and M-G-M's other service films? Well, here's another, laid beneath the surface of the sea, this time—and it packs as much gusty entertainment as the others did. It's amazing, too, how much love-story they manage to sandwich in between those terrifically exciting action scenes.

The story?—Bob Montgomery is a young officer who loves another man's wife. He commits the service sin of disobeying orders—but only in order to save the lives of his men. He's court-martialed. The ending is something you won't forget.

It's all swell story, even though it's quite melodramatic in spots. And Montgomery has never turned in a nicer performance, by the way. And one more little matter—you've noticed Durante's name in the cast, haven't you? Well, between "hell below" and the love-story, Jimmy manages to crack in some swell laughs. Especially with that kangaroo!

Your Reviewer Says: You're bound to like this one, because it's got something of whatever you like best in pictures.

For Children: They will like the action and the love story is the kind that is quite all right for them.

✓✓The Working Man (Warners)

You'll See: *George Arliss, Bette Davis, Hardie Albright, Gordon Westcott, J. Farrell MacDonald, Theodore Newton, many others.*

It's About: *A "big business man" is really big enough to adopt his deceased business rival's family!—and does such a good job of it that both businesses and families merge happily.*

It looks now as though this will be the last-but-one of Mr. Arliss's movies—at least, under the Warner Brothers banner. He only has "Voltaire" left in the making. And if "Voltaire" is even half as good as this "The Working Man," then the passing back to England of Mr. Arliss will be a sincere regret for American moviegoers.

For "The Working Man" is easily one of Arliss's best. It gives the sly old devil plenty of chances to do those things he does best—the chuckling humor, the twinkle-eyed temper, the canny under-cover activities, the business of kidding the younger generation into believing they know it all while he knows nothing (and the truth just the reverse!)—all the things you like in Arliss are here, and it's guh-rand!!

Story?—oh, a sort of bigger-and-better "The Millionaire." Remember that? Well, in this one, Arliss is a rich man again, a great shoe manufacturer. His rival dies. Under cover, he adopts his family, by power of love, metamorphoses them

Jimmy Cagney's back in one of his socking roles in "Picture Snatcher" and is the fun fast and furious!

from good-for-nothings into such worth-whilesters that their activities menace his own business as they build the rival factory up! But Danny Cupid shoots an arrow into the works and then comes the drama.

Your Reviewer Says: Here's delightful entertainment for any movie fan. You're *sure* to enjoy it.

For Children: Children may see any Arliss picture; they're so clean and decent. And this one's no exception.

✓✓Elmer the Great (Warners)

You'll See: *Mammoth-Mouthed Joe Brown, Claire Dodd, Patricia Ellis, Preston Foster, Sterling Holloway, Frank McHugh, J. Carrol Naish, Berton Churchill, Emma Dunn.*
It's About: *A small-town boob makes good as a big-league ball player—but oh, what happens while he does!*

They say they almost lost the camera and the cameraman, too, in getting that close-up of Joe Brown's yawn. You'll believe it when you see it. Talk about the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky—bah! it's just a piker.

This is the filmization of one of Brown's best stage plays, and on the screen, they do things with it that the stage never could. It tells about the rise of Elmer, the Gentryville hick who thinks he can play ball. Everybody gives him the big ha-ha—but in the end, Joe—or, rather, Elmer—becomes a hero.

The picture is just one succession of laughs. And if Gran'ma complains that she doesn't wanna go because she doesn't know nathin' about baseball, tell her that doesn't make any difference. Why, if Joe Brown played a picture about the Einstein theory, you'd still laugh, wouldn't you?

Your Reviewer Says: If this film doesn't help you laugh yourself out of the depression, then you're sunk for good!

For Children: You needn't hesitate one moment about giving the youngsters the price to see this one. There's nothing in it to hurt them.

✓✓Gabriel Over the White House (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Walter Huston, Karen Morley, Franchot Tone, Arthur Byron, Dickie Moore, C. Henry Gordon, David Landau, Jean Parker, others.*

It's About: *A President of the United States, faced with Roosevelt's problems of today, finds divine guidance, settles humanity's woes by spectacular directness.*

"Gabriel Over the White House" will be one of the most talked-about motion pictures ever (*Continued on page 76*)

"The Devil's Brother" is a strange mixture of Laurel and Hardy and grand opera

It's naughty, its dramatic, and it's romantic. It's "Baby Face" with Barbara Stanwyck at her finest

Joe E. Brown bags another hit in "Elmer, the Great"

Letters From a Movie

by KATHRYN

RUTH, DEAR—

If I don't make you and Molly and the rest of the bunch look like a setting of frumps, by comparison, when I get back, it won't be Lilyan Tashman's fault! Because—and honey, do I thrill to report this to you in this letter!?—*I've met Lilyan Tashman!* And we talked and talked and talked. And Ruth, dear, if you don't know what Lilyan and I talked about, then you don't know your li'l Kathryn one-tenth of one percent as well as I know you do. Certainly—we talked about CLOTHES . . . ! I've just got to tell you all about it, so lock your door from the inside, honey, and get a letterfull. . . .

First, let me tell you how I met her. And you'll say once again that "that Kathryn girl must have been born under a whole planetary system of lucky stars, instead of just one!"—

You know, I've always wanted to spend a week-end at Palm Springs, where all the stars week-end too, and write you about it. So I made plans, last week-end, to go. Then I read about Marie Dressler spending so much time at LaQuinta—that's a swell but quiet hotel some twenty miles further into the desert than Palm Springs, and I got curious about that. So I decided I'd go there. (And if you want to know where I got the money, dear, I saved it up, and that's my story and I'm sticking to it. And that nice writer friend of yours did NOT go with me, cat!)

Well, the day before I left, I met M. E., to whom you gave me one of those introductions when I came out here, and mentioned my plans.

"Why, Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe are down there, Kathryn," she exclaimed. "Wouldn't you like to see them?"

Well, darling, I think I stammered that next to seeing a check for a million dollars, I couldn't think of anything I'd rather see. And it turned out that M is a close friend of Lilyan's, and without more ado, the darling wrote me a quick note of introduction . . . and that's the story. Luck? Uh, huh!

Well, honey, I won't bore you with a lot of raving about the desert—except to say that the desert in spring has been fulsomely praised and written about, but no words have yet done it justice. No wonder these excitement-and-adulation-jaded stars flee there, week-ends, for a rest. Imagine not a sound but the chirping of crickets, after nightfall—and the cool green smell of sage and orange blossoms heavy on the air. . . .

Lilyan Tashman is neither very beautiful nor startlingly young but she's made smartness her stock in trade and gained a fortune as the result

It was dusk when I called the Lowe-Tashman bungalow on the phone. You know, they don't have just "rooms" in these swell desert hotels, dear. They have complete bungalows. A rich voice answered my call, and I knew it was Lilyan herself. I hope my voice didn't tremble to give me away, because naturally I was thrilled. Wouldn't you be, too?

I told her who I was, and that I had that note from M, and couldn't I see her? I wouldn't have been surprised if she'd told me she was busy, or to call back some other time, or anything like so many stars do. But not Lilyan. Her voice was warm with cordiality, and what she said was:

"Come right over!"

AND I did. I found her in a big, cool living-room, under a bridge lamp—and working a jigsaw puzzle!

"Darn these blues!" was what she said when I came in! I stammered something about being sorry she had the blues, and she laughed. "I mean these blue pieces," she laughed. "There are a million of them at least, and I can't get them to fit. I'm going blind and crazy and so let's let the darned thing go, and talk."

Did it break any ice there might have been? Darling, it did. And if that's poise and presence and charm and whatever else you'd call the ability to make a stranger feel at home, then Lilyan has it, darling.

Of course, I've got to tell you what she had on. It was just the sort of thing you'd expect of her—brilliantly startling, yet stopping short of being freakishly bizarre. It was a white piqué sports suit—simple short skirt, with a jacket that was notable chiefly for big puff sleeves and cut like a man's jacket in front! At the neck, she wore a brilliant silk scarf or stock, of yellows, reds and black. She had

Fan In Hollywood

Kathryn Goes to Visit Lilyan Tashman in the Desert in Order to Tell You Lilyan's Rules for Smartness—All with the Big Idea of Making You the Best Dressed Girl in Your Own Crowd

on no stockings at all. Simple low-heeled sports shoes.

On her face, there wasn't a bit of powder. Instead, it shone with oil to temper the sunburn. But her lips were a brilliant scarlet blob of makeup, and her eyebrows were sharply pencilled. Her hair—talk about gold, dear!—was brushed back in curls and across it she wore one of those celluloid things we used to wear in school (remember?) to keep our hair out of our eyes?

Jewelry?—two big pearl earrings (not pendant), and a jade-and-diamond pin that must have cost more than I dare think of.

So, there's your description, dear. You did write me that I must tell you just how these people look when I meet them, and am I filling the order? But all that won't give you the slightest picture of the warmth and ease and friendliness there was about her. Her face was radiant with welcome; she's that sort. No cold offishness, no barrier of strangeness. Why, Ruth, she talked with me as though she'd known me as long as you have, and let's not go into the actual figures on that, with my birthday so darned near again!

Oh, we did talk about the desert, and the quiet and such.

"Have some lemonade?" she asked. I said no. "Some tea? A sandwich? Some dinner? Ice water?" I shook my head and told her no, I really didn't want a thing.

"But I can't offer you a *bit* of liquor or a highball," she apologized, this being still Hollywood even though La Quinta is 150 miles away. "You see, Eddie and I are here for a *rest*—and that means no bottles . . ."

SO I told her I didn't want a highball anyway (and don't you dare snicker, Ruth, as you read that) and that all I really would love to do was talk.

"About clothes, I suppose?" she laughed. And I laughed, too, and said, "Of course." And added that when I came out to Hollywood for you, one of my assignments was to "talk clothes with Tashman" when and if I ever met her—and that I knew at least a score of girls, myself, who'd like to know her tricks.

"Tricks? There aren't any," she said. "Good dressing does not depend on tricks."

Lilyan believes in very, very simple gowns combined with not so simple accessories and she tells you just how to buy the right ones

"But," I protested, "can't you tell me how a girl with limited income, for instance, can be spectacular, how she can be the outstanding dresser in her group, say?"

"Spectacular is exactly the thing NOT to be on little money," she countered. "On limited clothes money, don't try to be SPECTACULAR, but be DIFFERENT . . ."

And with that as a theme, we chattered. Oh, Ruth, how we chattered. "Look at me," she said, and stuck out two brown arms. "I'm going brown, this year. But last year, I stayed white. It was an awful job, but last year, all the others went sun-tan so I was *different*. I stayed white. Believe me, it was a job—watching and wearing long gloves, and big hats and long sleeves and all that. But I was different, you see. But this year, when I looked back on all the trouble, I just said to myself: 'Oh, heck, let's be black this year.' So here I am."

NOW, Ruth, we talked so much and so fast that I'm not going to try to give you a chronological report of it all. But I did jot down some things she said, afterward, before I'd forget, and I'll give you the highlights—in her own words.

"One secret of smartness—take off more than you put on. Don't have too many bows and gewgaws. It usually gives away that you're trying to 'fix something up.' But that does not apply to accessories. Tell the girls that haven't too much to spend quite a bit of what they have on smart costume jewelry, or things for the hair like this band I'm wearing. But be sure they're simple—no dangling earrings for instance."

"Another thing to remember is contrast. I mean, if you're a vivid personality, vitally live and look it, then stick to whites, blacks, dark blues, greys. But if you're the 'mousey' type, then fortify yourself with brilliant colors, the more vivid the better."

"If you can possibly afford it, never wear a 'mistake.' Know what I mean? A 'mistake' is what I call the thing we all buy, now and then—we all buy 'lemons.' If you get one, and can't send it back, at least don't wear it. If you can afford it, give it away

(*Continued on page* 93)

The Life Story of a Black Irishman

Mr. and Mrs. George Brent (Ruth Chatterton to you) today

by GEORGE BRENT *as told to Jerry Lane*

I AM Black Irish through and through. Every inch of me. Perhaps that accounts for a lot of things. For some of the foolhardy things I have done—and the fun I've had.

We're an adventuresome lot. Made so, no doubt, by those devil-may-care forebears of ours who had to flee for their lives from the south of Ireland down to the coast of Spain. They discovered the girls there were beautiful and raven-haired so they married them and lived happily ever after in —yes, you guessed it—Ireland. Because of course they went back. It's a trait we Hibernians have. I went back for what was to be the most exciting, thrill-inspired six months of my life. Six months of hair-breadth escapes and night journeys across the moors I love. . . . You know how it is when you're seventeen and life lays like wine on your lips.

There were a great many circumstances that plotted out my course for me in those early days. In the first place I lost my father and mother before I was eleven. That completely changed my world.

I WAS brought up in a large old thatched-roof farmhouse near the river Shannon, where I had been born on a wind-swept morning, March 15, 1904. A great place to bring up a kid with plenty of room to roam around in and plenty of animals for pets. Not that I had time to do much roaming. In the summer there were fish to be caught, sheep to be herded, and peat to be dug and dried for winter fuel. It was my business too, to defend the Fort against the Enemy. A big job done very seriously, you understand. Every small boy knows the feeling. Each morning I made the rounds of the house with my trusty pop gun—"ploop-ploop" and six more enemies of Irish freedom bit the dust. I was so intent about it that the memory of those "battles" is vivid even yet.

The baby who was born in a thatched-roof farmhouse near the River Shannon, and later, the boy who joined the Irish rebel forces, though that meant facing death

The germ of patriotism had been carefully planted and nurtured by my gaunt old grandfather who had done his share for his country. At seven I was ready to fight the universe to win back our former glory. I could just see myself in shining armor, faring forth with pointed lance on a charger. Most of my "faring forth," however, was to the two-room country schoolhouse where I waged fierce combats with copy-books. I had to confine my enthusiasm to showing the horses just how I'd manage to use that spear. They were my pals. For generations the Brents had been cavalrymen and breeders of fine stock so I came by my love of them naturally.

And then came tragedy. The first that I had known. I returned home from school late one afternoon to find a kind of pall hanging over the house. Even the dogs were strangely quiet. One, a grand old setter, nuzzled me gently and gave vent to a single mournful howl. My father, John Brent, lay dead in an upper chamber.

With his passing I took on new responsibilities which I felt strongly. As a man of the house, if I tried to lord it over my older sister a bit I was not noticeably successful. There were only the two of us and my mother and granddad.

My boon companion in those times was Jim. He would be called a rural policeman in this country, I think. One of those lovable, kindly men with a deep understanding of youngsters. I'd wait until he came off his beat each day and then the two of us would race the greyhounds or follow the old setter, her tail straight out and nose close to the ground, to a rabbit hole. Occasionally Jim brought me candy from the nearby town of Shannonbridge. We would sit on the stone wall and munch it and talk. Wonderful talk. All about those heroes. Jim tempered his tales with a homely philosophy that made a deep impression on me. Grand old Jim.

One early fall evening I noticed him coming down the turnpike with his shoulders — always so straight — slumped in an extraordinary way. He walked slowly up to me and put both hands on my shoulders.

"Good-by, sonny." There was a queer choke in his voice.

"Good-by?" I asked. "And where aire ye goin'?" The big fellow told me. He had been transferred to another district miles away. He wouldn't be seeing me anymore.

I don't believe there's any heartbreak like the hopeless, aching heartbreak of a kid. That night I cried myself to sleep. I've never had a friendship like that since. And I never saw Jim again.

NEW YORK. Noisy turbulent, a city with an unbelievable skyline and an eternal screeching of sirens. That was episode number two for me. I was eleven and an orphan. Life without her husband had held little for Mary Brent, my mother, and she followed him quickly. A family conference determined the fate of my sister and me. We would go to America to be under the supervision of an aunt. So on a particularly sunny morning we sailed on the S. S. Philadelphia. Not an ordinary sailing. We nosed out as cautiously as if we'd been on an ocean of eggs. This, you see, was the year of grace 1915. War hung like a black cloud over land and sea alike. Three other ships of the American Export line had been torpedoed just previous to our departure, and on its very next trip the Philadel-

(*Continued on page 72*)

Smooth Lady

By

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

In Which Julie Carter Learns There's Only One Thing That a Girl in Love Can Ever Do

JULIE CARTER, typist in a smart Fifth Avenue fur shop, gets the opportunity to model an ermine wrap for John Squires, young motion picture executive in from Hollywood. Handsome and ambitious, John Squires notices Julie, her beauty, her lovely freshness, and invites her to a speakeasy for lunch. Julie has the time of her life. She tells John Squires of her ambitions, he tells her of his. They get very friendly over cocktails, and when Julie goes home that night her regular boy friend seems to her very dull indeed. Squires is leaving the next day and she does not see him again, but feels secure enough in his promise to help her if she ever comes to Hollywood to give up her job, her family and her stuffy suitor and journey to the town of a thousand dreams. She is determined never to fall in love with John Squires, but most certainly to use him to get the things she wants from life.

Arriving in Hollywood, Julie can't go on with her romance with John Squires for the good and perfect reason that she can't even get in to see him. From the gossip columns of the newspapers, however, she learns John is all but engaged to Mabel Brady, the hatchet-faced daughter of P. T. Brady, the owner of the studio where John works.

After almost starving to death, Julie finally gets in to see John Squires, and they find that they are as much attracted to each other as ever. Through John she gets some extra work and attracts the attention of Tom Wallace, the director, so much that he gives her a bit to do. Tom, who is influential and wealthy and in the throes of getting a divorce from his wife, falls hard for Julie, and does everything he can do to further her career. She waits for the proposition or proposal inevitably to follow, knowing that whichever it is she ought to say yes so far as her career is concerned. At a

In her dressing room Julie found a note. "Because of recent developments we will no longer require your services," it read

Illustrated by
ADDISON BURBANK

party in Hollywood, to which they have both been invited, Tom proposes marriage to Julie. Julie is still in love with John Squires, but she knows how quickly Mabel Brady would ruin both their careers if John and she surrendered to their love for each other.

Julie and John thus both become technically engaged to other people, though no formal announcements are made, since Tom Wallace has to go to Paris for his divorce and John is still shopping for Mabel's ring. Ambition ridden, Julie and John avoid each other, until one night when he stops at her little Malibu house and she fixes dinner for him. When he starts to leave, Julie confesses her love and begs John to stay. They lose all sense of time or space until a knock rouses them. Julie makes John hide while she answers the door. Harry Morton, a dirt-digging reporter, is there, telling Julie there has been a fire up the beach. After he leaves, Julie rushes to tell John. She finds he has escaped, leaving her alone to face possible scandal.

JULIE turned into the house and threw herself on the sofa. Time seemed to stand still. The boom and swish of the ocean breaking upon the shore began reverberating inside her head. Once she had loved that sighing sound. Now she covered her ears with her hands in a desperate, futile effort to close it out.

Mrs. Carter had always warned Julie that men left girls who were free with their favors. "Free with their favors" was Mrs. Carter's phrase. Julie didn't approve of it at all, nor did she believe for one minute that it was because of anything but a desire to save his own skin that John had disappeared. She knew John. He would go a long way to protect the brilliant career he had shaped for himself and the secure future he would enjoy as B. T.'s son-in-law.

She found the loneliness of the cottage intolerable. The chairs and sofa seemed to stand stiff and empty in their appointed places as if they were waiting for someone to come in and sit down.

Talking with Harry Morton, Julie had imagined how it would be when at last he left, when John came out of hiding, took her into his arms, and whispered how much he loved her.

It had been a shock to discover him gone.

"He's hard," she told herself. "The least he could do would be to telephone and reassure me."

Finally, unable to endure another minute of idleness, Julie got up, began straightening the room, carrying glasses into the kitchen, spilling cigarette ashes into the fireplace, and plumping the depressed sofa cushions.

"I'm getting what I planned to give," she thought, "only then I had no idea how much this sort of thing could hurt."

In her pale face her eyes were dark.

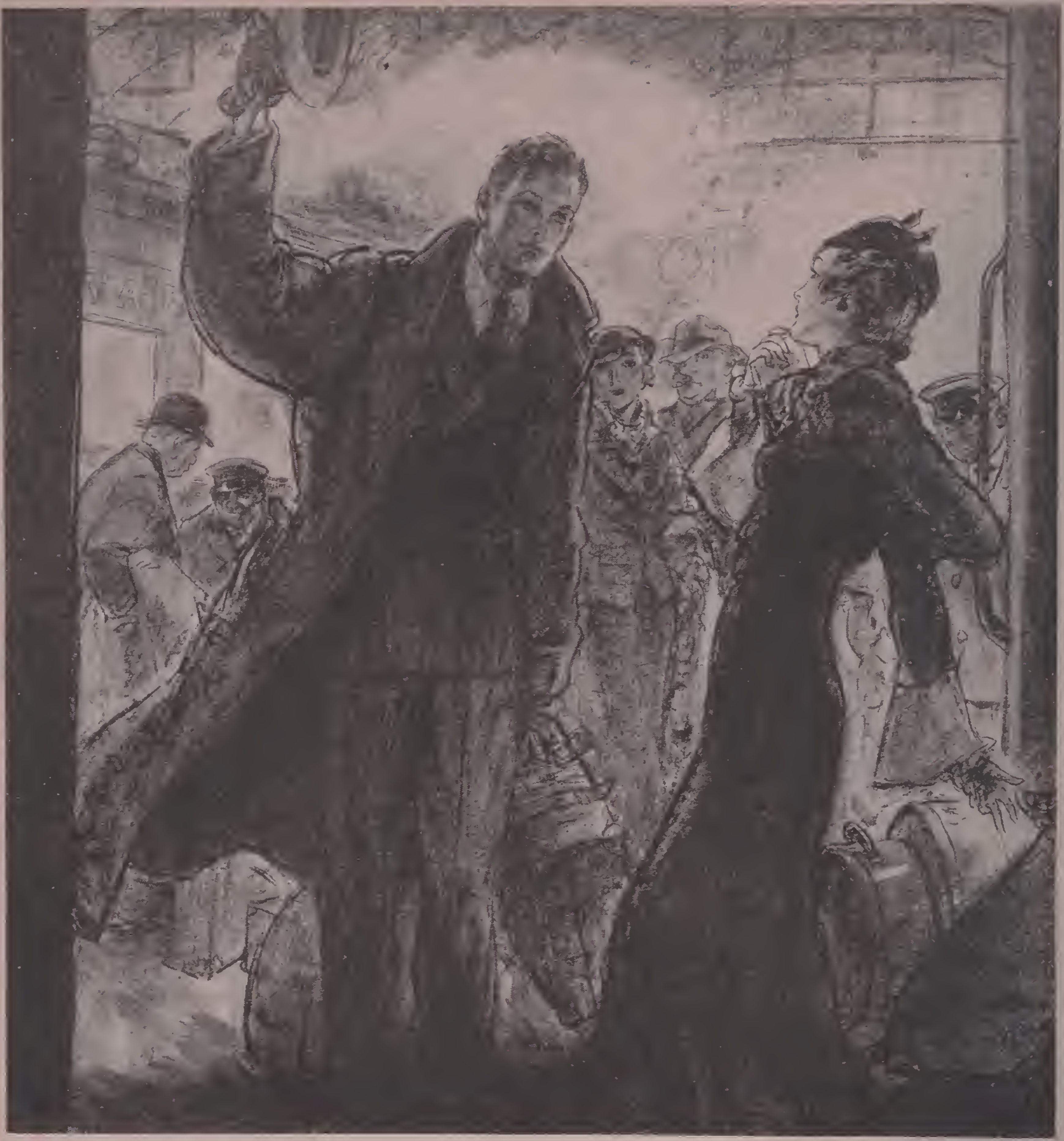
Protruding from beneath one of the sofa cushions was a handkerchief. She pulled it out. It was John's. And such a correct handkerchief. With a hand-rolled edge. With the dignified block letters of his name worked in black and gray.

Because it was so typical of all the things John wanted from life, so essentially what the well-dressed young executive would wear, so correct, so fine, Julie's bitterness changed to tenderness. Her lips quivered and relaxed. Her eyes softened Tears rained slowly down her cheeks and she gave a little involuntary sob.

"He wants so much to get ahead and be somebody," she said. "If only Harry Morton didn't recognize his car! It isn't fair that he should pay too dearly for his . . . indiscretion. It's my fault really. I should have sent him away. . . ."

She glanced at her wrist-watch. While she had lain there numb with her hurt, hours had slipped away. There was still time, however, for her to get to the studios and let John know she was ready to stand behind any story he might see fit to tell.

She ran into her bedroom and began dressing.



"Julie, Julie!" came a familiar cry and, John came striding forward

"If I can help him now," she thought, young and sentimental and pitifully in love, "then always he'll remember me warmly. And if I can count on that . . . no matter what happens . . . even if I marry Tom . . . life will be better. I couldn't bear it for John to hate me."

She parked her car in the studio yard, hurried to her dressing-room. Beneath the door was a letter. In the upper left-hand corner of the envelope was engraved "Private Office, Bertram T. Brady."

Julie twirled the envelope idly in her hand. There was little need to open it. Morton undoubtedly had been there. And anyone who stood in Mabel Brady's way, anyone who jeopardized Mabel Brady's happiness in the slightest degree must expect no quarter at her doting father's hands. Hadn't Tom Wallace told her how Brady had been indifferent about exercising her last option because Mabel had been put out by the attention John had shown her at the Smithers-Lovely party?

She slit the envelope with her nail-file. A check fluttered to the floor.

"Dear Miss Carter," she read:

"Because of recent developments we will no longer require your services.

"Enclosed please find a check in full payment of your salary until November fifteenth when your present option will expire.

"We will appreciate your vacating your dressing-room immediately.

"Very truly yours,
"B. T. Brady, President."

Julie reached for the check made out for seven hundred and fifty dollars and without counting to see if it was a correct amount, folded it into a neat little square, and tucked it into her blue tweed bag.

No question now that Harry (*Continued on page* 78)

"Party Tonight?"

how's your breath today?

Don't offend . . . play safe . . . Use Listerine . . . deodorizes hours longer

You never can tell when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. The wise thing to do, then, is to use Listerine before social engagements. No fastidious man or woman would overlook this precaution.

After using Listerine, you *know* that your breath cannot offend others. The moment this amazing antiseptic and deodorant enters the mouth, it cleanses, arrests fermentation, decay, and infection—all causes of odors—then overcomes the odors themselves. *Listerine instantly gets rid of odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours.*

Don't be one of the thousands who take it for granted that their breath is beyond reproach when, as a matter of fact, it is not. The unwelcome truth is that everyone is a victim of halitosis at some time or another.

You can readily understand why: a few particles of fermenting food, overlooked by the tooth brush, often cause bad breath. A slightly decaying tooth or a leaky filling produces odors. Also, excesses of eating and drinking, and, of course, temporary or chronic infections of the mouth, nose, and throat.

So we say: don't guess about the condition of your breath. Simply keep Listerine handy in home and office, and rinse the mouth with it every morning and night, and between times before meeting others. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

BEFORE ALL ENGAGEMENTS

Listerine

INSTANTLY ENDS HALITOSIS

The Life Story of a Black Irishman

(*Continued from page 67*)

phia was doomed to a similar disaster.

The tension in the air fired my imagination to a white heat. My first taste of adventure—and I've never quite lost the savour of it. All lights had to be out at 8 p. m. Life belts were at hand night and day. The excitement of it made up somewhat for my sense of loss at parting with the horses and dogs and the old life.

But New York was a different story. I hated the roar of the "Ls." And feared them too. Every time one came thundering over the trestle on my street I'd duck behind a corner. What appalled me most, though, was the canyon of cement and stone I saw all around me. No green trees. No sweet-scented lush grass.

The spring that I was fourteen I struck out on my own. I was sick of city pavements. Sick for the damp, spongy feel of soft earth. If you happen to love the fresh countryside like I do you'll know what I mean.

WITH another boy I started upstate, past mile after mile of cherry orchards and maybe that wasn't heaven! We wound up in a lumber camp in Connecticut where we earned five dollars a day rolling logs. I was tall enough to pass myself off as eighteen—and I did. The next summer I helped to raze Camp Upton and the third I picked fruit for an Italian farmer. In between times I would return to New York and to school. The High School of Commerce and finally the Rand School of Socialism. Being a normal, hot-blooded kid I had a healthy desire to right the wrongs of the world.

Some of that surplus energy I worked off in basketball games—until my right ear was nearly torn off during an especially heated contest. For weeks I lay in a hospital again, with the members of my team taking turns to sit beside me. The salt of the earth, those boys. The doctors said I had concussion of the brain and very slight chances of living. But I guess a chance is all a Black Irishman needs. Anyway, I came out as strong as ever and two inches taller.

Late in 1920 a friend of mine, a young priest who had been studying at Columbia, was called home to teach at the National University in Dublin.

"Why don't you come along and go to college there?" he advised me. Which is why, at sixteen, I was crossing the sea once more.

I remained with an aunt in London for four months but there was some fun going on in Ireland which I didn't want to miss. A rebellion. I went directly to Dublin and offered my services, along with hundreds of other lads, to Michael Collins, the fiery chief of the "free staters." I can remember the tremendous thrill I got when I was introduced to him.

"Do you value your skin greatly," he wanted to know.

"Shure, and why should I?" I had a rich brogue in those days. He must have caught a glimpse of the eager anticipation I was trying so hard to hold back.

"In that case," he said quietly, "we have a job for you."

Naturally I didn't know then that the "job" was just an invitation to the Grim Reaper to do his stuff or I might not have been so anxious to risk my skin. I became a dispatch carrier, which meant that on an average of twice a week I carried inflammatory messages out of the country that were worth a bullet through me to the English government. A dispatch carrier as a rule lasted about six weeks. We belonged to the Unknown army. No fanfare or blowing of trumpets. We moved in silent circles, not knowing one another, receiving our instructions from strange sources. I was fortunate enough to last six months. . . .

I was, ostensibly, a student at the University. At the same time a friend introduced me to the director of the Abbey theater there in Dublin and I played small parts. It was my first taste of the stage and I liked it from the start. Only I was classed as "unreliable." There were many evenings when I couldn't put in an appearance at the theater because a clerk or a lawyer or a bootblack had slipped me a message. . . .

My part in the rebellion was to terminate abruptly in a small inn in Glasgow. I had just succeeded in sending off a letter to De Valera (an exile then who only dreamed of being President of the Irish free state.) During supper a waiter sidled up to me, pretended to fill my glass, and gave me a warning that saved my life.

"They're here," he whispered—I was never to know who he was. "They'll get you as you go out the front door. They're watching the service entrance, too. But there's a window opened off the pantry and a lot of shrubbery beneath it." Two minutes later I had dropped to the ground through that window and made off in the shadow of the trees.

WHERE to hide? That was my next problem. Michael Collins had been killed and suddenly, as it seemed on the verge of being snuffed out, life became wonderfully sweet. A half dozen months of secret maneuverings had made me something of a strategist. I traveled straight into England—where they were least apt to search for me—and kept on until I reached Land's End. There, by a freak of the greatest fortune I've ever had, I ran across an old acquaintance, a sea captain. That same night when a tramp freighter set sail for Montreal, I was aboard.

The long arm of England reaches easily into Canada. As soon as we landed I headed back for the States. I was nineteen. I was broke, completely and absolutely. The only two professions that appealed to me were the newspaper and the stage. Both were touched with the excitement I longed for. I went to see the city editor of a large daily—and was immediately turned down. But a theatrical agent, also an Irishman, gave me hope.

"Listen," he said, "there's a place for a lad like you in that stock company on 121st Street. Here's a card to the manager."

What lay ahead of George Brent in America? Would he succeed or fail? Don't miss the second thrilling instalment of his life story in next month's MOVIE MIRROR.

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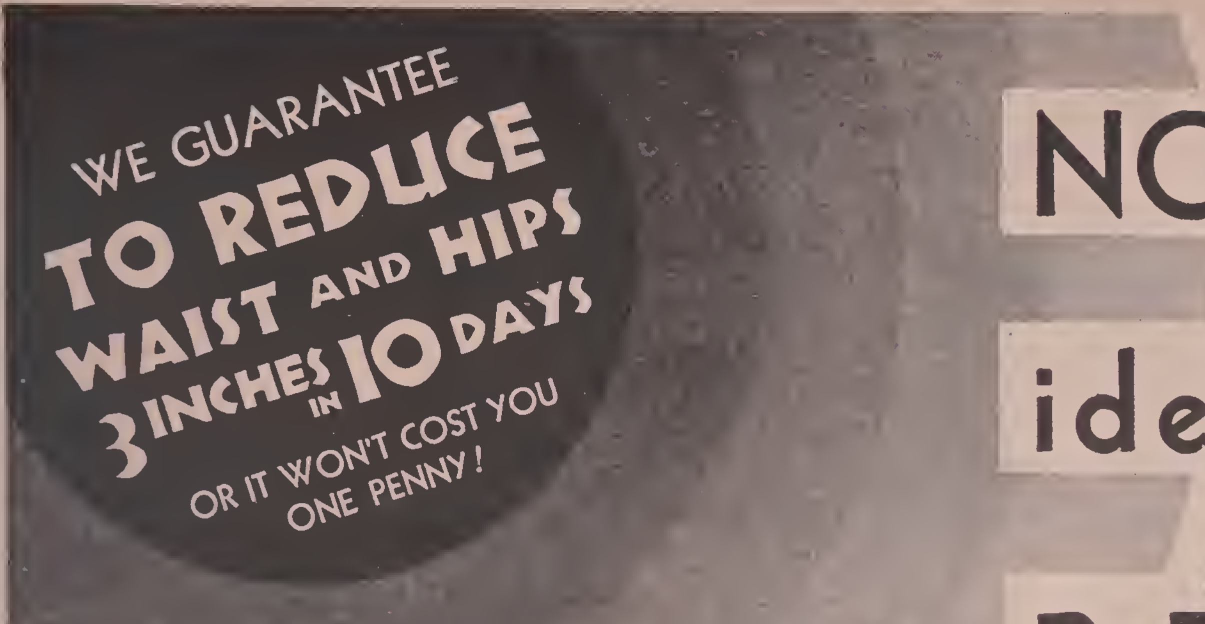

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Miss JEAN HEALY
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●

I . . . measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 135 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34½ inches around the hips.

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AB-SCENT
DEODORANT STICK
Convenient-Economical-Smart 50¢

Understanding Janet Gaynor

(*Continued from page 18*)

aside and settled down for the first interview Janet has given in a long, long time.

"You know," she began, "I was thinking this morning how being a motion picture star had saved me ever so much trouble, simplified life greatly for me, in fact."

"*Saved* you trouble," I repeated. "*Simplified* life for you!"

"Exactly," she assured me with a little giggle. "Through the different rôles I've played I've tested out being all kinds of people, having all kinds of things. I've had almost every pattern of life imaginable, vicariously, for a little while.

"There are, therefore, a great many things I know now I don't want at all. For instance, I know what a bother it must be to be a princess. . . ."

"What *do* you want?" I asked.

"For the present," she said, smoothing down the pale pink fulness of her organdy dress, "only what I have. My work. And a holiday now and then in Honolulu."

"And for the future?" I prompted.

JANET shook her head. "I never think about the future any more," she told me. "I don't dare, really. I used to think about it. And worry about it. At twenty it seemed to me I had everything. Fame. Wealth. It looked very much as if less, not more, would be ahead of me.

"That used to concern me. I used to go around looking for some interest to fill my life, so when stardom was over for me I'd have something else. After being a star your pride often won't let you play lesser parts.

"But at last I've learned the uselessness of planning too far ahead. Now I live every day for itself. Life changes so. It was silly and young of me to worry about what I'd do later on. Why tomorrow I may meet a man, fall madly in love with him, and want nothing from life but to marry him and bear him sons."

Her words came so swiftly they spilled over one another. She seemed happier and more sure of herself than I ever remembered her being. I told her so.

"That happens to be true," she said softly. "I am . . . happier, more sure of myself. I used to have a pretty bad time, really."

"You had a bad time?" I said. "I've always thought of you as having everything. Youth. . . . Beauty. . . . Wealth. . . . Fame. . . ."

"Outwardly I had everything, yes," Janet agreed, "but not inwardly. I warn you not to start me on the tragedy I think it is that a girl's body grows up when she is seventeen and her brain not until she is twenty-five. That, in itself, can prove a pretty serious deterrent to happiness.

"Oh, those difficult formative years! I remember too well the unhappy times I used to have at parties. I've never had stage-fright before the camera. But I've had it at parties often. Especially after I became a star.

"I was only nineteen, after all, when I made 'Seventh Heaven.' Suddenly I found myself important. It wasn't a wholly pleasant sensation. I used to be afraid I wouldn't live up to what people expected of me. I used to imagine people who had met me, walking away, saying:

" 'So *that's* Janet Gaynor. Well, I don't think much of *her!*'

"I used to hate parties. You know how parties are! They always seem to be divided into little groups. That's all right when you're part of a group. But I never seemed to be. I always seemed to be wandering around somewhere on the outside.

"I used to wonder how I could include myself. I used to rack my brain to remember some gay remark I'd heard the day before, or just something I'd happened to read in the morning paper. And always my brain would go blank and I'd get more panicky than ever."

"What did you do finally?" I asked.

"I rebelled at my own misery," Janet said, laughing. "I told myself, 'I won't care. If I do get into a little group all right. If I don't it's all right too.'

"I think that resolution in itself made me less panicky. And less panicky I managed to think of casual things to say. And then, because I didn't go around acting panicky it wasn't trying for people to talk to me. And the next thing I knew I was part of a little group instead of standing off somewhere watching that group longingly."

"But you never quit going to parties?" I remarked. "You never tried to run away from your difficulty?"

"No," she agreed. "I never did that. My stepfather, Jonsey, was a hard teacher. He schooled me never to run away from anything. He used to say:

" 'Get out and take experience. If you're knocked down, all right. You'll be just that much wiser, just that much stronger when you pick yourself up. And if you're beaten, if you can't pick yourself up and go on you're not worth worrying about anyhow!'

"THE first time I reached home hurt by something or other and Jonsey told me all this I thought he was very, very hard indeed. But whether he really was or not he cured me of my natural inclination to run away from unpleasant things. Now, thanks to him, I can take things. I really owe Jonsey a great debt. His lesson has served me well, both personally and professionally."

Unconsciously as she spoke she held out her little chin and squared her slim shoulders. There's a strength about her. And the queen who has a strength like this reigns long. . . .

Lillian Harvey may have her exquisite dressing-room bungalow.

Scouts may be offering small fortunes for the right stories for Sally Eilers.

The developing room may work half the night printing publicity photographs of Heather Angel.

But, obviously, a little girl with hair like autumn, a dimple in her chin, and just the faintest suggestion of a childish treble to her voice, is going to continue queen of the Fox lot for a long, long time.

She's little, Janet Gaynor. And she looks as if she was all sweetness and light. But she has what it takes!

MOVIE MIRROR *has its own cameraman now. Watch for his exclusive star pictures next month.*

✓The Devil's Brother (Roach)

You'll See: *Laurel and Hardy, Thelma Todd, Dennis King.*

It's About: *Can you imagine Laurel and Hardy in opera? Well, that's this.*

Dear Laurel-Hardy Fan: This is something you never expected to see—your favorites in opera! Whether you'll like it or not is a big question. Frankly, Your Reviewer can't answer it—because he isn't sure whether or not he liked it, himself. When L & H are on the screen, it's good. But the rest of the time—oh, well . . .

Anyway, you'll laugh at what Babe and Stan do about sleeping powders. And you'll hold your sides when they get that laughing jag on in the wine cellar. You'll probably like Dennis King's singing, and you'll thrill at Thelma Todd's luscious loveliness.

Your Reviewer Says: There's just enough Laurel-Hardy craziness in this to lift it over the top.

For Children: The youngsters always *do* like Laurel and Hardy. Only they'll wish there wasn't so much opera business in the way.

Gibson vs. Eilers

(*Continued from page* 33)

of Hoot's daughter, Lois, his child by Helen Gibson. Sally doesn't want to split up the home because of Lois.

MAY 25, 1932. Hoot announces the purchase of a new house and a new matrimonial venture. Just a couple of love birds starting from scratch.

JULY 15, 1932. Sally and Hoot deny rumors that there is a rift in their newfound happiness.

"We are as happy as larks," they assert.

MARCH 12, 1933. The press suddenly discovers that Sally and Hoot aren't living together. In fact, Sally is with her mother. And Hoot is having a tremendous sulk over the whole thing.

MARCH 14, 1933. Hoot and Sally are together again, this time dancing merrily at a party. But, sad to say, all is not well. The Gibson home is still a bachelor abode for Hoot and Sally is still with her mother. Before this, Hoot and Sally always have been pretty sore, but this time they aren't sore at all, they say.

MARCH 16, 1933. Sally suddenly emerges as one of the brightest girls in Hollywood. Hoot is now her suitor, by her arrangement. He calls her on the telephone to get his dates, and the chances are she might not even be at home.

MARCH 18, 1933. A flood of flowers and several boxes of candy arrive at Sally's from Hoot.

MARCH 21, 1933. Hoot takes Sally out to dinner. She wears orchids.

APRIL 11, 1933. "Hoot is wooing me all over again," says Sally. "He is the perfect lover. We are working our lives out on a new, fresh basis. There is nothing like receiving real attention from the man you love. Life is just one perpetual courtship. It's a true love match. We are the happiest couple in Hollywood!"

APRIL 12, 1933. Hoot reads the above statement in a newspaper. For some reason, he doesn't look like half of the happiest couple in Hollywood. To the contrary, he looks quite depressed.

APRIL 15, 1933. No decision.

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Smooth Lady

(*Continued from page 70*)

Morton had recognized John's car. But why he had gone to B. T. instead of to John was something Julie was at a loss to understand.

Now, more than ever, she felt she must see John. She wanted to talk to him, let him know that he could count on her one hundred percent, whatever the story he decided to tell.

Julie had gambled every cent she had in the world and endured loneliness and poverty on the chance that she might prove a success on the screen. But now the letter crumpled in her bag asking her to leave the studios seemed of no importance. She thought only of what she might do and what she might say in order to protect John's interests. Which is the way of women in love . . .

She flew down the steep stone stairs to the telephone booth located in a lower hall. She called the familiar Apex number.

"Mr. Squires, please," she said disguising her voice with a clipped English accent. "Mr. John Squires."

Cecelia Baum came on the wire.

"Miss Baum? Is Mr. Squires in? This is Julie Carter."

"One minute, please, Miss Carter."

In Julie's throat a warm pulse began to beat. She would, she knew, have to force her voice over this when John spoke. She always had to do this when she talked to John. The very thought of him, the very sight of him, the very feel of him sent strange currents through her.

"Miss Carter?" It was Cecelia Baum back on the wire. "I'm sorry, Mr. Squires isn't in . . . " She sounded embarrassed.

"I see," Julie said. "Thank you."

There could be no question that this was a direct slight. John couldn't have left his office without Miss Baum seeing him go. If he really had been out there would have been no need for her to have asked Julie to wait in the first place. And she knew Julie knew this.

BACK in her dressing-room Julie began packing:

"He's afraid I expect something of him now," she told herself over and over, this being the humiliation she found it most difficult to bear. "He thinks I want to hang on. He wishes he'd never driven out to Malibu yesterday. Because of me he's in difficulties. Because of me his fine plans are endangered. He undoubtedly hates me!"

Her telephone rang and she sprang to answer it. It wasn't John, of course. She knew that. Still she hoped it might be.

It was Ethel, her maid, calling from Malibu.

"Miss Carter? This is Ethel, Ma'am. Ah heard there'd done been a fayr and ah cum on home to see if you wuz all right . . .

"And Miss Carter . . . a cablegram jus' cum . . ."

"Open it," Julie said, "and read it to me, please, Ethel."

There was a pause. Then . . .

"It's from Mr. Wallace, Ma'am. He says . . . he says, 'Honey, Am free. When can you join me? Will cable Cooks re your passage when ah hyars from you. Love, Tom.' "

"Get out my trunk," Julie told her. "I'll be home in about an hour. And I'll be in a great rush. Have everything out for me to pack. I'm leaving tonight for New York."

The few things hanging in her dressing-room closet she tumbled into a bag. She telephoned for reservations on the Los Angeles Limited that left at six-five.

When she reached New York she would telephone Tom Wallace in Paris.

"I'll do everything I can to make him happy," she determined, sitting on the bulging valise to close it, tears filling her eyes. "I'll spend my whole life dressing up, courting the people who can help him. I won't fuss later on when he has extra-marital affairs. After all it won't really matter. And there won't be anything else to do with life."

A year before Julie would have thought the secure, luxurious pattern of living she would know as Mrs. Tom Wallace all that any girl could ask. It had been the very pattern of life for which she had been ambitious, of which she had dreamed. Now she knew how empty and dreary such a life could be.

* * *

"YOU'RE to go right in, Mr. Squires." John smiled but still he knocked before turning the handle of the great oak door marked "Private." The room into which this door opened lived up to the pretensions of the door itself. It was impressive both in proportions and decoration.

John had to cover a great expanse of burgundy carpet before he reached the tremendous carved desk behind which B. T. Brady sat bent over a huge check book.

"Good morning, sir," he said. "This is very pleasant . . ."

The president of Apex was a short, stocky man in his late fifties. There was something about B. T. Brady as polished looking as the immaculate lens of his eyeglasses.

"Good morning, John my boy," he said. "Good morning. Delighted you could come. Afraid you might have made other plans. And I particularly want to talk to you."

B. T. Brady always took this tack. It pleased him in some strange, obscure way to pose as the gracious executive. But those dull-witted enough to take this pose seriously never worked for Apex very long.

"Morton was in this morning," he began. "And . . . well, the fact is, I thought you might be relieved to know I'm sending him to Europe for a few months."

John raised his eyebrows. "Relieved? I?"

"Come, come," said Brady. John didn't remember ever having seen him look sly before.

"Come, come," he repeated. "I was young once myself. I know how it is. But women are funny. They never understand. That's why I didn't want this matter to get to Mabel."

"I think we'd understand each other better . . ." John's voice was very even " . . . if you'd tell me exactly what Morton had to say this morning."

Brady pulled a dark cigar from its cellophane tubing, clipped the end with his gold cutter, struck a match and inhaled contemplatively before answering.

"Morton was waiting when I got here," he began. "Said he'd seen your car parked behind Julie Carter's bungalow early this morning. Said he'd been pretty sure it was your car then but that he'd checked on the number in the meantime."

"I don't see," John said "why my car parked behind Miss Carter's bungalow should be incriminating. But if it is then I certainly fail to understand why Morton didn't come threatening me."

"Now . . . Now . . ." Brady meant his tone to be placating but the set of John's face remained rather grim.

"Morton came to me," Brady went on, "because he had a notion he could get more out of me, I suppose. He knows how I feel about you as an executive. And he knows I've . . . well . . . that I've encouraged you and Mabel." He laughed.

John failing to take advantage of his pause, he continued. "When Morton told me he wanted a trip to Europe and made it clear he'd let the matter drop in the the event this was arranged I told him to go ahead and make his plans."

"I wish," said John, clipping every word angrily, "that you'd use your dictograph record of that conversation to put Morton behind the bars as a blackmailer."

Brady's eyes seemed to press forward against his shining eyeglasses. Not in years had anyone, with the exception of Mabel, talked to him like this. "I keep no dictograph in my office," he protested indignantly.

"SORRY," John inclined his head. "Of course I've heard rumors."

"Mabel never did trust that Carter girl," Brady hurried on. Plainly he was glad to get away from conversational quicksands. The last thing he wanted to do was offend John. He enjoyed Mabel's favor. And few men were fortunate enough to have such brilliant sons-in-law. John knew his stuff. Several times his suggestions had saved Apex thousands of dollars.

He drew on his cigar.

"I'd like to give you a little advice, my boy," he said. "In the future, well, don't go killing chickens in your own backyard. It's a bad business."

"You do Miss Carter an injustice," John protested.

B. T. Brady laughed and gestured dismissingly. "Don't waste your gallantry," he said. "Girls like Miss Carter neither rate nor expect it."

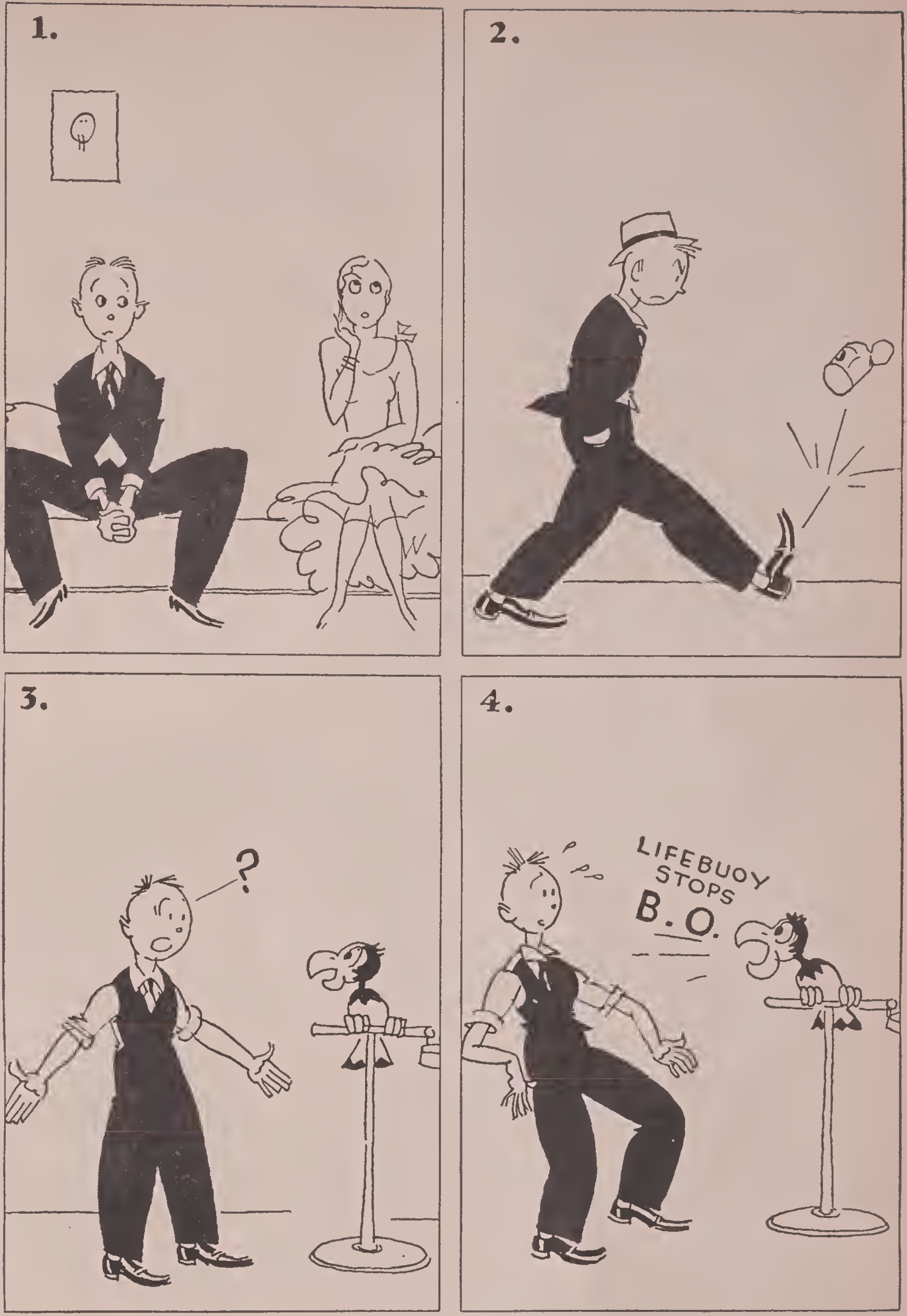
John stood up. His face was white. The pupils of his eyes concentrated in hard, bright pin points. "I must ask you to stop," he said. "And I'd like to give you a little advice. I'd like to suggest that you take the trouble to become better acquainted with the members of your company, Miss Carter for instance."

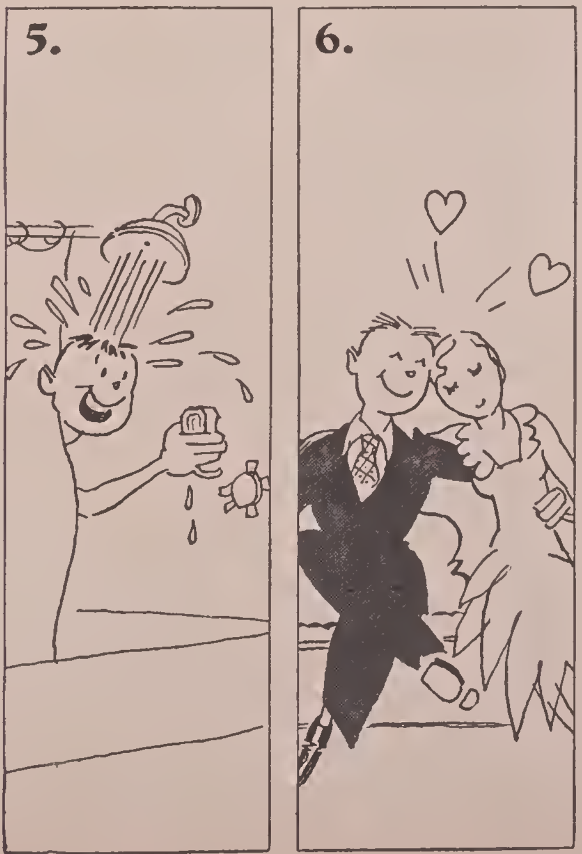
Brady leaned back. He pressed his soft white fingertips together.

"Miss Carter doesn't happen to be a member of my company any longer," he told John. "After Morton left this morning I sent her a note asking her to vacate her dressing-room immediately and enclosing a check paying her up until the end of her option."

"You didn't," John protested. "Surely a girl like Julie Carter is entitled to speak in self-defense against the insinuations of a snide like Harry Morton.

"You're short-sighted, furthermore, to let her get away. She screens like a mil-





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lion. And she can act."

"I'm afraid," Brady told him judiciously, "that your opinion of the young woman isn't to be trusted. Good God, you sound as if you were in love with her!"

"I am," John said simply.

"You're a fool," Brady shouted.

"I'm not prepared to argue that with you," John told him. "However, I am sorry the conversation has taken this turn. I was planning to resign, as a matter of fact, because I realized it would be embarrassing, under the circumstances, for me to remain here."

Out in the hall John took a deep breath, the way men do when they step outside a prison gate or come to the surface after swimming under water for a long time.

Slowly the Los Angeles Limited climbed the mountains.

Julie had the porter make up her berth early. In sleep there was temporary escape, at least, from the still death lying within her. Without John there was no interest left in life.

"Perhaps in time," thought Julie the next morning, "I'll be able to feel something again, find pleasure in little unimportant things."

THE morning wore into the afternoon. Julie sat quietly looking out of the window, her white face cupped in her hand.

They were scheduled to arrive at Salt Lake City a little after five o'clock.

"I'll get off," she decided suddenly, learning there would be a twenty minute wait, "and cable Tom. Tell him all I planned to tell him when I 'phoned him from New York. No use to wait. The sooner I commit myself and have to start planning for the future the better."

She went into the dressing-room to make up. The other women crowded in that small room watched her admiringly. Perhaps they remembered having seen her on the screen. She was dramatic looking in her tailored black suit and white crepe blouse, with a black felt hat pulled down over the shine of her hair.

"Excuse me, please," she said, turning to the door, trying to make her way through a small space. She ventured only the slightest smile but even so her lips trembled.

"It's as if I no longer belonged to myself," she thought, waiting on the platform.

The train came to a stop with a little jerk.

Planning her cable to Tom, Julie hurried across the station.

"Julie! Julie!" Twice that familar cry must reach her, swinging above all the other sounds in that crowded place before she would trust her ears, pause, and turn.

John came striding towards her. His top-coat flapped out behind him.

"John . . . Oh, John . . ." she said, tears in her voice. *"What are you doing here? How did you get here? Where are you going?"*

"One question at a time, *pul-ease!*" he told her tenderly.

"I'm here, first of all, to see you and find out if you love me! Next, I came by plane. Left Los Angeles at ten this morning and reached the Salt Lake City Airport exactly one half hour ago. Last but not least, if my inside information about your loving another fellow even though you're on your way to join Tom Wallace is correct . . . and if that other guy happens to be me, I'm going to trail along with you. Forever . . .

"That answer all your questions?"

He put down his bag and took her hand. Under her coat sleeve his fingers went stroking her wrist.

"But," she protested, "I don't understand." She wouldn't let herself jump to any happy conclusion.

"I went to Malibu," he explained. "Ethel told me you'd left on the Limited. Why did you, without seeing me?"

Her dark lips trembled. Something melted in her eyes to give them back their light. "When I got that letter from Brady," she explained, "I knew, of course, Morton had been around. I tried to call you . . .

"And I wouldn't talk to you," he interrupted. "You thought I was trying to save my own skin, of course. And I thought I was saving yours. I didn't know Morton had been around, you see. I didn't hear about that until much later. And I didn't want you to say anything over an Apex wire. I know those operators . . ."

"Then it was for my sake you ran away while . . . while Morton was talking to me!" Julie's voice sounded young again.

The milling crowds left them standing together on a little island of floor-space. They drew closer.

"Do you love me?" John asked. "Am I the other fellow Ethel thinks you're in love with . . . Am I?

She gave a quick little nod.

"But you did run away," he taxed her.

"I thought if it was known I was on my way to marry Tom it would make things look better all around," she told him. "I didn't want to stand in your way. I knew how ambitious you were."

His eyes worshipped her. "I'm ambitious," he said. "You're right about that. I'm ambitious for the kind of happiness you give me. But what about you? You're ambitious too. I've got a new job over at Peerless but Mrs. John Squires won't be nearly as rich as Mrs. Tom Wallace would be. Not yet awhile anyhow!"

"YOU'RE wrong there," Julie said softly. "Mrs. John Squires will be the richest woman in all the world."

"All aboard . . . All aboard . . ." shouted the trainmen.

"I almost forgot to tell you," John said, as they stood a little breathless on the observation platform, "that Peerless want you to work for them too."

"Oh, John," said Julie, "I think I'm going to cry . . ."

He reached for her hand. "I told them to have the contract all ready for you to sign . . . I have to talk business like this," he whispered, "or in front of all these people I'll take you in my arms and kiss you . . . Well, I told them to have the contract ready, that we'd be back in about four weeks. I explained business was taking both of us to New York. But I didn't tell them it was a honeymoon.

"They're all pepped up about your first starring picture . . ."

"My . . . my what?" asked Julie.

"Your first starring picture," said John with elaborate unconcern. "They've got a swell title for it too. What do you think they're going to call it?"

"I don't know," Julie told him. "I'm so happy I can't think."

"'Smooth Lady.'"

How Doug, Jr., Expects to Win Joan Back

(*Continued from page* 21)

of its real coming is greater than I ever imagined.

"It's done something to me. I've suddenly settled down to work. True, the final break has lifted from both Joan and me the strain of trying to live together in that growing unhappiness, and it has finally lifted, too, the strain of trying to live a lie. Today we can each of us give all our selves to our work and the things we need to do.

"Frankly, I'm courting Joan all over again. It's strange, but somehow it's lovely, to call her up and ask her to go out with me. And today, when she accepts and tells me she hasn't a date with someone else, I'm as happy as I was those first golden days of our first courtship.

"The other night was one of the most delightful nights I've ever known—Joan's birthday. Joan gave me that evening—there was no one there but Joan and myself and a few close relatives. We had a cake, we had a party—and we went out dancing together. I know I was terribly happy—and I feel she was, too. For a long time, we haven't had as much fun together.

"Other people are making much more fuss about our separation than we are.

"It's as though we'd been clinging hopelessly to a helpless boat. Now, before the boat was finally dashed to pieces, we both leaped out and are swimming for ourselves. Before, we were sure to be dashed to death on the rocks; now we each have a chance of coming to a safe shore—either singly or together again, and I hope it'll be together.

"What I intend to do, I cannot tell like that. It is not a thing I can plan and campaign in advance. I am my wife's suitor. I love her. I know she respects and admires me, still.

"I'll send her flowers. I'll take her out whenever she'll let me. I'll send her gifts. You see, I have an advantage over any other suitor she may have now or later—I know the things she likes and the little ways of winning to her heart. I am going to use every one of them. I was going to say, 'as if she were the girl I wanted more than anything else in life.' But there's no 'as if' about it. She really is.

"Neither of us blame each other for this thing that has come. No personalities enter into it. That Joan has been here and there with other men, or that I've been here and there with other girls—these things do not enter into our break. Neither of us accuses the other.

"I'm going abroad after I finish my next picture. I will probably go to China. My Father wants me to join him there.

"I want Joan to go with me. I've asked her to. I hope she can, and will. I don't want to call it anything as silly as a 'second honeymoon.' But I do hope she can and will go with me.

"But if she can't, it will not mean that I have failed. It will only mean that I will keep on courting her, in every way I know. And even if it takes a year or more, I intend to keep on—because I love her.

"And I know I should have begun doing this a long time ago."

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What Joan Crawford Expects of the Future

(*Continued from page 20*)

what they'll say, they'll remember all that horrid Hey-Hey, Hot Cha publicity I used to get, and say, 'Crawford's reverting to type.'" She mused for a minute. And then, "Why, in this modern world, should a woman continue to be reminded of the foolish things she has done at eighteen?"

"Other people marry," she went on, "find circumstances have altered their lives, and separate, and there's no fuss and to-do."

The old complaint. The constant menace—public opinion—which guides every star's life. For no completely natural gesture can ever be made in the full gaze of the public eye, in the white light of publicity.

I heard her saying, "It seems frightful that in a matter of this kind, a personal matter that concerns only two people, I must stop to consider my career. But I must."

SO you can see that long before the separation was announced Joan was thinking of the future. I asked her, naturally, about what course her private, as well as her professional, life would take. For long before the separation the gossips had told about how she had danced with, and laughed with, other men. She said:

"I must not live like a hermit. I will not shut myself away here in my home simply because I know that every time I set foot outside this house it will be recorded in the newspapers.

"Look here. Joel McCrea and I have been friends for years—long before I even met Douglas. He's a swell boy and I like to be with him. We both love to dance and have fun together. There is no reason why I shouldn't see him now that Douglas and I are separated.

"I met Franchot Tone when we worked together in 'Today We Live.' He's a marvellous actor. He came from the Theatre Guild group in New York, and that thrills me for I respect great acting. I loved working with him for he taught me a great deal, and I loved hearing him talk about his life in the theatre. I've always longed to work on the stage. And someday I'm going to, but I realize my limitations. I know how much I have to learn.

"Now that I'm technically free, I see no reason why Franchot and I shouldn't have companionship. Is there any reason why we should not go out together? I can find none, except . . . except one thing—talk, talk. The gossip. And gossip simply devastates me."

I know what gossip does to Joan. You wouldn't believe as you look at that beautiful, glamorous, exciting poised girl on the screen that she is as timid as a country girl at a penthouse party. But she is. She is as sensitive as Heifetz's violin strings.

She is possessed by fear, fear that this separation will cause her to lose what she has built upon the screen.

So, realizing that she is being severely criticized for doing what she was entirely justified in doing, she is going to work harder on the screen than she has ever worked before. Her career means a great deal to her, but her own life means more. Had this not been true she would still be keeping up the sham with Douglas. She chose between her duty as a woman (to live with a man only so long as she loves him) and her duty as an actress to a public who had visualized her as a happy wife for so long that thinking of her as anything else was a shock.

Will she marry again? The fact that they are separated and not divorced precludes this for a time, at least. "Eventually I may marry again," Joan says. "But not for a long, long time. I want to be so sure. And yet I find that, no matter where I am, I am constantly searching, scanning every face I see, looking for what—I don't know. I am essentially a domestic person. I think I'm the sort of woman who should be married. But I must be very, very sure."

What about the attitude at Pickfair towards her? Don't forget that she and Douglas have been the Crown Prince and Princess of Hollywood. How do the King and Queen feel about it now? Joan talked the separation over with Senior before it happened, and his advice was sane and wise. He told her if they couldn't get along, then they must part. But now that technically she is no longer Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will her name be included on Pickfair guest lists? Maybe, and maybe not. As a matter of fact, this will not affect Joan one way or the other. She is much happier entertaining in her own home than going out to parties.

The Brentwood home, you know, is Joan's. She bought it before she and Douglas were married. She has changed it slightly since the separation.

SHE is much alone for Joan is the sort of person who needs to be alone. In her house she likes to wander from room to room alone. This was something which Douglas could never understand. Once he said to her: "What do you *do* when you're alone?" She couldn't answer. She doesn't know.

She actually likes to read the dictionary. Words thrill her. Perhaps because she herself has so much trouble in expressing herself. She does not talk with such glibness as the quotes in this article would lead you to believe. I have given you the essence of what she said, that's all. She gropes for words, reaching out to capture them and make them serve her. And when she finds them inadequate she cannot speak for long minutes. It is real pain for her to project herself verbally. There are many reasons for this—her timidity and knowledge of her limitations, her honesty and earnest desire to speak nothing but the truth, and the fact that she is essentially a secret person, one who feels much more than she can ever say. She talks a great deal and yet she is inarticulate. That is why, excellent actress that she is on the screen, she is not a good actress off, and when she is troubled or fearful trouble and fear are etched on her face.

She is seeing Douglas occasionally. But Joan insists that the separation is final, that for the present she must go alone. Her work is her salvation. And surely the decision she has made and the battle she has fought will make her an even greater actress.

The End

Never Give a Sucker a Break

(*Continued from page* 59)

place and the man came to sudden life.

"What's the big idea!" he snarled.

"Why, Joseph," the Doc rebuked.

"Never mind that," Joe chuckled. "Wipe the red ink off this guy's forehead, Doc, and meet Floppy Phil. How are you, Floppy, my boy? Last time I heard of you you were falling down department store steps in Buffalo."

The man smiled weakly. "So you're wise, are you, Mr. Stevens?"

"Uh huh." Joe leaned down and dialed the radio louder. A voice ordered: "Attention all cars. Proceed at once to Midvale cut-off. Street car wreck."

"Oh, boy!" Joe jubilated. "Let her loose, Tim!" to the driver, and to Floppy. "Hard up? You've got a job if you want it. You're an eye-witness to this accident."

Reaching the scene of the accident, Joe, with the Doctor and Floppy his aids, went to work signing up new clients. In the darkness, he stumbled and fell over an obstruction. He got to his feet, picked up what he had stumbled over. It was a slipper. He stared at it. A girl laughed. Joe moved toward her. She was lovely, slim, young.

"Were you in this wreck?" Joe demanded professionally.

"No," she ridiculed. "I'm just playing marbles. Would you mind giving me my shoe," and she started to get up.

"Don't get up," Joe warned her.

"Why not?"

"Advice of counsel," he answered. "Besides, you can't walk."

"Of course I can walk," she retorted. "Please give me my shoe."

Joe refused to let her stand up. "I'm J. Phineas Stevens," he introduced himself, "and I'm your counsel. You've been hurt, seriously hurt, and you're going to the hospital." Saying which, he rubbed her shoe in the mud and cracked it in his hand. The girl sprang angrily to her feet. Joe ignored her anger. "Got to show damage," he explained. "It's the little details that count. Dr. Prescott!" loudly.

The girl bit her lip. "You've ruined my shoe!"

"And made your fortune!" He studied the girl with an interest that was ardent. "A beautiful girl like you—any jury in the world—"

Dr. Prescott bobbed up from the confused darkness. "Is this the patient, Judge?"

"I'm not a patient," the girl insisted. "I want my shoe—that is, I want what's left of it."

"How do you know that you haven't undergone a severe nervous shock?" Joe importuned.

"Nevertheless," the girl demanded, "I want my shoe."

Joe yielded, gallantly putting her shoe on for her. "I can just see you on the witness stand." He contemplated her shapely legs admiringly. "Do you know what those will mean to a jury of hard-working, respectable American citizens?"

"They mean a lot to me," the girl retorted. "I use them to walk with and I'm

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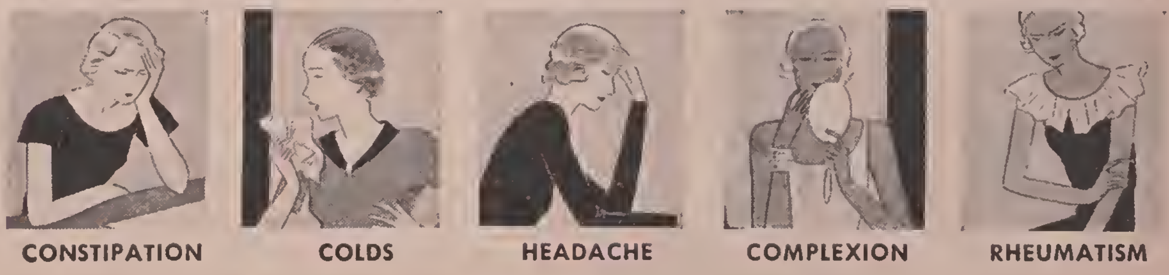

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walking now away from here."

Joe followed her beseeching: "Do you think it's fair to leave me like this? I apologize for what I did to the shoe but I did it in the interests of justice." He took her arm. She looked at him frowningly. He smiled. It was an infectious boyish smile. She softened, returned his smile and let him lead her to where his car stood beside the curb.

"Do you do this for all your clients?" she asked, settling back into the comfortable cushions.

He edged nearer to her. "I'm a servant of the people."

"You certainly give service," she admitted.

"Of course," he explained, "you're a very special client Miss—Uh—"

She nodded. "Miss—uh—"

"Tell me about yourself, Miss Uh. As your lawyer, you can tell me everything in confidence. Your name, please?"

She laughed. "Mason—Dorothy."

"Tell me, Dorothy, are you," his voice lowered ingratiatingly, "living alone in our fair city?"

"Yes."

"YOU poor thing. I," he sighed, "live all alone too."

"You poor thing," breezily.

"And I've got seven bottles of champagne at my apartment."

"Is that legal?" she jeered.

"No," happily. "We've got to destroy the evidence at once." But she shook her head and he, amazed, demanded: "You spurn my offer?"

"Indignantly," she nodded, cheerfully.

Joe sighed again, and mused: "Well, since you refuse to share my humble home for the evening, there's only one thing left for me to do—share yours." He moved very close to her.

She moved away. "Try it!" scoffingly, and, to the chauffeur: "This is the right street. It's the next house, please."

The car drew up to the entrance of an apartment house and the girl leaped nimbly to the sidewalk. "Thanks for taking me home."

Joe followed her. "Wait a minute! Not so fast. You live here?"

"The old family mansion," she introduced.

"I'll call for you tomorrow night at seven." He leaned nearer to kiss her. "Good night, Dorothy."

But she held him at arms length. "Don't let's be so formal—and thanks for the ride."

Inside the apartment lobby, the night clerk asked the girl who had just entered: "Whom do you wish to see, please?"

Her amused eyes were attracted to a large bowl of goldfish surrounded by palms. She said: "I was just admiring your lovely goldfish. They're beautiful."

The clerk gaped after the trim little figure as Dorothy moved quickly out of the door.

The next morning, Mr. Calhoun of the Street Car Corporation was much interested in the interview he granted Miss Dorothy Mason. Her manner with Mr. Calhoun was casual. She was an experienced operative who had been in his employ since the preceding day.

"Mr. Stevens is a charming young man," she was saying. "The first thing he did was to break my shoe. That was circumstantial evidence. Then he assured me I was very seriously injured. He wanted me to go to the hospital."

Mr. Calhoun smiled approvingly. "You're sure he doesn't suspect anything?"

"Mr. Stevens took it whole. He confided he was lonesome and he offered to share my apartment."

Mr. Calhoun wrote down an address and handed it to her. "This is the address of a little apartment I've engaged for you. Now tomorrow morning—are you following me carefully, Miss Mason?"

She was.

The office of J. Phineas Stevens hummed with activity. J. Phineas, however, was not in a humming spirit. He was low, decidedly low. He had discovered that Dorothy Mason had given him a phoney address. He felt as though a hitherto unsuspected lid had blown off the world until his secretary entered. "This package just came for you, sir."

"A package, eh?" His eyes narrowed "Probably a bomb from a grateful client." None the less, he opened it and from it took out a slipper. It was bent and slightly torn. Curious, he reached inside the toe. There he found a card. It simply read: "Prospect 3450."

With an exclamation of elation, Joe called the number. "Hello. This Miss Uh? . . . Well, I have your shoe of the 12 inst. . . . Yeah . . . and what address did you say, please?" He jotted the number down. "Oh, yes, we're very busy right now, but our Mr. Stevens is taking the matter of the shoe under consideration immediately—immediately. Goodbye, Miss Uh."

In her new apartment, Dorothy carefully inspected the new negligee she had donned. She smiled at herself in the mirror.

An imperative knock at the door distracted her. Hastily, she called: "Come in."

Joe staggered in, loaded down with shoe boxes, his hat cocked at a rakish angle, his face wreathed in a grin.

"Good morning, Miss. I'm from Ye Boote Shoppe. Now," kneeling before the smiling Dorothy, "if you'll be good enough to extend the left foot."

"YOU idiot," she laughed. "You didn't actually—"

"Permit me," he took off her plain satin mule, commenced to try on the many pair of mules and slippers he had brought. "You know," reproachfully, "I went back to that place where I dropped you last night. What was the idea of giving me the run-around?"

"I'd have called you sooner if I'd known you were bringing me snow-shoes."

"Speaking of snow-shoes," innocently. "What are you doing for the week-end? I recommend Stevens for week-ends." His arms reached toward her, embraced her, but she held him from her.

"No, thanks. I'm not in the market for a patron. I sent for you because I want a lawyer."

He released her, stared, perplexed. "What for?"

"Well," she began, "this morning a very nice man—the manager of this apartment house—presented me with a fine collection of my signed checks and other bills and I told him to stop tearing his hair because I said, remembering what you said last night—I said I had a very good suit against the street car company."

He started to gather up the shoes he had brought. "I want these back. Here I thought your interest in me was personal, but this is just another case of a beautiful client looking for a homely lawyer."

"I don't think *you're* homely."

He dropped the shoe boxes. "Very well, Miss Mason," with professional briskness. "I take your case. Now, you want to sue a nefarious monopoly in this city, right? Right. Did you discover any injuries this morning?"

"Unfortunately no, but—"

"What about your nerves? Frayed to a frazzle. And your eyesight?" He investigated her eyes. "Magnificent, but you'll have to wear dark glasses."

She gazed at the reckless face before her admiringly. "Is it as easy as all that?"

"Easy?" Joe gestured grandly. "Why, I've sent more boys to college, paid for more trips to Europe, bought more homes in the country, than any other philanthropist in this town."

"How in the world do you do it?" wonderingly.

Joe tapped her shoulder confidentially. "I've got a doctor who could find something wrong with Samson."

"But isn't it dangerous?"

"Dangerous!" he scoffed. "J. Phineas Stevens knows *law!*"

SHE was almost speechless with admiration. "You must be terribly clever."

He sauntered airily around the room. "I know you'd find that out sooner or later. And now—how about throwing some clothes on and letting me take you to lunch. Any objections to that?"

She smiled. "None at all—I'd love it. I won't be a minute."

"Swell—then we'll see *my* doctor about your eyesight."

But after lunch, Dorothy had a previous engagement. Joe had to be content for her to drop in at his office later. Dorothy's previous engagement was with Mr. Calhoun and three doctors.

"These gentlemen," Mr. Calhoun explained, introducing them, "will give you a thorough examination."

"How nice!" she murmured.

Mr. Calhoun addressed the doctors. "May I again impress upon you gentlemen that this examination must be detailed and complete, physically and mentally, for the court proceedings."

The examination was detailed and complete. Doctor Prescott, however, examining Dorothy later at Joe's request, disagreed entirely with the examination of his three confreres. Dorothy thoroughly enjoyed Doctor Prescott's fake diagnosis that her spine was in a frightful state because of the street car accident. Indeed, her spine was so bad that Doctor Prescott feared danger of complete atrophy of the optic nerve.

"Dear me," Dorothy murmured.

"You may dress now, Miss Mason," Doctor Prescott said. "I'll just put this plate away for safe-keeping until it can be developed. But you'll excuse me," putting instruments into his case. I've another patient to visit."

Dorothy put on her hat. The Doctor reached quickly for the empty flask he had hidden behind a row of bottles. She turned just in time to see this.

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I WISH I KNEW HOW TO PUT ON SOME WEIGHT. YOU HAVE THE FIGURE EVERYBODY ADMIRES
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The result is a marvelous tonic unsurpassed in transforming thin, weak, nervous, rundown men and women into strong, healthy, well-developed people, with strong nerves, clear skins, tireless pep.

No need to stuff yourself with food you hate. No messy gagging oils. No "pasty" taste — no gas or bloating. Instead a pleasant easy-to-take little tablet.

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Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting disease than the strong, well-built person. So build up quick, *before it is too late.*

Results *guaranteed*

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* IRONIZED YEAST, and not some imitation which cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine,* with "I.Y." stamped on each tablet.

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To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on box and mail to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 296, Atlanta, Ga.

"Oh, Doctor." He paused, polite. She dropped her tone to a friendly whisper. "This patient of yours—does he carry good stuff?"

He chuckled. "Finest old Bourbon that ever came out of Louisville."

"M-m-m-m," pleased. "Could you slip a thirsty young lady the address?"

"Of course," readily. "The speakeasy's right at the end of the block, behind the cigar store. Mention my name."

"Thank you, Doctor."

As he closed the door, Dorothy stepped hurriedly to the telephone and dialed a number. "Mr. Calhoun? Your man can find Dr. Prescott in a speakeasy on State Street, 1548. . . . Yes, everything's lovely."

It was. Doctor Prescott went to his favorite speakeasy and proceeded to drink himself blind. He even became bosom pals with Kelley of the Street Car Corporation who accidentally walked in and sat down beside him at the bar.

"I'M through with the Street Car people and with Calhoun," Kelley volunteered. "I got a pal here who's a lawyer and we're goin' into Stevens' racket.

"Now shee here," Kelley went on, simulating drunkenness. "You tell me how you and Stevens make those wunnerful X-ray plates of yours. Thash only thing my pal and me want to know before we start out on our own."

The Doctor became cagey. "Lotsa people like know."

"My pal's willing to pay five hundred cash for the information," Kelley inveigled. "He's got the money right on him."

Hours later, Joe and Dorothy dropped by Joe's office. There were lights on.

In Joe's office, the Doctor, flanked by Kelley and his pal, was carefully explaining the X-ray pictures in his hands.

Joe entered the office. His keen eyes absorbed the scene before him. The Doctor turned around, greeted him effusively. Joe just looked at him.

"So—you sold me out!"

"Ah no, Joseph," he was stricken at the thought. "Mr. Kelley and my friend here going into practise. Mr. Kelley's through with Street Car Company."

Kelley grinned broadly. "Your old friend the Doc, Stevens, has been spilling his guts. And it's all going to the Bar Association! And whether he likes it or not, he's going to be subpoenaed as a witness. Good night—*Joseph!*"

Joe ignored them. He saw no one except the stricken Doctor. "Why did you do it, Doc?"

"Eight hundred dollars—guesh thash why."

"And I trusted you."

The Doctor rubbed his head dismally. "Jush no good, Joseph. No good."

"Why did you do it?" He couldn't believe it yet. "Last person in the world I thought'd turn stool pigeon. Stool pigeon," bitterly. "The lowest thing that crawls."

Dorothy moved sharply, gesturing as if warding off a blow.

The Doctor moved drunkenly toward the door, carrying the bag he always carried. "Joseph—wish I were dead. Then they couldn't subpoena me."

Joe stared moodily at the floor. He did not move as the door closed after the uncertain figure of the Doctor. "The one person in the world I thought I could trust. I can't believe it yet. Why he—he—he always called me Joseph. You heard him?"

Dorothy gazed at him sympathetically. "I'm sorry." Then, as Joe sat down disconsolately: "I think I'd better go."

"Please stay," quickly. "Please—if you don't mind. I don't want to be alone." He moved to the window, musing aloud: "Somebody tipped them off to the Doc. But who?"

Dorothy put her hand on his shoulder. "Joe," hesitantly.

Looking down to the street, Joe saw the Doctor weaving across the shadowy, trafficked street. "There he goes—the old boozer—the poor old—"

"Joe," Dorothy tried again. "There's something I want to tell you."

But Joe suddenly raised the window. "The damn fool! Doc!" His voice shook. The Doc was weaving drunkenly between passing cars. "DOC!"

An automobile swerved crazily in a mad effort to avoid the weaving figure of the drunken man. The effort was futile. A scream of brakes. A crash. Joe, his face distorted with grief, rushed from the office, closely followed by Dorothy. They reached the fallen figure on the pavement. Joe dropped to his knees.

"Doc," he half-sobbed. "Doc—are you hurt?"

In dying gasps, the Doctor recited his old formula: "Thrombosis—of—the—spine—optic—nerve—severe—nervous—shock. I love you, Joseph." His head fell back against Joe's encircling arm. "You—don't—have—to—worry—about—me—Joseph. Guess—they—can't call me as a witness now."

"Doc," Joe sobbed.

Dorothy dropped to her knees beside Joe. Timidly, her arm went around his shoulders.

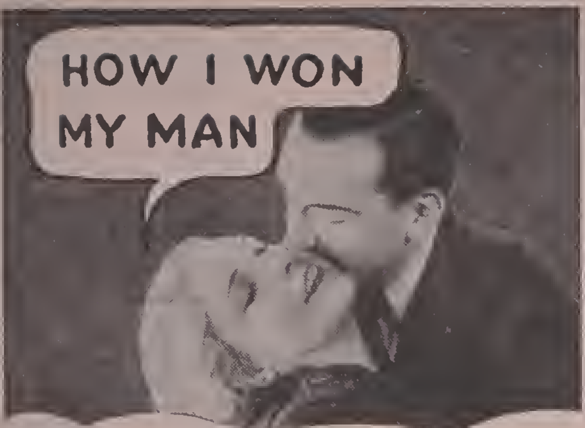
IT was a tired, haggard Joe who switched on the lights in his apartment and took Dorothy's coat. He was in a daze. How had Calhoun and Kelley gotten to the Doc? Dorothy wandered around the apartment, a typical man's apartment. She stopped before the picture of Joe in his graduation gown.

"I wish I'd known this boy," gently.

A bitter smile touched his lips. "Changed a lot, haven't I? Well, plenty happened to change me. My very first case was a sixty-two-year-old client who had a leg cut off, crippled for life. I lost that case to Calhoun on a technicality, on fake witnesses. Well, I made up my mind then it was dog eat dog in this business, and I was going to take the bigger bites. And I did, too. I'm a success." He stopped, moved restlessly, finally went to the girl. "Do you realize you're the only one I can trust now—the only one I can talk to?"

Her mouth quivered. How dared she let herself love this man when she was the one who was plotting his ruin, who was really responsible for the Doc's death? But Joe's arms were around her. His face, usually so confident and reckless, was pleading and sorrowful. With a murmur of tenderness, she lifted her lips for his kiss, and on that kiss she made her decision.

She told Calhoun her decision the next morning. Pointblank she refused to go through with the job she had undertaken.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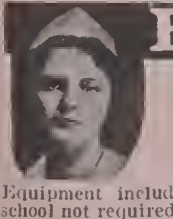

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"You'll have to get someone else, Mr. Calhoun."

"You haven't sold us out have you?" Calhoun was fearful. "Have you told Stevens who you are?"

"No," quietly. "I tried to—but I couldn't."

Calhoun began to see daylight. "So that's it? You've fallen in love with that crook?"

"What if I have?" she retorted.

"Well," Calhoun reached for a paper on his desk, "for one thing here is an affidavit signed by you reciting your injuries in a street car accident. You swore to this knowing you weren't injured. It would be most unfortunate if I informed the District Attorney you had wilfully sworn to a lie."

Dorothy began to see the spot she was in. "You told me to swear to that complaint."

"Did I?" he smiled unpleasantly. "I don't remember. But I do remember, Miss Mason, that the penalty for perjury in this state is from one to ten years in the penitentiary. Of course, if you remain in our employ, this paper means nothing at all. And now that we understand one another, I expect you in court at ten tomorrow prepared to testify. That is all, Miss Mason."

BUT that wasn't all. Dorothy was no coward nor was she dull witted. She did the only thing she could think of doing that would save Joe Stevens. She packed up her things, fled her apartment for the station, leaving word with the clerk that she had to depart town on sudden business. Joe telephoned her a few minutes after she had left the apartment. The clerk repeated what she had said to him. Joe grabbed his hat and made a record fast trip to the station with the faithful Floppy close to heel. He recognized Dorothy in the crowd milling toward the train. He raced after her, forcefully restrained her from boarding the train.

"I'm not going through with that trial, Joe," she wailed. "I can't. I'm not as good a liar as I thought I was."

"Oh, yes, you are," firmly tucking his arm in hers and marching her forward. He practically dragged her across the platform but paused in his determined pace when she dropped her purse. Floppy picked it up, followed them holding it in his hand. The purse had opened. Floppy's shrewd eyes perceived a half opened check in it. He saw the signature—the Street Car Corporation.

"Mr. Stevens." Floppy was a fast thinker. He shoved the check into Joe's limp hand. "I'll see Miss Mason to the car. Don't forget you came down here to talk to the station master about the Jones case. Here, I'll take both those bags."

Warned by the expression on Floppy's face that something was very wrong, Joe let him take the suitcases. "I won't be but a minute, Dorothy. Wait for me in the car."

It only took a minute. The check to Dorothy Mason from the Street Car Corporation for services rendered told Joe more than he wanted to know, but once he did know, he was no sluggard for action. He had loved this breezy, attractive girl who spoke his language more than

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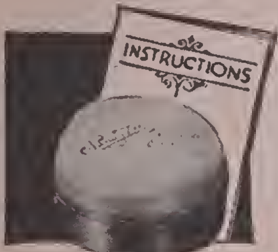

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any girl he had ever known. He still loved her but he hated her, too, because of her perfidy. Now it was his turn. She was going on trial tomorrow, suing the Street Car Corporation. That trial, he realized, was a frameup against him. *She* had framed him. Well, there was one out for him—at her expense—but she had it coming to her.

When he joined Dorothy in the car, he appeared as cheery and brisk as when he had left her. When he swept her into his arms and impassionately begged her to marry him—now—tonight—at once, she had no suspicion he was other than sincere. But when *she* yielded to his ardor and agreed to marry him at once, she had more in mind than her love for him. She knew, as Joe did, that a wife cannot testify in a law court against her husband.

So she married him, realizing in this way only could she save him from disgrace and perhaps jail on the charge of faking a case. And it was her marriage to Joe that did save him when the trial began to swing against him. Joe cross-examined her on the witness stand, asked if she was married and to whom she was married. The trial broke up amid a reactionary bedlam and Joe, with Dorothy beside him, marched triumphantly to the street.

ONCE away from the courtroom, he was through with the marriage, but Dorothy wasn't. She insisted upon going to his apartment with him. Here, she admitted all the bitter charges of double-crossing he brought against her, though it had been her job to double-cross him in the beginning. But when Joe opened his checkbook and asked her how much he owed her for services rendered him, she flew into a rage.

"You married me to save yourself!" she cried, sweeping the check book out of his hand. "Why do you think I married you? I knew a wife couldn't testify against her husband. I wasn't an operative for nothing. I tried to get out of that job every which way. Every minute was torture. All right! I'm through. Annul our marriage. Sue, cheat, fake! I despise you—I never want to see you again."

She tore the wedding ring off her finger, threw it down on the floor and flinging the door wide ran sobbing from the apartment. Left alone, Joe stared dully at the ring. Lord, what a mess. . . .

The mess, however, had just begun. Dorothy taxied back to her apartment and at the desk, Kelley and two detectives from headquarters greeted her.

"You're under arrest," Kelley informed her with obvious pleasure.

Dorothy stared at him coldly. "For what?"

"For perjury," he said.

Hours later, in a speakeasy, Floppy drifted in carrying a copy of the evening paper. The story of Dorothy's arrest was headlined on the front page. Carelessly, Floppy held the paper so Joe could see it. Joe did. He snatched the paper from Floppy's limp hand, and read: "Mrs. J. Phineas Stevens Arrested For Perjury—Bride of Lawyer in County Jail."

Joe crumpled the paper in frenzied hands, gritting. "Calhoun—the—"

"I thought you'd like to know," Floppy remarked casually.

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Joe went direct to see Calhoun. For the first time in his life, he was begging. He promised to leave town if Calhoun would withdraw charges against Mrs. Stevens. He promised to give up practising law—anything, if Calhoun would withdraw the charges.

Calhoun laughed in his face. Rather not. He'd *make* Joe give up his practise of law. He intended to crucify him in court and send him up for a term at the penitentiary. Mrs. Stevens would go up, too. And now, he could leave and leave quick.

"I'll leave," Joe's lips twitched. His eyes narrowed as he beaded them on Calhoun's smirking face. "But I'll make a little bet with you, Calhoun. Mrs. Stevens will be out of jail in twenty-four hours and nobody from the Stevens family will go up the river. Eat those onions and like them."

Trouble began early the next morning. The nervous figure of Joe and the bulky figure of a policeman stood on the street corner of a car-line. Together, they watched a street car approach at rapid speed. Joe stepped forward, planted himself on the tracks. The car came to a halt. An irate motorman leaped out.

Joe pointed his finger at the motorman and demanded of the policeman: "Arrest that man!"

"For what?" the policeman stuttered.

JOE smiled pityingly. "For the violation of City Ordinance A 7321. You were exceeding the speed limit of ten miles an hour."

"He's nuts," the conductor sneered.

"You can read, officer," Joe brought the policeman into the argument. Producing a volume of City Statutes, he opened it at a marked page, handed it to the policeman.

"I demand the immediate arrest of the motorman and the conductor," Joe cried. "If I'm wrong, you can send me to jail for false arrest."

The policeman shrugged. "I guess you'll have to come along—both of you."

All over the city, street cars were stopped and motormen and conductors arrested for violating the speed regulations. In desperation and at Calhoun's suggestion, the company engaged buses until they could take the exasperating cases into court the next morning.

Joe was ready for the buses. He stopped the first one that started out. A policemen was by his side.

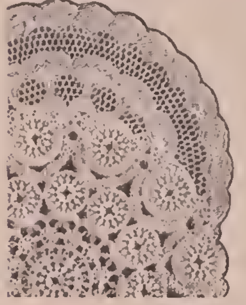
"Here you," he barked at the enraged driver. "Roll up your sleeve. I suppose you've been vaccinated, haven't you?"

Joe opened his book and read Ordinance A-4369: "All drivers of public conveyances in the interests of the public health and welfare must carry credentials certifying innoculation to smallpox, cholera, chicken pox, etc."

Joe shook an indignant finger at the driver. "Arrest this man, Officer. He's a violator of the law."

The city was in an uproar. Transportation was practically at a standstill. But Joe wasn't through. He saved his prize touch for Calhoun. Patiently, he waited that evening at the garage where Calhoun kept his car. When Calhoun appeared and started to drive his car out, Joe stepped out behind him and lifted his hat as a signal to some unseen person.

Calhoun drove in all innocence to his



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ADV.

home. Before he reached this safety, however, and while moving at slow speed down a quiet residential street, he was startled by the figure of a man cutting from the curb directly before his car. The horrified Calhoun jammed on his brakes but too late—the man disappeared from sight underneath his machine.

In lightning succession then, a hand appeared from nowhere and smashed a full bottle of whiskey on the driver's seat. Calhoun was drenched in it. A small crowd gathered like magic, clustering around the car with threats of violence. And when Calhoun turned, stunned and bewildered, to look behind him, he saw a gold-toothed, buxom blonde in the back seat of his car. Two cars drove up, one on each side of the paralyzed Calhoun. Both were aged Fords and each had a crumpled fender. The drivers yelled at each other across the speechless Calhoun.

"Where did he hit *you?*"

"Back in the next block. Lookit my fender! This man's drunk."

From the sidewalk, a threatening voice snarled: "Them drunk drivers oughta be lynched."

Slowly, the crowd closed in on Calhoun. From far away came the screech of an ambulance siren. Calhoun gazed around helplessly, and his eyes lit on Joe wriggling his way through the crowd.

"STAND aside there," Joe shouted. "Friends—don't do anything rash. Let the law take its course." He grinned maliciously at Calhoun whose face was distorted with impotent rage. "So! Prominent attorney careens down street—drunk driving—beautiful blonde! I wonder how Mrs. Calhoun'll like them onions."

"You can't scare me," Calhoun yelled, but Joe's "frame" was too perfectly planned and he knew it.

"No?" Joe returned. "Well, you've got two minutes to get away. All I want is your word to phone the D. A. to release my wife and withdraw the charges. Is it a deal?"

Calhoun struggled with himself and finally barked: "Get in. It's a deal."

Half an hour later, Dorothy emerged from the county jail. Joe stepped forward, his hat in his hand. Dorothy paid no attention to him.

She struggled against him. "Let me go!"

"You remember me?" he entreated. "I'm your husband."

"We can get an annulment."

"Will you stop rubbing it in?" he demanded.

"Joe, it's no use. We can't go on this way. *I* can't. I want to be with you more than anything in the world but I can't. I may have married an ambulance chaser but I won't live with one."

"Ambulance chaser? That's all over."

Dorothy sighed. "Oh, if I could only believe you."

"Believe me?" he exulted. "Of course you can believe me!"

But he tensed as the familiar wail of an ambulance siren sounded.

Joe stepped forward briskly then, realizing Dorothy's stern eyes were upon him, he yielded to the pressure of her arm and moved forward with her.

Grinning broadly, he slipped his arm around Dorothy's waist. "Come on now babe, let's go home."

They did.

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30x5.25	20	2.75	1.15	30x5	3.25	1.35
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Tips on Talkies

(Continued from page 9)

✓King of the Jungle (Paramount)
Introducing another "beautiful body" boy, Buster Crabbe. It'll remind you of "Tarzan" without coming up to the standard of that picture. Still, you'll get some amusement out of this story of a superman raised by wild animals. Frances Dee is the romantic interest, and you know how romantic she can be.

☆

✓Kiss Before the Mirror (Universal)
An interesting picture, based on a rather far-fetched idea. A lawyer, defending a man who murdered an unfaithful wife, discovers his own wife is untrue. So what? He decides that if his client is acquitted he'll kill his own wife. Somewhere in the telling of the picture, the wallop is weakened, so that it all seems much ado about nothing. Though "Kiss Before the Mirror" has an interesting cast, including Paul Lukas, Nancy Carroll, Frank Morgan and Gloria Stuart, not all the players seem cast in the right rôles.

☆

Ladies They Talk About (Warners)
A tale of women in prison. Though Barbara Stanwyck is a grand emotional actress, she shouldn't be asked to put over a part like this. The character she plays is too unbelievable. The picture is average entertainment, to be sure, but the fans have a right to expect more than average entertainment from a Stanwyck picture.

☆

✓✓Lady's Profession, A (Paramount)
Stop talking, Paramount, about Alison Skipworth being a second Marie Dressler. No one can be that, but just the same that Skipworth dame is a great comedienne, and how she proves it in this! How!!! She plays an ultra-British dame trying to recoup her fortune in America, and the way she plays it will make you roll in the aisles. Especially since she has Roland Young to support her. Together they help make "A Lady's Profession" elegant entertainment.

☆

Life of Jimmy Dolan, The (Warners)
Just another movie. Doug, Jr. seems jinxed in his choice of rôles lately. This time he plays a prize fighter who, for love of a good girl, decides to mend his evil ways. Loretta as the girl is so-so. Aline McMahon is lost in a poor rôle. You'll find this film only tepid entertainment.

☆

Luxury Liner (Paramount)
A lot of good actors show how bad they can be when they're given a silly enough plot. Such capable performers as George Brent, Zita Johann and Frank Morgan all give absolutely wooden performances in this. The story rambles all over the place and tries to tell too many things about too many people, none of whom seem to matter. The only thing I enjoyed about this picture was Alice White's performance.

☆

✓✓Masquerader, The (United Artists)
If this is Ronald Colman's last picture for Samuel Goldwyn, at least he's given us something to remember him by. He plays a dual rôle in this, and his performance and the whole picture leave a pleasant taste in your mouth. It's an adroit mixture of farce and melodrama and you'll like it. Elissa Landi is the heart interest, and though she still seems pretty icy to this reviewer, she fits better into the rôle of an aristocratic young woman than into that of an exotic siren.

☆

Men Must Fight (M-G-M)
A heavy drama, which is interesting but too preachy. It is primarily the story of a woman whose lover was killed in one war, and who brings up her son to hate war. There are outstanding performances by Phillips Holmes, who shows what he can do with a meaty rôle, Diana Wynyard, the sensation of "Cavalcade," and the always-dependable Lewis Stone.

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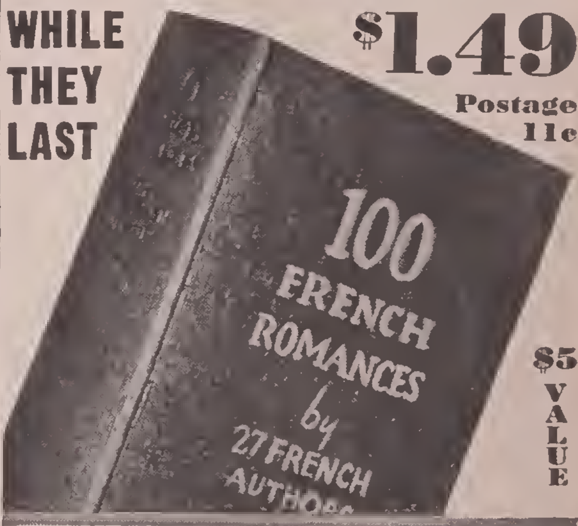

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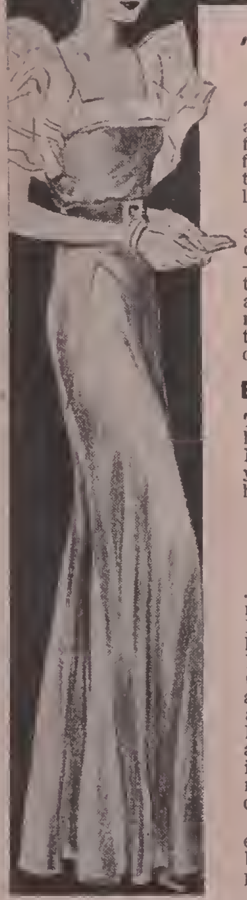

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✓✓ Mind Reader (Warners)

You'll be surprised when you hear who steals this picture. It's one of the featured players, Allen Jenkins, whom you've seen in low comedy rôles in other Warners pictures, who lifts this one above routine entertainment, and makes it something that must be seen. Not that star Warren William isn't just fine and dandy as an unscrupulous fortune teller; not that Connie Cummings, as the girl, isn't everything you'd expect, but it's really Allen Jenkins' wise-cracking performance that you'll enjoy most and get the most chuckles out of.

☆

✓ Murders in the Zoo (Paramount)

If it's chills and thrills you want, by all means see this. It's packed with horror. It's the story of a man (Lionel Atwill) who keeps a flock of murderous beasts to kill men whom he suspects of liking his wife too much. Those who like horror pictures will find this a treat.

☆

Nagana (Universal)

A group of scientists set out into the jungle to isolate the germ of sleeping sickness. A heartless adventuress causes one of them to kill himself. And there's lots more of the same sort of thing. And so what? Just another synthetic jungle picture. Just another rôle for Tala Birell, but one that doesn't give the girl the ghost of a chance. And so, of course, just another movie.

☆

✓ Our Betters (Radio)

A very well-acted drawing room comedy, but how many people like Connie Bennett in this sort of thing. She's one of those girls who marries for love, finds her husband married her for money, and goes for a gigolo. And all this is supposed to represent low-life in English high-life circles. Wouldn't you rather see Connie in a down-to-earth sort of thing about the kind of people you know?

☆

✓ Out All Night (Universal)

Maybe this will make you blush. Maybe it will make you laugh. It's one of those comedies based on smoky gags and lines of double meaning. Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts are a dumb bride and groom who honeymoon at Niagara. Most people will screech in laughter at this. A small percent will condemn it because the humor is somewhat off color.

☆

Perfect Understanding (United Artists)

One of the worst pictures Gloria Swanson has ever made. Maybe it's not her fault; maybe it's the fault of the direction, the lighting, the photography and a dozen other things. The fact remains that the picture is a complete washout. If you're a Gloria Swanson fan pass this one by and wait for her next one. This film was made abroad. Certainly Hollywood can do better by Gloria than this.

☆

Pick-Up (Paramount)

The story of a street pick-up that ends in respectable matrimony. Unfortunately, the characters are too unsympathetic to get under your skin. Little Sylvia Sidney struggles hard to make the girl she plays seem real and likeable, and George Raft does what he can with a character who's too weak to be interesting. As a result, you don't care what happens to any of the people in the story.

☆

✓ Private Jones (Universal)

This is not one of those rah-rah-rah pictures about the glories of war. Instead it's about an ordinary guy who didn't want to go to war but had to, and what happened to him. And because that guy is played by Lee Tracy, you'll want to see the picture, for Lee is hot and getting hotter all the time. His performance in this lives up to everything you expect of him.

(Continued on page 96)

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Letters From a Movie Fan in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 65)

entirely. If not, then at least make it over, or do anything with it rather than wear it as is. Aside from the actual fact that it doesn't look good, it has a bad moral effect that you should never submit yourself to. Swap it, dye it, remake it, burn it—do anything but wear it! Why, put on last year's suit with a new set of jewelry, or a new purse or gloves and the new hat, and you'll feel and look better than in the 'mistake.'

"Here's a hint—when you take a weekend trip, or even overnight, take along many more things than you can possibly wear. Look . . .

Ruth, dear, she opened her clothes closet, and it was crammed with things. "There are more outfits there than I could wear in three times the week I'm spending here," she confessed. "People raise their eyebrows and think I'm just showing off when I take so many things. But I have a reason. Let me put it this way—

"WHEN I dress, I start early. Early enough so that when I'm all dressed in what I've planned to wear, I'll still have twenty minutes left to change it. And often, I do change—wear an outfit or ensemble utterly different from what I'd originally planned and actually put on. Because—and haven't YOU had this happen?—after I was all dressed, I simply *knew* I'd look *and feel* better in something else. And by bringing along more than I could wear by sticking to my original plans, and by leaving myself time to change, I am able to look and feel better—better than anyone else, too, and that's a hint as to being the outstanding dresser wherever you are."

I stuck in my two-cents' worth, there, about "that being all right for Lilyan Tashman, with a lot of money to spend on clothes, to say, but . . ."

"Listen: I know an awful lot of girls who two-dollar an outfit up to look like two hundred. Any of us can do it—especially this year where anything goes, as long as we don't violate good taste. I don't remember a season in a long, long time when we were as free and unlimited in dressing as we are today. We can be as frilly and feminine as we please; anything we put on, or do with our hair, for instance, goes. Why—that one thing alone, that dressing up the hair, can give any girl a great variety of changes and the chance, if she's clever, to be outstanding. It's wonderful what you can do to yourself by changing your hair—and it's a pity so few girls seem to realize it. A flower, an ornament, a clip, the sort of thing I'm wearing now—anything like that makes such a difference!"

Oh, yes, Ruthie—she did give me some specific hints. "One good suit," for instance, "with several different blouses," is one thing she said. (Only she pronounced it "bloozes" and not "bl OW ses," as I always have.) Or, for more formal wear, one dinner dress, with a variety of low-cost coats, to achieve different effects. She said we could make one dress look like four or five, if we used our heads. (And darling, since I certainly can't use

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my checking account on what you're paying me, I'm going to try to take her hint and use my head instead, hereafter, when I'm trying to dazzle that nice writer-friend of *yours.*)

She saw me looking at the pearl ear rings—great big pearls, fully a half-inch or more in diameter!, in the lobe of each of her ears.

"I love 'em," she confessed, frankly. "Oh, not all people can wear them, I suppose, but I wear them ALL the time. Why, I even wear them to bed!"

And just then, there was a tremendous clatter at the door in back of me, and I jumped to the conclusion I'd been dreaming all this and it was the alarm clock waking me up. But it wasn't anything but Edmund Lowe, looking like "Brother Can You Spare a Dime!"

He was in a frowsy old bathrobe, and his hair was as messed as a jigsaw puzzle that had been dropped, and on his chin was at least a four days' growth of beard, and he came crashing in like a Saint Bernard pup in a playful mood.

"'Lo, dear," low-contraltoed Lilyan, "this is Miss . . ."

"Hello. Hello. Glad to know you," he bellowed, not waiting for it to be finished, and through a door he bounced, and water began splashing and things began being thrown around in the next room. And behind him, he left an aroma of vinegar—yes, *vinegar!*—like mother used to leave in the kitchen pickling season. Lilyan wrinkled up that pert nose of hers and said:

"SMELL that vile stuff? Yes, it's vinegar, all right. Ed got such a case of sunburn on the tennis courts yesterday that we've been soaking him and bandaging him in vinegar ever since."

And that's the first time I ever knew vinegar was a sunburn cure, but in Hollywood, darling, you live and learn. And anyway, by now, Lilyan was looking anxiously at that jigsaw puzzle. "We're going back to Hollywood tomorrow and I KNOW I'll never get the darned thing done," she muttered. Now Ruth, I can take a hint. I don't need a house to fall on me, I don't.

So I looked at the wrist-watch your nice writer-friend gave me for a gift the other evening, and said something about having to run on now, anyway. And Lilyan said she was so, so sorry and to be sure to call her when I got back to Hollywood. And believe me, I will—because she said she'd like to have me meet some friends at luncheon some day, and I do want to write you all about that.

And so off I trundled, just as Eddie—looking like a million dollars now, the quick-change artist!, in sports trousers, and nicely combed hair and a grey sports jacket—came bounding back in the room.

"—I'm sorry I can't offer you some li—" he began. But I told him I knew all about that, and anyway that I'd call them up in Hollywood, soon. And by that time, Lilyan was trying to fit a star-shaped blue piece into a round-cornered hole in the tan section of the jigsaw puzzle and even SHE had forgotten clothes. Jigsaws are like that, aren't they, dear?

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They Expect to Live Happily Ever After

(*Continued from page* 28)

ambitions to become successful. Bob thought Virginia was the most beautiful girl in the world. She admired him for his ambition and sincerity. And there it stayed.

During the many weeks Bob was tied-up at the studio, Betty was working hard to graduate from the University of California. Naturally, things were different, they were living in different worlds. She felt she might be standing in his way and did not encourage his attentions.

Bob became very popular with his new-found friends. He received dinner invitations to the home of Joan Crawford. Norma Shearer invited him to premieres. Wallace Ford took him to the Friday night fights. Marion Davies issued a week-end invitation to her country estate. He escorted Karen Morley to the Cocoanut Grove. As he became more popular, he became more busy. Weeks went by, with few dates with Betty.

Every once in a while, he would stop by and report to Mrs. Mullens. He would ask her casually, if she had seen Betty. Mrs. Mullens would answer casually, that she had. She did not further add, that Betty had been by the previous day and asked the same thing about Bob. On one of these visits, he learned she was going to be married to a millionaire. Most girls dream of making such a marriage. It was actually happening to Betty.

THE day she graduated in the large coliseum in Los Angeles, Bob attended the exercises. He asked Betty if he might be the first to congratulate her. Betty stepped over the threshold that leads down into the coliseum. She stepped right into Bob's arms and back into his heart. He realized she had been there all the time. She knew there could never be another man. They picked up the broken threads of their romance.

Then followed long months of hard work for both. Betty moved to Hollywood and decided to return to college for a masters degree. Bob was advancing every day. One good rôle followed another. Now that he was making more money, he was able to make up for lost time. There were Saturday nights at the Grove. There were long hours at the beach. Betty went with him to premieres.

The studio sent Bob to Honolulu to play a rôle opposite Robert Montgomery in "Hell Below." It was a good test for him. He realized how much he loved Betty, being away from her.

When the company returned home, Bob was invited over to the Montgomery's for an evening. He took Betty along. It was coincidental that Mrs. Montgomery's name should be Betty, too. The two Bobs and the two Bettys hit it off immediately. The Montgomerys spoke tenderly of a coming "blessed event."

That night Bob and Betty drove home, starry-eyed and happy. They laughed and cried together. They planned for their future. The very next day Bob was called into the front office at the studio. His option was renewed and his salary doubled.

That night he called on Betty Henderson and proposed to her formally. She accepted him. They went through the whole ritual, as if the thought had never entered their minds before. They decided to keep it a secret. Being a man, Bob did not realize what he was asking of her, with seventy-five sorority sisters, thrilling at her romance.

He was playing opposite Joan Crawford in "Today We Live."

One day, when he wasn't needed, Bob telephoned Betty to drive down to the location. She arrived at noon. They slipped over to Santa Ana and bought their license. He returned to Hollywood again. They worked day and night to finish the picture. Betty had his car and would pick him up at the studio. They would slip away at noon time or find a half hour late at night. They drove up and down the streets of Hollywood and Beverly Hills, looking for a place to live.

One night they found it. Before they even went inside, they knew this was to be their future home. It was set in a nest of trees. A weather-cock perched proudly on the roof. There were ruffled curtains at latticed windows. There was a fireplace to build real fires. They signed a lease for a year and paid their first months rent. Two kids had never been so happy.

Every spare moment was spent in stolen visits to their new home. They would leave groceries in the cupboard and keep the vases filled with flowers.

One night they stopped by and lit the fireplace. Betty went out into the kitchen and fixed hot chocolate. They sat for hours and gazed into the dying flames. Then he took her to her own home. They couldn't wait much longer, to let the world in on their secret. It was too good to keep.

The first day Bob had off from the picture, they drove down to Santa Ana.

BOB did not tell his family or friends. They did not want anyone to feel slighted by not being asked. So they went alone and were married at the home of a minister. A reporter and a minister's wife were the only witnesses.

"This is one time it pays to be an actor," Bob said to Betty, on their way to being married, "It won't be hard for me to remember the lines I have to say."

But when the time came, he dubbed them miserably. The minister asked him to say the fatal words, Bob cleared his throat and repeated, "With this wing I thee red."

That night they returned to their dream house. This time, not for a few stolen hours of happiness. But to remain forever and a day. In front of the fireplace, they found a huge basket of white roses. Inside was a card, "Happiness, from Joan Crawford." There were also telegrams of congratulations. Among them, one signed by Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert.

The next day Bob returned to the studio. Betty got up, fixed his breakfast and waved good-bye from the porch. As soon as the picture is previewed, there will be a belated honeymoon. They plan to take the boat to Vancouver and return home by machine. There will be a few days at Carmel, by the sea. Then they will return home to Hollywood and settle down. The serious business of being Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young, will start.

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(Continued from page 92)

Rome Express (Gaumont)

The "Grand Hotel" idea applied to the events that take place in the cars of a famous European train. It deals with how the theft of a painting mixes up the affairs and lives of many of the passengers on the train. There is some good camera work, an excellent performance by Conrad Veidt, and a rather dumb one by Esther Ralston. If you're not fed up with pictures of this kind, you may like this. Personally I was bored.

☆

Sailor's Luck (Fox)

A picture about the love life of a sailor, mixed up with a lot of smoky gags. Men are going to guffaw boisterously at this. Women—well, some women will blush. Besides the gags and the gals, there's a love story between Jimmy Dunn and Sally Eilers thrown somewhere into the plot. It's incidental, though, to the other type of thing. For its type of picture "Sailor's Luck" is a knockout. But certainly not for the kiddies.

☆

Secret of Madame Blanche, The (M-G-M)

If you hadn't seen this plot so often before, you might think this picture excellent. Maybe you will anyway, for Irene Dunne gives a very touching performance. Of course, you saw it all before in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," in "Frisco Jenny" and half a dozen other pictures, which rather takes the edge off the story. Phil Holmes' rôle isn't so much either. In this, his first picture for M-G-M, he gives a perfect imitation of the weaklings he played for so long at Paramount.

☆

✓Secrets (United Artists)

This is certainly the best picture Mary Pickford has had in a long time. That's because it touches on fundamental human emotions. It's the story of a girl and a boy who love each other enough to pioneer in the West, and to live together through a lifetime filled with hardships and danger. Though he loves his wife, the man drifts into several affairs. How the wife faces the situation and triumphs over it is a story that will get you. Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard are charming as the lovers. Mary's work is particularly fine during the pioneer sequences.

☆

✓✓She Done Him Wrong (Paramount)

Rowdy? Sexy? This comedy exploiting all the charms of Mae West is certainly that, but it's so honestly rowdy, so vivid, so filled with vitality that you'll love it unless you're one of a very small minority. The picture's all Mae West. And is that a recommendation! For Mae West is one of the most distinctive and exciting new personalities you've seen in months. Cary Grant adds another slick performance to his list, too, but it's Mae West that you daren't miss. How she sings and how she puts her lines across and how she swaggers as she walks—oh, baby, how!

☆

✓So This Is Africa (Columbia)

Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey kid the jungle stuff with a lot of nonsense about darkest Africa, over-affectionate native women, and even more affectionate ape-men. The story's decidedly not the kind for little Willie or Mary to see. Though it isn't exactly clean, it is funny.

☆

✓✓State Fair (Fox)

You'll surely like this! It's so down-to-earth, so human, it gets right under your skin. It makes you want to laugh out loud and every now and then to cry a bit. And at the end it leaves you feeling in a sort of glow—a nice, warm glow. If you've been rebelling against the separation of Gaynor and Farrell, you'll find some consolation in what a swell movie team Gaynor and Lew Ayres are. And how you'll revel in Will Rogers' delightful sense of humor!

Strictly Personal (Paramount)

Strictly reminiscent of the wildest ten-twenty-thirty days. The plot is pure melodrama, and hectic, absurd melodrama at that. It's a pity to waste Marjorie (comebacking) Rambeau and Dorothy Jordan on such drivel as this.

☆

✓Sweepings (Radio)

The plot of this doesn't make good movie entertainment. What you'll remember after you've seen the picture is not the story but the fine acting. Lionel Barrymore gives the kind of grand character portrayal you expect of him. Also splendid is Gregory Ratoff. But the story lacks dramatic punch. It's about a man who builds up a great mercantile establishment for his children to take over, and how his dreams die.

☆

Terror Aboard (Paramount)

This was evidently meant as a horror picture, for it deals with assorted murders on the high seas. When horror isn't well done, it becomes merely ludicrous. That's what happened to this picture. It's unintentionally funny. Charlie Ruggles adds some real clowning to the proceedings, and Neil Hamilton, John Halliday and Verree Teasdale try to make you take them seriously.

☆

✓Topaze (Radio)

How a professor, lost in the ways of the schoolroom, gets tangled in a skein of intrigue and is forced to learn the ways of the world. As John Barrymore plays the rôle, this is amusing, particularly to those moviegoers who appreciate subtle chuckles in preference to slapstick. There's a swell bit of acting by Myrna Loy. The dialogue, too, will delight you. It sparkles and crackles.

☆

✓What! No Beer? (M-G-M)

Though this is funny, you may be disappointed in it, for it isn't half as funny as the combination of Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton would lead you to expect. They seem to work too hard to get over the humor of it all, and as a result the picture seems forced, and funny only in spots. Buster may not appeal to you at all in this, but Durante will. He steals the whole thing.

☆

✓Whistling in the Dark (M-G-M)

You'll like Ernest Truex and Una Merkel as a comedy team. They're new and they're great. In this they're cast as an affianced pair who are trapped in an old mystery house by a gang of crooks. The situation isn't treated just as melodrama or just as comedy, but as a combination of both. The fun is fast and furious, and you'll get plenty of laughs.

☆

✓White Sister (M-G-M)

Remember "The White Sister" as a silent with Lillian Gish as the girl who took the veil because she thought her dashing soldier lover had died in the war? Remember the sorrow and anguish she felt when he returned too late? Now Clark Gable and Helen Hayes play the rôles, and you'll be amazed at the emotion they pack into that moth-eaten drama. The picture is a little too sweet, a little too sentimental, a little too old-fashioned in its main idea, but just the same and nevertheless, you'll find it hard to refrain from crying as you watch it.

☆

Woman Accused (Paramount)

If you read the serial on which this is based, written by ten famous authors, you may be a little disappointed in the picture. Not that it's a bad movie, but it doesn't have the action, speed and suspense you'd naturally expect. Nancy Carroll is the young girl who kills the man in her past and runs away with the man in her future, Cary Grant. Cary, who looks like a grand bet, contributes another slick performance.

Love Is Greater Than Fame

(*Continued from page* 35)

Ann was working hard at this time. Leslie Fenton was working too.

Warner Brothers had bought Ann's contract from Howard Hughes, who had signed her for "Scarface." Ann always had understood that when she made good, this first contract would be torn up and a new contract written. But this never happened. She was very careful to explain that this was not the fault of Warner Brothers, that they had paid a large sum of money for her contract and knew nothing about her previous arrangement with Howard Hughes, that they were in no way obligated to give her one penny more than the contract they had bought called for.

"Nevertheless," she explained, "it was discouraging and upsetting to be playing the parts I was playing, to know I was beginning to have the success that entitles you to a large salary and permits you to save against the wane of your particular day, and not to get such a salary.

"Besides, I was rushing from one production to another. My rôles aren't sweet young ingenues, you know. Sweet young ingenues are no great tax. It's emotional rôles that tie your nerves in little knots.

"IN one part I had to go around for a week with my hair slicked back, with no make-up, wearing an ugly cotton nightgown. When you talk about a thing like this it sounds unimportant. But when you do it you lower your morale frightfully.

"Nights when I reached home I was jittery. I didn't want to talk, I didn't want to do anything. And Leslie, who also had been working all day and needed a little diversion, had to sit and look at a jittery wife. A jittery wife he loved for some strange chemical reason but whom he hardly knew at all.

"I began looking forward to the six weeks' shut-down that was scheduled. During this time I planned things Leslie and I would do together. I counted on us getting acquainted, coming to like each other as well as to love each other.

"Then I learned I was not to have any holiday, that during the shut-down I was to be loaned out, that I was to make two pictures, that part of the time I would be working on both of them, rushing from one studio to another.

"Plenty of players do this," she explained. "Right now, for instance, I would be up to doing it myself. But I wasn't then. And I knew it. I was afraid. I could see myself getting more and more jittery. I began thinking about all the Hollywood couples I knew who had been unable to survive this sort of thing.

"It was a Saturday night, after dinner—I had just finished the last picture I would make for Warners' until they reopened—that Leslie and I turned to travel advertisements in the evening paper. Immediately we both wanted to get on a boat and go somewhere, to get off alone. We telephoned one travel agency after another to find it closed. And the more agencies we found closed the more important it became to both of us to find one open and make reservations. At last we got the agency at the Biltmore. We asked for the next sailing and learned a boat was leaving for New York the following night.

"We booked passage.

"I remember how Leslie drove me down to Hollywood Boulevard so I could get some clothes for ship board in the little shops that stay open late on Saturdays."

She smiled.

"We had dinner on board the next evening. Then we walked around and around the deck. It was the first time I'd ever been on a big ship and I adored it. The next morning when we awoke at dawn and poked our heads out of our ports we were far out at sea. I'll never forget it!"

"Weren't you frightened at the thing you'd done?" I asked her. As I said before, running away like this, she was risking more than fame. She was jeopardizing her career itself, her chances of making a living in the movie studios. She had, you will remember, just come into prominence. She hadn't fame wholly within her grasp.

She looked at me, her gray eyes very serious.

"No," she said, "I wasn't afraid at all. In fact, for the first time in weeks and weeks I felt very safe, very right.

"Leslie and I are young. I knew we always could look out for ourselves. If I couldn't get work in the studios again, I could do other things. I had before. I'd supported myself and my family ever since I left school at fifteen.

"I would have been afraid not to have gone, however. I would have been afraid to have stayed and done those two pictures, to have come home more and more jittery at night. I would have been afraid of that. By going I risked fame. True enough. But not to have gone would have been to risk love. And love's certainly much more important than fame."

LESLIE FENTON came dashing down stairs. He was headed for his agent's office. A conference was scheduled there, a rather important conference.

"Doesn't Ann look great?" he asked proudly.

She flushed under her warm tan.

"Hurry," she bid him softly, "so you'll be back for tea."

He was back, I'm sure. No matter how long-winded and involved that conference started out to be. There was something about the way she asked him. . . .And too, having seen the way he looked at her I'm satisfied, you see, that Mrs. Fenton isn't the only member of the family who holds love more important than fame.

- When Bob Montgomery's house-roof caught fire from chimney sparks the other night, just as Bob and guests were sitting down to dinner, Bob said: "Pardon me a moment, please. I believe the house is on fire." And without fuss, left the room, got a garden hose, sprinkled the blaze, had it nearly out by the time firemen arrived.

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Why Interviewers Die Young

(*Continued from page* 50)

that she would meet a mutual acquaintance—so that he could be introduced to her without fracturing the conventions! Miss Skipworth was then, as now, an energetic walker. The bicycle was heavy. But Mr. Frohman was a persistent man.

He followed her for nearly three miles before she stopped to chat with someone whom he knew—whereupon he hurried up, asked for an introduction and arranged for a subsequent meeting.

"I know an actress when I see one," said Frohman, mopping his tired brow. The result of all this was that Alison Skipworth sailed for New York within a few weeks. She has never played abroad since that time. She was known—then—as "the actress with the cameo profile."

Thirty-three years of the ups and downs of the show business serve merely to ripen and mellow a real "trouper." The seasoned performances which Paramount values so highly from this Skipworth have not been come by with ease. She will tell you that she once had twenty "flops" in a row.

"I BEGAN to think that perhaps I wasn't an actress," she recalls. "So I bought a chicken farm—just in case. I know how to take care of chickens . . ."

She yearns even now for a few chickens. "I want a house with a lawn big enough to play croquet—and a place in the back for chickens," she told me.

"What sort of house do you want?"

"I don't care! So long as it has a lawn for croquet and a place for chickens . . ."

I hope that she will not find such a house. For Alison Skipworth is my neighbor now. I moved recently into a modest "court"—a series of small English cottages, strewn about a garden. The first evening I sat down and sighed, amid the clutter (you know how moving is!) of furniture and un-hung curtains and the dismal promise of a strenuous next day. There was a "Yoo-hoo!" outside my door—and there stood Alison Skipworth, just home from the studio, in make-up, her auburn hair tumbling about her shoulders, as friendly and neighborly a person as one could hope to see.

"I just came in to find out whether you would like to borrow any salt or pepper—whether there is anything I can do for you—and *do* you play bridge?" she said.

Now . . . people in California don't do that. You may live next door to someone for years without ever learning his name. I was charmed and warmed and cheered. I had a neighbor! I disclaimed the immediate necessity for borrowing and admitted a modest aptitude for bridge.

"Thank goodness! Then it's all settled. We've needed a fourth for bridge in this neighborhood for months. Come in to see me, Child!"

The day it threatened rain and we were trying to clear the patio of trunks and boxes, she appeared with guests in tow. "We were just starting to a tea party—but perhaps you'd like us to stay and help you?" She was *dressed* for a tea party—all trailing chiffons and velvet wrap. Yet, without a doubt, she would have remained and caused her guests to remain, had we needed assistance.

She lives alone, does her own housework, takes care of her own clothes and looks after Sascha, the silver Persian cat to whom she is intensely devoted. Most evenings her house is filled with young people playing bridge. She is supporting—I don't know how many people—out of that Paramount pay check.

She started rehearsals the other day for "Song of Songs" and met Marlene Dietrich for the first time. "My dear—what a *quaint* little woman!" she said afterward, in some apparent astonishment. "Very nice! But quaint!" I wish I knew what it was that astonished her so . . . It takes a good deal to astonish Alison Skipworth!

She is a trouper, this Skipworth, rich in experience, wise to the game, kind and salty and shrewd. You would like her.

Roland Young

(*Continued from page* 51)

for a long, long time before motion picture offers, with their excellent salaries, lured him to loneliness in Hollywood.

His meeting with Clare Kummer, the playwright, was probably the most important event in his life. Not only did she write some of his most spectacular stage successes—but he married her daughter. The daughter he met while visiting Miss Kummer one summer's day. She was ten years old, wore black pigtails and he espied her in the garden, trying to persuade an indisposed hoptoad to take castor oil. The hoptoad was objecting.

This shy, pink little man who was utterly incapable of small talk with the glittering and importunate ladies of his own stage world, was inescapably drawn to the child—who was pretty silent and shy, herself. He liked her better than anyone he had ever seen—and he waited patiently, for her to grow up so that he could marry her. Eventually she did and he did—with eminently satisfactory results. He is still deeply and satisfyingly in love with her and inordinately proud of her smooth, dark beauty and her lovely singing voice. She is studying, I am told, for Grand Opera. She is still, of course, quite young.

THEY rarely go to parties and almost never make any sort of appearances whatever in public. Hollywood knows him, as you do, mostly from his performances upon the screen. And Hollywood thinks that those are dandy!

He is not, however, quite so inhibited when he becomes really acquainted with people. I don't know how long that takes—probably fifteen years or so. His agents, for instance, find him the most prankish of their clients. He darts into their offices for no particular reason and sits suddenly upon the surprised lap of a secretary. Dawdling there (in the office—not the lap) for an hour or two, he manages to create a disconcerting and lasting confusion. He reads everything on all the desks and writes little notes on all the letters and papers he finds there. One day he went through their "date book"—the one in which they write memoranda of matters which must be taken up from day to day in the interests of their various clients. They found it filled with sly comments and interlineations. After an entry about someone who was to do a synchronization was pencilled, "Synchronize—ah, yes! And how that boy can simonize!" After each entry he had written something about, "Why not a swell rôle for Roland Young? He's a good actor!—Come! Come! How about some work for Roland?" And he had filled all the margins with caricatures of clients and office personnel.

He caused these same agents considerable excitement some months ago when he set out for England to make a picture. Having assembled, with great care, a wardrobe for the work he was to do abroad, he hopped aboard the train, forgetting to check his trunks. A day or two later the railway company got in touch with the agents, wanting to know plaintively what to *do* with those homeless objects. The agitated agents put them on a plane (do you know what it *costs* to send several heavily laden trunks to New York by plane?) and wired Roland that the things were on their way and, barring terrific weather, would catch the boat. Mr. Young replied with a wire of his own. It said, laconically, "All is forgiven!"

HE is avid for curious and unusual information. He will suddenly, apropos of nothing, inquire, brightly, "Did you know that the average life of a normal eyelash is 135 days?" He is pleased all to pieces if you act surprised. "Swans are monogamous," he will add, triumphantly. And he will go on and *on* if you are sufficiently astonished.

He has one book of poetry to his credit, illustrated by himself. "Not For Children" it is called. He is now at work, he says, on a book about the love life of termites. (Nothing that he could do would surprise *me*.) In case your part of the country is not infested with them, termites are those unpleasant little white ants which crawl under your house and gnaw at the foundations. Mr. Young says that this book will be very easy to illustrate because whoever saw a termite which did not look exactly like every other termite?

For the rest—he likes to play tennis and to swim. He is fussy about his clothes and shows excellent taste in the selection of them. He has his ties, shirts and collars made of the same material, mostly in a very dull shade of green. A monogrammed shirt sends him into an inarticulate rage. He loves to buy presents for people.

He is puzzled over a good many things. Puzzled over the reasons why people in the mass will laugh, year after year, at the same things, the same situations. "It's like pressing a button. Get a good recipe for a laugh—and it's easy to get—your fortune is made. You can use it for the rest of your life." He is puzzled also over how a good motion picture is ever released at all. "They *tinker* with them so!"

Well—I hate to upset Mr. Young any more than he is already upset—but maybe A. A. Milne *did* invent him. I mean, when he objects to whimsy so energetically, need he go on being so whimsical? Not that I want him to stop! So far as I, personally, am concerned, just contemplating Roland Young brightens up my day.

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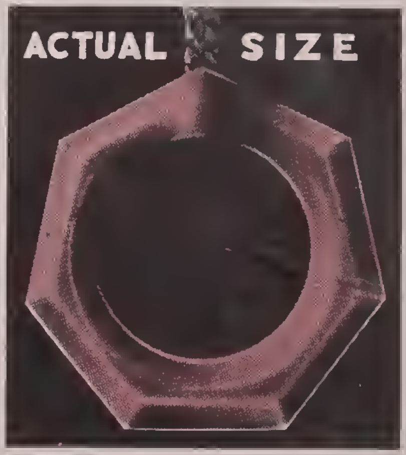

"Color's the Thing!"

says JOHN HELD, Jr.

The Famous Artist and Author gives some Fashion Advice for your Spring Apparel and Home Decorations

BEFORE I started to make the drawings for this page, I interviewed well-known style creators and interior decorators. "What", I asked, "is the outstanding fashion note for Spring?" "Color!", they answered. "Color in every article of apparel — home decorations, too. Color that is lively, brilliant, cheerful."

That being the case, how fortunate there is such a product as Tintex. With these so-easy-to-use Tints and Dyes, you can give everything you wear the gayest colors of the season —at an insignificant cost!

John Held Jr

Above, I've sketched three young ladies who have just finished their Spring Tintexing. And my! How the old homestead glows with fresh, bright color. Faded curtains, drapes, slip-covers, table-linens, etc., have become just-like-new!

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JULY

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CLARK GABLE
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GEORGIA WARREN

JIM TULLY selects
THE MOVIES' GREATEST SIREN

IS HOLLYWOOD RUINING MODERN LOVE?
by NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

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MOVIE MIRROR

Filmland's **Smartest** Magazine

VOL. 4, No. 2

Ruth Waterbury
Editor

JULY, 1933

HOLLYWOOD REPRESENTATIVE ◆ HARRY LANG ★ WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL ◆ ART DIRECTOR

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★

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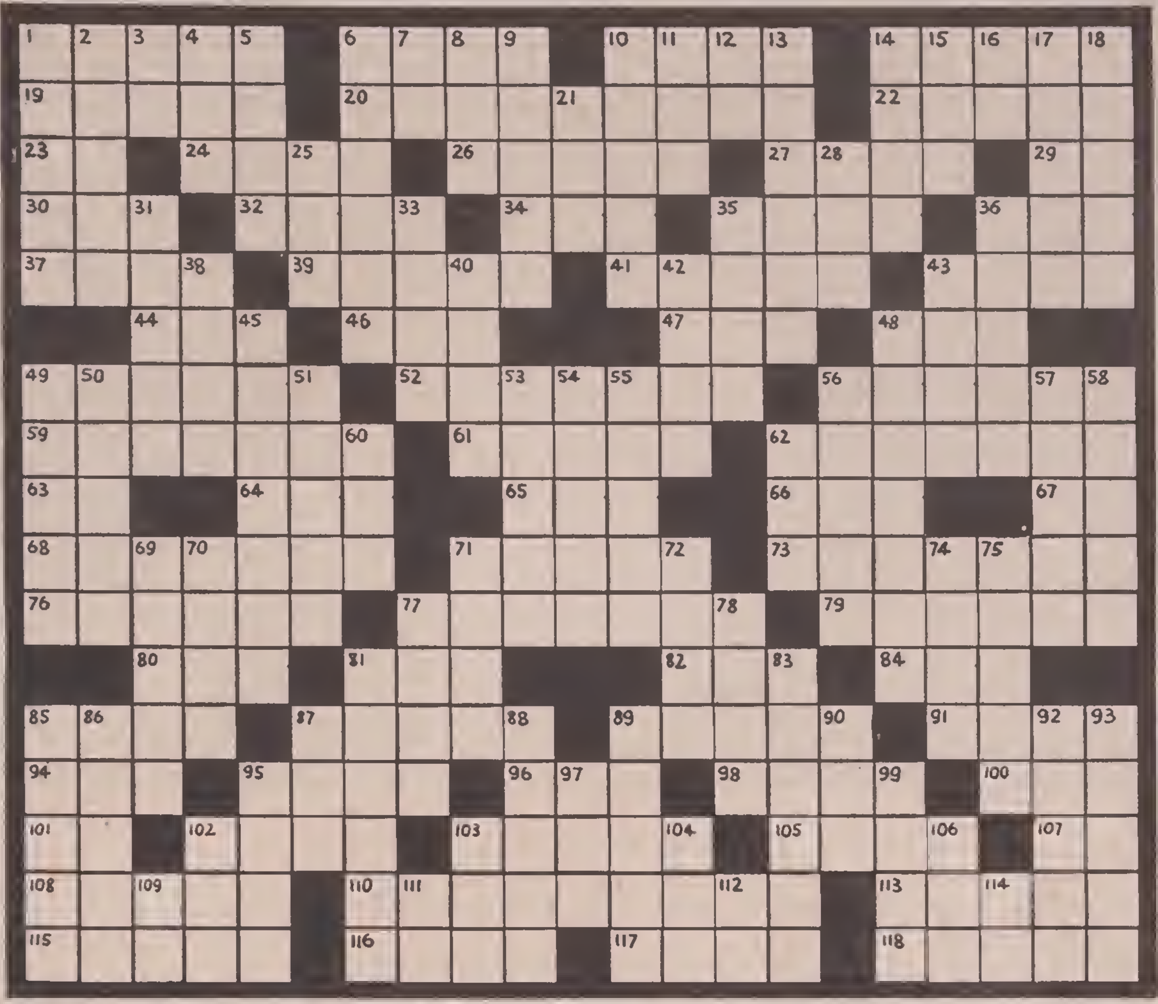
by ALICE MABREY

1 Across



54 Down

1 Down

115 Across

ACROSS

1 Fox's best loved feminine star.
6 Satisfy.
10 Rod on which meat is roasted.
14 M-G-M's most important male star.
19 Torture.
20 Paramount's singing French star.
22 Scope (plural).
23 Pronoun.
24 Incentive.
26 Leading lady in "The Face in the Sky."
27 Measure of area.
29 You and me.
30 The last word flashed on the screen.
32 Producer's term for a great picture.
34 Janet Gaynor's love in "State Fair."
35 Well ventilated.
36 Girl's name.
37 Male comic in M-G-M slapstick team.
39 Potatoes (slang).
41 To soil (as a good name).
43 A successful actor is kept like this.
44 Solemn promise.
46 A starting point for a golfer.
47 A fuel used for cooking.
48 A scrap of cloth.
49 A film reviewer.
52 Mrs. Ben Lyon.
56 The star of "Hell Below."
59 What a second-hand store does.
61 A cumbersome passenger boat used locally.
62 What your movies are taken with
63 One.
64 A meadow.
65 Tiny.
66 Peruvian plant.
67 Ma's husband.
68 Like an animal.
71 A railing around a field.
73 Indicator.
76 Slang, used for colored person.
77 Leading lady in "Grand Slam".
79 Kind of fish (plural).
80 A shade tree.
81 Pointed rock.
82 To pinch.
84 To recede, as tide.
85 Actual.
87 Your biggest finger.
89 Mrs. Nick Stuart.
91 Takes a seat.
94 Noah's boat.
95 Firm.
96 Oneself.
98 What Johnny Weissmuller can do best.
100 Negative.
101 Pa's girl friend.
102 The leading man.
103 Is afraid.
105 Darling.
107 Toward.
108 Different.
110 The co-starring family in "Rasputin."
113 The girl in "Flesh."
115 Star of "Strange Interlude."
116 Remain.
117 What every extra hopes to become.
118 Foe.

DOWN

1 Very "Hard to Handle."
2 An actor's manager.
3 Negative
4 Printer's measures.
5 An actor becomes this when playing repeatedly similar rôles.
6 Scenario.
7 Exclamation.
8 A number.
9 Ills.
10 Decreases speed.
11 To fasten cloth together temporarily.
12 That is—business abbreviation.
13 Paths through wild regions.
14 Used to be Lupe's boy friend.
15 Part of to be.
16 Part of to be.
17 Praises.
18 A literary composition.
21 A woodsman's tool.
25 Periods of prosperity.
28 What you do at a sad film.
31 Spencer Tracy's sweetheart in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing".
33 Signalled, by an actor's line, for another actor's entrance.
35 Exclamation of sorrow.
36 A boring tool.
38 A short letter.
40 Hard of hearing.
42 Homely.
43 An infant.
45 "The Match King."
48 Garbo's most romantic talkie.
49 Shell fish (plural).
50 M-G-M's French actress who has been ill.
51 Spotless.
53 Less old.
54 The "Back Street" girl.
55 Upright.
56 Speeds.
57 Violated.
58 Former Russian rulers.
60 Salt.
62 Kind of fish.
69 What the movies have learned to do.
70 To cultivate (as soil).
71 Shape.
72 A volcano.
74 Circles (also slang for eyes).
75 She's in Gloria Swanson's newest picture.
77 Noisy.
78 Tunes.
81 Beats (as a heart).
83 Part of a star's make-up kit.
85 Our Mexican male star.
86 Muse of lyric poetry.
87 Viscous fluid.
88 The big business man in "Grand Hotel".
89 Baby bulbs (you won't know this unless you have a garden!)
90 To recline.
92 Indian tribal pole.
93 Rocky
95 Juno, in Greek mythology.
97 Mirthful.
99 To manufacture.
102 Edge of a dress.
103 Monk's title.
104 Drunkard.
106 Hurried.
109 Hour (abbreviation).
111 Nearby.
112 The sun god.
114 Concerning.

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by DORA ALBERT

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- **✓✓42nd Street**
- **✓✓The Great Jasper**
- **✓✓Hard to Handle**
- **✓✓The Masquerader**
- **✓✓She Done Him Wrong**
- **✓✓State Fair**

On the other hand, I did not like Woman Accused
Even though it was originally written by ten great authors, when they made it into a movie, they turned it into a cheap, ordinary melodrama.

Men Must Fight
It's all talk, talk, talk, and somehow it never seemed to touch my emotions very deeply. Then after preaching against war during half the picture, it suddenly changes its viewpoint and preaches 100 percent patriotism.

✓Barbarian, The (M-G-M)
A powerfully hot love story about a haughty British girl and a desert native. When you see the love scenes between Ramon Novarro and Myrna Loy, you won't wonder that Hollywood has been chattering that there must be more to those love scenes than just acting! If you want romance and love laid on thick, here you are, and how you'll like it!

☆

✓Be Mine Tonight (Gaumont-Universal)
A foreign-made musical with a cast of names you won't know, but it won't matter, because the picture is delightful. It has some grand singing, which isn't spoiled by a lot of interminable close-ups of the leading man. You'll like this and wish Hollywood would copy the pattern. Oh, yes, it's all in English.

☆

✓✓Big Cage, The (Universal)
If you don't get a thrill out of this one, you're shock-proof. It shows you Clyde Beatty, the world's most famous lion-and-tiger trainer, doing his stuff. It has the stamp of authenticity and reality, and you'll be wild about it. For good measure there's a love tale between Anita Page and Wallace Ford, but the picture is mostly thrill stuff.

☆

✓✓Cavalcade (Fox)
An epic picture that never loses the human touch. It tells the story of an English family from 1899 to the present date, and makes each member of that family seem thrillingly real. You will laugh with them, cry with them, feel as if you know them. You will see the intimate tragedies of their lives and the moments of high comedy against the tremendous panorama of English history. The entire cast is magnificent, with Diana Wynyard giving the most notable performance.

☆

✓Central Airport (Warners)
A filmfull of crashes, runaway planes, and other trick air stuff. No wonder the large aviation companies have been protesting about this. If you took this seriously, you'd almost be ready to believe that no one ever went up in a plane without being injured. But just the same the air stuff is thrilling. And thrilling, too, is the love story between Dick Barthelmess and Sally Eilers.

☆

✓Christopher Strong (Radio)
It's hard to tell whether this picture is good, bad or indifferent, because it's so completely dominated by the personality of Katharine Hepburn. To say that the picture is 95 percent Hepburn is putting it mildly; she *is* the picture. And oh, those love scenes between Hepburn and Colin Clive! They almost set the screen on fire and they're strangely beautiful.

☆

✓Clear All Wires (M-G-M)
Here's a story about a swashbuckling, conceited, fast-talking, egotistic but withal lovable foreign correspondent, based on the career of you-guess-whom. The rôle's a natural for Lee Tracy. Even though the story's somewhat uneven, you won't be sorry you spent your movie money to see it. Besides Lee Tracy's grand work, there's a honey of a performance from Una Merkel.

☆

Cross Fires (Radio)
All I can say about this is that if you like Westerns, you'll like this. Tom Keene does a lot of hard riding, triumphs over wrong, wins the gal, Betty Furness. Fine for the children's Saturday matinee.

☆

✓Destination Unknown (Universal)
Have you been crying for something "different"? This is. You may like it or think it absolutely impossible, but you'll have to admit it's a variation from your usual screen fare. It deals with twelve men on a derelict ship, a lone woman stowaway, and a mysterious "Stranger" who suddenly appears among them. You'll like the work of Ralph Bellamy, Pat O'Brien, Betty Compson and Tom Brown.

☆

✓Devil's Brother, The (Roach)
Imagine Laurel and Hardy in opera. Just eemagine it! Maybe you'll like it and maybe you won't. When Laurel and Hardy are on the screen it's a riot. The rest of the time it's rather a bore, in spite of Dennis King's fine singing and Thelma Todd's luscious curves.

☆

✓✓Elmer the Great (Warners)
Here's one of Joe E. Brown's best pictures, and that's saying a mouthful. It tells about the rise of Elmer, a small town hick who thinks he can play baseball. He's laughed and hooted at by everybody, but oh, how he makes good! "Elmer the Great" will provide amusement for every member of the family, from little Willie to grandma.

☆

Ex-Lady (Warners)
Gene Raymond and Bette Davis lavish two good performances on a picture that isn't worthy of any good acting at all. The plot's too silly. It's about a girl and a boy who start out on a free love basis and end up by deciding on marriage. It drags you through a lot of sex, without any good reason for it.

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss)

Face in the Sky (M-G-M)
The chances are you won't like this, even though it has an excellent cast, including Marian Nixon, Spencer Tracy and Stuart Erwin. There is no excuse for such an absurd plot as this. It's the story of a kind-hearted sign painter who falls in love with an orphan girl and tries to rescue her from a group of ignorant mountaineers. The actors struggle in vain to put over this weak sister.

* * *

Fast Workers (M-G-M)
Poor John Gilbert! His last picture on his M-G-M contract is anything but a brilliant comeback for him. Here he is with Bob Armstrong trying the McLaglen-Lowe kind of stuff. Only they're not the McLaglen and Lowe type, and they don't put it over. As a matter of fact, the only performance in the cast that seems convincing is Mae Clarke's. The other performances are pretty hammy.

* * *

✓✓42nd Street (Warners)
I don't see how anyone could possibly fail to like this. It has music and gayety, it whirls, it sparkles, it has catchy songs and marvelous dancing, and it has action, oh, how it has action! Few backstage musical comedies before this have had a plot, but this has one that keeps your interest alive. And, oh, baby, what a cast! When Una Merkel, Ruby Keeler, Warner Baxter, Ginger Rogers, George Brent, Bebe Daniels and others get into action, will you be glad you went to see this!

* * *

✓From Hell to Heaven (Paramount)
Eleven persons get tangled up in a big race. Their stories provide a variety of entertainment, since there's plenty of action, including murder, violence, robbery, reformation and what not. Jack Oakie steals all the laughs. For romance there's Carole Lombard, looking as exquisite as ever. Chances are you'll like this.

* * *

✓✓Gabriel Over the White House (M-G-M)
One of the most unusual pictures ever screened. It is visionary, breath-taking, daring, this story of a man who is elected President, who finds divine guidance, and sets about solving some of today's problems. The picture might seem too spectacular, too unreal if it weren't for the fact that some of the policies visioned in the picture have already been put into practise by President Roosevelt. But besides being important, "Gabriel" is exciting, thrilling entertainment. You'll love it for that. Karen Morley and Walter Huston are magnificent in their rôles.

* * *

✓Grand Slam (Warners)
Believe it or not, this picture actually dares to kid the great game of contract bridge. And what's more, the people who play bridge will actually like it. Paul Lukas and Loretta Young (and you'll be surprised at the way the girl handles a comedy rôle) make a swell couple. The picture is mostly satire, and then it's at its best. When it descends to pure farce, the humor seems a little overstrained at times.

* * *

✓✓Great Jasper, The (Radio)
Here's a character study that is really vital, that will thrill you and interest you and keep you in suspense. It's one of Richard Dix's greatest performances. Once again he goes through a lifetime in a picture, playing a man who never could refrain from chasing after women, and making the character seem real and even sympathetic. Dix's superb performance opposite Wera Engels makes the picture. Wera? Her rôle isn't very big; she registers only mildly, but maybe next time—

* * *

✓✓Hard to Handle (Warners)
The story of a press agent who's always in a jam, and who has to keep whizzing to get out of those jams. And, oh baby, does he whiz! You never saw, you hardly ever dreamed of such stunts as Jimmy Cagney puts across in this. Fast and funny as he is, though, he has to keep stepping to keep pace with two other people in the cast, Mary Brian, tons more sophisticated now, and Ruth Donnelly, who's a wow. Plenty of people will say that Ruth Donnelly steals the picture. I'm one of them.

✓✓Hell Below (M-G-M)
How M-G-M can turn them out! This proves it all over again, as if any proof were needed. You'll thrill to this story of life on the navy's submarines. You'll sit tense with excitement as the action unfolds. Remember "Hell Divers" and such? This packs just as much sweep-you-off-your-feet entertainment. The terrifically exciting action scenes are the main thing, but just the same you'll get a grand kick out of the romance between Bob Montgomery and Madge Evans, with Bob turning in one sweet performance, believe you me. And then, to add to your pleasure, there's Jimmy Durante cracking through with some grand laughs. A s-w-e-l-l pitcha.

* * *

Hello Everybody (Paramount)
They put Kate Smith in a weak picture, and thought that her singing would carry the story. She sings magnificently as always, but movie fans who demand a decent plot will not be satisfied. Only the hot and ardent radio fans will like this because of Kate Smith's singing, and even some of them will wish that Paramount had done better by this buxom girl.

* * *

Humanity (Fox)
This doesn't quite come off. It's one of those tales about a neighborhood doctor who dies in disgrace to save his son's reputation when his son gets tangled up in gangland. Ralph Morgan plays the doctor, Alexander Kirkland the son. Though the story should have heart appeal, it's robbed of that quality by the way it's done on the screen. Rating—fair.

* * *

✓Island of Lost Souls, The (Paramount)
You'll either think this picture more terrible than any nightmare you ever had in your life, or you'll revel in it, if you love good horror pictures. This is certainly one of the most gruesome of them all. It deals with a mad doctor who has a mania for transforming animals into half-human creatures. Charles Laughton plays the rôle superbly.

* * *

Keyhole (Warners)
Here's one of those plots that doesn't quite make the grade of good entertainment on the screen. Kay Francis is the lovely wife whose elderly husband hires a good-looking detective (George Brent) to watch her. Warners is putting a lot of faith in that Francis-Brent team, but this picture doesn't put them across. It's okay if you haven't anything more exciting to do.

* * *

✓✓King Kong (Radio)
It's a matter of individual preference whether you like this sort of thing or not. Only it's such an imaginative drama, so different even from other horror pictures, that we can't help rating it extraordinary drama. It's the story of a gargantuan ape who falls in love with a white girl, is captured by a group of movie people and brought back to New York. Then the picture deals with the havoc he raises in New York. These scenes are thrilling and different, and make the picture gasp-worthy entertainment.

* * *

✓King of the Jungle (Paramount)
Introducing another "beautiful body" boy, Buster Crabbe. It'll remind you of "Tarzan" without coming up to the standard of that picture. Still, you'll get some amusement out of this story of a superman raised by wild animals. Frances Dee is the romantic interest, and you know how romantic she can be.

* * *

✓Kiss Before the Mirror (Universal)
An interesting picture, based on a rather far-fetched idea. A lawyer, defending a man who murdered an unfaithful wife, discovers his own wife is untrue. So what? He decides that if his client is acquitted he'll kill his own wife. Somewhere in the telling of the picture, the wallop is weakened, so that it all seems much ado about nothing. Though "Kiss Before the Mirror" has an interesting cast, including Paul Lukas, Nancy Carroll, Frank Morgan and Gloria Stuart, not all the players seem cast in the right rôles.

* * *

✓✓Lady's Profession, A (Paramount)
Stop talking, Paramount, about Alison Skipworth being a second Marie Dressler. No one can be that, but just the same that Skipworth dame is a great comedienne, and how she proves it in this! How!! She plays an ultra-British dame trying to recoup her fortune in America, and the way she plays it will make you roll in the aisles. Especially since she has Roland Young to support her. Together they help make "A Lady's Profession" elegant entertainment.

* * *

Life of Jimmy Dolan, The (Warners)
Just another movie. Doug, Jr., seems jinxed in his choice of rôles lately. This time he plays a prize fighter who, for love of a good girl, decides to mend his evil ways. Loretta as the girl is so-so. Aline MacMahon is lost in a poor rôle. You'll find this film only tepid entertainment.

* * *

✓Looking Forward (M-G-M)
A picture of beautiful performances. And why wouldn't it be, with Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone in the cast? Strange to say, grand as Lionel is, Lewis Stone crashes through even more powerfully. The story? A simple tale of what happens when the Depression affects the lives of two British families, one rich, one poor. Lionel is a clerk, who, after forty years of service, finds himself suddenly fired. You can imagine what he does with the part. Seekers of action-excitement may not find this particularly to their liking. But those who love brilliant acting will root for it.

* * *

Luxury Liner (Paramount)
A lot of good actors show how bad they can be when they're given a silly enough plot. Such capable performers as George Brent, Zita Johann and Frank Morgan all give absolutely wooden performances in this. The story rambles all over the place and tries to tell too many things about too many people, none of whom seem to matter. The only thing I enjoyed about this picture was Alice White's performance.

* * *

Made On Broadway (M-G-M)
Just another picture that you can miss without shedding a tear. There's something rather cheap and hackneyed about the plot. In fact, the story's so feeble that even with a cast that includes Robert Montgomery, Sally Eilers and Madge Evans, it doesn't make the grade. Another tale about a gal with a past, a man who falls in love with her without knowing about her past, and the terrible shock he gets when he learns the truth. The ending is stupid.

* * *

✓✓Masquerader, The (Goldwyn-United Artists)
If this is Ronald Colman's last picture for Samuel Goldwyn, at least he's given us something to remember him by. He plays a dual rôle in this, and his performance and the whole picture leave a pleasant taste in your mouth. It's an adroit mixture of farce and melodrama, and you'll like it. Elissa Landi is the heart interest, and though she still seems pretty icy to this reviewer, she fits better into the rôle of an aristocratic young woman than into that of an exotic siren.

* * *

Men Must Fight (M-G-M)
A heavy drama, which is interesting but too preachy. It is primarily the story of a woman whose lover was killed in one war, and who brings up her son to hate war. There are outstanding performances by Phillips Holmes, who shows what he can do with a meaty rôle, Diana Wynyard, the sensation of "Cavalcade," and the always-dependable Lewis Stone.

* * *

✓✓Mind Reader (Warners)
You'll be surprised when you hear who steals this picture. It's one of the featured players, Allen Jenkins, whom you've seen in low comedy rôles in other Warners pictures, who lifts this one above routine entertainment, and makes it something that must be seen. Not that star Warren William isn't just fine and dandy as an unscrupulous fortune teller; not that Connie Cummings, as the girl, isn't everything you'd expect, but it's really Allen Jenkins' wise-cracking performance that you'll enjoy most and get the most chuckles out of.

* * *

✓Murders in the Zoo (Paramount)
If it's chills and thrills you want, by all means see this. It's packed with horror. It's the story of a man (Lionel Atwill) who keeps a flock of murderous beasts to kill men whom he suspects of liking his wife too much. Those who like horror pictures will find this a treat.

* * *

Nagana (Universal)
A group of scientists set out into the jungle to isolate the germ of sleeping sickness. A heartless adventuress causes one of them to kill himself. And there's lots more of the same sort of thing. And so what? Just another synthetic

jungle picture. Just another rôle for Tala Birell but one that doesn't give the girl the ghost of a chance. And so, of course, just another movie.

☆

✓Our Betters (Radio)
A very well-acted drawing room comedy, but how many people like Connie Bennett in this sort of thing. She's one of those girls who marries for love, finds her husband married her for money, and goes for a gigolo. And all this is supposed to represent low-life in English high life circles. Wouldn't you rather see Connie in a down-to-earth sort of thing about the kind of people you know?

☆

✓Out All Night (Universal)
Maybe this will make you blush. Maybe it will make you laugh. It's one of those comedies based on smoky gags and lines of double meaning. Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts are a dumb bride and groom who honeymoon at Niagara. Most people will screech in laughter at this. A small percent will condemn it because the humor is somewhat off color.

☆

Perfect Understanding (United Artists)
One of the worst pictures Gloria Swanson has ever made. Maybe it's not her fault; maybe it's the fault of the direction, the lighting, the photography and a dozen other things. The fact remains that the picture is a complete washout. If you're a Gloria Swanson fan pass this one by and wait for her next one. This film was made abroad. Certainly Hollywood can do better by Gloria than this.

☆

Pick-Up (Paramount)
The story of a street pick-up that ends in respectable matrimony. Unfortunately, the characters are too unsympathetic to get under your skin. Little Sylvia Sidney struggles hard to make the girl she plays seem real and likable, and George Raft does what he can with a character who's too weak to be interesting. As a result, you don't care what happens to any of the people in the story.

☆

✓✓Picture Snatcher (Warners)
Get ready for a treat, picture fans. No matter who you are or where you are or what you like, here's one picture you're going to go for. And why? Why not, with James Cagney acting in this one like a house afire? Why not, with Alice White putting over a swell bit of business as a hard-boiled, wise-cracking sob sister? Why not, with an action story that moves at so fast a pace it'll hold you breathless? Why not, with a love story sandwiched in for good measure, with that exquisite young Patricia Ellis? If you don't get a delightful evening's entertainment out of this one, one of us ought to see a doctor.

☆

✓Private Jones (Universal)
This is not one of those rah-rah-rah pictures about the glories of war. Instead it's about an ordinary guy who didn't want to go to war but had to, and what happened to him. And because that guy is played by Lee Tracy, you'll want to see the picture, for Lee is hot and getting hotter all the time. His performance in this lives up to everything you expect of him.

☆

✓Rebel, The (Universal)
Did you see Universal's "Doomed Battalion"? If you did and you liked it, you'll go for this. Because like that picture, it abounds in magnificent, breath-taking scenery. As a story you may forget it, even though Vilma Banky, Victor Varconi and Luis Trenker work hard to put it over. But as a picture, as photography, as a series of glimpses of the Tyrolean Mountains, you'll never forget it. Never.

☆

Rome Express (Gaumont)
The "Grand Hotel" idea applied to the events that take place in the cars of a famous European train. It deals with how the theft of a painting mixes up the affairs and lives of many of the passengers on the train. There is some good camera work, an excellent performance by Conrad Veidt, and a rather dumb one by Esther Ralston. If you're not fed up with pictures of this kind, you may like this. Personally I was bored.

☆

✓Sailor's Luck (Fox)
A picture about the love life of a sailor, mixed up with a lot of smoky gags. Men are going to guffaw boisterously at this. Women—well, some women will blush. Besides the gags and the gals, there's a love story between Jimmy Dunn and Sally Eilers thrown somewhere into the plot. It's incidental, though, to the other type of thing. For its type of picture "Sailor's Luck" is a knockout. But certainly not for the kiddies.

☆

Secret of Madame Blanche, The (M-G-M)
If you hadn't seen this plot so often before, you might think this picture excellent. Maybe you will anyway, for Irene Dunne gives a very touching performance. Of course, you saw it all before in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," in "Frisco Jenny" and half a dozen other pictures, which rather takes the edge off the story. Phil Holmes' rôle isn't so much either. In this, his first picture for M-G-M, he gives a perfect imitation of the weaklings he played for so long at Paramount.

☆

✓Secrets (United Artists)
This is certainly the best picture Mary Pickford has had in a long time. That's because it touches on fundamental human emotions. It's the story of a girl and a boy who love each other enough to pioneer in the West, and to live together through a lifetime filled with hardships and danger. Though he loves his wife, the man drifts into several affairs. How the wife faces

LAST MINUTE REVIEWS

International House (Paramount)

You'll See: *Peggy Hopkins Joyce, W. C. Fields, Stuart Erwin, Sari Maritza, Bela Lugosi and these radio favorites: Burns & Allen, Stoopnagle and Budd, Rudy Vallee, Baby Rose Marie, Cab Calloway and orchestra.*

It's About: *No sense at all but a lot of hilarious tomfoolery.*

Please, dear reader, when you go to see this screened, leave behind all sanity and all expectation of finding a cohesive and serious plot. Go prepared just to laugh at a lot of strung-up gags, lines, sights, hung on the screwiest skeleton of a plot you can imagine—and you'll have a swell time!

"International House," as it comes to the screen, looks as if Paramount had had a lot of people hired, and a lot of funny things for them to do. So they just threw them helter-skelter into 6,100 feet of celluloid, and let it go at that. And—like so often, when you stir up everything you can find in the icebox into one meal—it turns out guh-reat! Trying to be nothing at all but sheer amusement, it succeeds immensely in being that.

Hilarious sequence: W. C. Fields' absurdities behind a Chinese hotel counter. Revealing shot: Peggy Husbands Joyce steps out of an Austin and leaves her skirt behind.

Your Reviewer Says: Because everybody in this show is so good, it's not fair to particularly praise anyone. It's a hundred per cent laugh-worthy.

For Children: By *all* means!!

the situation and triumphs over it is a story that will get you. Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard are charming as the lovers. Mary's work is particularly fine during the pioneer sequences.

☆

✓✓She Done Him Wrong (Paramount)

Rowdy? Sexy? This comedy exploiting all the charms of Mae West is certainly that, but it's so honestly rowdy, so vivid, so filled with vitality that you'll love it unless you're one of a very small minority. The picture's all Mae West. And is that a recommendation! For Mae West is one of the most distinctive and exciting new personalities you've seen in months. Cary Grant adds another slick performance to his list, too, but it's Mae West that you daren't miss. How she sings and how she puts her lines across, and how she swaggers as she walks —oh, baby, how!

☆

✓So This Is Africa (Columbia)

Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey kid the jungle stuff with a lot of nonsense about darkest Africa, over-affectionate native women, and even more affectionate ape-men. The story's decidedly not the kind for little Willie or Mary to see. Though it isn't exactly clean, it is funny.

☆

✓✓State Fair (Fox)

You'll surely like this! It's so down-to-earth, so human, it gets right under your skin. It makes you want to laugh out loud and every now and then to cry a hit. And at the end it leaves you feeling in a sort of glow—a nice, warm glow. If you've been rebelling against the separation of Gaynor and Farrell, you'll find some consolation in what a swell movie team Gaynor and Lew Ayres are. And how you'll revel in Will Rogers' delightful sense of humor!

☆

Strictly Personal (Paramount)

Strictly reminiscent of the wildest ten-twenty-thirty days. The plot is pure melodrama, and hectic, absurd melodrama at that. It's a pity to waste Marjorie (comebacking) Rambeau and Dorothy Jordan on such drivel as this.

☆

✓Sweepings (Radio)

The plot of this doesn't make good movie entertainment. What you'll remember after you've seen the picture is not the story but the fine acting. Lionel Barrymore gives the kind of grand character portrayal you expect of him. Also splendid is Gregory Ratoff. But the story lacks dramatic punch. It's about a man who builds up a great mercantile establishment for his children to take over, and how his dreams die.

☆

Terror Aboard (Paramount)

This was evidently meant as a horror picture, for it deals with assorted murders on the high seas. When horror isn't well done, it becomes merely ludicrous. That's what happened to this picture. It's unintentionally funny. Charlie Ruggles adds some real clowning to the proceedings, and Neil Hamilton, John Halliday and Verree Teasdale try to make you take them seriously.

☆

✓✓Today We Live (M-G-M)

This is a magnificent picture, and yet I don't know what the red-hot Crawford fans will say about it. Because sweeping, thrilling as the action is; powerful as the love story is, yet the fact remains that "Today We Live" doesn't give Joan Crawford much to do. She does that little magnificently, true; but it seems to me that the action of the picture revolves almost entirely around Gary Cooper, Robert Young and Franchot Tone. There are aviation war scenes that will make your heart do loops; there are love scenes that will tear you in pieces; and yet—and yet, if you're as Crawford-mad as I am, you'll wish that they had given Joan a picture in which she dominated the picture, instead of the picture dominating her.

✓Topaze (Radio)

How a professor, lost in the ways of the school room, gets tangled in a skein of intrigue and is forced to learn the ways of the world. As John Barrymore plays the rôle, this is amusing, particularly to those moviegoers who appreciate subtle chuckles in preference to slapstick. There's a swell bit of acting by Myrna Loy. The dialogue, too, will delight you. It sparkles and crackles.

☆

✓Trick for Trick (Fox)

If you get into the spirit of this, you'll say it's grand. If not, you'll say, "How Silly!" It's gorgeous spoofing of spiritualists, mediums and such. Two fakirs are pitted against one another, and each tries to out-trick the other. Such tricks you've never seen before. Such tricks you've never even dreamed before. There's a murder mystery mixed in with all this, but it's secondary to the comedy. Victory Jory and Ralph Morgan are the rival fakirs.

☆

✓What! No Beer? (M-G-M)

Though this is funny, you may be disappointed in it, for it isn't half as funny as the combination of Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton would lead you to expect. They seem to work too hard to get over the humor of it all, and as a result the picture seems forced, and funny only in spots. Buster may not appeal to you at all in this, but Durante will. He steals the whole thing.

☆

✓Whistling in the Dark (M-G-M)

You'll like Ernest Truex and Una Merkel as a comedy team. They're new and they're great. In this they're cast as an affianced pair who are trapped in an old mystery house by a gang of crooks. The situation isn't treated just as melodrama or just as comedy, hut as a combination of both. The fun is fast and furious, and you'll get plenty of laughs.

Adorable (Fox)

You'll See: *Janet Gaynor, Henry Garat, C Aubrey Smith, Herbert Mundin, Blanche Friderici, Hans von Twardowski.*

It's About: *a modern, yet whimsical, fairytalish romance between a princess and a lieutenant of the palace guard.*

Here friends whispered, when she was getting that divorce: "Wait and see a *new* Gaynor now!" They were right. Here, in a brilliantly lovely movie, is a Gaynor you've never seen before—a Gaynor who adds, to all the sweet charm she had before, a new sexy seductiveness that thrills while it amazes! And her love-scenes with Henry Garat—ooo-o-o-ooo . . . !!

The tale is simple—a princess falls in love with a lieutenant, though she's betrothed to a neighboring prince. Both the princess and the lieutenant play at being what they're not —she that she's a manicurist; he that he's a delicatessen boy! But each finds the other out—and pride breeds peevishness But, as in all fairy-tales, everything ends happily and they live happily ever after.

Lovely Shot: Janet, flinging herself in voluptuous abandon on her bed, singing, "My Heart's Desire" (yes, she sings!).

Your Reviewer Says: Don't miss this. Because, aside from Janet's own charm, it's one of the sweetest screen-stories ever told.

For Children: Certainly and certainly and certainly!

They're calling the next Wheeler and Woolsey picture "Diplomaniacs" but if you ask us, Bert and Bob look in the pink—and as for all those flesh tones, ah, well, ah, welll

Speak for Yourself

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E ach of us, whether consciously or not, reacts to the final dénouement
N o one, old or young, is quite immune from the effects of tragedy or joyousness
D on'ts leave us sorrowing—why, Life is so precious and should hold the promise
I mplied or outspoken, that
ıg will come out all right in the end!
, as the silver screen, can reach all with this glorious promise
:, the HAPPY ENDING, and send us away rejoicing!

Florence D. Sears, Brooklyn, N. Y.

$1.00 LETTER

ɪrian minister's wife and an ardent be- ɛs, and more and more I am beginning ı of better pictures—more wholesome and le today are clamoring for reality. The type picture will do little toward making real. The pictures shown today are like ıts both ways—the pictures that are bad hose that are good will be an influence of more wholesome and sane living. The o stay and we want to lend our support sible to provide the *best* for youth. The y was the artificial and superficial both in life. We want *reality.* All pretensions ɔuld be put aside. Good pictures are not the Best.

Mrs. Herman L. Turner, Atlanta, Ga.

Jesse Lasky gave a party to show "The Warrior's Husband." Here is young Mr. Fairbanks sitting between Marlene Dietrich and Katharine Hepburn. That's Dietrich's little daughter next to La Hepburn

Don't say we don't get all the romances for you. Here's the beautiful Billie Dove with her brand new and second husband, Bob Kenaston. They have been going together for months and months.

concert debut was a howling (no pun) success . . . the first thing after the concert Ramon phoned his mother in Los Angeles . . . it was old home week in the audience, too . . . Mr. and Mrs. Jean Hersholt, Pola (come home—all is forgiven) Negri, Kathleen (Ben Hur) Key and Mrs. Robert Ames were there . . . and John (Texas) Boles is also polishing up his high notes for a concert tour . . . if he can ever get away from the studios stop . . . Universal is going in for a flock of re-issues and remakes . . . "The King of Jazz" is due a revival showing . . . and "The Perils of Pauline" will be re-filmed . . . 'member Pearl White when you were so high . . . Eileen (gone journalist Percy . . . and she looks like Pearl White . . . may star in the new version . . . "The Virgin of Stamboul" . . . great with Priscilla (where is she) Dean . . . will also hit the comeback trail . . . and mebbe with Estelle (sultry) Taylor . . . Estelle has just been awarded $50,000 damages for an automobile accident . . . looks like a profitable year exclamation pernt . . . Betty Furness is playing the femme lead in Bill (he-man) Boyd's pictu-ah, "The Fire Eaters" . . . seems appropriate, doesn't it question mark.

Connie (Marquise to you) Bennett is a good business woman . . . so she must see beaucoup dinero in that movie expedition she is financing to the Dutch Indies . . . the Marquis heads the company . . . they also say that gal is temperamental . . . but her personal maid has been with her for ten years and she hasn't changed cooks in four years . . . not so bad exclamation mark . . . still those all-star things come . . . now it's "Desire" . . . with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, Sylvia Sidney and George Raft . . . it's a drammer of big city life and George (bad mans) Raft plays a "sympathetic" petty larcener . . . whatever that is stop . . . El (Swede comic) Brendel says the most persistent man is the jig-saw puzzle fiend who tried for two months to find the arms of the Venus de Milo . . . M-G-M buys "The Road to Rome" former stage hit of Jane Cowl . . . and Norma (fond mama) Shearer may do "La Tendresse" when she returns from Europe stop.

Summer is here and so are the usual flock of rumors about reviving "The Merry Widow" . . . does sound authentic this time . . . Jeanette (sings pretty) MacDonald has just put her John Henry on an M-G-M contract . . . three films are mentioned for her . . . "The Merry Widow," "I Married an Angel" and a musical version of "The Prisoner of Zenda" stop . . . they do say that Ann (in the headlines) Harding said "no" to Alexander (literati) Kirkland's proposal a long time ago . . . but that Havana trip knocked Hollywood for a row of asterisks tho both Ann and Alexander insist there's nothing to it . . . freedom agrees with Janet (poignant) Gaynor . . . she looks better than she has in years . . . and, my, she was having fun at the Club New York with Charlie (needs a picture) Farrell and Virginia Valli stop . . . someone put an owl in Sally (cute as paint) Eiler's drawing room on the train when she left for England . . . can you guess whom the owl was to make her think of question mark . . . Clive (cool) Brook plays opposite Mae (go) West in "I Am No Angel" (you're telling us) . . . it's Clive's first on the home lot since he went to Fox for "Cavalcade" stop.

Maurice (Gay Par-ee) Chevalier cut his vacation in France by several weeks . . . no one knew whether it was because Yvonne (the ex-Mrs.) Vallee was in Paris . . . or because Lilian (jools) Harvey was in Hollywood . . . Mawruss's next flicker is "The Way To Love" . . . no comments necessary stop . . . and a studio wit says "the way things are going a lot of girls don't know where their next square male is coming from" . . . well, it IS sort of far-fetched stop . . . Ruby (42nd Street") Keeler has been signed by Warners for two more pictures . . . and hubby, Al (Can You Spare A Dime) Jolson is back in town with a Honolulu tan that is SOMETHING special stop . . . Vina (novelist) Delmar's "Portrait of Sadie McKee" to run steadily in Liberty Magazine . . . has already been purchased for Joan (tragedy eyes) Crawford . . . it follows "The Prizefighter and the Lady" and "Dancing Lady" stop.

Just as we thought . . . Douglas (leaping Lemuel) Fairbanks brought company home from Yurrup . . . the guests are Count Carpegna, golf wiz, and Billy Fish, bob-sled champ . . . now what will a bob-sled champ do in sunny California BIG question mark . . . is Chester Morris HAPPY . . . just ask HIM . . . his contract with Roland West is terminated . . . and now he can sign wherever he pleases . . . the old contract kept him tied to a producer who is inactive . . . and it has been in effect ever since "Alibi" stop . . . Leslie Fenton and Ann (run away) Dvorak have bought a ranch and are still billing and cooing . . . Leslie will appear in "Night Flight" . . . there's another all-star affair . . . Robert (personality kid) Montgomery, John and Lionel Barrymore, Clark (they cry for him) Gable, Helen Hayes and Myrna (lotus) Loy . . . hey, where's Garbo question mark.

Gloria (glorious) Swanson turned down the stellar rôle in "Twentieth Century" at Columbia . . . Mary (Cornell grad) Duncan has a new evening gown that hardly starts until south of the equator . . . strong men swooned when she appeared in it on the Beverly-Wilshire dance floor . . . WOW exclamation point . . . hum-town folks are wondering if Sally (Loretta's sis) Blane will become the Countess

Newly wed Joan Blondell and George Barnes step out with Una Merkel who hasn't been married so long herself

Below, you witness a new romance, Lois Wilson and Winslow B. Felix, dining with Dick Barthelmess and Dick's sister-in-law, Mrs. Peter De Rees

Below, at right, a second marriage which is happily blooming, that of Colleen (coming back for dear old Lasky) Moore and Al Scott

A new combine, Allan Dinehart and Mozelle Brittone, Fox studios casting-office girl

Good pals, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable and Mr. and Mrs. Michael (Gloria Swanson) Farmer

Mary Brian goes with Dick Powell. Jack Oakie goes with Peggy Hopkins Joyce. But just the same, Mary and Jack still go places with one another

of Warwick . . . she was to sail for England on the same boat with the Earl of Warwick . . . they were THAT chummy in Hollywood . . . but at the last minute the Earl missed the boat . . . so what question mark . . . Paramount has bought two current Broadway plays . . . "One Sunday Afternoon," for Gary (long and lean) Cooper and "Three Cornered Moon," for Richard Arlen, Lyda (funny accent) Roberti and Mary (she's a scream) Boland stop.

The secret is out . . . when she was a leetle gal Mae West actually played Lil Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" . . . wonder if she drawled to Uncle Tom "come up and zee me zome time" . . . and maybe you didn't know it but Jack (boo) La Rue played with La West in "Diamond Lil" on the stage stop . . . twelve pictures will come out of the famous old United Artists studio this year . . . and that's news . . . the U. A. has been almost as deserted as the tomb stop . . . the white mess jacket . . . instead of the tuxedo coat . . . is the summer rage for local Beau Brummels . . . Alex Kirkland who used to live in the tropics, anyhow, started it stop . . .they do say as how Karen (M-G-M dolling) Morley is planning a nursery stop . . . fan friends of Martha Mattox, well known character actress, will be grieved to hear of her death early in May . . . Roy (out west) Stewart, another screen pioneer, has answered his last studio call . . . and Ernest Torrence, that fine character actor, hail and farewell.

When Hudson's exquisite novel . . . "Green Mansions" . . . comes to the screen you will see Dolores Del Rio and Joel (Apollo) McCrea in the leading rôles . . . Hollywood wonders if the camera can catch the haunting loveliness of the book . . . 'twill be interesting to watch stop . . . Jack (clown) Oakie is horrified at the numerous ways of pronouncing the name of Dorothea Wieck (Veek) . . . he wants you to know his name is pronounced like it's spelled . . . or don't you care question mark . . . Joan Crawford's younger brother has been doing extra work at Paramount . . . the town beaux are all brokenhearted . . . Billie (beauteous) Dove who got married to Robert (young rancher) Kenaston . . . is building a love nest along the Santa Monica reviera stop.

Here's some good luck (as a change) for John (hopes to direct) Gilbert . . . Uncle Sam'l has given back $40,393, result of over-assessment on his 1930 income tax . . . ee-magine, that much OVER-assessment exclamation mark and envious expression . . . hope the report is true that Alice White will be offered an M-G-M contract . . . the little girl deserves a great big break stop . . . one of the town's current acting sensations is having a hard time keeping away from the cup that cheers . . . and we just found out that Connie Bennett writes poetry . . . and wouldn't you KNOW that she sells it and that's all for another month.

One of America's Greatest Women Writers—and herself a Mother—Gives a Provocative Answer

by

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

Because Jean Harlow played "The Red Headed Woman" she was unjustly judged when tragedy struck her own life

DOES Hollywood set our standard of love-ethics? Or do the talkies merely reflect the sort of love-making which is going on in the world?

When the pictures show James Cagney pushing the breakfast grapefruit into his sweetheart's face and Clark Gable swinging a hefty right against his lady-love's jaw, is there an aftermath throughout the country whereby lovers both young and old begin to consider such tactics as acceptable? How do the women like this new standard of love-making? Are they gradually beginning to shelve their old ideals of romance and will such pictures cause them to modify their age-old demands concerning man's proper behavior?

More important yet, how is the love-life of our people affected by sex pictures such as "Frisco Jenny"? More potent, and far reaching yet, is the possible influence of the delightfully wicked "She Done Him Wrong" in which Mae West is rewarded for a completely unmoral existence with diamonds and a first-class husband! How about "Back Street" with a heroine who is a kept woman—one with whom it is impossible not to sympathize even though the wife she rivals is a thoroughly likable, decent person? These are only a few recent, outstanding examples of pictures wherein we are asked to center our interest on heroines who stand for—well, who stand for practically anything—except those qualities which for generations we have been taught to regard as all-important—to wit, decency and cleanliness of behavior.

It is only human to regard anything naughty as intriguing. But the erotic book, which had to be got at in secret and was read only by the few, is a very different proposition from the same flavor in motion pictures, for the movies have become as much a part of our daily life as our newspaper and have very much the same sort of influence upon the public mind. Putting a questionable picture on the screen is simply parallel to making a pornographic book available to everyone—of all ages—at a price ranging from five to sixty cents, according to the neighborhood in which the film is shown. Unfortunately, there have always been publishers who have catered to the type of trade which demanded dirty books:—but *they forced their wares upon no one.* On the other hand, the motion picture producer is in a position which enables him to spring his product on an unsuspecting audience. When the movie fan walks into a theater he perforce sees the picture which is offered:—he (knowingly, to be sure) gambles his entrance fee on what will be set before him in the way of entertainment, and what he sees certainly affects what he does. A million boys today copy Jimmy Durante just as ten years ago, they aped Charlie Chaplin. And if you don't think our young ladies are copying Joan Crawford and Helen Hayes as the girls of yesterday copied the mild sweetness of Mary Pickford, you don't know your orchids!

TRUE, the youngsters of yesterday also flocked to see Theda Bara vamp and to squirm at De Mille's orgies, but they did not try to imitate them. And to the average high-school girl of today, La Bara's naughtiness would appear as the essence of naivete, while as for the DeMille Roman orgy, we have recently been offered one in the "Sign of The Cross." Most of us passed it up indifferently, neither shocked nor thrilled—simply because, though authentic in detail, it presented sin of a sort which is thoroughly outmoded. The fans haven't lost their taste for pictured vice—but *it must be convincing.* They know the real thing when they see it, and who taught them? The pictures!

Give a child a box of candy and he will soon eat himself sick to the point where he has more appetite for bread and milk than for sweets. Too many dirty pictures account for the success of "The Champ," "State Fair," "Min and Bill," even "Cavalcade." But so did the truthfulness of their presentation account for their cleaning up financially. The public will no longer accept poor enter-

Is Hollywood Ruining Modern Love?

tainment, and its first demand is for verisimilitude. Whether the subject is the white slavery or school-boy romance, they will go for it if it is real.

Not unnaturally, financial success is all the Hollywood producer is interested in. The writers of Hollywood, many of the directors, most of the actors, and all of the art directors are definitely interested in presenting the public with the very best their art is capable of producing. But the front office, where the art of the motion picture becomes the Industry, is concerned only with box-office returns. It is not and never has been interested in a definite spiritual and moral obligation to its client, the public. The business men of the motion pictures have never considered themselves in the light of educators with public educators' responsibilities and yet they control the greatest educational factor in the world. As a result the moral effect of the pictures they release has been left to the Board of Censors —a huge, unwieldy body composed of individuals whose varying tastes and degrees of intelligence is more often than not a deterrent to the progress and development of motion pictures. The censorship is feared and hated by executives, and sometimes justly so. But the conflict between the producers' willingness to release anything which would make money and the public's demand that its entertainment-hungry audience be protected from themselves, which gave birth to the censorship board, has created a peculiar atmosphere in the motion picture world. On general principles, and in the spirit of Americanism which automatically resents being told what it may and may not do, practically all of Hollywood now hates the Censorship. It has become almost a point of honor with every member of the colony to slip something over on the Board if possible. With the result that censorship has been reduced to absurd technicalities.

FOR example, the Board forbids showing two people of opposite sexes in bed—even though the audience knows them to be married. Result: In "State Fair" we see an "empty" bedroom, lighted from the street lamps outside the window. Behind a screen is a bed from which come voices which we recognize as those of a boy and a girl, and by gollies the girl is explaining she can't marry him because she couldn't stand living on a farm!

This letter-of-the-law adherence to censorship rules is the best we can hope for under present conditions, and in the meanwhile, the standards and taste of the entire English-speaking world are being affected. Let me cite an

The love scenes in "Red Dust" were anything but polite. Grandma would have been shocked by them. How do they affect modern youth?

interesting example of what I mean.

There never was a rougher or wilder woman than Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong"—and yet she is the current hit of the nation

When "Back Street" was released, John Boles, who played the male lead, took his entire family to the gala opening. The Boles are intimate friends of mine and I know them to be as clean and fine a family as exists in these United States. Their theatre party on this occasion consisted of Mr. and Mrs. John Boles and their twelve-year-old daughter, Marcelite, Mrs. Boles' father and mother, and John's parents. They were all elated to see John's performance—of a man who kept a woman for years and caused her untold humiliation!! As a matter of fact, since the Boles family and mine were not only close friends but next door neighbors, I had taken my fourteen-year-old son with me to the opening, he being little Marcelite's playmate. And it is only in retrospect that the evening we spent seems remarkable. None of us questioned the propriety of showing our youngsters our beloved John in the rôle he played. But now I wonder what the effect upon those two young minds really was? Here we had two sets of grandparents and two sets of mothers whose opinion, whose verdict, was one of unanimous approval. The children heard and echoed our enthusiasm.

Did it do any harm?

Did it accomplish any good? The only answer we parents can make is to shrug our shoulders and demand, "How can we prevent our children from seeing movies?"

WE know we can't stop them—and the general tendency of parents is to feel that the fact of children having already been initiated is reason enough for washing their hands of further concern in the matter.

The public has a weapon of defense against dirt, and that weapon is the price of its theatre admission. They can withhold it. But even that weapon is a feeble one, because we have a *right* to our motion pictures and the diversion they afford us, the release they offer from the strain and worry of our daily troubles. Yet we are more often than not already trapped in the theatre before we discover that we have been cheated as to the character of the show. Take for example my own recent experience with a picture called "A Lady's Profession." It so happens that I wrote this story which co-featured Alison Skipworth, Roland Young, and Sari Maritza. Originally, the piece was entitled "Good Company," and it was the cleanest type of rollicking Anglo-American comedy. There was not a dirty line or flash in the entire thing and I was proud of my product. Imagine my surprise when May Robson, my dear friend, reproached me for having my name on a sex picture!

"My dear, I am surprised at you!" she scolded. "I didn't suppose you ever wrote that sort of thing!"

"But—but have you *seen* it?" I stammered bewilderedly.

It appeared that May hadn't seen it—the advertisements had been enough for her, she said. Alarmed, I looked into the matter only to find that my screen play, under its changed title of "A Lady's Profession," was being advertised by a semi-nude picture of Sari Martiza in a pose which would most certainly lead the casual fan to suppose the "profession" referred to was none other than that "oldest profession" of unfortunate women! The story, however, remained unchanged. The case is merely another evidence of the producers' apparently unshakable conviction that a picture must at least *appear* to be dirty in order to attract an audience. The success of the picture in this case was, in my honest opinion, achieved in spite of, rather than because of, the false advertising.

A RATHER funny reverse-angle is the fact that recently the wife of a leading motion picture executive gave a theatre party on the sixth birthday of her little daughter and invited seven other youngsters. Seven mammas consented, knowing the name of the picture the children were going to see, and all the parents were picture people. The name of the show chosen was "The Animal Kingdom" and the hostess was the wife of a man at whose *home studio the picture was made!!!*

In case you don't see the joke, let me add that "The Animal Kingdom" was one of the famous sex pictures of the year!

In other words, the producers don't even give you a fair break in the titles across the theatre front.

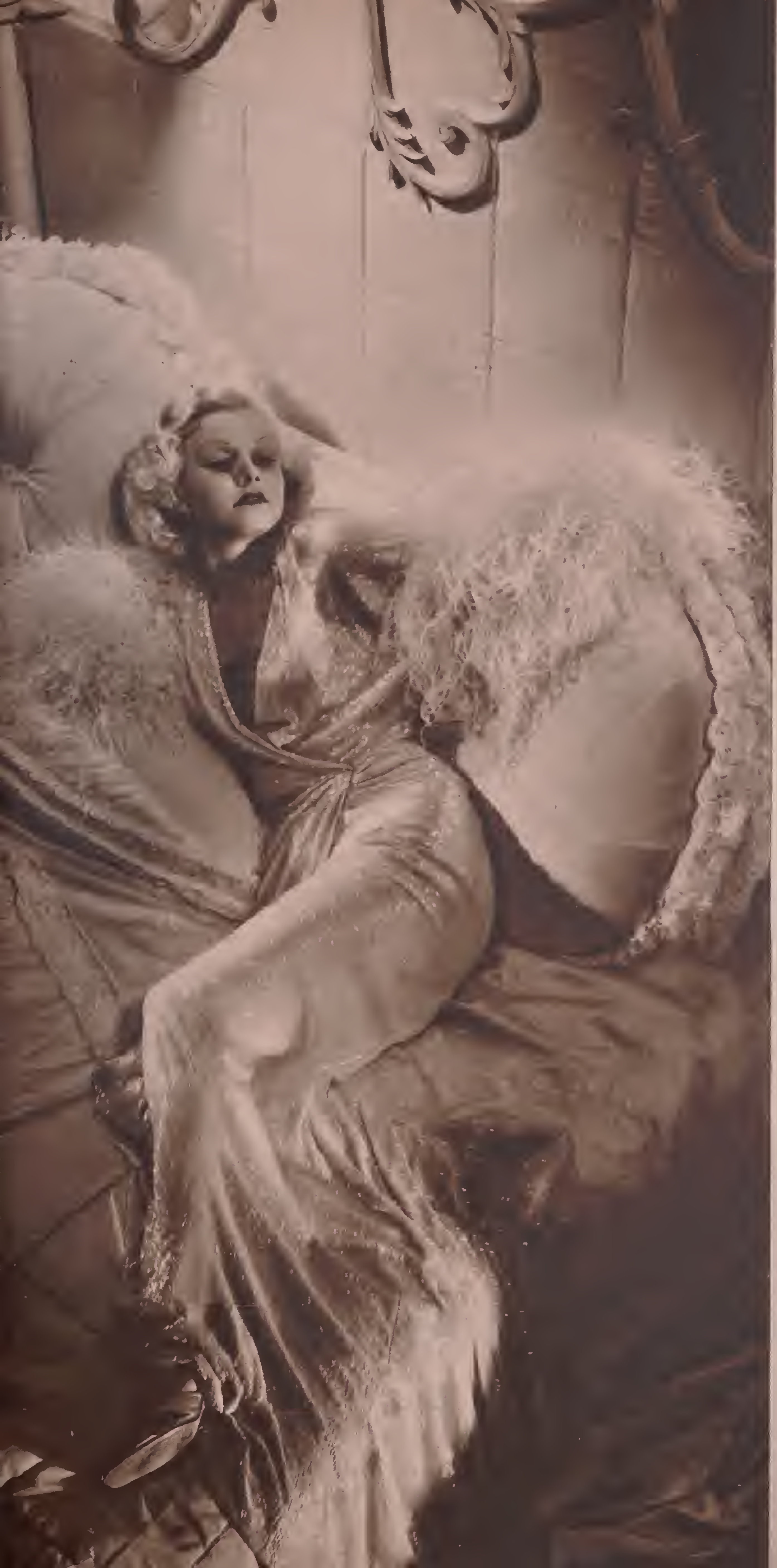
And so with a sigh the public accepts what it is offered and gradually, almost imperceptibly, its standards are changed by what it absorbs from the screen.

You can't maintain an ideal unless it is constantly held up to you.

The ideals of a nation are its strength. And the basic ideal of a people is the high standard of its love-ethics—of the eternal relationship between men and women on which is built the nation's homes.

The love-life of our young people, of our own generation, *is* the nation! Without order, honor, and clean thinking in this basic relationship, civilization as we understand it would be doomed.

Is Hollywood building or destroying this relationship? The question is not an imaginary, but an actual one. Think over the pictures you have seen (*Continued on page* 81)

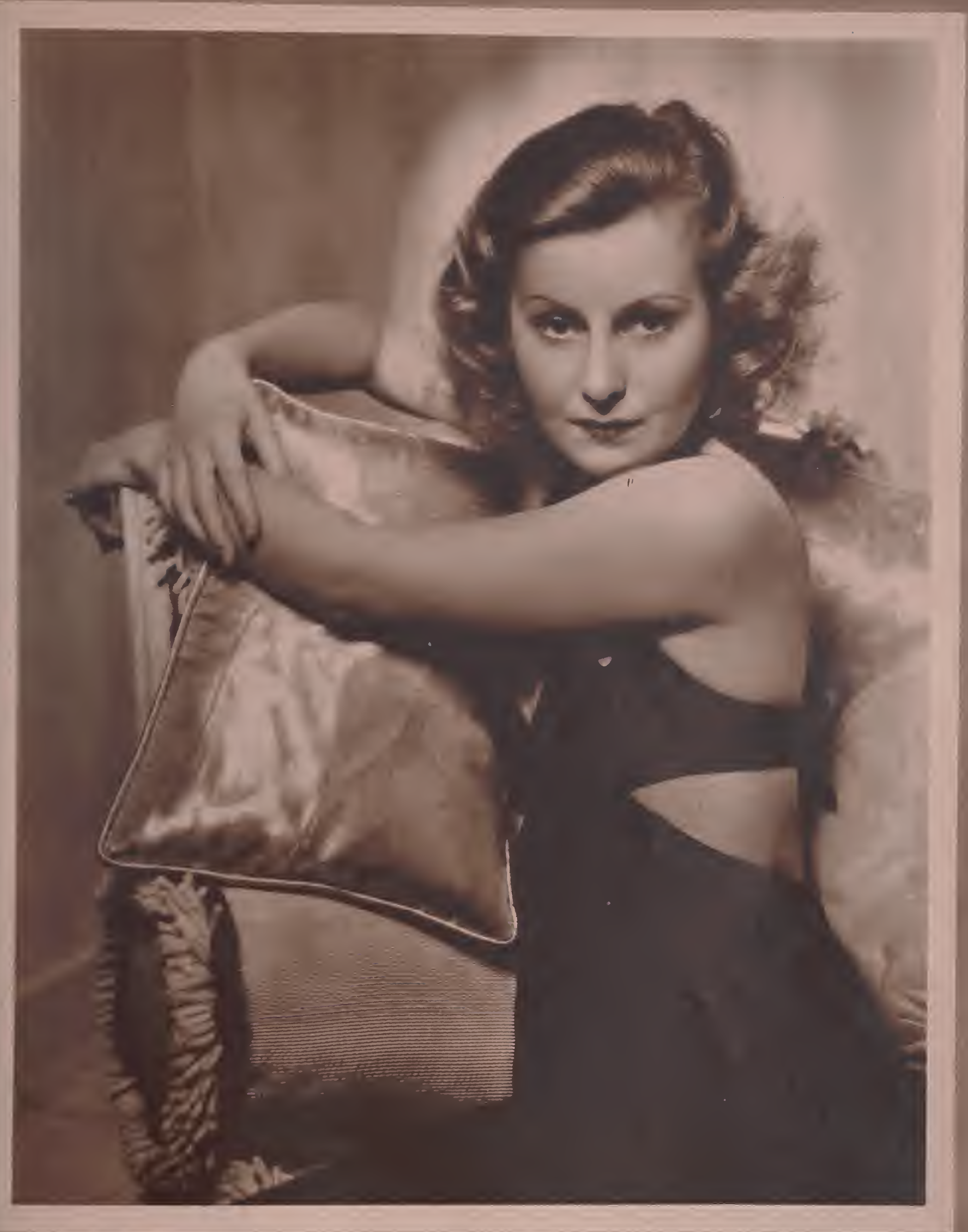


Jean Harlow

We looked through hundreds of pictures this month trying to find you the most beautiful studies of beautiful girls and we finally selected this and the following six. We consider this the prize of the collection. For could anything be more warm and seductive and glamorous than a breath-taking glimpse of Jean Harlow in "Dinner at Eight"?

ADRIENNE AMES

How can you start as a beauty and yet grow steadily more beautiful? Adrienne Ames has mastered that trick—and she doesn't even care. She just wants to be a great actress. She is most happily married, has millions, drives three motors—and bemoans that life is too easy to suit her. Her next picture is "Disgraced" for Paramount—and Adrienne such an honor to them, too!



LILIAN HARVEY

Fox imported Lilian Harvey from Germany. She's actually English, and oh, so fascinating. Every man in Hollywood clamors for dates with her, with Maurice Chevalier and Gary Cooper head contenders. She denies she is married to Willy Fritsch, the German actor. Lilian is another of those slim, luscious blondes and she wears the most heavenly clothes. Her first American picture will be "My Lips Betray"

Sari Maritza

Here's another English girl who pretended to be a Continental just to intrigue Hollywood's interest. (She succeeded.) Sari Maritza was forced into premature stardom by Paramount, but like a brave kid, she's taking smaller parts now and really learning the business of acting. She is just over five feet tall and has intensely blue eyes and lightish brown hair. You'll be seeing her in "International House"

Heather Angel

Her name is simply delectable—Heather Angel. She is a little English import of Fox's. She started on the stage in London at the age of seventeen, and except for America, has played all over the world since. She is particularly keen on riding, tennis and skating. She is a brunette and expects to stay that way. She'll debut in Leslie Howard's "Berkeley Square," a very special film

Carole Lombard

She is one of the smartest young women in Hollywood in more ways than one. She wears a great many or very few clothes equally well. Carole is young and healthy and oh, so beautiful. She goes in merrily for athletics, dancing, tennis, swimming and horseback riding being her favorite diversions. She's married to Bill Powell, under contract to Paramount, and you'll be seeing her in "Supernatural"

When she married Brent, she cabled first word to the American in Madrid, promised him, too, that she'd soon bring her new hubby over to show him.

Again, Ruth kept her word. On the previous visit, when she visited Madrid alone, she fainted when the newspaperman took her to see a bullfight, declined to watch the newspaperman himself (an amateur toreador) fight young bulls on the ranch of the Duc de Tovar, a friend.

But this year, Ruth didn't faint while watching Hubby George fight those bulls. And Ronnie and George were really risking their lives when they entered that bull ring.

—BUT CAN'T TAKE IT!

Professional practical-jokester Vince Barnett got his the other day. After he'd "accidentally" spilled coffee all over other players in the cast of "Identity Unknown," and laughed heartily at his joke, Vince had to play a scene where he's shot, blood oozes down his chest.

It wasn't until after the take, when he tried to wipe off the make-up "blood," that he found his co-players—Gloria Stuart, Jack LaRue, Jimmy Dunn—had mixed cement with the prop "blood."

Vince did NOT laugh.

BABY GROWS UP—

Patricia Ellis is only 17. But hates to be called "the baby of the lot" at Warners. She wants to be very, very sophisticated.

The other day, when they gave her a gets-taken-advantage-of rôle, she gurgled with glee: "Oh, the rôle is just TOO DIVINE! Why, I get ruined and ruined and ruined . . . !

There was recently circulated in Hollywood the story that Mae West and James Timoney, the New York lawyer who acts as her business manager—were really secretly married.

It burned Mae up! "They can say anything about me!" she stormed, *"except that I'm Mrs. Timoney!!"*

And for Timoney himself, he wasn't half as concerned about the story that he and Mae were Mr. and Mrs., as he was about the whispers that he had a wooden leg.

For days thereafter, Timoney ran around Hollywood showing all acquaintances that both his legs were real, even if not exactly svelte.

AND MORE ABOUT MAE—

And there's the tale about the day Mae was being fitted with the thickly-padded costumes that made her look like a brewery-horse model in "She Done Him Wrong."

As the wardrobe-lady put on the pads, a group of girls began giggling.

"Heh, heh, heh," echoed Mae; "just laughing at my expanse, eh?"

Apparently, Dorothea Wieck, the German girl of "Maedchen in Uniform" recently imported by Paramount, has been learning American language. Because at the end of her arrival-in-Hollywood interview, she bade good-by to the reporters with:

"Goot-by, And—er—*nuts.*"

SUCCESS'S AFTER-MATH—

Maybe you've wondered what became of

Three fine actors meet on the Boulevard. That's Bob Montgomery saluting Allan Dinehart. And that's Josephine in Allan's arms; Josephine, the best darned monkey actor in all Hollywood

Now what was there about divorce rumors for the Gables about a year ago? Don't you believe them. Where Clark goes, goes charming Ria Gable. Here they are arriving at the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove

Even the stars have to buy tickets to see moom pitchers. That's Dick Arlen handing his pasteboard. Joby Arlen's at home because the stork's hovering

You don't have to be a star to be popular in Hollywood. Two of the town's most popular people - behind - the scenes, Margaret Ettinger and Ross Shattuck were married recently and everybody was at the wedding party

Among the two hundred brilliant guests at the wedding were this beautiful pair, Mary Brian and Glenda Farrell beaming over the wedding cake

Edwina Booth—Trader Horn's white princess. Answer: Ever since her return from Africa, she's been a comparatively helpless invalid. Exposure to the tropic sun resulted in what's called "intercellular nerve disintegration." Under the care of her father, a physician, Edwina has been fighting back to health on a California ranch. Now, says her dad, it'll be but a month or two before she's well enough to try movies again. And if you want to give the little girl a great big hand, as you did when you applauded her on the screen, you can address her care of her father: Dr. James Lloyd Woodruff, 2301 West 21st street, Los Angeles, Calif.

CONNIE'S PARTY

The Sunday night before Connie Bennett's hubbie, the Marquis Henri de la Falaise et de la Coudraye left on his movie-making trip to the Far East, there was a farewell party at the Connie Bennett home.

Among the guests: Joan Crawford, who came with Franchot Tone; Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who came alone. Gary Cooper was there, too.

And so, as a nice gesture to two of her guests, the entertainment of the evening was a movie—"Today We Live," co-starring Joan and Gary.

GEORGE'S SUPERSTITION—

No elaborate makeup box does George O'Brien use. Instead, it's an old cigar box—the very one he carried his greasepaint in when he first broke into pictures. And in it, too, he always carries his first fan-letter—from a Grand Rapids girl.

Not long ago, George lost the box, posted notices around the studio offering a hundred dollars reward. Warner Baxter found it, but refused the $100. So, next Sunday, George went to church, dropped a $100 bill into the collection box, which, incidentally, is just the sort of thing George would do.

For Leila Hyams' wire-haired fox terrier, many a motorist would gladly pay high. The dog rides in the back seat of Leila's sedan. He's trained to look out the back window. When he spies a motorcycle—be it as far as five or six blocks behind—the dog starts barking furiously, leaps madly about in the back of the car.

Leila forthwith slows down to 20.

Until the cop passes.

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up at Malibu not so long ago. Studio executives, they were. After the steenth bottle had been cracked, somebody found a can of red enamel. "Let's paint the town red," cracked somebody. So they set to work on the first house they came to.

Next day, when they thought it out more seriously, they realized that Connie Bennett might not like it. You see, it was Connie's beach house they'd decorated.

It cost them $400 to restore the house to its original appearance!

Now that she is living alone in her beautiful Brentwood house, Joan Crawford is having it redecorated. Billy Haines is the decorator and he's made Joan's drawing room the last word in cool, white beauty. Everything is white, rugs, walls, ceiling, furniture. The only touch of color is the pale blue coloring on the white serge draperies and a blue and white striped velvet davenport.

Imagine exotic Joan with her sun-tanned skin and her red-brown hair against that white, white room.

INHERITANCE

It was during the making of "Peg O' My Heart." Dozens of little Irish children were being used in a scene. One tiny girl with freckled face, brick red hair and deep blue eyes caught the attention of the star, Marion Davies. The child was so sweet Marion gave fifty dollars as a present.

Still other wedding guests, Maureen O'Sullivan and writer John Farrow, devouring beans. They go about together, those two

Of course, it wouldn't have been a real party if Lilyan Tashman hadn't been there. Remember Jetta Goudal, who's with her?

Here's Gloria Swanson, Luella Parsons, the famous columnist, and Mary Pickford among the guests.

Then she discovered the youngster was the daughter of Pat O'Malley, former star of the silent days.

CINEMA PUNS—

Among other forms of insanity, Hollywoodspeople go for punning in a big way. Two horrible specimens:

When George Raft turned down the leading male role in the filmization of "Sanctuary," somebody cracked that Georgie probably said: "No, Sanctuary much, but I'd rather not have the part."

And Jack Oakie giggles when he packs "Christian," "Eskimo" and "Italian" all into one sentence, like this —"Eskimo Christians and Italian no lies!"

When G-M-G sent a company to the Arctic to film an Eskimo picture, Lulu Wong, sister of Anna May Wong, was one of the troupe.

Lulu's strange beauty soon attracted the Eskimos.

One gallant came courting. He brought Lulu the finest present he could think of. It was a nice, new tube of tooth paste.

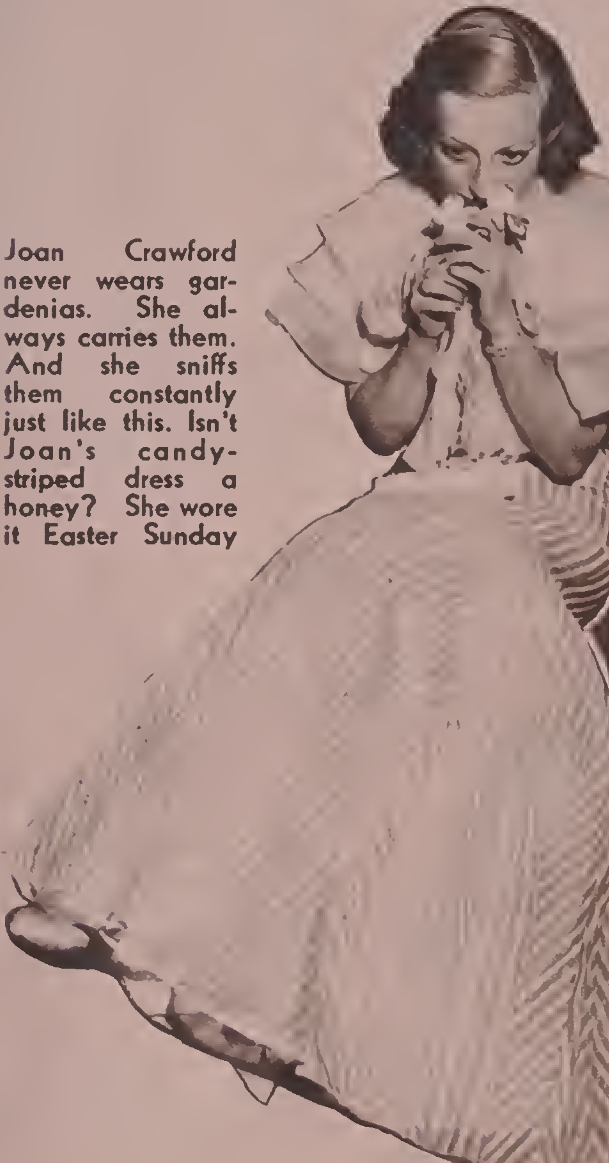
ODDS AND ENDS—

In the elaborate wardrobe Marlene Dietrich assembled prior to her departure for Germany, there wasn't a single outfit of those mannish clothes she's been getting all the publicity about! Garbo's new M-G-M contract is reported to give her $800,000 for two pictures! Malibu isn't going to be THE BIG spot for Hollywood summerers this year, if early-season indications mean anything; there were 70 Malibu cottages for rent, with no takers, late in April. Dorothea Wieck, Paramount's German importee, introduced a new party-stunt to Hollywood. She *wiggles her ears.* Sylvia Sidney, according to Designer Howard Greer, has the smallest waistline among the stars. It's 20 inches. But my-oh-my-oh-my-oh-my, how she do expand from there up! When Mae West saw how many Hollywood girls were copying her platinum-silver nail polish, she switched to deep red. Now that M-G-M has bought movie rights to "The Rain Girl," which is a story of Jeanne Eagels' life, Hollywood's wondering if Joan Crawford, who played Jeanne's part in "Rain," will play Jeanne herself in the film. Do you know that four months ago, M-G-M decided to cut down on Gable pictures in fear fans were getting too much of him? But that they did an about-face and Clark's in at least three pictures to see midsummer release. Marlene Dietrich paid $65 a day for hire of bodyguards for her little daughter. Joan Crawford often gives away one of the gardenias she always carries to autograph hunters, instead of signing their book. Irish Jimmy Cagney again demonstrated his ability to speak

Yiddish when he recently went to a Passover dinner at a Jewish friend's house—and read the ceremony in Yiddish.

HOLLYWOOD CHATTER

Ben Turpin, cockeyed comicker, is writing the story of his life. Fatty Arbuckle, not succeeding very well in his film comeback, says sadly, "Styles have changed; you can't make people laugh any more by throwing a custard pie." New temperance move in Hollywood is called "Five-And-Ten Drinking." Means never drink before five in the afternoon or after ten at night. Florida "lip-readers club" of deaf people wrote letter to Hollywood producers asking that film actors shave off beards and mustaches to help lip-readers understand what they're saying. George Raft drinks milk, yes, milk, at Hollywood cocktail parties.



Joan Crawford never wears gardenias. She always carries them. And she sniffs them constantly just like this. Isn't Joan's candy-striped dress a honey? She wore it Easter Sunday

Who says actors don't get about in the smartest society? The lady between Clark Gable and Leslie Howard is the wealthy social-registerite, Mrs. Tyrrell E. Martin. It's Lilyan Tashman's party they're attending. Mrs. Gable is in the background

His last siege in the hospital took fifteen pounds off Cary Grant. Lilian Harvey has rented a new house. It used to be Lawrence Tibbett's old homestead. Leslie Howard reports he is moving out of Elsie Janis' old home and going straight back to England as soon as "Berkeley Square" is finished. Jean Harlow is writing a novel.

Jean Parker, M-G-M's newest enthusiasm, is not unlike Hepburn in her escapades. She wears corduroys, scorns automobiles for bicycle rides, and recently scared the lot by disappearing for hours. They found her asleep in a tree!

WANNA FEEL CREEPY?

There's a superstition growing, in the Paramount wardrobe department, that Rudolph Valentino's spirit resents any move toward any other actor ever wearing the costume Rudy did in "Blood and Sand."

Thrice, the outfit has been cleaned, for another player to wear—first for Ricci Cortez, later for Paul Ellis, and most recently for George Raft.

But each time, fate stepped in—each time, the picture in which the costume was to be worn went wrong, for one reason or another, and was shelved. In the wardrobe department, they're beginning to feel it's uncanny.

MORE FUN

Polly Moran called up several friends and asked them to spend an evening with her, touring.

Then she took them all to the Los Angeles night court and the county jail. Almost all the inmates knew her by name and Polly introduced her stellar guests to them all.

The prisoners had a swell time.

There's just no telling about pictures!

"The Story of Temple Drake" was made from one of the most daring books ever written. It was called "Sanctuary," as you probably remember, and when they came to cast it, George Raft refused to play the lead—said it would hurt his career. Jack LaRue played the part of "Trigger" instead—said it would probably make his career.

When the picture was finished, the Hays office refused to let Paramount use the name "Sanctuary" in any of its advertising. But the producers thought the picture sensational enough, shocking enough, to be terrific anyhow.

Instead the public is just paying no attention to the picture at all. Even in New York City, which is supposed to relish shocks, "Temple Drake" was an outstanding flop.

Maybe, some day, producers will learn that the public never goes for dirt as dirt. A few hundreds, maybe, but never the millions and millions who make the difference

Here's a New Reason for Getting Married

Buster Crabbe, like a properly romantic young man, carries his bride across the threshold of their home

By MARQUIS BUSBY

IT was almost too much for one day, meeting a young man with ideals, youthful enthusiasm—AND a cure for that most virulent of all diseases, "Going Hollywood." Even having ONE of those things to offer is enough to drive a poor interviewer to drink. Having all of them was just too much for me. I could hardly wait to get over to Al's place and get something to steady my nerves. If you know your Hollywood I don't have to tell you who Al is.

I've heard nineteen thousand cures for "Going Hollywood," all the way from losing a contract to a good sock on the jaw. But for the first time in my life I've heard of a preventative for the durn thing.

Buster Crabbe—Paramount's strapping "Lion Man"—wrote his own prescription when he found the little bug biting on him. He got married before Hollywooditis had a chance to get in its dirty work of late parties, bathtub gin and peroxide blondes with brunette intentions.

Mrs. Buster was Virginia Held, a Los Angeles society girl, and she's been Buster's Big Moment ever since he saw her one morning on the beach at Waikiki. He was life-guarding that summer, and Virginia was spending a vacation in the islands with her parents. And, goodness, you know what Waikiki can do to a boy and a girl.

"I said that there was the prettiest girl I had ever seen at Waikiki," Buster explained, "and I said it loud enough for her to hear, too. I was introduced to her a little later, and I taught her how to swim (old stuff but still good). When I came to Los Angeles I looked her up again. Oh, there's never been any girl but Virginia."

But there might have been and that's why Buster looked up a good parson and withdrew permanently from circulation. He wasn't taking any chances on "Going Hollywood," and he wasn't taking any chances on losing Virginia. He's a strictly monogamous young man, is Buster.

"It was pretty hard work when I was acting in 'The Lion Man,'" he continued. "There wasn't much time for parties and late hours. After you spend your days wrestling around with a bunch of lions, even if they are vegetarians, you want to spend your nights in bed asleep. When the picture was completed I had more leisure. Somehow or other I started going around to parties. I stayed up late, ate food at the wrong time, and drank a bit. The worst part of it was that I was beginning to like it.

"There had never been much time for whoopee before that in my life. I'd worked my way through college, and kept in training down to the finest point. You've got to if you are to remain at your peak for competition in swimming. I didn't drink and I didn't smoke. Oh, once when I was in college some of the boys ganged on me and gave me a little too much beer. But I was too interested in swimming, and competing in the Olympic Games to have time for dissipation.

"I don't know exactly how I happened to get started going out on parties after the picture, but I did. I seemed to be gathering a bunch of back-slappers and hangers-on around me. I don't think they were the sort that would do me much good in the long run. I was seeing too much of them, and not finding time to be with my college friends—the ones that really mattered to me."

AND to Buster, who had been too busy winning Olympic medals to have time for any girl but Virginia, and no money to spend on them if he had the inclination, mash notes that came to the studio were rather confusing. Movie actresses who cast predatory glances in his direction were more frightening than the lions in the picture. The movie actresses, at least, were ladies. They didn't actually chase him into buildings. It was the outside girls that caused the embarrassment. They waited outside the studio gates for him. One in particular was so insistent that he almost considered buying himself a set of false whiskers.

It was too much for Buster. He had listened to the cheers of the mobs when he was victor (*Continued on page 74*)

Movie Mirror's camera man got the Garbo ship far out at sea, followed that up with Greta as she first stepped forth; then caught the mob of reporters trying to surround her

GARBO'S Romance On Shipboard

SHE came back—Garbo, the Unapproachable, Garbo, the Legend, Garbo the girl who "thought she go home now" and did—for months, but who has now returned for one picture and maybe two and maybe to even become an American citizen and stay here.

And though she tried very hard on shipboard to be just like any other girl, wearing shorts and sweaters and playing deck tennis and quoits and shuffleboard, she wasn't at all, for she was glamorous and created romance in the heart of one Ture Steen.

There were only four other passengers on the freighter "Anna Johnson." Garbo dined with them, sitting at the Captain's table—and Captain Holmberg was angry over the stories he later saw in the papers saying Greta had been drinking on the trip.

"Only once," he said, "on the whole voyage did she drink—undt dot vas on the night of the Captain's dinner. She sipped a half a glass of champagne—undt it was such goot champagne . . .!"

Every day, however, she escaped for an hour or two, into one of the lifeboats which swung from the davits on the boat deck, so high up one couldn't peer into it and so located that even from the super-structure, where sailors might be painting, it couldn't be looked into. There she took her sunbaths as she used to take them in the private garden of her Hollywood home among the hills.

When evening came, she would appear on deck with Ture Steen. He's a Swedish youth, in the 20's somewhere like Greta. He's blond, of average height, he's clean and fresh-looking and a gentleman. With his mother, he had been living in Paris and was bound for a visit to America. And little did he dream when he shipped on an ordinary freighter that he was to have his moment of glamour with the most famous woman in the world.

But for three weeks, he and Garbo were each other's closest friends. Ships' sailors watched them strolling the decks, leaning over the rail, playing shuffleboard or deck tennis in the bright glare of the ocean sun by day; by night, sitting in deck chairs so close together their arms touched—a glow from the bowl of Steen's pipe their only light, save when the ship slowly swayed and the moon sent a shaft of magic slipping under a canvas awning to add "that" touch . . :! What did they talk about?—only those two know, and Garbo, back in her silence, won't ever tell, nor will Steen.

Surrounded by the gang of news hounds at the pier, Garbo still remembered Steen. She turned to the ship as she stepped into the auto—and waved up at the upper deck, where Steen stood, no smile on his face, looking down. In Garbo's eyes, the newspapermen saw, was an unusual brightness, as though they were brimmed with moisture, as she waved farewell. He waved back. Then she was gone. Oh the reporters hurried to talk to the boy—

"I found her very sweet indeed . . ." he said. Then: "But you must excuse me please—no, no pictures—goot bye." And he turned to the privacy of his cabin.

CAPTAIN HOLMBERG, stolid, red-faced, Swedish, did what he could to protect Garbo on the ship's arrival at San Diego. He'd even tried, by radio at Garbo's request, to arrange for her to leave the ship on a government boat, before docking, but permission was refused. Finally, he strode down the ship's gangplank ahead of her, carrying in his hand a great bouquet of Talisman roses. He opened the auto door for her. He wanted to help her.

He had hoped, it seemed, that Greta might dash by the newspaper men and into her car. But that was hopeless. There was a horde of newspaper men and camera men there and they surrounded her. There were no walls, no guards to protect Garbo—until she smiled. The newspaper men had hated her for the years of snubbing she had given them—but now she smiled and trembled, obviously frightened to death before them—and the press found itself licked again by the girl only in a new way, conquered by her charm. For the off-screen Garbo has a quality the screen Garbo loses—youth. She is really very young still and she is even more beautiful than she screens—and when she chooses to smile . . . Ah, well, you know she said about two words—both of them unimportant—something about being glad to be back and every newspaper in the land carried the headlines the next morning, shouting "Garbo Talks."

And that is what is called having charm and glamour. That is what is called personality, when the simplest thing you do seems like a miracle. And just that is the thing that makes Garbo great.

HER first picture under her new contract—and just how big that contract is nobody knows exactly—was selected for her—or at least discovered by no less a person than Marie Dressler. Marie is a great reader and it was she who came across the story of the Swedish queen "Christina" and brought the story to the attention of Louis B. Mayer, head of the M-G-M studio. It was so obviously ideal for Garbo that it was purchased at once, and it is said to have been one of the deciding factors in Garbo's return. But then the Swedish Sphinx has always been shrewd about selecting the right vehicles.

MOVIE MIRROR would like to make its personal suggestion for another Garbo vehicle, now that she is going in for history. Stefan Zweig's "Marie Antoinette."

Is the Viking Venus waving good-bye to love or was it just one of those ship flirtations, the great Garbo's acquaintance with Ture Steen? The surrounding mob would like to know, but Garbo never tells

Jim Tully *Selects . . .*

The Movie's Greatest Siren

Read this Really Great Author's Analysis of a Really Great Woman

WHEN a King of England, in dying, begged others not to let poor Nellie starve, he need not have worried. "Poor Nellie" was Nell Gwyn, the greatest actress and siren of her time. I was going to say that she was the Ruth Chatterton of the period, except, in my opinion, Ruth is more sirenic.

When we speak of sirens, we must not confuse the cheap, common standards with so-called "sex appeal," or the absurd "vampire" women of notoriety, with the lovely women who have had much to do with the ruling empires, charming emperors and kings, causing wars, inspiring men, and commanding respect from their own sex by sheer force of character. This, to me, is the true siren. That is why I feel that Ruth Chatterton is the greatest siren in Hollywood.

A woman in the middle thirties, she has learned one thing, the lack of which has always been the sorrow of womanhood, how to keep the illusion of youth.

She has a body full of grace and well rounded. Her nose, in society journals, is called retrousse. In the bogs of Ireland, from which my undistinguished ancestors came, they called it plain pug. This may shock Ruth, except, of course, she handles it as if it were Roman.

Ruth Chatterton is, nevertheless, on the border-line of beauty. Her charm would intrigue many into classing her as beautiful, but, of course, she is not.

Beauty is but the one requisite of the siren, and is not the most important. There cannot be beauty without charm and brains. If a woman has not brains and breeding, culture and sophistication, her beauty becomes a minus quantity. Men easily tire of silly women, no matter how beautiful. Famous vapid beauties have lost their husbands and even their lovers, and, at Ruth Chatterton's age, even their looks, because they have not been born with, or acquired, beauty from within.

EVERY tenth girl one meets on the streets of Hollywood is beautiful. They come from the far places of the world, looking for that success which ever eludes them. Sad as it may seem, no ten such girls have ever won lasting fame and fortune in the pathetic city of make-believe.

Ruth Chatterton is too intelligent to be happy. But she has, at least, conquered Hollywood with the sheer force of her personality and charm; and, if it doesn't take sirenic qualities to do that, I am the son of an Ethiopian Bishop, born in Dublin.

She came here less than five years ago, like most of us, penniless. She drove a vari-colored Buick, when she could get it to run. I talked of the future with her, not as if she had been a successful Broadway actress, but the way I would to a little country girl from the sticks of Ohio. When it was all over, she said, "Jim, I will make the grade."

Within three years, she was making nine thousand dollars a week. If I err a thousand or so, Warner Brothers can have the difference.

It takes a woman with more than a pretty face to do that. I will agree that she was something of an actress. I will also insist that she was more, if possible, of a siren.

Many callow people call her the first lady of the screen. It is a phrase which she resents. She may resent even more being called the first siren of the screen; but we have always spoken truth to one another.

ODDLY enough, she has scored her greatest film successes in the rôles of fallen women—Madame X, Frisco Jenny, Lilly Turner, and those bedraggled girls who use sentimentality to get their feet muddy. She makes these stumbling women more fascinating on the screen than any such girls in real life have been.

Off the screen, Ruth Chatterton is far more fascinating.

In Hollywood, she has few intimate friends and many enemies. Of the latter, she is seldom, if ever, aware. If a person fails to win her interest, she does not cultivate that person. Another sirenic attribute, she knows what she wants.

She has long been accused of being "high-hat." This is, of course, a wrong impression. She has more friends among the woe-begone and humble than any actress in Hollywood. The reason is simple. She has a mind that understands the gymnastics of life, and sense of humor enough to recall, with a smile, (*Continued on page* 85)

Three Chattertons, across the page, the Warner star of today, glowing and glorified; above just Ruth Chatterton, being her unassuming but poised self; at right, Chatterton turning her personal failure into success in the Jannings picture

Force a girl to tell you that she loves you, says Chevalier. The more she has to say it, the more the words mean to her

It only takes two little words for Freddie March to explain his winning ways—but what amazing words those two are!

How To Make

WHEN Clark Gable goes a-wooing what method does he use?

When Leslie Howard courts a ladye faire how does he win her heart?

When Chevalier is "that way" about a Mademoiselle how does he storm the citadel?

When Fredric March is speared by Danny Cupid how does he "make advances"?

These are the edifying facts that you will read about in this exposé of the way four Great Lovers of the Screen go about the beautiful business of love—And after you have read you will be able to check and double-check on your own particular Toms and Dicks and Harrys. And these are facts which, surely, Every Young Girl Should Know!

* * *

It amused me to note how horrified and embarrassed every one of these Great Lovers was when I asked the question "What is your technique of romance?" Each and every one of them looked about him for some handy means of escape. They each stuttered. They hemmed and hawed. They said "Oh, *really*—" or "Come, come—" They *blushed*.

And Fredric March said, finally, desperately and after extreme pressure had been brought to bear "You know—I mean, I *have* been married for five years and—er—but I suppose you mean that if I were to start life—and love—all over again, how would I go about it?"

I said: "Precisely."

Fredric thought. Fredric always thinks. He said, after meditating "I know—I'd use the twin methods of *indifference* and *achievement*. There's my technique in two words. I wouldn't be *too* indifferent, you understand. I'd never be cold and stand-offish and rude. That's apt to be high school stuff. I'd always remember to send flowers and to commemorate the Day We First Met and all that sort of thing. Certain songs would remind me of places we had heard them together and I'd say so. I'd try to notice a new hat or a new gown and say something charming about them. But I would also be sort of *casual* so that the lady would be forced to wonder just what I was really thinking about her, what I was planning, if anything, whether I had really meant every impassioned word I'd said on the previous ecstatic night. I'd make her wonder just a little about the real depths of my interest in her. She'd know that I was interested, of course, but she wouldn't be sure as to the exact extent of my interest, or what form it would take.

"I'D achieve this desirable state of affairs by changing my attitude toward her rather frequently. One day, or night, for instance, I'd be ardent enough to sweep her off her feet. I'd talk about a desert island and the heaven it would be to be alone with her, the world shut out. The next night I'd suggest playing bridge or ping-pong or something that would involve other people—that would make it impossible for us to be alone for a moment. I'd seem to forget all about the desert island and the bliss of togetherness.

"I would make it a great point, during the early stages of the romance, to be seen places with other women—preferably women who could be counted on to show a definite interest in *me*. Romance grows apace on a judicious dosing of uncertainty.

The things Leslie Howard would do are the ones you'd least expect, but he doesn't think much of modern love

Clark Gable has the most exciting rule of them all. He insists it's the girl herself that makes all the difference

Love

In Four Simply Grand Lessons from the Four Great Lovers of the Screen

by GLADYS HALL

Fredric March doesn't even play all his love scenes alike. He's got a new technique for each new leading woman

And secondly, I'd strive for achievement. Nothing succeeds with a woman like success. I would try being myself, to make the most talked-about picture of my career during the romance. I'd do everything in my power to win her admiration. I'd try to be the sort of person that would make her feel she was being watched—and *envied*—when she was out with me. The envy of other women is the greatest stimulus to romance I know about. Women seldom love without admiration and never without feminine envy. Therefore, if a man sells bonds let him do some phenomenal peddling of his certificates so that it—and he—will get to the lady's ears. If he paints let him paint the picture of the day; if he writes let him write a best-seller.

"These are the two major ingredients in my technique of romance . . . carefully applied doses of indifference and a whopping big dose of achievement. These two essentials apply to any romance with any woman—apart from these it all depends on the woman, the circumstances and the mood."

IT'S really funny how these romance peddlers of the screen look as scared as a rabbit's eye when you question them about it. Clark Gable really gave every indication of being on the verge of a vertigo when I put my simple little query to him. I had to nip him firmly by the coat-tail to keep him with me. He resembled a small boy faced with an examination question for which he had forgotten to cram.

He said: "I wish I'd been able to discover a technique. It might have helped me in the days when I used to stand outside of high school doors and watch the other fellows walk off with the good-looking girls. I'm afraid a technique of romance is something you have or you haven't—like an eye or an ear or a sense of humor. I've tried to acquire one, I'll admit. I've watched men who were reputed to have 'a way with women' but I've never been able to 'get' the rules and regulations by which they were guided. I've seen the strong, silent indifferent

(*Continued on page* 80)

How A Haircut Altered a Personality

Claudette Colbert Changed the Whole Course of Her Life Thereby

by ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

CLAUDETTE COLBERT was fighting mad. Her future in the movies was at stake. It wasn't entirely her fault. But that only made it worse. Everything before her looked dark and miserable. She won out simply by changing her bob. I know that sounds unbelievable. But it's absolutely true and one of the most interesting behind-the-camera stories I know.

When I say Claudette was fighting mad I don't mean she went around with any visible chip on her shoulder. She didn't. She wouldn't. Claudette has *savoir faire*. Through it all she smiled and was as gracious as always. But underneath . . . Underneath . . .

It was this way: The movies took Claudette away from the Broadway stage in the first place because she was such a darn good actress that

Claudette revolted completely from her dull lady-like rôles when she played—and how—the wicked Empress in "The Sign of the Cross." She added a wig and subtracted lots of clothes

Note the difference between this vivid, alluring Claudette and the almost vapid looking Claudette in the lower corner. A really becoming haircut instead of a stiff, conventional one made all the difference

critics forgot to be critical when they reviewed her performances. And because she had so much sex appeal that she played to crowded houses.

In the studios, however, she was from the beginning cast in rôles different than those she had played on the stage. Dignified, dress-up rôles. She wore clothes so well.

"Fifty percent of it was my own fault," Claudette admits in a frank, the-truth's-the-truth way. "I was fed up with all the hurrah about sex appeal, delighted to be dignified for a change.

"But I soon had enough of lady-like parts. I soon had enough of throwing a silver fox about my shoulders and trying to walk off the scene gracefully. I soon wanted a chance really to act again. I said so. Not once. A dozen times. And a dozen times I was promised other parts if just once more I'd play a lady. Often a specific rôle in some story scheduled for future production would be held out as a prize for immediate good behavior.

"Then some morning arriving at the studios feeling grand, prepared to do my best in the picture under way and counting on the promised part which was something I could get my teeth into, to use the theatre vernacular, I'd hear, quite accidentally, from one of the stage crew or the hairdresser that someone else just had been assigned the very part I was looking forward to.

"I blame no one. Changes are inevitable in big organizations. You have to expect them. Any one of a dozen reasons are responsible for sudden switches. Usually it was because another drawing-room drama was about to go into production and they wanted me in it.

"I had allowed myself to become typed. In spite of my stage history by this time they probably weren't any too sure I'd be any good in the other sort of thing.

"I had a problem!"

Now it happens I remember Claudette very well at this time. You'd ask her about her next rôle and with a few swift sure gestures she'd convey the impression of a charming but very social young lady. That had been her last rôle and it was to be her next rôle.

She's a trouper. She'd do a good job in the part. She'd stand for hours for fittings and give her wardrobe—very important in such rôles—serious thought. She'd do everything in her power to give the girl she was playing color and charm. But inside she'd be restless and bored.

I remember one day when Claudette and I were walking down Fifth Avenue. A dozen people to a block would turn to recognize her. And always it was evident that, vivacious and smartly dressed, she was no disappointment to anybody.

"I think I'll change my bob," she announced suddenly this day. "I'm so bored with myself."

I didn't try to dissuade her. I thought it might be a good idea. I knew how much any change—even a new hat—does help sometimes. I left Claudette in front of her hairdresser's.

"Don't laugh," she told me the next day when I opened her dressing-room door expectantly. "Don't laugh . or I'll murder you!"

(*Continued on page* 70)

Claudette doesn't wear her hair so long in private life, just to the tips of her ears, but she does wear bangs

Is Dietrich's Career OVER?

by CORNELIA EVANS

There's Heartbreak in this Story of a Star Who Couldn't Take Success

WHEN Dorothea Wieck, the German girl who gave such a poignant and beautiful performance in "Maedchen in Uniform," arrived in Hollywood not so long ago lunchers in the Paramount commissary were electrified with amazement to see the aloof and embittered Marlene Dietrich rush across the room to the girl, throw her arms around her and—in German—burst out with the only apparently spontaneous words she has spoken in half a year.

To those who knew the story—or rather, to those who could *feel* the story—it was a moment fraught with drama and tinged with tragedy.

No one knows exactly what Marlene said to Dorothea but she did wish her happiness in Hollywood, hoped that she would make a success and offered to help her in any way possible. Dietrich was sincere, too. She meant what she said and hers were not studied phrases. They poured out from Marlene's own heart. But those who remembered the Marlene Dietrich of three and a half years ago were saddened.

For there stood Dorothea Wieck—just arrived, ready to begin the arduous task of carving out a career, eager, new, excited.

And there stood Marlene Dietrich—ready to go back to Europe, so greatly disappointed in her career that she had tried to buy "Song of Songs" and stop its release, bitter, laughed at, unhappy.

The two stood together for a moment—the one at the beginning the one at the end.

But once Marlene had been in Dorothea's place. Once Marlene had been eager, earnest and excited. Once . . . so long ago in Hollywood time.

I talked to Marlene when she first came to this country and if ever there were a beautiful, lush peaches and cream German girl Dietrich was it. She was frightened, too, but it wasn't that she lacked background. Brought up in a military and highly respected family, she had always had plenty of money and, as a child violinist and later as a theatrical leading woman, she had had a certain amount of fame. But Hollywood frightened her. Her cry—like Garbo's before her—was, "But it is so *big* and I—I seem so small and ineffectual." She didn't, of course, use the word ineffectual but that's what she meant.

She made no demands at the studio. She was as meek as a high school girl with her first job. You know, perhaps, the story (and it actually happened) of her first day's work in "Morocco." They told her to walk out of a scene for a hundred feet or so until they called her back upon the completion of the rest of the action. But they forgot to call her and Marlene, forgotten, walked for half a mile. It was bitter cold and she was scantily clad but she did not dare stop, nor even to look back until they called her. At least she fainted and when they brought her to, her first words were, "Oh, God, I've cried and spoiled my make-up."

That was her brand of humbleness. And it wasn't done for effect, either. It was real.

She was, in those days, a great admirer of Joan Crawford and once, so eager was she to see her, she discovered what beauty shop Joan patronized and waited for a day at the shop just to see her come in. But Joan had cancelled her appointment and did not appear. Yet later when a friend of Joan heard of this and offered to introduce her to Crawford, Marlene was panic-stricken. "She wouldn't want to meet *me*," she cried, "I am nobody. And why should I take up her time? What would I say to her? I would only stand there gazing at her beauty. And she would be so uncomfortable."

Not even the fanfare of her first publicity campaign impressed her. Hysterical billboards bore the legend "Hail, Marlene Dietrich" and Gary Cooper, already a full-fledged star had to content himself with seeing his name in type much smaller than the new comer's. Marlene was frightened by the ballyhoo, and said, "It is bad, I think. They will expect too much of me. Who am I to have publicity like that?"

So there you have Marlene Dietrich when she first came to this country. That is what she was really like.

Parallels, like comparisons, are deadly, I know, but it is impossible to consider Marlene without also considering Garbo, since not only was there a striking physical likeness between them but they behaved, upon arriving in America, almost in the same fashion. Both were afraid, both were earnest and both were sincere. It is only since their success that they have taken such widely divergent paths.

Now, no star has ever been made by publicity. No matter how often a new name is sung before (*Continued on page 76*)

Three studies in contrast. Across the page, today's Dietrich, still provocative but forced and artificial; at left, the simple Dietrich who first arrived here (note her round face and natural eyebrows) and below, the exotic, alluring German Dietrich of "The Blue Angel"

Hero and Even in

That's Charming Henry Garat, Gaynor's New Leading Man—You Can Learn About Romance from Him

NOW that you've seen Janet Gaynor in "Adorable" you have seen opposite her a new leading man—Henry Garat.

Any man who makes his first American picture opposite Gaynor, as he has done, faces at the same time a tremendous advantage and a tremendous handicap.

He has a splendid advantage because he will be seen. Next to Marie Dressler, Janet Gaynor is the most popular star at the box-office, and come what may, the fans will flock to see her.

But Garat also faces a tremendous handicap because the Gaynor-Farrell fans, and they are legion, cannot bear the idea of any other man but Farrell playing opposite Gaynor. No matter how magnificent Garat is, the red-hot Gaynor-Farrell fans will say, "Ah, yes, but I would rather see Farrell with Janet."

For all these reasons I have wondered about the future of Henry Garat. That is, I wondered till I met him. Now I am certain he will click. If Gaynor and Garat don't click as a team, Garat will make a hit as a new romantic leading man in his own right.

Henry Garat is one of the three most charming men on the screen. I can't at this moment think of the other two.

He has all the exquisite courtesy of the Continental, without any of that veneer that makes you doubt the sincerity of the average Continental man. There is about him a sort of boyish, irresistible eagerness to have people like him. Combined with Continental charm, that boyishness is one of the most appealing qualities to women.

Garat has known actual poverty, starvation and tragedy, and yet he looks as if he never had a day's worry in his life. He seems so very young, so delightfully gay and care-free.

I believe that women are going to adore him, for the women of the United States are starved for romance, and he is nothing if not romantic.

Perhaps you have heard how he stunned the company he works for, Fox, when he himself offered to postpone his trip to Europe so that he might make retakes on "Adorable."

The inside story of that will tell you more about Garat than tons of description.

WHEN "Adorable" was shown at a private preview, the Fox officials all agreed that it was a grand picture. But Garat was so eager, so beautifully, boyishly eager that his first American picture be good that he didn't feel "Adorable" was quite right. Something was missing. Garat felt it.

Finally he realized what it was.

He rushed to the office of Winfield Sheehan.

"Please," he begged, "let us make retakes. The peekshur is very nice, but it does not have as much romance as people weel expect from a girl like Gaynor and a Frenchman."

The shrewd executive listened in silence, and then de-

Great Lover

Private Life . .

By DORA ALBERT

They had the craziest first meeting—the English girl and the delightful Frenchman, who were to become Mr. and Mrs. Garat

cided that for once strangely enough, an actor was right.

He re-shot about one-quarter of the picture just as Garat suggested.

"And now," says Mr. Garat, "the peekshur is poseteevely good."

It is so "poseteevely good" that on the strength of it Fox has signed Henry Garat to a four years' contract. When he returns to Hollywood his next picture will also be opposite Gaynor.

Remembering how Farrell had rebelled against being turned into a puppet opposite Gaynor, I asked: "But will you like that? Will you like playing the same type of rôles all the time?"

"Oh, yes," said Garat. "I do not want to play—what do you call them?—character rôles. I think if the public sees you in the same kind of part all the time they like you that way."

If Fox types him, Garat will be delighted. If Fox makes him Gaynor's permanent co-star, he'll adore it.

"Janet Gaynor—she is so sweet and charming," he says. "Everyone has been so wonderful to me.

"While I was in Hollywood, the banks closed, there was an earthquake, and my car nearly burned, but just the same I have been so happy. I have nevair been so happy in my life.

"Everyone tried so hard to make Mrs. Garat and me feel comfortable. They have been so friendly to us. They have put us so—what is it you say?—so at our ease."

Ask Garat about anyone in Hollywood, and he will tell you that he is "so nice." And the funny thing is he means it. It is not diplomacy merely. He really, genuinely likes people. Lots of people. He is as grateful to anyone who is friendly to him as if he were a lonely, unknown boy instead of a famous French actor. For he is famous. I have heard from somebody else, not from Garat, not from a publicity agent, that he is as well-known in France as Maurice Chevalier. He is famous both on the French stage and in French pictures. If you saw that foreign-made gem of a picture, "Congress Dances," you saw him as the romantic, dashing hero opposite Lilian Harvey.

Henry Garat had an "Oliver Twist" sort of boyhood. He was born in Paris about thirty-one years ago, the son of struggling stage folk. They knew the hardships and the poverty of stage life, and they wanted to teach Henry some comfortable safe trade. They wanted to keep him off the stage. But life and poverty were too much for them, and so when the boy was eight they let him play a small rôle in a play called "The Two Kids."

When the World War broke (*Continued on page 72*)

EVERY once in a while Hollywood turns out something so grand and so gorgeous and out of the usual routine, we just have to show it to you. The pictures here and across the page are sets designed for "When Ladies Meet" by M-G-M's new director, Edward Willis. Aren't they lovely? If you have a small home, particularly a country one, you can get some stunning ideas from them.

Mr. Willis' idea was to make a modern adaptation of the early American period, combining simplicity of style with the gay colors and comfort afforded by more modern materials. There's even a bar, which probably wasn't in most early American houses!

All the decorations are in red, white and blue, to emphasize that early American idea, the rugs of big red, white and blue checks, the hangings of white chintz striped in red, the chairs covered in white and red or white and blue.

The two old rain barrels before the entrance door are painted white with seats of red composition leather. Cute? An old drum with its top mounted in glass makes a coffee table. Beside the fireplace are old barn lamps wired for electricity.

At the top of Page 45 you see a grouping of chairs and table of peasant origin, painted white and with red and white striped seat pads. This is a particularly nice touch for any home where there isn't a regular dining room, but where one end of the living room is used. The table top is covered with a white rubberized material. The couch beneath the window is navy blue and white chintz with a heavily fringed "skirt" of chintz

Bringing Hollywood into Your Home

around the bottom. The rug before the couch is of blue with white fringe.

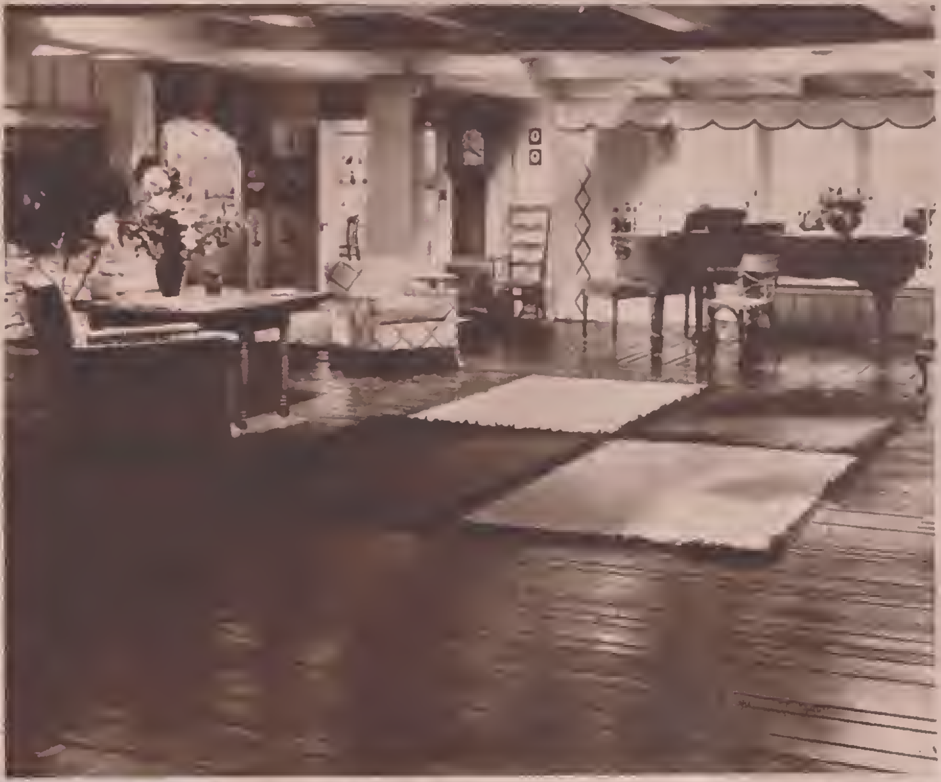
Below you see a clever arrangement for a room that has a piano. It is placed where it doesn't get in the way but where there is plenty of light—as there should be—on the keyboard.

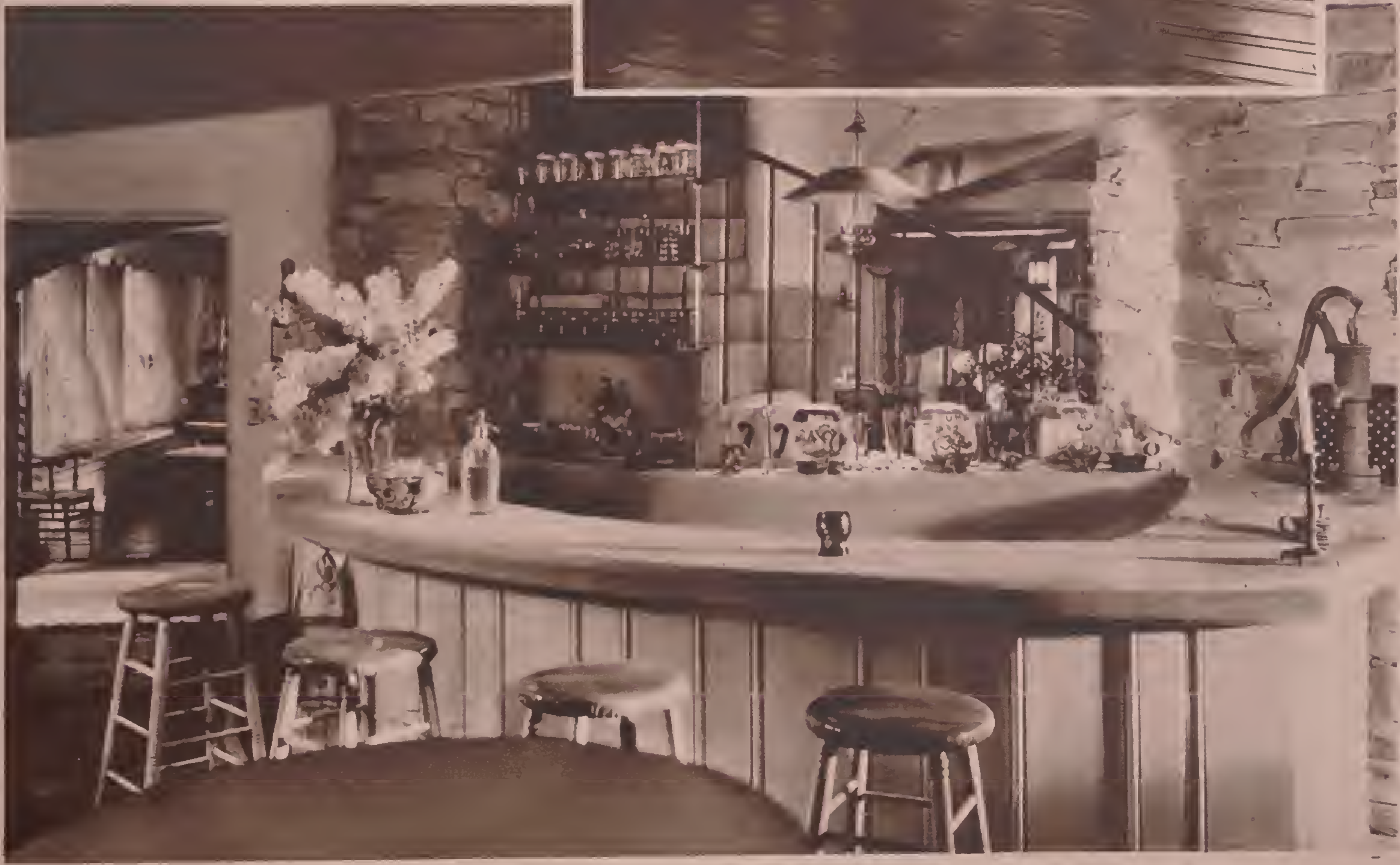
The very modern bar has old stone walls, an old pump with real water, and a very new bar with a cement top. The accessories are of old silver and copper as is the hanging barn lamp. The glasses carry out the red, white and blue color scheme. The three containers marked Rum, Gin and Port are antique porcelains, with spigots on them. The shelves are of glass mounted in chromium. The stools have red leather tops.

And if all this doesn't put ideas into your head, what will? Or should we say what Willis?

The cleverest part of it all, we think, is that you can copy almost all of these ideas for little or nothing.

Wonderful things, moving pictures!





Peter Standish of 1933 stood before the portrait of Peter Standish of 1784—and suddenly began seeing ghosts

Berkeley Square

CAST

Peter Standish	Leslie Howard
Helen Pettigrew	Heather Angel
Kate Pettigrew	Valerie Taylor
Tom Pettigrew	Colin Keith Johnson
Mr. Throstle	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Marjorie	Betty Lawford

The Story of Two Lovers Who Made Even Time Stand Still

A Fox Production, Starring Leslie Howard, from the Play by John L. Balderston, adapted to the screen by Mr. Balderston and Sonya Levien. Fictionized by Alma Talley

ANYONE seeing Peter Standish of Park Avenue, New York, would have thought he was just like countless other well-bred young men. Wealthy, good-looking, well dressed, he was a typical man-about-town. Many girls sighed when he became engaged to Marjorie Frant—lucky Marjorie. Everywhere they were seen together, Marjorie and Peter, and Peter quite frankly adored her.

And then came The Letter—the letter which, though he did not know it, was to change his whole life, a letter from a firm of solicitors in London.

"Marjorie," he said, and seldom had she seen him so excited, "I've inherited a house in London, in Berkeley Square. It's been in the English branch of my family for generations. I'm to take possession at once."

"How nice!" said Marjorie, and she looked at him, and he looked at her, and suddenly they both realized that if he went to London to take possession of the house, they would be separated, and that would be unbearable.

"I have it, darling," Peter said. "Your Aunt Caroline wants you to go abroad with her. Why not do it? There's something awfully romantic about being married in London."

Marjorie's brown eyes gleamed. "Peter, darling, we could be married in your old house. Under the paintings of your ancestors. There will be paintings, won't there, darling?"

"Paintings and relics and old love letters, I should think," Peter said, and kissed her.

All the way across the ocean he wondered what the old house would be like, but nothing that he imagined compared to the beautiful old mansion with its graceful Georgian architecture. In the hall on the landing was an old grandfather's clock, its chimes wheezy now with age. And in the vast drawing room with its Queen Anne tables and the old red settee, he felt the past creeping up upon him. Lovingly he ran his fingers across the heavy old oak panels. Oh, this was a house of his dreams, and everything in it was just as it had been for all the years, for the years and years before he was even born. Even the dimness and the quiet whispered to him of the past, and all the hum of the traffic in Berkeley Square outside seemed strangely out of place, all clatter and noise and ugliness.

THERE was wistfulness in his smile as he looked at Mrs. Barstowe, the old housekeeper. "I was born a hundred and fifty years too late," he said.

And it was with almost a shock that he saw the portrait of his great-great uncle, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

It was priceless, but that wasn't what thrilled him.

"Captain Peter Standish," he read, and stood and looked in awe, for this Captain Peter Standish of 1784 might almost have been a twin of Peter Standish of 1933. Uncanny it was, yet this bygone Captain Standish seemed standing there alive, and yet he had died more than a hundred years ago.

Died—but in the old diary which Peter found in the antique desk, this earlier Captain Standish came to life, and the strange feeling came over Peter as he read that he too was living in the old old time, a hundred odd years ago. He might almost have written those old love letters of 1784, faded now and yellow, which Captain Standish had written from America to his English cousin, Kate Pettigrew, who lived in this very house.

"It's morbid," Marjorie said, coming upon her Peter engrossed in the yellowed old papers, "shutting yourself up in an old musty house. You haven't even called me up in three days."

"Old Mr. Pettigrew never allowed a phone in this house," Peter said. "He kept things just as they were in the eighteenth century. Darling," he said, and kissed her hurt and sweet little mouth, "I know I've neglected you horribly. I don't know what it is, but—" he rose and walked to the window, "it's as if some strange force were pulling me, pulling me, back into the past."

"Oh, Peter," Marjorie said, and because there were tears in her eyes, she casually picked up a little Egyptian cross that lay on the Queen Anne table. "What's this?" she said.

"Egyptian symbol of eternal life, I think," Peter said. "It came with the house." Lovingly he fingered Captain Peter Standish's diary. "I've been reading this. He fought under Washington and came to England in twenty-seven days. He says here Reynolds wouldn't finish his portrait." Peter stood triumphantly under the painting. "But he did finish it! This is obviously all Reynolds."

"PETER!" Marjorie was staring, open-mouthed, and in her eyes was an expression almost of alarm. "Peter, you might have posed for that yourself!"

"Uncanny, isn't it?" said Peter, and he saw Marjorie shudder, as if she too were feeling the spell.

He fingered through the diary. Somehow, in this old house, it was as if some supernatural force were drawing him into the past. "Captain Standish in 1784 married Kate Pettigrew and they lived in this house. There was a younger sister named Helen, beautiful, sweet, lovely . . . her people tried to force her into a marriage she hated. There's even something about a Kashmir shawl Helen's aunt gave her just before Peter Standish came over."

He paused. From the dim landing in the hall came the ancient wheezy chimes of the big grandfather's clock. "That clock! It's ticked away for five generations. Maybe it's ticking away now, in that other time."

"Other time?" said Marjorie.

"Quarter past four. He comes—that other Peter—at five thirty, September 23."

"Why, that's to-day," said Marjorie.

"Yes. One hundred and forty-nine years ago to-day, he walked in at half past five—through that door." He saw Marjorie shudder as she too looked at the door.

"You haven't even said you were glad to see me, Peter," she said, trying to make her

Peter gathered the lovely Helen into his arms. She was not his intended bride but he loved her more than anything in heaven or on earth

Peter was back in the England of a hundred and fifty years before, and there was something supernatural about it all

The Pettigrew family wanted money and if selling Kate to a wild American was part of the bargain that was just too bad for Kate

voice sound natural.

"Of course I am." But though he kissed her tenderly, contritely, his thoughts remained far away. "Marjorie, dear, I can't explain it, but something—some force I don't understand, is calling me to the past. I must have a month here alone. Listen." He stood up, and in his blue eyes was a strange light. "What's that?" He walked to the window. "Sounded like a wagon—or a coach—rattling over cobblestones."

"Cobblestones—in Berkeley Square?" Marjorie shivered. "They've had wood blocks here for ages."

"Yes," Peter said, "silly, wasn't it?" But he knew that it wasn't silly; knew that something supernatural had happened to him, and he was going to live in the past.

"It's an incredible adventure," he told his friend, the American Ambassador, because he wanted to leave someone behind who knew. He pointed to a painting on the wall.

"Suppose you were the man in that boat, sailing down that winding stream. You passed a grove of poplars; you cannot see them now. They are in your past. Now you are passing a field of heather. You see them; they are in your present. And around the bend ahead of you is something you cannot see; something in your future.

"Now remember you are in the boat. But I'm above you, in a plane. I'm looking down on it all; I can see it all at once, your past, your present, your future. Doesn't that show you that all Time is really one, an idea in the mind of God?"

"That seems sound metaphysics," said the Ambassador.

"How would you like," said Peter, with that strange light in his eyes, "to walk the quiet streets of London in the Eighteenth Century? And breathe pure air instead of gasoline? And ride in sedan chairs instead of taxicabs?"

"You'd make mistakes. What credentials would you have that would make them accept you as even human?"

"His diary!" Reverently Peter took the old book from his pocket. "I'll have to do just as he did—I couldn't change anything that really happened in the Eighteenth Century, could I?"

"But what happens to the other Peter Standish? Does he just vanish?"

"We change places. He's mad about this new age of invention. He wants to live in the world that will follow his, when everything will be done by machinery. I can feel his presence in that old house, wanting to change places with me. He'll live here in 1933 in my shoes, while I live back in 1784 in his." Peter looked at his watch. . . . Peter Standish had walked in the door at Berkeley Square at five-thirty, in 1784, and some incredible force which he could not understand or control told the Peter Standish that at five-thirty they must change places, and the Pettigrew family waiting to receive their cousin Peter Standish would receive instead a Peter Standish who had not yet been born.

AND in 1784, the house in Berkeley Square was gay with hope and excitement. He was in London, their young colonial cousin Peter Standish, with all his riches, to claim Kate for his bride. What matter that his father had made his fortune in furs, and that his grandfather, fleeing England to make his fortune in America, had married God knew whom? Their young cousin would soon learn London ways, and the house of Pettigrew was heavily in debt.

"He writes," said Lady Anne Pettigrew, looking fondly at her daughter Kate, "from the Blue Boar in Jermyn Street, September 23, 1784. 'Having arrived within the hour I shall do myself the honor to wait upon you at half past five this evening in Berkeley Square. He commends your miniature, Kate, so have cheer.”

“Gad's blood,” said Tom with a leering glance at his sister, “if only he'll have you!”

“Already, I vow, Tom,” said Kate, “you are planning that he should pay your debts.”

“With your sharp tongue,” said Tom, “he may prefer our sister Helen. And here is Helen's suitor now,” he said, at the window, for a handsome coach clattered across the cobblestones. The big grandfather clock on the landing pealed forth a loud deep chime.

“That disgusting little Mr. Throstle,” said Kate.

But, Lady Anne rebuked her, had not Mr. Throstle, even though he was fifty and a mincing dandy, fifteen hundred a year? And with all their debts and Tom's profligacy, had her children no care for their mother?

“Your servant, Lady Anne. Miss Pettigrew.” Mr. Throstle bowed low. He came with gossip of their cousin. “Major Clinton who travelled with him, says Captain Standish can drink any two men under the table and that mothers in the Yankee villages locked up their daughters when Captain Standish was looking for billets.”

“Gross inventions!” said Lady Anne. “You will find Helen in the music room, dear Mr. Throstle.”

And find her there he did. And stood silent, in worship, watching her graceful fingers move gently along the spinet, listening enchanted to the soft notes of her song, while the little curls danced in delight upon her neck. But her brown eyes clouded as she turned and saw him.

“Your servant, sir,” she said. And though she curtsied she winced as his lips touched her hand.

“Your slave now, as always,” said Mr. Throstle.

“Shall we join the others in the drawing room?” said Helen.

The candles were all alight in the drawing room, for though five-thirty had not struck, the day was dark and sullen and rain had begun to fall. In the distance the thunder roared, and a great flash of lightning laid an eerie glow upon the red settee, the tapestry on the wall. And then the storm broke, in great dripping sheets, and the clock on the landing chimed five-thirty, and a coach drove up with a clatter.

“'Tis he!” said Lady Anne at the window. “Oh, Kate, a most elegant young man. Tom, you shall greet him below and bring him upstairs. And you, Kate, shall welcome him on my behalf.”

“Not—alone?” said Kate. “Surely, ma'am, you'll present me to him, since you would have me sell myself to pay our debts?” She was overcome with timidity.

Helen put a tender arm about her sister. “Only be yourself, Kate. Our cousin will not eat you.”

But all Kate's fears remained as, alone, she awaited his coming. Eerily the lightning lit up her mirrored blushing reflection as she smoothed her dress and her curls. And then the door opened and, with knees all a-tremble, she turned to make her curtsy. But only Tom stood there, bewildered; their cousin had been on the doorstep, dripping in all the rain. From the window they had seen him, with his hand upon the knocker. And suddenly there was a strange look upon his face, a quite supernatural look. And Tom had turned from the window, and when he looked again, their cousin had disappeared.

“I'LL go and see if he came in another way,” Tom said, and then as Kate sat there alone, the drawing room door slowly opened, and Peter Standish entered, elegant in all his ruffles, and though they had seen him in the rain upon the doorstep, even his boots were strangely dry.

“On my mother's behalf I bid you welcome, Sir,” said Kate with a low curtsy. And just in time did the Peter Standish of 1933 remember that her outstretched hand was to be kissed, not shaken.

“I came from America,” he said.

“I did not think you have come from Poland,” said Kate.

“In the ‘General Wolfe,’ ” said Peter.

“I did not think you had swum,” said Kate.

“Forgive me,” said Peter, flushing, “for being a boor.”

“Your manners are unexceptional, sir,” said Kate.

“But hardly appropriate for a man who meets his betrothed for the first time.”

“Are we betrothed?” said Kate. “I had not heard of it.”

“It's been practically all arranged in our letters,” said Peter. He looked at her sharp dark face which held for him no allurement. Good Lord, was he supposed to kiss her?

She was very coy in his embrace. “I vow you are the audacious fellow I told Helen we must expect. You have not even asked my mother's permission to pay your addresses to me.”

“Must I do that?”

“Is it not invariably done?”

“Er—not in New York.” Already he was making mistakes. He reached into his pocket for his cigarette case.

“My miniature!” said

(*Continued on page 93*)

Time separated them, Helen, who was supposed to marry pompous Throstle and Peter who found himself engaged to the very modern Marjorie, but time could not efface love. . . . Love that transcended all present emotions and remained true to the past . . .

Herewith you behold Sandra Shaw dining out with Gary Cooper. Sandra goes out with a lot of movie boys and as for Mr. Cooper and the girls . . .

Old demon cameraman Fink shooting that devoted married couple who don't live together, Mr. and Mrs. Norman (Claudette Colbert) Foster

Movie Mirror's Movies . . . . *With Cupi*

MY, my, have things been upset in the Hollywood heart sector lately! Good gracious us! There has been an absolute deluge of perfect lovers breaking up and then pairing off with other people!

This being true and Movie Mirror being nothing if not on the job, we sent our Mr. Fink out into the Cupid territory with orders to never come back if he didn't bring us the newest romance-entwined couples.

Well, you see on this and the following pictures how beautifully he succeeded. (And incidentally these pictures were all taken just for us and you won't be seeing them anywhere else at all! And are we proud of that picture of Mr. James Timoney over on Page 53. That is a real scoop because Mae West was that angry over people saying she was married to Mr. Timoney, who is simply her very best friend. But finally she agreed to let our cameraman take his picture, while Mae posed it and fussed about getting Jim's cane just so—and it was all very pleasant.)

Still there was even heart throb news that we didn't have room to picture and so here it is—just to keep you up to date on Cupid's Hollywood diary.

WEDDING BELLS DEPT.

. . . it took her two years to say "yes," but at last Billie Dove is Mrs. Bob Kenaston. He's a rich ranch owner. They met two years ago at a dinner party.

. . . Jackie Cooper has a new papa. His mother, Mabel Leonard, ex-vaudevillian, married Charles Bigelow, Chicago film big-shot. Jackie thinks pa-pa is "a great guy."

. . . for more than a year they've been threatening to do it. So at last they did—Charles Morton (remember "Four Sons"?) married Dona Wheelock-Rosè, bit player.

. . . by the time you read this, if they stick to their plans, Merna Kennedy, red-haired screen actress, will be the wife of Busby Berkeley, who trains movie chorus gals. Merna used to be James Hall's gal friend.

. . . as this is being written, Lila Lee isn't saying either "Yes" or "No" to her friend's queries as to whether she and Director George Hill have been secretly married. Hollywood believes "yes" is the answer. That's one of those long-time romances, too.

. . . and Jean Harlow (never the day but she isn't rumored 'that way' about somebody!) keeps on denying that she's secretly married to that Mexican doctor she's been out with. Says Jean: "I'd hate to go through life without marrying again and having children. But there's no man now!"

. . . and personal-appearancing in the east, Dick Powell won't deny that it mayn't be long before he makes Mary Brian Mrs. Powell. Oh, yeah?

IT'S-ALL-OVER-DEPT.

. . . one month, 21 days, after they married, Blonde Edna Callaghan asks divorce from Cameraman Greeg Toland because she says he tried to boss her.

Cupid reverses. Lola Lane (Mrs. ex-Ayres) is going places with Herb Somborn (once a Swanson husband)

While here Mr. Lew Ayres dines at home with Ginger Rogers (who used to be Mervyn Le Roy's fiancée)

in Hollywood

...Mrs. Jack Holt, wed to Jack in 1916, got a Mexican divorce. The Holts have two children. The son, fifteen, stays with his father, the daughter with Mrs. Holt.

...and it's all too tragic, but Joan Crawford filed the divorce papers against young Doug Fairbanks, charging mental cruelty, after saying she didn't contemplate divorce right now and everyone hoping for the best. Meanwhile, Joan won't talk about it, but is seen places with handsome Franchot Tone while young Doug is seen with many girls, the most serious of whom (to him) seems to be the dazzling Katharine Hepburn (pictured together on Page 52).

...Crane Wilbur (remember the handsome early-days star?), now stage leading man, divorces Beatrice Blinn, actress, because she stayed in New York, went night-clubbing with other man.

...because he put her out after 18 years of matrimony, Chester Conklin's wife divorced him.

...Inez Courtney, who when she was a big-shot filmusical bet two years ago married New York Bromer Stanley Paschal, divorces him.

...in Chicago, Thelma Todd, enroute to make a picture in England, tells newspapermen that Husband Pasquale de Ciccio is going to get a divorce while she's away. Half of Hollywood says "I told you so!"—other half insists Thelma was kidding. Pat says nothing.

...the Sue Carols deny that they're divorce-planning. He is Nick Stuart, or did you know?

...Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn (are you getting

Caught just before they left for Havana and sharks, Alexander Kirkland and Ann Harding. Bob Abbott, a friend, completes the picture tired of following their mind-changes, or are you?) got as far as actually putting it in black and white, but! Greta signed the divorce complaint in her lawyer's office, two days later kissed Weldon and made up and tore up the papers. By the time you read this, though, who knows . . . ?

OLD DOC STORK'S DEPT.

. . . Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown say it won't be long!

. . . Ditto, the Bill Gargans.

. . . "September," say the Skeets Gallaghers.

. . . "July or August," say the Lawrence Tibbetts.

. . . and the Herbert Marshalls, too!

AND-SO-FORTH DEPT.

. . . Mary Pickford's still solicitous over Doug Fairbanks' health, and wouldn't let him night-fly from New York to Hollywood.

. . . Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak, going into the second year, are still so so so so so happy, and they're buying a ranch near Hollywood to do their billing and cooing on.

. . . Sally Blane, sailing for London co-incidentally with the Earl of Warwick, with whom she night-clubbed in Hollywood, says it's silly, all this talk that she's going to be the Earl's Missus. "Kissed him? Certainly I did. I kiss ALL my friends," she explained.

. . . Marie Prevost and Buster Collier still going around together, and my, what persistence!

. . . Who's Whose: Mozelle Brittone and Allan Dinehart; Boots Mallory and Cy (ex-Alice-White's) Bartlett; Maureen O'Sullivan

And is young Mr. Fairbanks stepping out with the beauties since Joan filed her divorce action! Here he is with Benita Hume one night and Katharine Hepburn the next

John Warburton followed Estelle Taylor to Palm Springs. In fact, he follows Estelle wherever she goes

Another evening Mr. Warburton dines with that cute Alice White, who used to be engaged to Cy Bartlett

Just let any lovers try to escape our Mr. Fink! Claire Windsor and Felix Chapellet caught entering a night club

Patricia Ellis and Tom Brown (playing Indian) do a lot of going about together

and Johnny Farrow and mercury's going UP!; Joel McCrea and Luana Walters; Glenda Farrell and Erwin (writer) Gelsey—or is it Jack LaRue?; Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres, incandescent; George Raft and ex-chorine Margery White, for whom Jack Gilbert once went in a beeg-a-way!; Mae Clarke and Arthur (band-leader) Jarrett.

...Lilian Harvey went to Palm Springs for a week-end. And the very next day, so did Gary Cooper and Gene Raymond. Uh huh—it's a triangle, and Lil's not hinting whether Gary or Gene has the angle closer to her's.

...just as Josef Von Sternberg gets back from Germany and signs with M-G-M to direct Joan Crawford and Clark Gable, Marlene Dietrich announces she is going back to Germany at once. However, Josef, Marlene and Director Rouben Mamoulian all had lunch together very agreeably, and Miss Greta Garbo, whom it had been rumored Von Sternberg might direct, came out of hiding. (She came out, that is, only when it was announced Josef was to direct Miss Crawford, instead.)

...Dorothea Wieck writes such long letters to her hubby in Berlin that they take more than a dollar airmail postage apiece.

And just to prove there are such in Hollywood, here is an old married couple who go about together, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard

Ralph Forbes (no longer Ruth Chatterton's husband but still her good friend) steps out with Martha (M-G-M) Sleeper

This gentleman, readers, is Mr. James Timoney, Mae West's manager and persistent escort. This is the only picture he's had taken and Mae posed it just for us

"I'm Afraid I Am Much Too Sane"

Says Diana Wynyard

to GLADYS HALL

Diana Wynyard, the sensational English beauty of "Cavalcade," is called the Luckiest Girl Who Ever Came to Hollywood. With only two pictures shown, she is an outstanding success who is being groomed for quick stardom

"I AM a nice girl," Diana Wynyard admitted to me, sadly; "I am very much afraid that I am 100 per cent *sane.* I am simply furious with myself for talking about me in this dreary fashion, but the truth may as well be told in my first fan interview as in a later one . . . they'd find me out, sooner or later, anyway.

"100 per cent sane—ugh, isn't that too simply devastating?—because you know yourself that all of the really colorful, really famous, really *great* people were all slightly mad. Take Nietzsche, Bernhardt, Duse, Catherine the Great, Booth, the Barrymores—all of them were, or are, a bit off the edge. That's what makes them exciting. That's what made and makes everything they do and say front-page news. That's what makes them live after they are dead. I think it would be such *fun*—and I am quite sure that you get monuments of virtue raised to your memory after you are dead if you break vases and contracts and hearts and commandments here on earth.

"I have never broken a vase. I have never broken a contract. I have never broken a heart—that came to light. I have never broken a commandment.

"I never seem able to go 'off' one single bit. I suppose I'm not the type, really. I mean, being largish and healthy looking and blue eyed and brown haired—it would be rather like a dairy maid going exotic, à la Garbo, as she milked the cows—and expecting someone to take her seriously. I could stage a fit of temperament if I tried very hard, I suppose. But my sense of humor would be sure to catch me by the heels and trip me up. I'd only be playing a part—and very bad comedy it would be. I'd know how funny I would be looking. No, I'm very much afraid that there are two items I will never have—*temperament* and *American legs.* The American women have the most beautiful legs in the world. I burn with envy every time I see a calf."

This sane Diana is called "The Luckiest Girl Who Ever Came to Hollywood." She also admits that she has been lucky and says that it is fifty per cent luck, "the

For an absolute unknown to step into the biggest picture of the year, "Cavalcade," and play one of those from youth-to-old-age rôles is amazing enough. But to be really great in it! Here's Diana in two of her scenes with Clive Brook, and she quietly stealing the picture! And yet she insists she's disappointed in her own personality

breaks," and fifty per cent her own deplored sanity.

She is the Luckiest Girl because, immediately upon her arrival in Hollywood, having been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer during the run of her play, "The Devil Passes," in New York, she went instantly into the production of "Rasputin" with all the Barrymores. And "Rasputin," as everyone knows, is one of the super productions of the year. And she had no sooner finished with the Black Monk than she was signed by Fox to play the star rôle in "Cavalcade," which is another super-super of the year—and in which she made so sensational a hit that it is history as I write.

When I talked with her she was finishing the picture "Men Must Fight"—and she will go on from there. And this *is* Luck, or the reward of virtue, or something. Because eight out of every ten such "importations" arrive in Hollywood and sit around—and then sit around some more and draw pay checks for sitting around. And it is all the more extraordinary, at first sight, because this sane Diana is no "exotic" after the fashion of Garbo or Dietrich. She is "regular" looking. She is wholesome and fine looking, but there is nothing startling about her, nothing unique enough, it would seem, to place her so eminently where she is today.

"Of course it's great luck," she told me. "It's at least fifty per cent luck. It's also due, in part, to this besetting sanity of mine. I've had 'nibbles' to come to Hollywood before. I weighed the matter—and decided to wait until such time as I was doing an American play, had been *seen* and *invited*. I wouldn't come until I knew that it was safe. It's a part of sanity, you know, always to play safe. I am simply aghast at the hundreds of young women and young men who come to Hollywood with nothing in their pockets but their hope. I have never seen anything like the pitiful courage one meets everywhere out here. I don't see how they dare—and some of them are supporting large families as well as themselves. I had a stand-in girl during the making of 'Cavalcade.' She told me how glad she was to have the work. She hadn't worked for months and she was supporting *ten* people.

"I have always been absolutely certain of what I wanted to do and absolutely certain that I could do it. I suppose I was born into a very sane and balanced household. My father is an English business man, as solid as John Bull himself. My mother is a Scottish housewife. When I was small, living at home, going to private schools in London, I decided that I would teach Domestic Science when I grew up. I would pass on to others the intricate and marvelous cooking and hospitality of the Scotswoman.

"Then I began to appear in school plays. I'd been in two or three when I *knew* that I was an *actress*. And I have never doubted it. I knew, perfectly, that I was better than the others were. I never went up in my lines. I hadn't the slightest fear or embarrassment. I attempted any rôle that was given me with the absolute, and, it must be, God-given conviction that I could do it. And the smell of greasepaint did to my soul what it is popularly supposed to do to the souls of all real theater people——.

"Once I had decided on the stage, I never changed. The only thing I changed was my name. I was born Dorothy Cox—and that was *too* sane, even for me. It would have been perfect for a teacher of Domestic Science but it wouldn't have (*Continued on page 87*)

Confessions of a MODERN Bride

"If you make a terrific sacrifice for love, it is apt to turn out badly," says Bette

"IT'S grand to be married if you don't *feel* married," said Bette Davis, who has been a bride for seven months.

She looked up at me challengingly out of eyes that are as blue as some strange tropical sea. Her face is provocative, and so is the tilt of her chin, and the sound of her voice. It gives a snap and a sparkle to what she says that is unlike the sweet mouthings of the ga-ga ingénues.

Certainly *she* doesn't look married, if you know what I mean. She doesn't look as if life had settled down for her, as if she were smothering her soul in smugness, as if she were content to go on without further striving. It is impossible, almost, to imagine Bette Davis ever becoming smug. If she did, she would lose the most essential part of herself and cease to be Bette.

"I think," she said to me in that strange, electric, vibrant voice of hers, "that I could go into any room and out of a roomful of people pick out the ones who feel married. The ones who feel settled down. The ones who feel that life and fun are over for them and what of it.

"There is no doubt about it, that many women go haywire after marriage. They don't pay much attention to themselves, to their appearance, to their minds. They don't bother to be entertaining. They feel as if their job is finished when they get their man. Really, they should realize that it is much more difficult to hold a man after marriage. The fact that he is in love with a girl before marriage is enough to cover a multitude of faults. But after marriage comes the intricate business of two people trying to adjust themselves to each other, and that calls upon all of a woman's adaptability. Certainly then is no time for her to let herself slump. Not all women, of course, do. But it is a strange fact that it is the accepted thing that women should go haywire after marriage.

"There is one thing that I think every woman ought to be shot for doing—and that is acting as if she owns some man, telling him what to do and what not to do. Some women think that because they are married to a man they have a perfect right to act that way. That is not so. Nobody has a perfect right to

The scenes from La Davis' first starring picture are said to be the hottest yet screened

"I Wouldn't Give up Everything for Love," says Bette Davis

by Dora Albert

watch over someone else's life.

"I should think it would be terribly depressing to a man to have a woman act as if she owned him, to have her ask him constantly, 'Where are you going?' 'Where have you been?' 'What are you going to do?' Nobody likes to have a watch dog on his trail. Nobody likes to feel tied down, to hear the chains rattling.

"Sometimes men act that way, too. I do not believe it is flattering to a woman. Of course, it might amuse a woman if a man advised her to put on her rubbers, though it would annoy her if he made jealous scenes. But a man might very likely be annoyed if a woman kept on reminding him to put on his rubbers. You know what I mean—the constant nagging that is supposed to go with the maternal spirit. I do not understand why it is that so many women who are not at all like that before marriage become so motherly after marriage. I am sure it is something that men do not reckon with beforehand.

"As for trying to change a man after marriage, it can't be done. So many women marry a man with the idea of reforming him afterwards. I can imagine no greater stupidity. Do women really suppose that the minute they're married, the whole world will be different, and that human nature will change for their convenience?

"When a girl falls in love with a man she falls in love with him the way he is. What is the use of wasting time trying to change him? It cannot be done anyway, and women ought to reconcile themselves to that.

"If there is some trait about a man that irritates you terribly, don't marry him with the fond idea that you are going to change that particular trait all by your little self. The man won't change. The trait that irritated you in the first place will irritate you more and more as the years go on. It will assume proportions similar to a snowball going down a hill. Each year you will become more and more annoyed by it. If you don't want to live with a man the way he is, don't marry him to change him. Don't marry him at all.

"It is also true that no man can change a woman. He can try to, of course, and make her dreadfully unhappy." (*Continued on page 78*)

They call Bette "Ex-Lady" in her first starring film but she's very much the Boston lady in real life

●

"There's one thing any woman ought to be shot for doing and that is acting as if she owns some man."

movies *of* *the* month

It's different, romantic and utterly beautiful, this "Zoo in Budapest"

Ruth Chatterton lavishes a fine performance on a worthless picture in "Lilly Turner"

(Check ✓ for good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss)

✓✓ The Little Giant (First Natl.)

You'll See: *Edward G. Robinson, Mary Astor, Helen Vinson, Kenneth Thomson, Shirley Grey, Russel Hopton.*
It's About: *A big-shot Chicago gangster reforms, crashes the "400," finds himself "taken" for a million—but* HOW *he gets square . . . ! ! !*

Oh-boy-oh-boy-oh-boy . . . ! Here's Eddie Robinson, throwing all that sinister-and-heavy-drama stuff overboard, and crashing out in full-blown comedy. And is it a laugh?—it's a howl! Good as he was in heavy stuff, Robinson's even better as a comedian.

Laugh-line: "Put it down there, sister." Laugh-situation: The big-shot gangster getting square for the $45-a-day hotel bill. Laugh-shot: The plane-load of gangsters on their way to the coast "on business."

Your Reviewer Says: To lift yourself out of whatever gloom you may be in (and to give yourself first-rate entertainment), lay your box-office two bits on the line for this.

For Children: Perfectly safe. And they'll love it.

✓✓ Reunion in Vienna (M-G-M)

You'll See: *John Barrymore, Diana Wynyard, Frank Morgan, Henry Travers, May Robson, Una Merkel.*
It's About: *The old, old triangle, painted in high comedy colors against the background of Austrian royalists trying to re-live the old days.*

For the sophisticated, and those who think they are, this is guh-*rand* stuff! But for those who want their movies straight, simple, to-the-point and without complications, it'll be just that much talk and nonsense, saved by an occasional untricky laugh-gag or line. It's a stage play, screened, you know which doesn't always mean the best of movies. It tells of the return of an exiled archduke to a royalist reunion, and his effort (oh, he's a dashing, reckless, mad, audacious, glamorous, devil-may-care one!) to snatch one more night of what he had a lot of, ten years before, with the lady who was his "favorite" then. Only now she's respectably married to a nice, smart, doctor, and can't quite forget it.

Barrymore revels in the rôle of the archduke, and does everything he loves to do and you love him to do. When he says "Ah, my little pigeon" to the aged granddame, "and are you still wearing the red flannel dra . . ." (and suits the action to the word) you'll howl. And when he assails the virtuous armor of his ex-inamorata in every way he can imagine, you'll get plenty of laughs and not a few thrills. As the object of his endeavors, Diana Wynyard is lovely even though rather Britishly icy. To Frank Morgan, as her hubby, applause. And to Henry Travers as "pappy," gales of laughter.

Your Reviewer Says: It all depends on how sophisticated you are, how much of this you'll enjoy. It is beautifully photographed and mounted and has some of the finest direction of the year.

Not for Children.

If you like sophisticated comedy, go see "Reunion in Vienna"

by **HARRY LANG**

> *There are no "big" pictures this month but the entertainment standard runs high. The laugh pictures are keen—"The Little Giant," "Reunion in Vienna," "Never Give a Sucker a Break" and "A Bedtime Story," four pictures studded with fine performances. You should see "Bondage," too, for Dorothy Jordan's work and "Zoo in Budapest" for its marvelous photography. The big disappointment is Ruth Chatterton's "Lilly Turner."*

Never has Eddie Robinson been grander than in "The Little Giant"

✓✓ Never Give a Sucker a Break (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Lee Tracy, Madge Evans, Frank Morgan, John Miljan, Charles Butterworth, Joan Standing.*

It's About: *The hilariously complicated life of a crooked "ambulance-chaser" or did you read the story in last month's "Movie Mirror"?*

Lee Tracy fans, sit up and whoop! Here's your Lee at his top-best, and you'll love him and the picture. The story moves as fast as Lee talks, and you don't stop laughing at one gag before you're roaring at the next. Is that recommendation? Okeh, then, take it.

Tracy is a shyster lawyer who gyps public utilities via fake accident suits, with a staff of professional victims and crooked doctors to back him up. The traction company sets a good-looking girl detective on him, but there's that thing called love.

It's not ALL Tracy, though, much as he dominates it. Charlie Butterworth, with the dead-pan comedy and some swell lines, will hurt your tummy with laughs. And for a howlingly ludicrous sequence, there's a physical examination scene in which a bit-player named Herman Bing scores with a BING! ('Scuse it, please.) And all the rest of the picture is jammed with twists, developments, gags that will more than pay you off for the coin you gave the box office girl.

Your Reviewer Says: This is A-1 entertainment for any moviegoer.

For Children: It's all right for any 1933 youngster to see.

✓ The Silver Cord (Radio)

You'll See: *Irene Dunne, Laura Hope Crews, Joel McCrea, Eric Linden, Frances Dee.*

It's About: *The havoc wrought in four lives by a mother's inordinate love for her sons.*

Here's an example of a famous stage play, transferred to the screen with a minimum of changes. Result: Many of you will find it over-talky, but none of you will deny its drama and poignancy. That's thanks to beautiful acting—outstandingly that of Laura Hope Crews as the mother. It was she, also, who created the rôle on the stage.

Individuals will react differently to the story. Some will see and enjoy it merely as a comedy-drama of too much mother-in-law. Others who know their Freud will grasp the terrific pathological undertow, recognize it as a bitterly deep study of the Œdipus complex.

The story tells of a mother, unhealthily loving her two sons, throwing herself between them and the women they love. In one case, she fails in her scheme; in the other, she succeeds. Tremendous scene: the final shot, where the mother watches her elder son and daughter-in-law and her younger son's fiancée leave her roof, forever, while she keeps her younger son for herself.

Your Reviewer Says: A brilliant picture for the discriminating moviegoers who prefer deeper drama to superficial action.

For Children: They won't know what it is about—or care.

✓ Bondage (Fox)

You'll See: *Dorothy Jordan, Alexander Kirkland, Merle*

Tottenham, Eddie Woods, Rafaela Ottiano, Nydia Westman.
It's About: *The sob-and-misery-filled tale of why a bad girl is what she is.*

Stuff two or three extra hankies in your bag, take along enough powder for the nose when the lights go up—and have yourself a good cry over this one. It's that sort of thing.

Opening in night court, where Dot Jordan pleads guilty to you-know-what, the story fades back into the story of how she got that way. It's well told, but thick with sorrow and woe. It tells of how she falls for a radio singer (imagine!), how he passes her by, how she has the baby in one of those "homes," how the matron mistreats her, how she is sent to an asylum only to find the baby has died when she gets out again, and how she takes it.

Fade-out line (as she walks out of court with sentence suspended and someone asks where she's going): "Who cares . . . ?" That tells the tenor of the story.

Your Reviewer Says: For that mood when nothing will do but a good hearty bawl, this is a sure-fire dose. Tragedy-lovers will love it much. But if you want *amusement,* m-m-m-m . . . !

Not for Children.

Very Wheeler and "Diplomaniacs." If

If you like your movies highbrowish, you'll revel in "The Silver Cord"

"The Girl in 419" despite a good cast suffers from bad acting

"Song of the Eagle" is the first of the beer films—but it's not as good as the new beer

✓I Cover the Waterfront (Reliance)

You'll See: *Ernest Torrence, Claudette Colbert, Ben Lyon, Hobart Cavanaugh, Purnell Pratt.*
It's About: *A ship-news reporter's adventures in love and villainy when he tries to trap a Chinese-smuggling skipper, falls in love with the skipper's daughter.*

Here's melodrama that makes a rollicking, fast-moving, exciting movie that you'll probably enjoy, filled as it is with sea thrills.

Ben Lyon and Claudette Colbert, as the reporter and the bad skipper's daughter, are supposed to be the leads. But old trouper Ernest Torrence, as the captain, steals the show with his grand portrayal. Wait till you see him having one swell time in that—ahem—place with all the girls. Claudette delivers a sock (figuratively and literally) when she meets the dame that took papa for his roll! Claudette revels in her rôle, and is very charming.

Ben is the reporter who uncovers the crooked smuggling racket, even though he risks his life.

It all ends happily, and love and virtue triumph.

Your Reviewer Says: Go on and let yourself revel in down-to-the-docks stuff. And save a flock of handclaps for the scene where Maurice Black shoves off from this earth after an argument with a shark. It's grand movie stuff and great entertainment.

For Children: It's too adult.

Your Reviewer Says: An hour of movie that might have turned out swell, but didn't.

For Children: Too much sex and assorted killings.

✓ "M" (Foreign-made)

You'll See: *A splendid cast of foreign actors whose names you wouldn't recognize.*

It's About: *How a syndicate of beggers and underworld characters trap a child-murderer.*

Grisly as it is, gruesome as its idea, nonetheless here is a fine example of motion-picture making. It's adult stuff, and by all means leave the children at home when you see it. But for force, for suspense, for an idea of how inoffensively one can picture ideas that might be horrendously portrayed, here is a screen revelation.

It tells of a maniacal child-killer whose deeds terrorize a community until beggars and thieves, to protect themselves, decide he must be caught. Of all, a blind peddler recognizes the killer!—marks him with a chalked "M." He is trapped, up for life or death before the underworld court. But is at last turned over to civilized justice. You'll see some beautiful acting—particularly by the man who plays the rôle of the maniac. Brilliantly acted and directed is the (*Continued on page* 69)

"I Love that Man" just doesn't jell though the cast works hard

Woolsey is their latest, you like them, oke

Warner's haven't done right by Bill Powell in "Detective 62"

It's a honey, Lee Tracy's "Never Give a Sucker a Break," and blessed with Tracy at his finest

The Girl in 419 (Paramount)

You'll See: *Jimmy Dunn, Gloria Stuart, David Manners, Jack LaRue.*

It's About: *The goings-on in a big-city police hospital.*

When Riccy Cortez caught a bad case of flu, they had to substitute Jimmy Dunn for him in the leading rôle of this movie. It was an unfortunate move. Riccy could have been swell in the part of the head of the emergency hospital; Jimmy isn't. He's too young, for one thing, and for another, he lacks the ability to put over a big dramatic scene. This rôle won't do him any good.

Too bad, too—because here's a story that, better acted and directed, might have been a grand movie. As it is, it's one of those ought-to-be's that turned out no-click. What saves it from being utterly dull is the fact that it's literally sprinkled with high spots of action and incident. Noteworthy items—Laugh-shot: the sneezing patient just missing a world-record when he "no feel da tickle;" Shock-shot: the death of Jack LaRue; Sob-shot: Vince Barnett's dying words.

The story deals with the head doctor falling for a beautiful mystery girl patient, quitting his chasing, unearthing the gang-plot against her life, and how a young interne with a bottle of poison removes the chief menace.

Continuing . . .

The Life Story of a Black Irishman

By

GEORGE BRENT

as told to

Jerry Lane

I AM black Irish through and through which accounts for a lot of things. I was born in a thatched-roof farmhouse near the river Shannon, March 15th, 1904. I stayed there until I was eleven, when my parents died. Then I came to New York. I hated the city and soon struck out for the country, working in lumber camps, on farms, anything to be out in the open. Later a friend of mine urged me to go back to Ireland with him. We went, and I joined up with Michael Collins and the Irish rebels and nearly lost my life as the result. With the police hot on my heels, I fled once more to New York. I was stoney broke. I had no profession. A pal gave me a card to the stock company manager on 121st Street. I hoped to heaven I could become an actor—but I didn't know a thing about it all.

"*Take those hands out of your pockets!* Move around! You're not glued to that backdrop . . ." I can hear the raspy voice of that manager yet. My first job on the stage in America and I seemed to have forgotten every blessed thing I learned at the Abbey Theater back in Dublin. Or maybe the hair-raising events of those previous weeks had driven it out of my head entirely.

The card my Irish agent friend had given me worked wonders. The manager took me on with barely a grunt—but how he must have regretted it that opening night!

I was literally "scared stiff." You can't move when you're like that; you can't breathe, much less speak your lines. The leading man gave me cue after cue. Nothing registered. Finally, with a disgust that must have reached out and seared me had I been conscious, he said sharply: "I leave you to your reveries!" And off he walked. In just one split second I was bounding after him. . . .

I wasn't fired. Heaven alone knows what saved me because the manager was pulling his hair behind the wings and I kept right on going until I reached the street. But the next day the storm had settled and that night I stumbled through my part successfully.

I stumbled headlong into love at the same time. The kind of love that sets your head swimming and your pulse pounding. Love of the nineteen-year-old. The girl was a member of our company. We married. I don't suppose that any romance carried on such a high note can flourish. Ours did not. . . .

In a short time I left the 121st street theater to go into one in Brooklyn. There's something about the stage that serves as a spell-binder. Once it has caught you, you can never get free of it. And you never want to. It has more ups and downs, certainly, than any other profession—and my "ups," as you'll see, were confined to low altitudes while my "downs" were a long way down.

At first I thought I'd worked out a unique system: You saved your money when you played in stock, then you bought a new suit, put on your best and boldest "front" and strutted to fame on Broadway. All very simple. Only it didn't work.

It's surprising how very well Broadway was able to struggle along without me. When my funds vanished, back I would go to any stock company that had a berth for me. It began to be a habit.

"I'VE got a nice spot for you, Brent," the words were like music in my ears. "Make you a nice bit of change. They're sending out another road company with 'Abie's Irish Rose' and I can get you the part of Abie." Fortunately my brogue had practically disappeared by then. Otherwise the audiences might have listened to a Jewish boy with a rich south-of-Ireland flavor to his words. . . .

We were sent out to the middle west where I grew to sleep, eat and talk "Abie." I played him straight through for nearly two years . . . If there are any towns there that we missed I cannot find them in the geography. Sometimes we rigged up an impromptu setting in the top of a store or in a barn which was still heavy with the odor of hay.

These one night stands have a decided touch of adventure about them. You never know what you're going to get into next. For instance—during a spring flood in the Mississippi valley we had to leave a little village on a five minute notice. Even as we threw things into the back of the cars, the water rose above the hub of the wheels. People were flying in every direction. Less than an hour after we made the main high road, we heard that village had been completely wiped out. . . .

Back in New York once more, late in the fall of 1925. Too late for a chance of being cast in any of the new productions.

My bank balance was reassuring after twenty-two months of solid work and I decided to have my own stock company. Astonishing—how much I *didn't* know about the theater. I found that out after I had rented an expensive one in Pawtucket, Rhode Island. I was stage hand, director, cashier, call boy and three or four of the actors in each of the plays but even that didn't keep my books out of the red.

In seven months I was in New York again, rich in experience—*very* rich!—and with exactly $1.47.

Back on the road once more, playing what was commonly known as the "honky-tonk" towns. The only outstanding event I recall was when coal miners in a Pennsylvania hamlet threw rotten tomatoes at me . . . I was the "dir-r-rty villain"—the good old walrus-mustached sort—and as I was lying in wait to snatch the heroine from the scene, the tomatoes landed. Perfectly aimed. I can still feel the splash of them, the juice trickling down my neck. After that my villains became strangely meek for the remainder of the tour.

Restless, wondering what was best to do next, I went into a restaurant around the corner from Times Square for lunch one day—and when I came out I was a producer again. With the Pawtucket misadventure to serve as a guide.

I HAD run across an old acquaintance who wanted to dispose of his theater in Florida. The offer he made me was tempting. Two weeks later I had rung up the curtain and was watching my own company go through the acts. The season was in full swing, tourists crowded the winter resorts, and we did a profitable business.

I'd finished rehearsing the company one day when the call I had waited seven years for, came. That summons to Broadway.

Gabriel's trumpet couldn't raise the spirit of an actor higher . . .

And what a terrible tumble I had when "The 'K' Guy" failed. My first opportunity in "big time" and the play was probably the worst flop of the year. I walked something like twenty miles that night before things began to clear up . . .

More travel on the road—and I finally joined the Eilitch's Gardens company (*Continued on page* 83)

I was frightened speechless when I heard I had been cast opposite Ruth Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always With Us." How could I dream that I was to find her the most wonderful woman in the world?

Letters From a Movie Fan in Hollywoo

You'll feel you know little Janet Gaynor after reading this Intimate Fan Letter about Her. What other stars do you want Kathryn to meet? Write in the name to MOVIE MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York, and Kathryn will do the rest

Kathryn Goes Shopping with Janet Gaynor and Then—After Her Fashion—Goes Wandering All Over the Place

by
KATHRYN

RUTH, Dear—

I've just come back from spending most of the day with an escaped prisoner! And I've got to write you all about it before I forget a single thrill. . . .

Thrill? You bet it was, dear. You'll realize all the better how great the thrill when I tell you that the name of this escaped prisoner is *Janet Gaynor!*—a new Janet; a vibrant, bubbling, laughing Janet, fresh-freed from the bars of matrimony.

That's what I meant, dear, when I said "escaped prisoner." And Ruth, those words aren't mine; they're Janet's. She said it herself:

"I feel," she said, just once when she referred to her divorce from Lydell Peck, which she'd just gotten a few days ago, "like I'd just gotten out of prison . . .!"

Today, Ruth dear, I've been shopping with her—shopping for things for her new house. She's like a kid with a new toy, because—and this struck me as amazing!—the house she's furnishing for herself and her mother to live in is *the first time she's had a house of her own!* She told me she's been living, up to now, in rented furnished houses—she, a movie star, with all those thousands, and never a home of her own to fuss and play with!!

In this month's letter from Hollywood, *Kathryn* tells how she and Janet Gaynor lunched at Janet's favorite spaghetti-place in Hollywood, the Mona Lisa. I asked *Kathryn* to get the real recipe for Janet's favorite dish. It's on page 92.

RUTH WATERBURY, Editor.

You know, Ruth dear, the very fact that she took me shopping with her today shows what a change has come over her. You remember, a few months ago, you wrote in a letter that you were hoping I might get a chance to meet Janet, and talk with her. And I wrote back, and told you I'd hoped for the very same luck—but that I might as well try to meet the Man in the Moon!

Because she was like that. They even called her "the recluse of Hollywood," and things like that. Dodged interviewers like the plague! Never went out places; never did things . . . So, dear, imagine my surprise when, the other day, a girl who knows Janet well called me. "Kathryn," she said, "you've always wanted to meet Janet, haven't you? Well, she asked me to go shopping with her, but I couldn't. And I told her about you—and to make it short, she told me to ask you if you'd like to go with her . . ." And that's how it came about. Back in your prosaic, little matter-of-fact New York, things like that don't happen to you. But out here, in fairy-tale Hollywood, they do! And I know just how Cinderella felt on her way to the ball in that golden coach—because that's how I felt, rolling down Wilshire Boulevard in that gorgeous limousine, with six-foot Clifford, her chauffeur, at the wheel, and Janet herself beside me, like a spring butterfly in a sporty little yellow-and-mustard dress.

Or like a school girl—a high school girl—maybe I'd better say. Certainly she didn't look old enough to have been married. And above all, to have been divorced . . ! Tiny, she is. You know my nickname—"The Runt," you used to call me, with my five feet or so. Well, Janet's a full inch shorter than I! And freckles—my oh my!

"Shopping's a treat for me," she was laughing, eyes sparkling, lips open in a schoolgirl grin. "Hardly ever get time to do it myself. Been letting mother do most of it. When I DO get the chance, I feel like a kid at a circus."

I don't suppose you care much about where we went and what we bought, do you?—to the "Evans Shop," which is a smart dress-shop which Lois Moran's mother used to run, and where there wasn't much excitement because the salesgirls are so used to movie stars!—and then downtown, to a big department store, where we had the laugh of the day.

You see, Janet looks so unlike the screen Janet and so much like any other girl that strolls down a store aisle that we weren't recognized. I'd seen Norma Shearer mobbed in a store; I'd heard about Marie Dressler being forced to give up shopping because of the people who crowded around her—and here was I with Janet Gaynor, and nobody even turned to look. I was disappointed. I wanted them to see me with a real movie star! But I suddenly got my wish—

WE were in the sports department, waiting for the package which contained the tailored white flannel skirt Janet had bought. (Yes, dear—we carried our own parcels, and next time you get grand and tell them to "send it," remember Janet totes her own.) Not even the salesgirl had recognized whom she was waiting on. But, behind us, there was a sudden squeal.

We turned. There was a little girl of about five, staring at us. As Janet turned, the child got a full-face view, and without more ado, she was squealing and yelling as she ran down one aisle, up another—

"Oo-o-o-o-ooo, it's Janet Gaynor, it's Janet Gaynor, it's Janet Gaynor . . .!!!"

It was like a fire alarm. Before we knew it, people had popped up everywhere, like they do in dreams. In doorways, in aisles. Shoppers, salespeople, floorwalkers—all standing and looking at us as though we were Bozo the Whatisit in a side-show!

Poor Janet! I've heard that film stars get used to that sort of thing—but Janet certainly wasn't. She was as fussed, dear, as you were that day you lost your shorts on Broadway! Her face turned pink, and she looked at me with a desperate what'll-I-do look. In fact, that's what she said to me—"What shall I do?" "Tell them hello," I whispered back.

Then something happened. Janet stopped being a little scared girl, and became a movie star. She must have realized she had to act, and Janet the actress she became. A smile brightened her face, and (*Continued on page 92*)

The wisest and most courageous woman in Hollywood is Mrs. Clark Gable, here arriving at a premiere with Clark and Norma Shearer. She has to be. To hold a man whom a feminine world adores is no easy job

By
SUSAN
TALBOT

The Real Truth About Hollywood Wives

Wherever Dick Arlen is—and here he's down at Palm Springs with Charles Laughton—there Joby Ralston Arlen is too. She's a real pal, Joby

IF you were to find yourself attending a large Hollywood première where every other person is an exciting, beautiful (or handsome) and glamorous film star, you would undoubtedly see Clark Gable. And you would discover him surrounded by a group of adoring women fans, all begging for his autograph, trying to touch his sleeve, snatching at the handkerchief in his coat to be torn to bits for souvenirs. So intent would you be on the smiling face of the successful Gable that perhaps you wouldn't notice a small, rather plain woman standing on the side-lines watching this pageant.

That woman would be Mrs. Clark Gable—a Hollywood wife. That would be Mrs. Gable watching her husband being fawned upon and adored. And that would be Mrs. Gable getting no notice at all except, perhaps, one or two remarks. And those remarks whispered by one fan to another would be something like this, "Why in the world did he ever marry her? Why, she's older than he is!"

How do you suppose Mrs. Gable feels about this? What goes on in her mind when her husband is being so lovingly mobbed and she is shoved into the background of wifely obscurity? How, in fact, do all Hollywood wives feel? For all of them are placed in similar, if not identical, positions.

The Hollywood wife has a problem different from any other wife in the world. Not only must she see hundreds of strangers worship her husband, but she also knows that day after day he is working at the studio with beautiful, glamorous, voluptuous women. And making love to them.

Eddie Robinson won't play in a picture in which Mrs. Eddie Robbinson doesn't have a part

Up till now Florence Eldridge has sacrificed her career to Freddie March's. Now she's rapidly forging ahead on her own

It is screen love, of course, done for the benefit of the camera. But he is taking those women in his arms, just the same. Or if he is a director instead of a star he is showing how it should be done. There is an intensely emotional atmosphere in a studio such as is found in no other business. What does the Hollywood wife do to compensate herself for this? For there must be compensations or she would not go through with it.

The professional wives have their own work. Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Sally Eilers, Mary Pickford, Barbara Stanwyck, hold positions as important, sometimes more so, than their husbands. But the most successful wives are those who have no career of their own, who give all their thought, time and energy to their husbands.

When Jobyna Ralston and Richard Arlen were married her career was more flourishing than his. Very shortly afterwards, she gave up her work (as Virginia Bruce—Mrs. Jack Gilbert—has just done). And when her friends—amazed—asked her why she had done this thing, she said, "One star in the family is enough. I just discovered that Dick had more talent than I. Besides, he needed me to look after him. I couldn't be a good wife to an actor when I was all tired and bothered and cross after a day's work of my own."

How much compensation she has had only she knows. She has been a wonderful influence on Dick. Regular fellow though he is, he does sometimes indulge in actor moods. He often flies off the handle and gives himself up to temperament. It is Jobyna who soothes and calms and manages him. It is she who keeps him from doing foolish things—typically actor things—that might hurt his career. And that sort of work takes a great deal of Jobyna's creative ability.

Then what does she get out of it? She sits at home and has her kind friends come to her with dozens of rumors and entire afternoons of gossip about Dick.

When Dick was making a picture in which Peggy Shannon was his leading woman every other person you met confided to you that Dick was in love with Peggy and that "poor little Jobyna didn't know a thing about it—stuck way out there in Toluca Lake all by herself."

Peggy Shannon was married, too, but that didn't stop the busy tongues. And, of course, Jobyna heard what was being said. Her heart was broken—not because she believed what she heard for a split second but because she thought others might.

Together she and Dick ironed the whole thing out and decided that there was but one course open to them. They would deliberately ignore it—not even bother to deny it—hold their heads up and go about their business. They did their best to live up to that.

There was no truth to these rumors and Jobyna and Richard Arlen are more in love with each other today than ever before. They have had six years of happy married life.

But all Hollywood wives must hold their heads up when ugly rumors about their attractive, charming husbands—"the great lovers" of the screen—are told them. They must harden themselves to throw off this sort of thing. It is one of the many trials of the Hollywood wife.

Up there a few paragraphs ago I said something about "poor little Jobyna stuck way out there in Toluca Lake all by herself." That is another thorn in the wifely crown. You've heard of "golf widows" and "fishing widows." Now think about the studio widows.

Directors and producers have been known to work twenty hours at a stretch. Actors, too, time after time, while they're making a picture must stay at the studio until midnight and after. Norma Shearer (when Irving is in the throes of conferences on a new production)

Mad, tempestuous Jack Gilbert has been made happy by simple little Virginia Bruce and by the simplest and finest way life knows

makes no plans at all for dinner. Their home is a sort of glorified short order house. They dine, off trays, when they get home. But remember that Norma is busy, too. What about the wife who sits at home alone, night after night, while her husband is detained at the studio?

You read about the charming and delightful "hen parties" given in Hollywood where "the girls" get together for a round of bridge and chatter. These will be the Hollywood wives—and you don't think for a minute that they enjoy collecting continuously in manless groups, do you? They do it to keep from dying of boredom at home alone, waiting and waiting for their studio husbands.

And because they are so much thrown together, they don't mix very well at parties even when their husbands are free to take them. You'll usually find the wives gathered together in little groups of their own.

Even when the husbands are free the wives are subject to disappointments.

Once when Clark Gable made his first success he and Mrs. Gable planned to take a short vacation (he had made one film right after another and was dead tired). During this time Mrs. Gable had worked as hard as he—keeping him bucked up, bolstering his confidence. She needed a vacation badly. They made reservations at a smart hotel, packed their bags happily and got on the train. For two solid weeks they could rest, be together and forget Hollywood. But before they arrived at their destination the train conductor handed Clark a wire from the studio. A new picture was beginning . . . he must come back immediately.

Clark never knew how disappointed she was. She didn't dare show it, for it would only have made his disappointment more acute. Instead she busied herself at once with a railroad timetable and told Clark that it was wonderful he was in such great demand.

When Robert Montgomery's baby died, Bob was working on a picture. With true trouper spirit he appeared at the studio ready for work the next day. Another man in another business could certainly have mourned his child in privacy. But "holding up production" meant a loss of thousands of studio dollars, so Bob did a commendable thing. He kept the show going on, he went to work and did a good job. He was praised for this and a lot of beautiful publicity was given him, but none of the newspaper stories mentioned Mrs. Bob Montgomery, who was left alone that day.

Don't you think that she would much rather have had some hard and necessary task to go through—as Bob did? Or don't you think it would have been much less heartbreaking had Bob been with her? But she is a Hollywood wife—and Bob was needed at the studio.

It all seems like a dreary picture, doesn't it? Where, then, is the glory?

These women justify their existence by giving themselves completely and entirely to their husbands, by taking from their husbands' handsome shoulders every duty possible. They make themselves important in their own homes. They help their husbands in their work.

Eddie Robinson, for example, never signs a contract or even agrees to make a single picture without consulting his wife. And he abides by her judgment which, even if the rest of the world does not know it, must be a great source of satisfaction to Mrs. Robinson. Further, he insists that she play a small part in every picture he makes. He likes to have her around.

Conrad Nagel turns over the entire management of his home to Mrs. Nagel. She has more than the average wife's duties, for she takes everything off his shoulders and never consults him about household matters that might upset him.

Managing the home of a screen star is like no other job in the world. Servants complain about irregular hours. These complaints are soothed over by Mrs. Nagel. Conrad, I'm sure, doesn't know half so much of what goes on in his home (where he lives) as Mrs. Nagel knows about the studio (to which she seldom goes). At night she holds herself in readiness to listen to Conrad's troubles—to talk to him comfortingly when comfort is necessary and to sit in silence, listening, when he wants merely a good listener. Her (*Continued on page* 91)

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 61*)

scene where the madman sees a child's reflection in a shopwindow.

Your Reviewer Says: A noteworthy example of screen story.

Not for Children.

Private Detective 62 (Warners)

You'll See: *Bill Powell, Margaret Lindsay, Gordon Westcott, Ruth Donnelly.*

It's About: *A crooked private detective hates his racket, goes clean for the girl's sake.*

If disjointed incidents made a picture, this one would be swell. But they don't. Best they can do is make a good picture better, and when there isn't a good start, it's just too bad. That's the trouble here. Bill Powell, losing a secret service job, takes to shady private detecting for a living. He doesn't like it—especially when he falls for a gal his agency is supposed to frame. In the end, when she gets in a jam over gambling, he rallies to her support, sends his partner to jail. Maybe it's because none of the characters—not even the hero and heroine—are clean, that the picture doesn't jell.

The film introduces Margaret Lindsay as leading lady. She's interesting, has a lovely voice. She's that American gal who went British in "Cavalcade" you know.

Protest: Why the language Bill Powell uses in making the hophead confess a plot? It's a detailed recitation of what'll happen to the hophead's anatomy if Bill shoots. It doesn't belong in entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: Just another movie, and it'll leave you dissatisfied.

Not for Children.

✓✓Pilgrimage (Fox)

You'll See: *Henrietta Crosman, Heather Angel, Marion Nixon, Norman Foster, Lucille LaVerne, Maurice Murphy, Hedda Hopper, Robert Warwick, Charles Grapewin, Louise Carter, Betty Blythe, Francis Ford, Jay Ward.*

It's About: *How fate teaches a cruelly bitter mother the real meaning of love.*

Take along a handkerchief—an extra one, that is. You'll need it, because you'll find your eyes running over. And you'll love it. This is the sort of movie that makes you happy you still can cry. Let's tell the story—

A farm mother, fearing her son will leave her when he marries, breaks up his romance, sends the boy to war, does not know until too late that the girl is to be a mother. The boy is killed. Hating the girl still, the mother goes, after the war, to visit her son's grave. There, fate makes her the instrument whereby another boy is saved from suicide because his mother is about to repeat the farm woman's mistake. Her vision cleared of hate, she begs forgiveness at her son's grave, returns to accept her boy's sweetheart as her own daughter—and the child as her grandson.

It's an I. A. R. Wylie story, and that author's brilliant warmth of romance-telling is luckily transferred to the screen in this picture. It is a splendid piece of

(*Continued on page 71*)

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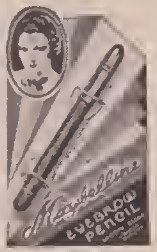

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How A Hair Cut Altered A Personality

(*Continued from page 39*)

Her hair was the same as before.

"The hairdresser talked me out of it," she admitted, only half-convinced herself. "He thinks since it's becoming this way I'd better leave it alone."

I can see her now fastening a diamond bracelet about her arm, wiggling her feet into satin slippers the same bright sapphire blue as her evening gown, giving her smooth hair a final pat, and starting for the big freight elevator that would take her down the several floors to the drawing-room set where her company was waiting. A subtle impatience characterized all her movements.

It was only last Spring this happened, only a brief twelve months ago. . . .

Then Claudette was assigned to the Hollywood studios where the competition between stars is ever so much greater than it had been in New York. Before her contract expired she had eight months to go and three more pictures to make. If she expected to get her contract renewed, in that time it was up to her to prove she was box-office. And she knew it. There's not much Claudette doesn't know. Especially about herself. And when you're smart about yourself you're smart.

You see all the time Claudette had been playing ladies, playing them charmingly and under protest, other stars had been achieving greater interest in a variety of rôles.

It was at this point that Claudette went fighting mad.

"How do you do, Miss Colbert," said the Big Executives the first day she reported at the studios. "We've decided upon your first rôle. We're sure you'll be *dee-lighted* to know you're to play with George M. Cohan in 'The Phantom President.'"

"How nice," said Claudette, smiling. "Could I have a copy of the 'script?"

"Certainly . . . certainly . . ." Buzzers rang. The 'script arrived. Claudette departed with it under her arm.

"The Phantom President," she discovered, was a comedy. It would be since it starred George M. Cohan. That was fine. Claudette likes comedy. But she also discovered that once again she was scheduled to play a lady, that once again the action of the story called upon her to do absolutely nothing but look attractive. And that wasn't fine at all.

She had eight months to go and three pictures to make, and another paper-doll part stared her in the face.

"I made up my mind," she told me, her eyes brightening so at the mere memory of this crucial moment that I knew how they must have snapped at the time, "that somehow I would be different in this rôle. I had to dress up. I knew that. And I knew I'd have to act a lady. Even so . . .

"I went to the hairdresser and suggested a new bob. I drew pictures of the bang I wanted and the way I hoped it would zoof in the back. He picked up his scissors. I closed my eyes. And hoped for the best when I'd open them again."

"How did the family like you?" I asked, thinking especially of Claudette's mother, knowing how families are about anything new anyhow.

"Don't ask," Claudette laughed. "You have a family. You know. They're always against any change. On general principles. Afraid you might attract attention. Terrified you'll get 'notions.'

"To this day Norman thinks he liked it better as it was before."

Be all this as it may, that new bob with its fetching bang changed Claudette's life.

It was Joseph Hergesheimer in his novel "The Party Dress," who had a sophisticated black chiffon gown help a suburban matron recapture interest and romance.

Well, Claudette cancelled all the orders she had placed for the clothes for "The Phantom President" to order new ones. Her new ones supplemented her chic, daring bob. She was terribly interested in herself again. She began having ideas. She had new courage.

For instance, instead of posing for a new sitting so that the camera caught what she always had thought the best angles of her face she let the photographer shoot any and all angles. And the pictures turned out beautifully. When she started work she was effervescent. The cameras caught this quality. Claudette might be literally nothing but a feed for George M. Cohan in this story but she sparkled.

The critics raved. The public talked.

Claudette stalked into the impressive "front offices" to ask for the rôle of Poppæa, the wanton Empress in "The Sign of the Cross."

"You're fooling, of course," they told her, horrified. "Why, it's ridiculous. You've never done anything like it. Why, Miss Colbert, you . . . you wouldn't even wear the costumes!"

The girl at the left of George Raft is Marjorie King, and Marjorie is the girl that George is seen with most often these days. The other lass is Marjorie's closest friend

"What makes you think so?" she asked sweetly.

They reminded her of "The Smiling Lieutenant." Hadn't she refused to kick up her legs in that picture, showing ruffled French panties? She had. Hadn't Lubitsch been obliged to get someone else to do this and to insert a close-up of their legs? He had.

"But that has nothing to do with this," Claudette insisted, still charming, still smiling. "I'm not the 'Oh-h-h—la—la' type. I couldn't play the little violinist in that story that way.

"But if I'm going to be a Roman Empress of course I'll look like a Roman Empress. I'm not silly . . ."

Still they muttered into their beards. Figuratively speaking, you understand. Still they shook disapproving heads.

Claudette has a temper. But she controls it. I've only seen it manifest itself once in all the time I've known her. That was when her sense of justice was outraged. It was outraged now.

"At least allow me to see DeMille," she demanded.

They agreed. They'd have agreed to anything that would have ended that interview by this time, I imagine.

"DeMille was an angel," Claudette told me. "He seemed to have his doubts too. But he said, 'There's only one thing for us to do that I can see. That's for you to take a test.' That seemed fair enough.

"But the main thing is, I got the part."

And how she played it!

By this time she had only two months to go and one more picture to make before her contract expired. Other companies sat up and took notice. Other companies asked her for interviews and fluttered flattering offers before her. Her own company let her know they hoped she would remain with them. Claudette didn't say so but I'm sure they reminded her of all they'd done for her. Not that they had. Just that they would. Big executives are like that.

In "Tonight Is Ours" she scored another triumph as the naughty queen.

Now her company simply could not afford to lose her. They knew it. They told her so. Claudette signed on the dotted line, threw her silver foxes about her shoulders and exited gracefully. She did it well. She'd had a lot of practise.

"You know," Claudette told me during her last visit to New York, arranging lilies, silver in the twilight, which someone had sent her in a great crystal bowl . . . "you know it's a good thing to do something now and then to remind people you're still around, still to be reckoned with . . .

"You really don't have to do much to get started. If you've been wearing black appear in a bright red dress. Or," she smiled, amused, "change your hair. It doesn't matter what it is you do as long as it says 'Here I am!'

"Besides, a red dress or a new way of wearing your hair has an excellent psychological reaction. We women are all actresses, of course. Instinctively everyone of us act up to the way we look, or to the way we think we look. It's the same thing . . ."

Certainly Claudette should speak with authority. Her new bob has given her a new personality, and very important indeed, new courage and interest, new rôles, and a new contract. Literally it has helped her wage her battle and solve her problem.

Adele Whitely Fletcher will do another of her inimitable stories for MOVIE MIRROR next month—this time on Constance Bennett and what is happening to the girl. You will want to read this.

(*Continued from page 69*)

work, in every field—acting, direction, production, photography. Henrietta Crosman, veteran of the stage, avoids the temptation of overacting, turns in a sweetly lovely performance. Her cast measures up to her standard.

Your Reviewer Says: For the sort of picture that gets 'way down deep into your emotions, and makes you sad and happy at the same time, this is a sure-fire bet.

For Children: A bit too heavy and weepy.

✓✓The Mayor of Hell (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Jimmy Cagney, Madge Evans, Frankie Darro, Allen Jenkins, Dudley Digges, Arthur Byron, Farina, many others. And a swell gang of kid actors.*
It's About: *How a tough politician cleans up a reformatory, makes it really a reformatory.*

Without any word-mincing, I'm telling you that Frankie Darro—a lad in his mid-teens—steals this picture right away from Jimmy Cagney. And Jimmy loves it! You remember Frankie Darro, probably, as one of those "child geniuses." Now he's grown up to that middle age, where kid actors usually fade into zero. But not Darro—in this, as the tough mugg "mayor" of the reformatory inmates, he turns in a performance that's rarely been equalled by even the best character actors in the adult range. You'll thrill!

Say for Cagney this—that although he's the nominal "star" of the film, he hands the juiciest sequences to Darro, is content to play second lead to a wonderful performance by the boy. And you admire Cagney the more for it.

The story is of tough kids, sent to a reform school where a crooked headman beats them into criminals. Cagney, getting the supervisory job as a political plum, falls in love with the school nurse, reforms the reformatory. But not until a sensational revolt sequence wherein the boys run wild, revenge themselves on the crooked boss.

Magnificent scene: The death of little "Skinny." Great thrill: the incendiary revolt of the inmates. Great laugh: Little Frankie Darro outcagneying Cagney with Cagney's own stuff.

Your Reviewer Says: Grand action picture, full of laughs and thrills and high drama.

For Children: They'll love it.

✓✓When Ladies Meet (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Ann Harding, Myrna Loy, Robert Montgomery, Alice Brady, Sterling Holloway, Luis Alberni, Frank Morgan.*
It's About: *The eternal triangle.*

Another stage success comes to the screen—and is transformed into a screen success. It seems that moviemakers are learning how to put a talkie stage play into movies and keep it fine. .. ..

The delight of this picture lies in its grand lines and the way a virtually perfect cast puts them over. And, too, the situations. Call it "sophisticated"—that

(*Continued on page 75*)

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Pimples? Blemishes?
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Now—NEW BEAUTY of skin and complexion can be yours!

Read how this remarkable corrective food clears the skin and keeps it young and vibrant. . . . Note coupon below

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Hero and Great Lover

(*Continued from page* 43)

out, the boy's father had to march away to the front, and his mother entered a hospital as a nurse. Henry was apprenticed to a druggist. He had to wash bottles day after day till his hands blistered from the boiling water and the acids. When he complained to the druggist, all he received for his pains was a beating with a broom handle.

Nights he slept in a corner of the store on a pile of old rags, crouching in terror when he saw rats and mice running by, for the place was infested with them.

At last he could stand it no longer. He ran away and wandered about Paris, hoping to find his mother. But there was so much confusion in war-time Paris that though he trudged from hospital to hospital, no one could tell him where she was.

Finally he got a job as an errand boy in an ammunition factory. And after that came other bitter years, years of struggle when the boy worked as a dish washer in a café, years during which there were many days when he had nothing to eat, many nights when he had no place to sleep save the cold, uninviting benches in the park.

Eventually Henry's father was discharged from the army, old and broken and weary with the weight of bitter years. They met one day on a street in Paris, the little waif and the old man, and they promised each other that they would never again be parted. Together they found Henry's mother, and the three were reunited.

Henry went back to school for a while, then quit to become an electrician. He was quite a success in the little shop where he worked, but the blood of troupers was in his veins and he longed for an opportunity to go on the stage. He actually managed to get bits and extra work after working hours at the store. That gave him renewed courage. He quit his job as an electrician.

He finally got two parts in two different theatres. He played a part in the first act at one theatre, and did a song and dance in the middle of the bill at the other theatre. Each night he rushed from one theatre to the other, getting the grand total of one dollar a night for his work.

After playing extra and bit parts for several years, he got his first real break. Gertrude Hoffman, the American dancer, sent for him and signed him for an excellent rôle doing songs and dances with her girls. From that he went to other plays, appearing opposite Mistinguette, who gave Chevalier his big chance, appearing also at the Casino de Paris and in several revues.

One day E. A. Dupont, the German director, saw him on the stage. He went backstage and asked him if he thought he could make an English picture. He said yes, when he should have said no. For certainly at that time he could talk very little English. But then Dupont knew just as little about English, so he didn't know the difference. Both men promptly went to England, where Garat made "Two Worlds." Luckily for him, Dupont changed his mind about making the picture in English, and let Garat make it in French.

The picture was a hit. Garat showed such promise that the German branch of Paramount signed him on the dotted line to make pictures in French. If that sounds like an international mix-up, don't blame me. That's the way it happened.

All of this bitter struggle against poverty and hardship has left no outward mark on Garat. All he says is, quite blithely, "If I had a thousand dollars for every day in my life that I went without food, I would be a very rich man."

And so he would.

But the grandest story of all about Garat is the story of his own romance.

"I hardly dare tell it," he says. "It is so incredible. No one will believe it. I have been afraid to tell it because people might believe I was lying. It is like something out of a film."

This is the story.

The girl who is now Mrs. Garat once *almost* did a play with Henry. That was about five years ago. She was signed up for the part. She rehearsed for it. She and Garat, however, hardly spoke to one another. When they met, they would say "Hello" casually and that was all. Then just before the show opened, her sister became very ill and she withdrew from the cast.

Is this pretty cute? Adrienne Ames wears a checkered linen in black and white with a soft tie of self material at the neck with a little sleeveless jacket of black linen with the shoulders outlined with silver fox

Occasionally after that they saw each other casually, by accident, when they both happened to pass the same street. They never got into any sort of conversation. They never had a date. They were hardly aware of each other's existence.

And then fate threw them together!

It threw them together in the strangest, most topsy-turvy way. This was about two years ago. Henry had to go from Nice to Paris to talk over his next French picture for Paramount. On the train coming back was the future Mrs. Garat. He was alone. She was alone. He was very lonely. She was very lonely.

He got up from his seat to find out about sleeping quarters. She got up from her seat to find out about sleeping quarters.

He pressed fifty francs into the porter's hand and said, "Won't you find me a sleeping compartment, please?"

She pressed fifty francs into the porter's hand and asked, "Won't you find me a sleeping compartment, please?"

The porter looked worried. The porter *was* worried. There was only one sleeping compartment left on the entire train. It had two beds!

He looked at Henry. He looked at this lovely blonde girl. Then his eyes wandered to the sleeping compartment.

"Pardon me," he said at last, "but there is only one compartment left. I do not know what to do. Could you—would you—share it?"

Henry looked at this lovely girl he had known only casually.

She looked at Henry.

And then they agreed to share the same compartment with its two berths for the night!

That was how Mr. and Mrs. Garat really met. Their other meetings don't count. It was this one that began their romance.

They found things to talk about together. They found many gay, joyous things to do together. They found themselves in love.

"But oh, what a tereeble time we had getting married," said Garat. "For six months we tried to find time to get married. Every time we planned to have the banns published, my directors put me in another peekshur.

"Our friends began to laugh at us. They said we would never get married. They began making bets about it.

"Finally I could stand it no more. I went to Mister Bobkin, who was a director in Paris then, and said to him, 'Listen, Mister Bobkin, I have been trying for six months to get married. Every time I want to do eet, you say I have to make a peekshur. Now, I do not want to wait any longer. You must give me time to get married."

Bobkin gave him time. He stopped the picture in the middle so that romance could go on.

The two young lovers were married on a Friday. On Monday Garat had to go back to work.

When the picture was finished, they left on their honeymoon. It was to be a gay and gorgeous fling for both of them. They found a lovely place near the Italian border, and there they went for winter sports.

"And there," laughs Mrs. Garat, "I

spoiled the honeymoon for both of us by contracting a case of chicken pox." And both Henry and she go off into gay peals of laughter.

They have been married just about a year now. I have seen many cases of love destroyed by Hollywood, but this love is gay, so young, so sparkling that if anything ever went wrong with it, I feel as if I could hardly bear it. If that proves me a sentimental, romantic sap, make the most of it.

A press agent suggested that if he were a screen star like Garat, he would never, never let people know he was married.

And Mrs. Garat said, "It would have been perfectly all right with me if Henry had just mislaid me somewhere. I would have understood it. I told him so. But he wouldn't do it. Perhaps he is right. In France and abroad it is probably wiser for an actor to pretend to be unmarried. French women have so little use for wives! I don't know why it is so, but the women here have been heaps nicer to me than the women in France."

I can perfectly well understand why the women in France should have been dismayed that a man as romantic as Garat should have a perfectly charming wife. For Garat is handsome, and how! But he hasn't any of the vanity and conceit that usually goes with being handsome. Perhaps his early boyhood, with its bleak poverty, knocked it out of him. Or perhaps he's just too nice to be that way.

And now if you want statistics, I can furnish them. Garat obligingly stood and measured his height against that of his press agent so that I'd be able to give 'em to you. He is five feet ten, weighs about 160, and has eyelashes that are ridiculously long for a man.

His wife teases him about his eyelashes, his singing voice, which she says is a mongrel voice half-way between a baritone and a tenor, and the peculiar way he stands when he plays golf. His stance is terrible. He admits it himself. He'll give you a very good imitation of himself, standing hunched over the ball, looking as if he were trying to do some gardening. But just the same and nevertheless, for an amateur he plays pretty good golf. So does his wife. They learned it together in Hollywood.

He teases her about what a bad sailor she is, and about the million and one things she packed into her trunk before they sailed.

Oh, yes, they tease each other back and forth.

But when Fox offered her a part as the Duchess of Devonshire in "Berkeley Square," though she would have loved to play it, she turned it down. If she had made the picture, she couldn't possibly have gone abroad with Henry. There really wasn't any choice.

He has curly brown hair and blue eyes. She has blonde hair and blue eyes.

They both have a black Scotty whom both adore.

He is French. She is English.

She loves golf. He adores it.

She loves him. He adores her.

When you read about the great loves of Hollywood, I wish you'd give a thought to these two gay young people, the very French Mr. Garat and the very English Mrs. Garat.

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New Reason for Getting Married

(*Continued from page* 31)

in the Olympics last summer. That was friendly and impersonal. The personal touch was NOT lacking in this new feminine adulation.

Marriage seemed the sensible way out of the difficulty. He was deeply in love with Virginia, and a happily married man escapes a lot of temptations that are always waiting around to throw bachelors for a loss.

"It was the best thing in the world for me," he tells you. "I don't ever want to think that I'm getting good, and I don't want to develop the party habit. Six months later Virginia and I might not have had the same chance for a happy marriage. Naturally I would still have been in love with her, but, probably, I would have wanted to go to parties, have cocktails before dinner and, quite likely, had such a swelled-head no one could have lived with me. I wouldn't have been the first fellow in Hollywood who convinced himself that he was pretty good."

Although the papers heralded his marriage as an elopement, it really was not as romantic as all of that. Virginia's mother and father accompanied them to Yuma, the western Gretna Green, where they were married. The bride and groom started out on their honeymoon, enroute to see the tall mountains up Washington-way. They had motored as far as San Francisco when the studio decided that there would be additional retakes on "The Lion Man." Buster had to come home. He made one retake, and in that retake he said one word. He thought it was all pretty silly, but then the picture business is new to him.

"I want to make good in pictures. When I was in college I wouldn't have dared mention that I was interested in acting—but I was. I'm reading all I can get my hands on about pictures and the theater, and I'm studying with the dramatic coach at the studio. I wish I could get to be as good as Fredric March.

"I'm going to do a western picture next. The studio told me that it would be good experience, so I'm all for it. I would like most of all to do an Indian picture. What I wouldn't give to have a chance at "Laughing Boy!" Maybe they will let me do a talking version of "The Vanishing American." Richard Dix did it as a silent at Paramount. I want to make good. I'm giving myself two years at the most to get ahead. If I'm not a success by that time I will have enough money saved to carry me through law school at Yale. That's what I had intended to do before this picture opportunity came along."

So, at twenty-four Buster is settling down to matrimony, and very happy about it all. He doesn't see why his marriage should interfere with his career. When he was a fan himself it made no difference to him that Joan Crawford was married, and Garbo was not. He didn't expect to have a romance with either one of them. The bulk of his fan mail does not come from girls, anyway. Mostly from youngsters who want to know how they can develop a forty-five inch chest like his own.

Maybe it wasn't just the thing to do, but I reminded Buster that Johnny Weissmuller married Bobbe Arnst after he had taught her how to swim. THAT marriage, if you can believe half of what you read, was not entirely successful. I thought that perhaps it wasn't lucky for a young man to teach his future wife how to swim. Sort of like teaching a hot-tempered woman how to handle firearms.

"Well," said Buster, smiling, "I've known Virginia for three years. Didn't Johnny and Bobbe elope the day after they met, or something?"

Which was a pretty good answer.

The "Lion Man" and his mate have taken the coziest "den"—it's really just a duplex apartment if you must know—in Hollywood. Buster carried his bride over the threshold in the best romantic tradition, and has a picture to prove it. Virginia is a good "plain" cook, according to her husband, and Buster is no slouch himself when it comes to a "skillet." And is he a swell dishwasher! Just ask him.

"We've been married for two months, and we haven't quarreled *once*," said he, proudly.

MARY CARLISLE

Maybe you can't dress on a shoestring, but that's the only kind of string that isn't smart this summer. Just old white string, such as the family groceries come wrapped in, is the last word this season. Here's the cutie-pie Mary Carlisle wearing gloves and a hat made of it. Her dress is white cotton corduroy and very swish, too

(*Continued from page 71*)

overworked word!—if you want to, but that does NOT mean, in this case, that every audience and any audience, be they in metropolitan centers or small towns, won't get every nuance of meaning in this triangle story. Of course, that doesn't include under-age audiences—it's a little over their mental range. More than a little, really.

Gorgeous performances: Ann Harding as the wife; Alice Brady (debuting in talkies) as the widow who says the wrong thing; Myrna Loy as the other woman; Montgomery as "Jimmy."

Best sequence (and audiences will applaud!)—that wherein the wife (Ann Harding) finally tells her two-timing hubby that it's all over.

Your Reviewer Says: Particularly for wishers for "finer things" on the screen, this will be a delight. But that makes it none the less worth-while screen entertainment for just movie-goers looking for an hour of entertainment.

Not for Children.

✓The Eagle and the Hawk (Paramount)

You'll See: *Cary Grant, Fredric March, Jack Oakie, Guy Standing, Carole Lombard, Forrester Harvey, others . . .*
It's About: *War's horrors, and what they do to the bodies and minds of fine men.*

A bitter, hard indictment of warfare, but without quite the vigor and beauty and force of such masterpieces as was "All Quiet—"

This tells the tale of a group of men, members of the Royal Flying Corps. March is the leader. He breaks as he sees his comrades, one by one, smashed by war—ruined or killed.

It's all a man's tale. The woman-angle is dragged in by the heels, in a sequence in London, with Carole Lombard as the woman who gives March a momentary escape—you know the old way.

The beastliness and hopelessness of war is well told, but it's been well told before. The air sequences aren't the equal of many you've seen in other war-aviation films. And the ending will leave you puzzled, and flat.

Your Reviewer Says: Good cast though it has, fierce story though it tells, somehow or other it just doesn't click a hundred percent. Better than fair, but not quite *very good.*

Not for Children.

✓The Warrior's Husband (Fox)

You'll See: *Elissa Landi, Marjorie Rambeau, David Manners, Ernest Truex, others.*
It's About: *The quite to-be-expected results of an army of beautiful Amazons meeting an army of handsome men.*

This is satire. Too, it's burlesque, slapstick, irony. It's good for a lot of laughs, some of them quite broad enough to stretch beyond a censor's sense of humor.

The story—a country ruled by women is attacked by the Grecian army (this is in Homer's day). The Greeks seize Diana's belt, losing which the women will lose their power over their men. Thanks to

(*Continued on page 77*)

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Is Dietrich's Career Over?

(*Continued from page* 41)

the eyes of the public, the possessor of that name will not remain a star for long unless she has what the public wants—unless you, you and you put your stamp of approval upon her. But in "Morocco" and "Blue Angel" Marlene proved that she had what it takes and suddenly Garbo had a formidable contender for the first time in her life. The fans joined one camp or the other. You were either for Garbo or Dietrich and you told everybody about it.

And while this was going on Dietrich began to change. Change of her kind is so gradual that one can't put one's finger on the exact moment that it occurs, but one can, in looking back discover the reasons for it. The most vital reason was the spurious doctrine of a man who had taught himself, through bitter, lean years, to hate. Joseph Von Sternberg, of course. He was Dietrich's mentor, her spiritual adviser, her prophet. Perhaps he did not say to her in so many words, "You must put on an act. You must be aloof. You must hate these people. You must wear the high hat." But it was impossible for those two to have been so close without her—sponge-like as she was—soaking up his ambitions and these, by his own admission, were to hate and be hated. He had known life's bruises. He had been laughed at in Hollywood. He rose to fame and importance by dogged will power and the ability to step on any handy neck that would further his powerful and vindictive dreams of success. And Marlene looked to Von Sternberg for guidance. She believed he was a genius as, I am half inclined to believe, he is.

NOW Garbo had no such influence in her life after Stiller left Hollywood. Garbo had been made terribly unhappy by Hollywood and Garbo drew inside herself but there was a certain dignity about this withdrawing. There was a sincere desire for privacy.

Dietrich's aloofness took an exhibitionistic turn. Garbo had her luncheon brought to her dressing room. Dietrich lunched with Von Sternberg in the studio commissary where everyone could see her dour glances, her unsmiling face, her complete absorption. And once she had been so eager, so earnest, so anxious!

She refused to have the best publicity and, herself, brought about the worst. She would not, for instance, give interviews or pose graciously for studio portraits but she would—and did—parade along Hollywood Blvd., in trousers and wear a man's Tuxedo to a theatre opening.

I RECALL a beautiful incident that happened in Palm Springs. It might be called the story of the three Rolls Royces and it would go like this: With a great flourish three Rolls Royces drew up in front of the hotel at Palm Springs. From the first emerged a footman who opened the door for Marlene and daughter Maria—both dressed exactly alike in grey sack suits. From the second emerged a footman who opened the door for Maurice Chevalier and Rudy Sieber, Marlene's husband. They, too, were dressed in sack suits. From the third emerged (without footman) two bodyguards. I forget what they wore. But I do know that I expected to see them all start doing an off-to-Buffalo in the best musical comedy manner.

During this same trip Marlene would leap into the swimming pool while Marie watched from the side. Then she would swim up to her daughter and, clutching her to her bosom—for all the week-enders to see—would cry, "Oh, my da-a-aling." Now, mother love is fine, but by the time this was repeated a dozen times it was just funny.

And that's what it has become to Hollywood—just funny. Even the citizens of that village who have nursed from the bottle of publicity are laughing. And the studio workers who, in her humble days, used to love Marlene and say she was too good to be true, are afraid to approach her. Once she was so generous and open-hearted. I remember that a girl in the publicity department admired her perfume. The next day Marlene sent her a large bottle. Now she gives that same girl only a cool, unsmiling nod.

They are still wearing pajamas at the California beaches no matter what the fashion experts say, and Una Merkel shows you how to look sporting and yet feminine in them. Una has them made in white corduroy with a long corduroy coat. She wears a white crew necked sweater with the wide weave to complete the outfit. Any girl could copy this outfit at practically no cost and since it's Cotton Corduroy it is easily laundered, so there's no overhead on it.

Once she had friends. When her first timidity had worn off she met Joan Crawford and they liked each other. When Von Sternberg wasn't around she would laugh and be gay and silly but the minute he arrived she was the exotic, mysterious, glamorous woman of her own films. I remember that when she and Von Sternberg had a bit of a spat and she first started to lunch with Chevalier the studio was amazed to see her laughing—actually.

But now she and Joan are no longer friends. They drifted apart somehow and, with the exception of a few men on the lot, I don't recall that Marlene has a real friend.

And along with the loss of everything else—there's her career. Compare that fine and repressed actress of "Blue Angel" and "Morocco" to the tawdry "glamour gal" of "Blonde Venus." And what about "Song of Songs"? From a well authenticated source comes news that she has tried to stop its release by paying the studio what it cost to make.

IS Von Sternberg to blame for all of this? Is he the one who brought about this terrific change in this girl? Not entirely, of course. Other things entered in. Marlene was extremely hurt by the gossip at the time of the Mrs. Von Sternberg suit. She has bitterly resented many of the things said about her in print as well as over the tea cups. All of the worst side of Hollywood—the side that every person has to combat—has defeated her. Of course, there must have always been within her nature some weakness else the town could not have devastated her. A combination of things has turned the unhappy trick—Hollywood, Von Sternberg, gossip, publicity, bad advice.

And instead of blaming Marlene, instead of laughing at her and calling her silly as Hollywood does, one can only feel sorry—terribly sorry that this all had to happen and that now she is so unhappy, so lonely, so bitter. I cannot help but think of the girl she was and the girl she is now and I cannot reconcile the two. She was so rich in that peculiar neurotic quality that might have made her—and did for a little while—as great as Garbo.

So now do you see how inexpressibly sad was that little scene between Marlene and Dorothea Wieck. And don't you wonder if Marlene looked at herself through Dorothea's eyes? And do you suppose that Dorothea wondered if Hollywood would change her as it has Marlene?

But isn't it strange that when once Garbo and Dietrich stood shoulder to shoulder on the film stair, Garbo has now won. Marlene looked more dangerous than any contender but as Dietrich leaves, Garbo returns—triumphant. She returns quietly, with no fuss and fanfare—and she is more popular, more eagerly awaited than ever before!

(*Continued from page* 75)

chicanery by Hercules and the Amazon queen's puny hubby, the belt is lost—and the men get what they wanted.

Revelations: A new Elissa Landi, warm, glowing, human, lovable. A David Manners who is virile and masculine enough to warrant the beautiful young Amazon's going utterly female for him. Grand Laughs: Marjorie Rambeau's queening and Ernest Truex's husbanding. Theme-laugh—the Grecian soldier's crack: "What a war, *what* a war. . . !"

Your Reviewer Says: It's funny, and different. You'll laugh and blush. But you'll feel that it would have been much better and much funnier if it had been half as long.

Not for Children.

✓Below The Sea (Columbia)

You'll See: *Fay Wray, Ralph Bellamy, Esther Howard, Trevor Bland, Frederick Vogeding, others.*

It's About: *The love-tale of a gal who wants her man, all mixed in with a grand lot of underwater photography of a sunken-treasure hunt.*

You've been reading press-agent gags about the huge octopi Columbia captured for this picture. Usually such ballyhoo is a warning that the picture itself is a bit sour and needs hoorah-ing up. In this case, though, the picture lives up to what they promised. It's unusual, different—and good, withal.

The story involves a sunken German freighter, the murderous greed of men who seek to recover her gold cargo, and the love of a gal for one of the treasure-hunters who wants the treasure and not the girl. She gets him in the end, but not until you've seen some of the best under-sea camerawork ever screened.

Outstanding shots: The gal makes her man jealous by kissing a cameraman inside a diving bell while her lover, in a diving suit outside, can't do anything about it! And that underwater battle between the octopus and the diver, with a blowtorch *that burns under water* as his weapon.

Your Reviewer Says: If you're starved for something thrillingly different from society-and-sex-and-highlife stuff, then take a chance on this.

For Children: Plenty of excitement, and nothing to hurt 'em.

✓Tomorrow at Seven (Radio)

You'll See: *Chester Morris, Vivienne Osborne, Frank McHugh, Allen Jenkins, Henry Stephenson, Grant Mitchell, Oscar Apfel, Charles Middleton, others.*

It's About: *How a killer who warns his victims in advance by leaving an ace of spades note "Tomorrow at 7" is brought to bay.*

Amazing technique in how-to-kill, remarkable dumbness on the part of two film cops, amazing astuteness on the part of an amateur detective—makes a good movie. It's a murder-mystery-thriller, yes—but it is faster than most of them, packs more real story than the great majority of film-mysteries do.

A mystery-writer finds his best friend

(*Continued on page* 79)

to Brides
past
present
future

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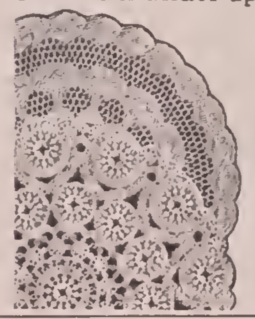

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Confessions of a Modern Bride

(*Continued from page* 57)

"If you had to choose between making a success of marriage and making a success of a career, which would you choose?" I asked Bette. It is an old, old question. Nearly every actress has a pat answer to that.

But Bette Davis has no pat answer to anything. She stops to think before she says anything. And what she does say is usually very wise and unexpectedly honest. That is, you do not expect such candor of an actress. You expect her to say only the things that will look well in print. Bette is not like that.

"I don't know what I would do if I had to make a choice," she said. "I suppose the most worth-while thing in the long run would be making a success of marriage. Right now, though, I am hell-bent on making a success of my work.

"I realized before I married that it was a dangerous thing to try to mix matrimony with a career in Hollywood. I did not plan to get married while I was still in Hollywood. I was afraid that it would not be fair to Ham (Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., her husband) to ask him to live in Hollywood. I knew how hard it had been for me to become accustomed to the town, how lonely and wretched I had been there. I was afraid that it would be hard for him to transplant himself into new surroundings, among people he did not know.

"I hardly know myself what finally made me decide to get married. It seemed rather sad and not very sensible to have to wait until I was thirty or thirty-five to get married, when we were so terribly in love. It is much more fun to be married when you are young, when you can get the most fun out of doing things together, when you adore one another's companionship. Ham and I enjoy doing the same things, going to the same places.

"Our marriage so far has worked out very well. You see, Hollywood is a married person's town. Most of the people there are married. It is practically a manless town. There are very few single men there, and most of them have sweethearts of their own.

"For a girl alone it is a lonely town. It was that way for me at first.

"All my friends were in the East. I knew practically no one. And I am one of those people who like to do what I want to do when I want to do it. There are times when I don't feel like going out. Yet when you refuse invitations, you are accused of being a snob. People will say, 'Who does she think she is anyway? Does she think she is too good for us?'

"For married people there are so many things to do, so many places to go in Hollywood. And no one can accuse you of being a snob because you go out with your own husband. When you don't feel like going out, you don't have to."

"But, Bette," I asked in my supremely tactful way, "aren't you and Harmon afraid of what will happen if you make a tremendous success of your career? Aren't you afraid of Hollywood speaking of him as if he were a sort of Mr. Bette Davis?"

"Harmon," said Bette, "doesn't give a darn what Hollywood says or thinks. If his pride could be so easily punctured, I would never have married him. We both realize that there are catty people in the world, and that they derive their pleasure from saying catty things. We don't care what they say. I feel that a man can never be happy if his happiness depends on what other people say and he cares more for his own pride than for anything else. It seems to me that the man who marries a Hollywood actress has to make up his mind whether the companionship and fun of being married to the woman he loves is enough to offset *in his own mind* anything the outside world may say. If a man is willing to risk it, more power to him! Ham has never asked me to give up my work. He is just as anxious for me to get somewhere as I am myself."

"If he had asked you to give up your work, would you have married him?" I asked. "Do you feel that the world's well lost for love?"

"No," said Bette. "I don't think any man has the right to ask a woman to give up her work if she wants to go on with it. It is sad to give up love for the sake of a career, but it is foolish to give up a career for the sake of love. Any man who made such a demand would be extremely selfish. I rather doubt whether any man who asked it would be worth such a sacrifice.

"I know that there are lots of men who are rabid on the subject of their wives doing any work. They are so vain and childish that they cannot bear to have anyone think for a moment that they cannot provide beautifully for their own wives. They care more for their own pride than for the happiness of the women they imagine they are in love with.

"I have known men like that. There was one man who said to me, 'I would like to marry you, but if we got married you would have to give up your work.' Fortunately for me, I was not seriously in love with him.

"A man who makes a demand like that is a supreme egoist.

"I have an idea that if you make a terrific sacrifice for love, it is apt to turn out badly. What if you gave up everything because a man asked you to and three years later you both found yourselves violently out of love? Your career would be gone. It would probably be impossible to take it up again. What would you have left to fall back on?

"If you get started on something and leave it in the middle, all your life you are likely to be sorry and feel that you have done a foolish thing. I know how hard I myself have worked to get even as far as I have. Although I could never be sincerely happy without the companionship of someone I loved, I would not have left my work in the middle, unfinished, uncompleted, for the sake of love. Love should not demand such sacrifices. The time during which an actress can accomplish anything is usually so brief that it is unfair for any man to ask her to give it up. In five years I may be perfectly content to give up acting. But not now.

"I most certainly do not believe that any woman should submerge her personality after her marriage.

"I believe that the business girl who gives up work when she marries is likely to find it a deadening proposition. If she takes a small apartment, where there is practically no housework, she will probably be through with her work around the house by eleven in the morning, and then what will she do with herself the rest of the day? She is almost certain to stagnate. She will be wretched and unhappy.

"You cannot be happy just sitting around idle. You don't have to keep alive to run a house.

"It is often even worse for the girl who has married a man with lots of money. She will probably have even less to do. Will she be able to find contentment in endless bridge parties? I doubt it. That is why so many women who are supposed to have everything in the world are so wretched. They have nothing to do with themselves.

"I hate the type of clinging vine who says, 'You are the only thing I have in the world.' That is a terrible responsibility for a man to put on a woman or for a woman to put on a man. How can any woman bring herself to say such a thing! It should never be true, and if it is true, she should be ashamed to confess it."

These are some of the maxims of that modern maid, Bette Davis. It seems to me that she has solved her problems in a modern way, and that she is getting as much happiness out of life as she possibly can. Whatever the future may bring, she will have no regrets. I certainly like that girl.

Elizabeth Allen, M-G-M's discovery, wears linen from head to toe. She has a two-piece crash linen suit with a blue and white polka-dotted handkerchief linen blouse. The outfit is completed with a linen hat, purse and shoes

(*Continued from page 77*)

menaced by "the Black Ace," joins the hunt for the killer, finds the killer outwitting him again and again—but finally, in a closing sequence that'll yank you to the edge of your seat, gets his man.

Your Reviewer Says: Fed up on sophistication? Tired of too much talkie-talkie? Want *action?* Then this is your meat!

For Children: Unless you think too much melodrama and murder-a la-screen is bad for them, let 'em get a good thrill workout.

King of the Arena (Universal)

You'll See: *Ken Maynard, Lucille Browne, John St. Polis, Bob Cortman, Michael Visaroff.*

It's About: *A cowboy rejoins a wild-west show he'd quit, in order to solve a murder mystery.*

Ken Maynard fans will hail this as the best he's ever made. Maybe it's because he produced it himself—was his own boss, instead of working for somebody else. Certain it is that the story is more interesting than most westerns one sees nowadays—tells how Ken, trailing a gang of killers, notes their crimes seem to follow in wake of a wild-west show he once teamed up with. So he rejoins the show, works undercover, turns the criminals up.

Estelle Taylor and Nick Stuart are next door neighbors at Malibu. Here's Estelle coming over to Nick's house. There are rumors the Nick Stuart-Sue Carol marriage isn't as happy as it once was

Your Reviewer Says: For you western fans, this is a natural.

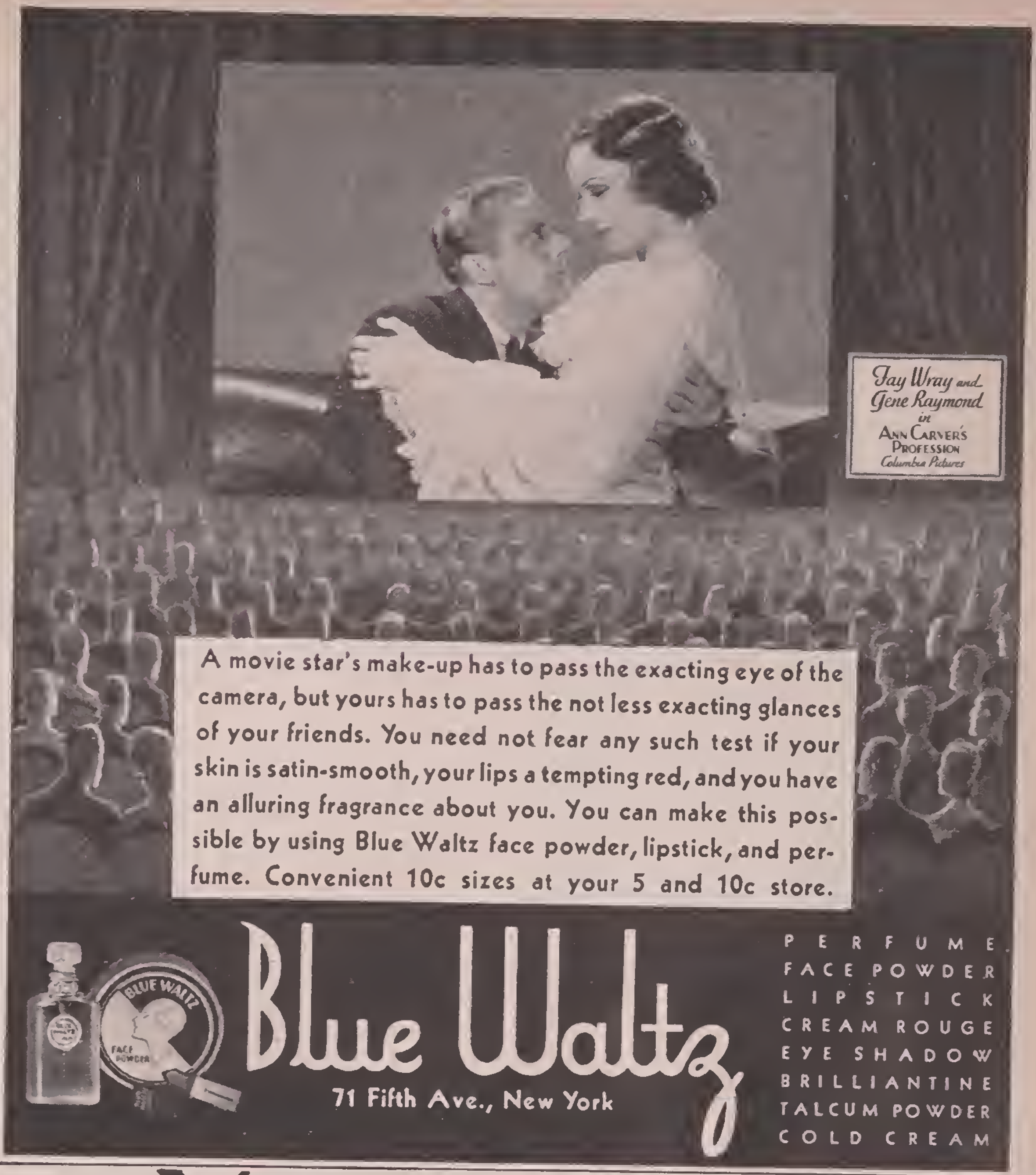
For Children: Okeh!

City Hall (Berke)

You'll See: *Preston Foster, Evalyn Knapp, Tully Marshall, Charles Delaney, Warner Richmond, Natalie Moorhead, others.*

It's About: *Dirty city politics, involving a reform mayor and a mad chemist who ingeniously kills off the crooks.*

(*Continued on page 82*)



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(*Continued from page 37*)

stuff fail and I've seen the charming, eager-to-please type also fail.

"It all depends on the kind of a romance it is, I should say. Some romances are spontaneous, love-at-first-sight, *immediate* attractions. Others are slower in building, growing from casual friendships into real emotional attachments. This is my sort of thing. And you certainly could not use the same technique in both cases. There *is* no technique where love at first sight is concerned, anyway. It gets you by the throat before you've had time to figure out your next move.

"It seems to me that, underlying all real romance, there must be three fundamental qualities—*honesty, sincerity* and *understanding.* You must be honest with the girl or you'll be caught in an uncomfortable web of your own weaving. You must be sincere because, no matter how good an actor you may be insincerity shows through the cleverest mask and no one can play a game all of the time.

"Understanding, I believe, is the keynote of any workable technique. I've always tried my darndest to understand the feelings and wishes and tastes of any girl I've ever been interested in, in the days when I was 'in circulation.' I always wanted to know when I might offend and how I might please. If the particular She likes a masterful man I discover this and allow my masterful side to be uppermost. And this is not acting because every man has a masterful side. If she happens to prefer the quietly sympathetic type, that's what I am. It's easy to find out—you can do it by discussing other men and sounding her out about the type of man she admires. Or you can draw her into conversation about the men of the screen and learn whether she raves about a Leslie Howard or a Wallace Beery—and act accordingly.

"I suppose, simmered down, my technique of romance is—*the girl herself.* I drape whatever technique I possess on her. I cut the garment to fit the person. I try to give her what she wants and give it honestly, sincerely, wholeheartedly.

"I'm afraid however, I'm not much help, because, to make a horrible confession, this romance business is, always has been and always will be an unsolved mystery to me."

* * *

Chevalier—what does The Smiling Lieutenant use for technique? That lower lip of his? Those eyes, those song—? No. When it comes to romance Chevalier is the realist he always is. He uses the measuring rod of exactness he employs in handling his business affairs, his profession, all of the vital aspects of his life. He is terse, business-like and to the point.

He said "Be independent—say what you think and act the way you feel and your very courage will stimulate romance. Women despise the men they rule. Women belittle the man they can influence—too much. I am not one of those kind of men.

"Don't encourage the girl to talk too much—particularly about the books and the politics and Bridge and things like these. Keep the conversation to personal topics. Make her feel that you have another life, apart from hers, which she may not ever enter. She will be more intrigued.

"Never keep on asking the girl whether she loves you. Force her, by *not* asking, to tell you that she does. The more often she must tell you of her own volition the more the words will mean to her. And never tell her that you love her too often, either. So that, when you do, those three little words will have a great significance and rarity. *Be economical about the uses and expressions of romance.*

"Don't go to see that girl every day or every evening. Leave what you call little spaces in between so that she will wonder where can it be you are—why—with what person? Habit is a tiresome thing. It takes the glitter off. Don't make romance a habit.

"Don't talk about your troubles, financial or otherwise to this girl. There is nothing so cold-watering to romance as the troubles and problems of the beloved. They wither the flower before it has bloom.

"Don't brag about yourself—you are apt to be ridiculous if you brag too much. And there is nothing so damning to this romance as the man who is slightly ridiculous. *When a woman laughs at you passion dies out of her heart.*

Oooooooooh romance! Jackie Cooper's gotta new girl. Name's Warner. Isn't she cute?

"Don't be too serious about yourself—or about her. Laugh more than you cry. Only make scenes very occasionally. Jealousy is worse than too much lipstick on a woman and too much braggadocio in a man. Be important enough so that other women and other men will talk to her about you—so that you will not have to talk these things about yourself.

"Charm is the most important thing about romance. This world is, by and large, a drab, worrisome, workaday place. If you can make the world seem *not like what it is* then you have this technique of romance. If you can put into the things you do together, even the little commonplace things, some of that glamour and excitement, something magical and wonderful then you will not need to know about the technique of romance—it will be instinctive.

* * *

Leslie Howard came into his dressing room from the polo field. When I posed my little question Leslie looked as aghast as the others. He said "Great Heavens, I've been married for years—I've only made one (honest) proposal in my life. Let me think back a bit—what did I do? What would I do were I to do it over again? Um—ah—this is it, I think. The technique I would employ would be the use of the—*unexpected.*

"I would *not* send flowers. Never. I would not phone her when she might reasonably expect me to. I would only phone her at times when she would certainly not expect me to. Even if I had to stay awake a night through so that I could call her at 3:45 A. M. I would do it. I would make it a part of the game to startle and surprise.

"I would *not* remember little anniversaries of the day, the month, the place we first met. She would be compelled to wonder whether I did remember that we had first met on a Tuesday or in the month of May or at such and such a place. I would not ever take her again to the first place we had dined or danced together. I would leave that first place sacredly and severely alone—a shining and forever after unvisited spot.

"If, for instance, I were free and single and were to meet a girl today for whom I felt an attraction—and believed it to be mutual—I would make no deliberate effort to see that girl again. Perhaps the attraction might die down and there would be an end to it. Perhaps not—and then we might meet again. We would both have remembered that first meeting and that first glamour that had touched us both. But I would be wondering whether she had felt the attraction and she would be wondering whether I had—a beautiful premise for a beginning. Nebulous, fantastic, magical—

"Romance is a game to be played with the imagination and the most delicate maneuvers of which the imagination is capable. Romance is a fine art and *the artist must know his craft.* In our day, it seems to me, romance has suffered greatly. It has suffered on the stage, on the screen, in literature and in our personal lives. Free and unrestricted conversation between the sexes, the release of inhibitions have clipped its bright wings, removed the glamour from the surface at least. The Hemingway school, bringing Freud into the living-room—these things have injured the delicate texture. Perhaps from modern youth and their frank friendships and plain speaking and scorn of all the old evasion something finer will come, I don't know—but—*it will not be romance.* I would never discuss the bald and unadorned facts of life with a girl I was being romantic about. I would observe all of the little tendernesses and protections and chivalries and quaint lies of the gentlemen of another and a bygone generation—and this would be a part of the cult of the unexpected today!"

Is Hollywood Ruining Modern Love?

(*Continued from page 16*)

recently and decide for yourself!

What to do about it, all comes down to a question of what the public's real taste in pictures is, and how the public shall enforce its demand for what it wants.

Right here I cannot resist pointing out that the greatest single attraction the screen has ever known, Rudolph Valentino was a shining example of the popular demand for romantic, idealistic love. The greatest box-office attraction that ever lived was a man whose charm lay in his consideration, his gentle sweetness, his tenderness as a lover. All the old, old ideals of every woman's heart were embodied in Valentino—*which is why he made money for the producer!*

The natural human instinct is to elevate and idealize love and lovers. But if we see love presented in crude, sordid or rough forms as in so many modern pictures, we are apt to question our instinctive conception of it and shamefacedly lower our standards.

Funny thing about ideals. They are shy things. Laughter, scorn, cheapening, can lame them, even eventually destroy them. They need nourishment. They must be glorified and encouraged. And every purveyor of public entertainment has it in his power to do this.

But there is no sense in attempting to present the finer side of life at the expense of truth, for our people are too intelligent to accept maudlin sentimentality or wishy-washy sophistries. Pollyanna is out of date—and good riddance to her. The truth about life cannot harm us, provided it is presented truthfully, honestly and cleanly. And clean pictures, honest pictures with sound stories about life as it really happens, will never need either a censorship or a receivership.

M. G. M. experienced the greatest trouble in casting "Red Headed Woman." Crawford and several others turned the part down because they knew that the portrayal of it might easily class them personally as an objectionable type. When Jean Harlow finally elected to play it, many local Hollywoodites predicted it would finish her in pictures. At the time of release it proved to be an artistic triumph for her, but nevertheless, there is no doubt in my mind but that the classification of Jean as a heartless, scheming woman which was so apparent in some of the Eastern papers after the tragedy of her husband's death, was directly traceable to her portrayal of Katherine Brush's heroine. It was unfair but was inevitable.

On the other hand, I suppose that the most widely loved figure on the screen today is Marie Dressler, who has played nothing but clean pictures since she became a star. Marie is one of the biggest money-makers in the business, for people see in her their ideal of the mother type —of the splendid, clean, older woman—and watching her in such rôles confirms their belief in the sanctity and dignity which rightfully belong to mature womanhood.

If this is true of Marie, is is equally true that Constance Bennett and Ruth Chatterton when cast in such pictures as "Rockabye" or "Lily Turner" constitute a dangerous force. Miss Chatterton and Miss Bennett are splendid actresses, and the very fact that one cannot but admire their interpretation of rôles like Frisco Jenny and Sally, makes one wonder if such pictures do not encourage the acceptance of a sordid angle which is far from beneficial to the mental health of the public at large. In my personal opinion, pictures of the above mentioned type *are* destructive, injurious to ethics, affect adversely the romantic ideals of our young people, and accomplish precious little in the way of a moral lesson even when they have "unhappy" endings.

The world is full of constructive, clean and wholesome subjects from which to draw motion picture material, and it is my earnest belief that the vast majority of picture-goers prefer such subjects, and I have never yet heard theatre-lobby comment which complained that the picture just viewed left a *pleasant* taste in the mouth!

Dirt has never been a consistent money maker in any branch of the Arts. And the producers have made the mistake of confusing clean pictures with dull pictures. A risqué sequence will lend spice to the dullest screen play, but will not make it automatically good entertainment. Even "Abie's Irish Rose," while it may not have been art, probably spread more amusement and cleaned up more money than any six questionable pictures.

Hollywood must remember that if motion pictures are to survive as our supreme form of entertainment, they cannot ignore the important fact that Americans, more than any people on earth, *want to be decent!* It is, with us, a point of national honor, as well as individual personal pride. We were the first nation to learn universal personal hygiene—the first to demand universal education, the first to insist upon clean food stuffs and public health centers. We did not resist nor resent education in these matters. We Americans are far from being intellectual snobs—on the contrary, we are the humblest-minded people going when it comes to art standards and we are almost pitifully eager to educate ourselves in the finer things. We know no other way of acquiring this culture beyond lapping up what is set before us, and the largest, richest banquet is set by the Motion Picture Industry. Whatever they offer, we devour—without stopping to consider the type of ethical nourishment we are getting or what its after effect on our social system will be.

Let us then take notice of our bill-of-fare. For the sake of those respected forebears who fought and died to give us a clean country, don't let us gobble up poison! We pay for the pictures we see and we have a right to demand that they serve their proper purpose and no other.

The motion picture must, to do this, reflect actual life. But it cannot avoid at the same time suggesting the mode of that life. Bad manners corrupt good morals, and the picturization of bad manners, bad behavior, and bad surroundings cannot fail to poison the beholder's mind.

And when such showings affect the love-life of an entire nation, we cannot watch those responsible too carefully nor call them to a strict enough account.

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(*Continued from page* 79)

Here's another of those tales of modern politics, stepped up to unreal but dramatically exciting levels of crime and intrigue. Preston Foster is a mayor who wants to clean up the city but so pure he doesn't see traps under his feet. Evalyn Knapp is his secretary with a clearer political eye. That's the love tale. Mischa Auer is a crack-brained city chemist who manages to clean the city's political picture via the murder route. Mix them up, with a wisecracking reporter, and it's entertainment of a sort.

Your Reviewer Says: As this sort of thing goes, you'll find "City Hall" a fairly entertaining dose of melodrama.

Not for Children.

Damaged Lives (Beacon)

You'll See: *Diane Sinclair, Jason Robards, Lyman Williams, Charlotte Merriam, Harry Myers, others.*

It's About: *The horrors of social diseases, and the secrecy and superstition that surround them.*

This is purely a propaganda film, euphemistically labelled a "social document." Produced under the auspices of the Canadian Medical Society, it tells, on the skeleton of a story, about the truths of social diseases and their results, and of the harm added to those results by the mawkish secrecy and ignorance and superstition flung around such matters.

The story is not intended for amusement, but purely as a worth-while lecture, entertainingly delivered. It serves its purpose better than many preceding films along the same lines.

For Children: Emphatically no. It will be shown for "adults only."

Sunset Pass (Paramount)

You'll See: *Randolph Scott, Kathleen Burke, Tom Keene, Harry Carey, Noah Beery, others.*

It's About: *A cowboy turns detective, gets inside a cattle-stealing gang, does his stuff.*

Good ol' Zane Grey . . . !—when you want good meaty westerns, depend on him. Here's another, and the wonder is, how many he can turn out in a given length of time and keep them entertaining!

As westerns go, this is above average, thanks mostly to over-ordinary acting and truly magnificent settings, plus the fundamental okeh-ness of a Zane Grey script. Tom Keene is the cowboy-detective who foils the rustlers by getting into their gang while posing as an escaped convict. And veterans Harry Carey and Noah Beery add their craft to stand the tale up. Comedy?—uh-huh, thanks to Leila Bennett and Fuzzy Knight.

Your Reviewer Says: A pippin, as westerns go.

For Children: Why not? They would revel in it.

Once a week at the Hotel Ambassador they have star night and the star has dolls on all the tables dressed like herself. The most recent celebrity night Una Merkel was guest of honor and here she is with the make-believe reproductions of her pretty self

Emergency Call (Radio)

You'll See: *Bill Boyd, Wynne Gibson, Bill Gargan, Betty Furness, Edwin Maxwell, George E. Stone, others.*

It's About: *Gang-and-racketeer stuff, mixed up with the inside story of a big emergency hospital.*

Here's one of those yes-and-no pictures. High spots and low spots, you know—with the sum-total neither good nor bad, but merely entertainment in spots. The hospital sequences are the good part; the trite gangster-stuff, getting wearisome now (isn't it!?), not so good.

The story is pure melodrama, with the main conflict between the bad bad racketeers on one side, and the square straight emergency hospital guys on the other. And a few doses of love and pathos and laughs and thrills, and that's the story, if any.

Bill Gargan, as the ambulance driver, more or less steals the show from Star Boyd. But he's killed off, when a big-shot gangster slips some lethal ether into the plot, so after that, Bill Boyd has the picture his own way. However, the prize sequence is Gargan's taking Wynne Gibson to a theater, using the ambulance for a taxi.

Your Reviewer Says: Just all right, but that's about all.

For Children: Unless you feel too much gangster-stuff is bad for them, this'll excite them.

Silk Express (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Neil Hamilton, Sheila Terry, Arthur Byron, Guy Kibbee, Allen Jenkins, Dudley Digges, others. . . .*

It's About: *Big business, mixed with murder and other deviltry, and tied up in silk.*

Neil Hamilton is a big-shot silk importer who hired a special train because minutes mean dollars in the silk business. Rival silk men resort to everything to stop the train—wrecking, arson, murder! The plot is complicated because Neil has taken on a pretty blonde and her sick pappy, who has to get to a hospital quickly. In the end, despite every kind of melodrama scenario-writers can devise, the train gets there on time and Neil and the pretty blonde decide to see each other some more.

Because they tried to cram too much melodrama, too much mystery, too many thrills into the plot, it all turns out more like hash than a good movie. It's like twenty episodes of the old hellfire serials, condensed into one hour.

Amusing Sequence: Guy Kibbee, blundering midwest sheriff, tries to hold a murder inquest on the train. Educational Shots: Speed-loading of silk from steamer to train. Quaint Concept: Murder by stabbing a man in the eye with an icicle . . . !!!!

Your Reviewer Says: If you simply have *NO*-thing else to do, it'll pass an hour. But don't say we didn't warn you.

Not for children.

Cohens and Kellys in Trouble (Universal)

You'll See: *Charlie Murray and George Sidney, Maureen O'Sullivan, Andy Devine,*

(*Continued on page* 84)

The Life Story of a Black Irishman

(*Continued from page* 63)

in Denver. That was in June, 1929. It was a pleasant interlude and after that things happened fast.

Another call came from the vicinity of 42nd street. This time I answered with far less enthusiasm. It was just as well. "Those We Love" flickered feebly for a while and died out. But on the strength of it I was given a part in "Love, Honor, and Betray" with Alice Brady. A young fellow by the name of Clark Gable was in the cast. We used to sit on stools in Coffee Dan's after the show and discuss our brightly-looming futures. Not a year afterwards when Clark and I met in Hollywood we decided somebody must have turned the light out on those futures. Dark? They were inky! In the days that followed the light in my immediate world really went out. I was threatened with blindness. . . .

That was my second trek to California. The first one had been made with the comfortable assurance that I was to do "The Man Who Came Back." I found I wasn't. Charlie Farrell was already in it.

In the east again I went into a production that stopped suddenly when the manager, Al Woods, filed a petition for bankruptcy.

It was like trying to do a jig-saw puzzle backwards. Nothing worked out.

THE second time I arrived in Hollywood Eric Von Stroheim hailed me. "My boy, you are the very person I'm looking for." That sounded hopeful. He was about to make "Blind Husbands." I was scheduled to be one of them. For five weeks I paced around. Every morning it was the same story: "Mr. Von Stroheim will call you shortly," was the only answer I could get out of the studio. Then: "The production has been cancelled." Finis to that chapter.

Being patient is *not* my forte—maybe you've guessed. I took test after test of the prize parts offered. Went through my paces like a cavalry horse on parade. Played everything from low comedy to Eugene O'Neill. And nothing happened.

If I were Will Hays the first thing I'd do would be to abolish tests. They're cruelty to actors.

I had made something like my fortieth and was studying my lines one afternoon when the print started dancing on the pages. "Eye infection," the doctor said. "May become serious." It did. I went to my sister's home. She had become a well known writer and had married Victor Watson, then the editor of the New York American. We went up to the Adirondacks and she did a record job of nursing. I returned in fighting trim—and found nothing to fight. Broadway resembled a dejected ghost, stock companies were closed. I lost no time in getting back to the coast.

The agent telephoned that he wanted me to make a new test at Warner Brothers.

"Look here," I yelled, "tell them to look in their morgue. They have a dozen cans of me in film!"

"You be there tomorrow morning," he said calmly—agents are like that. I was there in the morning—

I DIDN'T care what became of that test, I was so sure it would end up on the shelf. And out of it came. . . . It isn't an easy thing to put into words—the dream of your life materialized. There isn't much I can say about it. It's too close, too sacred to be dealt with in cold print.

I know the morning I met Ruth Chatterton for the first time when we were to go over the script of "The Rich Are Always With Us," I was entirely unaware of the fact that she was responsible for my contract. All I could think of was that I was to play opposite an actress of Miss Chatterton's ability. I had a healthy respect for it—and in my eagerness to do well I "blew up" in my lines. She covered the fact up adroitly with a clever story on herself that I lost all embarrassment. I began to have more than a respect for her ability. I began to think she was the most fascinating woman I had ever met in my life. And so she proved . . .

After our marriage we were both kept so busy at the studio there was no time for the trips we had planned. Even when we did get a brief vacation and were starting out for Lake Arrowhead, the director called to say I'd have to make re-takes on "Luxury Liner." . . . And when we finally did get up there a blizzard set in. Such a one as they hadn't had in years. We were in a cabin back in the hills and for twenty-four hours we were snowed in, completely cut off from the rest of humanity. Ruth had to get back to begin a picture. We strapped on snow shoes and began the seventeen mile hike across the ice. The gut on the shoes turned out to be rotted and we had to take off our shoestrings and lace them across the wooden frames so that we could go on. Ruth took it all as a lark. It was the greatest display of sportsmanship I've ever seen . . .

Later, she left with me for Europe on a forty-eight hour notice. She has a flair for living, for making every episode a bright adventure. This time she has taken me to her old haunts in Paris, Italy, Spain. She's introduced me to a new world.

But wait—there'll be another spring and another vacation. Then I'm going to introduce *her* to the original home of a black Irishman. And that will make life pretty nearly complete.

The Confessions of a

HOLLYWOOD FORTUNE TELLER

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(*Continued from page* 82)

Jobyna Howland, Henry Armetta, Frank Albertson.

It's About: *Well, if you don't know what a Cohen-Kelly picture is about by this time, there's no use telling you.*

Take it to pieces and study it, and ten-to-one you'll find nothing funny in a Cohen-Kelly movie. But put it together again, run it through a movie projector, and audiences howl at the thing on the screen.

This time Charlie Murray and George Sidney are, respectively, a tugboat captain and his rich buddy. Cohen goes to live with Kelly on the tugboat as a vacation, but it turns out to be anything but a quiet one when the captain's ex-wife turns up, demands back alimony. From that time on, it's the two men trying to escape the one woman.

Between the sequences of that, you get an occasional love-glimpse of Albertson and Maureen as heart-appeal. Frank's no Tarzan, but he gets his colleen.

Your Reviewer Says: Tipping you on this is a *cinch!*—if you liked previous C-K films, don't miss this. And if you didn't, do.

High Gear (Goldsmith)

You'll See: *Jimmy Murray, Joan Marsh, Jackie Searl, others.*

It's About: *The old story of the racing driver who loses his nerve but regains it at the crucial moment, for fame and the gal.*

Your Reviewer Says: While it's the same old plot, it's nevertheless well enough told to make it entertaining.

Eleanor Holm, who usually goes places with Junior Laemmle, here eats lunch on the beach at Malibu with Polan Banks, the author

Strange People (Chesterfield)

You'll See: *Gloria Shea, John Darrow, Hale Hamilton, others.*

It's About: *A jury, having convicted murder defendant on circumstantial evidence, are gathered to see that such evidence can be false. It's in an old abandoned house. The staged murder proves real. Then it gets into a maze of complications.*

Your Reviewer Says: If it weren't so tangled up, you might see what it's all about. But would you care?

The Dude Bandit (Allied)

You'll See: *Hoot Gibson, Gloria Shea, others.*

It's About: *The usual western stuff about a hero in disguise showing up the villain in his true colors and winning the gal.*

Your Reviewer Says: This is as true-to-type a western as has been made recently, but certainly not as good as most of them. Hoot Gibson is usually worth seeing, but this time, the thing doesn't jell.

A Shriek in the Night (Allied)

You'll See: *Lyle Talbot, Ginger Rogers, Purnell Pratt, others.*

It's About: *A mystery story, well sprinkled with comedy, and told through the doings of two newspaper reporters—a boy and a gal. Thanks largely to the wisdom of subordinating gruesomeness and mystery to laughs and gangs, you'll find it quite entertaining.*

✓✓ A Bedtime Story (Paramount)

You'll See: *Maurice Chevalier, Helen Twelvetrees, Baby Leroy, Edward Everett Horton, Adrienne Ames, Earle Foxe, others.*

It's About: *What happens when a baby is left in a gay Parisian bachelor's automobile, and he adopts it, and gets a pretty American girl as nursemaid . . .!*

If, in this, you expect the double-entendre sophistication and blue-situation worldliness of previous Chevalier pictures, you're due for a surprise. If that's what you *want,* stay away from this. But if you want a chuckleworthy, human, amusing, merry hour of entertainment, with just a bit of a dash, now and then, of the Chevalier naughtiness, then this is your dish!

Believe it or not, against such seasoned troupers as Maurice and Twelvetrees and Edward Horton, a one-year-old newcomer called "Baby Leroy" steals the picture. It's a safe bet that you'll say that there's never been a cuter kid in pictures. And if you don't howl with glee when you glimpse that amazing shot of the boy asleep in Chevalier's bed, then you're an incurable old crab, that's what!

Never mind the story. It's a love-tale wherein Chevalier starts as the sweetheart of the feminine population of Paris, and ends with being in love with just one li'l American gal. But in the telling there are laughs and sobs, lots of fun, some jolly songs (you'll whistle "Homemade Heaven") and a lot of first-rate entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: This has the human touch that brings the warm heart. You'll enjoy it.

For Children: Rather talky, but they'll enjoy the baby.

✓✓ Zoo In Budapest (Fox)

You'll See: *Gene Raymond, Loretta Young, O. P. Heggie, Wally Albright.*

It's About: *A happy-go-lucky young zoo attendant, a pretty orphan, a rich little lost boy and animals loose in a zoo.*

In the current cycle of zoo-and-wild-animal pictures, put this one pretty well toward the top. It's an hour-plus of worthwhile movie, combining romance and thrills, beauty and terror, love and laughs and several other ingredients that spell e-n-t-e-r-t-a-i-n-m-e-n-t.

It starts out as a sort of "grandhotel of a zoo" idea. But suddenly a tiger gets loose, terrifies an elephant. The elephant goes on a rampage, looses the zoo-full of beasts into a situation already complicated with lost people and unbridled emotions among humans. The result is a final quarter-hour of the most exciting stuff filmable.

Outstanding in the picture are Gene Raymond's amazing athletic stunts wherein he out-Tarzans Weissmuller. Too, you'll thrill (if you're a beauty lover) at some of the photographic shots. Hair-raising stuff: that running fight between the tiger and the lion, intent on killing each other and ignoring the other stampeding beasts and humans all about them.

Your Reviewer Says: For whatever sort of screen-fare you like, "Zoo in Budapest" is a pretty good movie to spend money on.

For Children: By all means let the youngsters go. It's nearly as good as taking them to the circus (and much less bother!).

Diplomaniacs (Radio)

You'll See: *Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey, Marjorie White, Phyllis Barry, Louis Calhern.*

It's About: *. What happens when W & W go to Geneva as peace envoys for an Indian tribe!*

Now, look—you either like the two W's, or you think they're phew! This newest of their pictures won't do anything to change your previous belief, whatever it is. Because it's typical and it keeps them doing the same sort of things they always do, save that the locale is different.

There's a dash of musical stuff in this one, by the way. You'll probably enjoy the "No More War" number.

Your Reviewer Says: If Wheeler-Woolsey fans, yes. If you're not a W-W addict, it's just another comedy film.

For Children: Yes, it's all right.

(*Continued on page* 89)

The Movies' Greatest Siren

(*Continued from page* 35)

the days when she, too, was not far from the breadline.

I have known interviewers who were antagonistic toward her because they believed all the gossip about her. I have known her to tell many an interviewer to go to hell, to say what he liked—a brave thing in man or woman in Hollywood.

She has the rare ability to command love, without which a siren can have no place in a circus parade.

The few clever men I know in Hollywood would rather spend an evening in her company than step out with the newest young cinema girl in town.

Ruth Chatterton is strictly "a man's woman." Her sensibilities are acute, and, being innately refined, all vulgarity is distasteful to her. She has that first attribute of the real siren, that of ever remaining a charming mystery to man. She knows by instinct that "familiarity breeds contempt." Her head always knows what her heart is doing.

I am reminded of an incident which will illustrate the secret of the Chatterton fascination. A few years ago I took an old friend of mine, an Italian tramp, to meet her. I simply told her I wanted her to know a brilliant mind. She invited us to tea. When we arrived, she was dressed in an exquisite afternoon gown. My friend was clothed in his usual ill-fitting coat and pants of holes and patches. He had no shirt, only an undergarment which his coat unsuccessfully hid. His shoes were badly worn and his battered straw hat was minus a crown.

Not by a flicker of an eyelid did Ruth betray surprise. My friend was made to feel so much at ease that he lost embarrassment. We stayed for hours, and afterwards she told me that she had never enjoyed a more brilliant conversationalist than my friend, the hobo.

Back in my library, my hobo friend said to me, after musing for a time, "Jim, I didn't know there was a woman in the world with so much charm. And say, she's the most beautiful dame I've ever seen.

"What is it?" he asked. Then it came to him. "It's her eyes—and her voice. I like to hear her talk. Her voice is smooth as silk. She has a trick of looking a fellow straight in the eyes whether she talks or listens. It's damned embarrassing sometimes, ain't it?"

Wilson Mizner, the wittiest man who ever became a beachcomber on the shores of Hollywood, was one of Ruth Chatterton's most ardent admirers. "If I had her in Alaska in the boom days, we would have divided the country. She would have made the hairiest, unbathed miner feel that he was a Rudolph Valentino in a land without cameras."

Wilson was one of the paid authors of "Frisco Jenny." When I complained to him that the story, in preparation, was not convincing, he neighed at me out of his long horse face, "What do you mean, not convincing? That Chatterton gal will play Frisco Jenny like she shoveled the dirt to make her. She can make Mary Magdalen look like a sinner again."

Ruth often used her wiles on my great dead and gone friend. The most cynical of men, Ruth was his favorite among all the women of Hollywood. "She is my kind of people," he used to say. "She could charm a pawn-broker out of his store."

She is the only woman in Hollywood who could be "a man among men" with such fellows as Wilson Mizner and myself.

Her mind down to fundamentals, she early learned that one need be neither a prude nor a prig to be a lady—and a siren.

In keeping with most really great sirens, she has a sense of loyalty to the men she has charmed.

Having courage in Hollywood, Ruth Chatterton has earned the reputation of being belligerent. It is my feeling that writers have been careless in depicting characters that she is to play, relying on her acting ability to get them over. As a consequence, she has been a stormy petrel in all story conferences.

Had she not been a great siren, she would have failed on her entry into Hollywood. When the producers announced that a leading woman was wanted to play opposite Emil Jannings in "Sins of the Father," Ruth, with a dozen beautiful women, competed for the rôle.

I talked to her the day before she went forth to "make the test."

She had learned, in the meantime, that Emil Jannings would the "the last word" as to who was to play opposite him. We all knew that the great German was not immune to the charms of a siren. I will even venture that the wily Ruth knew it.

During the making of the test, Ruth, shall I say, naively charmed Mr. Jannings.

The producer looked at the test made by Miss Chatterton and decided against her to play the lead. Her nose had not photographed "right" in his opinion.

Jannings, more interested in other qualities than the nose of an excellent sirenic actress, bluntly decided not to appear in the film if she did not play opposite him.

And thus a great German actor held the stirrup while the greatest siren in Hollywood vaulted into the saddle of success.

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Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 9)

This Hepburn Girl! Emaciated, hollow cheeks, tight, thin-lipped mouth, peculiar nose—that's this Hepburn Girl.

I sat through three showings of "Bill of Divorcement" dissecting Katharine Hepburn, trying to determine just what made her click. I knew, my kid was home from school, still I stayed on, impassive to the Barrymore profile, obvious of the petite Billie Burke, whom I have always loved and hadn't seen for years, gazing inarticulate, unable to anaylze this Hepburn Girl. A well modulated voice, utterly unaffected. When she drew tight the already thin-lipped, mouth—a caricature. Yes, that is the only thing I can think of.

Is it that we, "not so beautiful," wring an attenuated consolation from the fact that a "not so beautiful" girl is making good? Or is it that she has "It"? No, only one with a Clara Bow figure could have "It."

Will someone please tell me what it is? One thing—she is good old U. S. A. "Let's Buy American." Me for this Hepburn Girl.

Minnie Sue Cogswell,
Los Angeles, Cal.

About the screen and films,
I like such things as these:
Joan Crawford's intensity,
Her poise and aim to please.
Dietrich's Continental charm.
Gary Cooper's "depth."
The Lubitsch touch of finesse,
Fredric March's naturalness.
The dialogue of Noel Coward.
The spiritual quality
And voice of Leslie Howard.
Norman Shearer's sophistication bland.
The poignancy of Helen Hayes,
Marie Dressler—trouper grand!
The dependability of Clive Brook,
The significance Chevalier
Can transport within a look.
Bob Montgomery's ingratiating nonchalance,
Miriam Hopkins' exuberant radiance.
I pledge them all, loyalty,
For all the joy they've brought to me!

Mary E. Lauber,
Philadelphia, Pa.

This isn't a complaint; it's a plea. About these "Also Selected Short Subjects."

Please understand me; I adore Mickey Mouse. I would prefer watching Mickey and Minnie's adventures in Arabia to bumping along on the back of a scalloped camel myself. I can bear Sundown on the Desert or Deep Sea Fishing (verbal wise-cracks included) with Spartan fortitude. I even like the comedies where destroying furniture is the only indoor pastime.

But—

I don't enjoy seeing Mickey in Arabia so much the second time. The third sight of Sundown on the Desert and Deep Sea Fishing puts me to sleep. Four views of the best furniture-smashing comedy in the world make me violently ill; and five—I rent my hair, leave the theatre, and utter maledictions all the way home.

It isn't my fault; I seldom go to see the same feature picture twice. But it must be somebody's. Perhaps the respective theaters in one town could arrange to couple together the same feature picture and short subjects. But please—won't someone do something about it?

Dorothy Jennings,
Evanston, Ill.

In answer to Helen Crum in the February issue of Movie Mirror it is not "Hail to the pictures that dare to show the truth." It is "Hail to the pictures that dare to bring to us romance and fantastical pictures to make us forget the depression." We find that the so-called truth is not always the best thing for the younger generation. It is apt to give them the wrong impression of life and wrong inspirations towards their career. Think also of the business man and woman who go to the movies for amusement and to be taken to the land of make-believe. Do they want to see murder, war, chain gangs, bank failures and hear cheap, smutty jokes or do they want clean, light and cheerful jokes and pictures? Why burden them with what they see and go through every day of their lives? I admit that the acting is excellent but why not put this acting into more pictures like "Blessed Event" and a few other good pictures of the past year? I'm one hundred percent against these so-called true life pictures.

Mrs. Louise Sheppard,
New York, N. Y.

Tom Douglas and Lilyan Tashman stop to chat outside the Brown Derby. What do you bet Tom's laughing at Lil's crazy hat. But isn't it smart?

If Adrienne Ames to make Tom Mix "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," would Donald Cook it for her?

Would Wallace Ford the river if he knew "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" was there?

Would Cary Grant "The Red Headed Woman" the "Cabin in the Cotton" if he knew "They Just Had to Get Married"?

If "The Men of America" found Jack Oakie would Arline Judge "The Kid From Spain"?

Would Anita Page "Mr. Robinson Crusoe" if she found Ben Lyon?

Would Fredric March through "The Wild Horse Mesa" if he knew "13 Women" had "Trouble in Paradise"?

If Will Rogers was "Too Busy to Work" would there be a "Divorce in the Family"?

Would Charlie Chase "The Hat Check Girl" through "Central Park" to see her "Million Dollar Legs"? "You Said A Mouthful!"

Elfrieda Krieger,
Hammond, Ind.

Last summer I was down in desert regions and saw that tall and lovely flower you call the "Angel's Candle." It has small bells like wax and a violet shadow of a delicateness like no other flower. It stands very tall and quiet and with great dignity. I could not but think how much it resembles the Garbo. That quiet and very lovely lady.

Again only a little while ago I was in the desert and it was covered with snow. Very cold and with bad winds blowing. There were no tall and sweet scented "Angel's Candles" there. And the desert seemed much less beautiful. And I thought it seemed like the pictures when Garbo is gone. Some things still very nice, to be sure, but the quiet beauty we like is not there.

I am but one voice but I hope she can return. I shall go more happily to my movies when the "Angel's Candle" is shining.

Lai Cheng,
Redwood City, Cal.

They say it is impossible to please everyone but the movies seem to have accomplished this feat in our family as:

Dad was certainly proud of "The Conquerors."

Mother enjoyed her "old standby" Marie Dressler in "Prosperity."

Brother idolized Johnny Weissmuller in "Tarzan, the Ape Man."

Sister sat through "No Man of Her Own" twice. (Don't know whether Carole or Clark was the attraction but I have my suspicions.)

Uncle Fred adores those Laurel and Hardy comedies and always attends the show when they are there regardless of the main attraction.

Aunt Maud likes Wallace Beery (as he always makes her cry) and says "Flesh" beats them all.

Gram and Gramp don't attend the movies very often but their prize goes to "Over the Hill" and as for myself—

Katharine Hepburn takes the honors. Variety is the spice of life.

Maronette Abbee,
East Hartford, Conn.

(*Continued on page* 88)

I'm Afraid I'm Much Too Sane

(*Continued from page* 55)

looked particularly glamorous in electrics.

"And so, armed only with my sublime belief in my own ability, I engaged a private tutor when I had finished school and learned from him such technique as I felt I should have. Immediately after that I went into stock and toured and played forty different rôles on one tour and was completely happy.

"For nine months I played 'Petticoat Influence' in London and followed this with 'Lean Harvest' with Leslie Banks. It was in November of 1932 that I came to New York to play the rôle I had created in London in 'The Devil Passes.' And there the movies got me—and I knew that the time was ripe.

"And I am afraid, I really blush to admit, that through all of these steps, or processes, I have been unswervingly sane. There have been temptations. I have never 'fallen' for them. There have been opportunities and even incentives, at times, to act the part of temperamental star. I could never get started. I never fell in love. I have never married. I was never mixed up in a scandal. No love-mad gentleman, either Prince or pauper, ever killed himself on my doorstep. No crazed poet ever wrote me sonnets in his heart's blood.

"I dislike to dwell overmuch on this subject, but it does rather obsess me. I am afraid that I am so absolutely sane and, really, it doesn't seem at all the thing to be. I know that I will never be one of the Illustrious Great. I know that I haven't Glamour to work with, but I do know that I am competent. It may be unbecoming of me to say this—*but I do know my job.* I have shaped my tools. I know what they are. I know how to use them.

"When I made what was really my first big success in London—'Sorry You've Been Troubled,' with Walter Hackett, I had one of those things called 'an overnight success.' I woke to find myself on the city's tongue. I had no maidenly fears and wonders. *I knew that I had come to stay!* I immediately left my parents' home and took a ducky, narrow little house all of my own. I knew that I should have people running in and out at all sorts of odd hours. And I wanted them to. I wouldn't care whether I served breakfast to my guests sitting on the floor. But I knew that my mother, with her Scotswoman's hospitality, where full service and the 'best linen' and everything must be just so, would be exhausted. So I set out on my own.

"Even so, I remained a 'nice girl.' Here was my chance to stir the tongue of gossip a trifle. Not a bit of it. I remember, one time in London, a group of eight of us went down to Hanley for the day and evening. On the way, we started to play that dangerous game called Truth. It developed into questions, very personal ones, being asked at random. 'Who among us has the most glamour?' 'Who is the *nicest* person here?' And when *that* question was asked the answer was, unanimously 'Oh, *Diana!*' I really was wounded. I wouldn't have minded if they had conceded me the glamour, too. But to be 'the *nicest*'—I woke up in the mornings for days after with a weight on my chest, the sort of a feeling you have when something *horrid* has happened.

"I may as well go on convicting myself . . . I've had the same maid, Daisy, ever since I first started on the stage. She, too, would testify to my unfailing sanity. I may not be a heroine to her but I have a heavy feeling that she does regard me as 'a good woman'—and that she knows what she is talking about.

"I have taken an apartment here in Hollywood—I like to ride horseback and to swim—I'd like to play tennis, too, but I do it very badly and I never do anything unless I can do it well—

"I am an ardent pacifist—which made my work in 'Cavalcade' very real to me—the part of a mother who will not give her little boy toy guns or toy soldiers to play with lest he grow up with the militaristic point of view. I recommend that to all mothers of small boys, by the way. To me, war is simply unarguable—it is so brutally, so monstrously *absurd*—

"I adore Helen Hayes—she is by far the most marvellous actress on the screen today or any other day—

"I understand that Louise Dresser, when she saw 'Cavalcade', said that I had 'the most *religious* face'. You see, she—what is it you say over here?—she 'got me'?

"When I have finished 'Men Must Fight' I am going back to England for five months. I may do a play with Ivor Novello. I'm not sure. Then I shall return to Metro and to Hollywood. When I look farther ahead I am not very definite. Like all these dreadfully sane people I am no seer, I'm afraid. I'd like to fall in love one day. I'd like to marry and to have children. I'd like to continue with my career, also. Whatever I do—" and the blonde Diana sighed, resignedly, "I am perfectly and virtuously sure that it will be well-balanced, sane and *nice* behavior from every point of view."

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I should like to know who was responsible for the following strange condition existing in the famous production, "Strange Interlude."

In "Strange Interlude" the story begins soon after the World War and ends *now*, in modern times.

According to the story the baby was born about 1920. When I saw the picture I could not possibly stretch my imagination to the extent of believing this son of Gable and Shearer could reach such a degree of manhood, become a husky athlete and aviator and last, but not least, *slap his father and fly away with a bride*, about twelve years after his birth. What a man for his age; Ripley should know that boy. And also what about Shearer and Gable at that time acting old enough to be his grandparents?

R. O. Van Sickle,
New Martinsville, W. Va.

Here's a Different Point of View

I read many reviews of "Back Street" before seeing the picture. In nearly all critics stressed it as a "woman's picture" and now I'm wondering why, for if Fannie Hurst's object in writing the story was to show the "fathomless depths of woman's love," she failed miserably. Instead, I believe she meant to stress the heights to which a man's selfishness and blindness can lead him. Extreme selfishness is displayed here when the man robs the woman of that she prizes her dearest treasure—her honor and forces her to live in secret that his own honor may be maintained and his position as a respected citizen remain untarnished among his fellowmen.

No woman living thus can know love of the kind for which God created her—pure, unselfish, a holy influence to guide the man she loves to the greatest heights he is capable of attaining. Such love is only sinful infatuation and not true woman's love, for love is not associated with sin. This does not keep it from being one of the really great pictures, however. Moreover, it gives Irene Dunne, who we learned long ago to expect, a superlative actress, a new lease on film life.

Mrs. G. H. Wyatt,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Teacher Speaks

To a teacher in a small-town the movies are a boon in more ways than one.

I'm an English teacher and found the movies act as an incentive to the keeping of note-books. Until I began asking questions such as: "What actor do you think would fit this part? What scenes would be most effective in the movies?" the pupils neglected their written reports and note-books. And when I suggested they paste in pictures from fan-magazines, the interest was heart-whole.

When you consider I accomplished more than one aim, is it any wonder I feel grateful to the movies?

Maryann Gwinn,
Jemes, New Mexico

Zippy Movies

There are plenty of movie fans who are happy these days. Because moving pictures are coming back! After dozens of pictures in which dialogue was bandied about until it became tiresome, we are now being given pictures that *move*.

(*Continued from page* 86)

"Frisco Jenny," the current box office smash, travels along at a fine fast pace. "The Night Mayor" and "The Half Naked Truth" zip by with breath-taking speed. And Jimmy Cagney's "Hard to Handle" doesn't contain one slow moment.

So thank you very much, you producers. May we have lots more bang-up pictures, and may we also have Lee Tracy, Ruth Chatterton, and Jim Cagney to act in 'em.

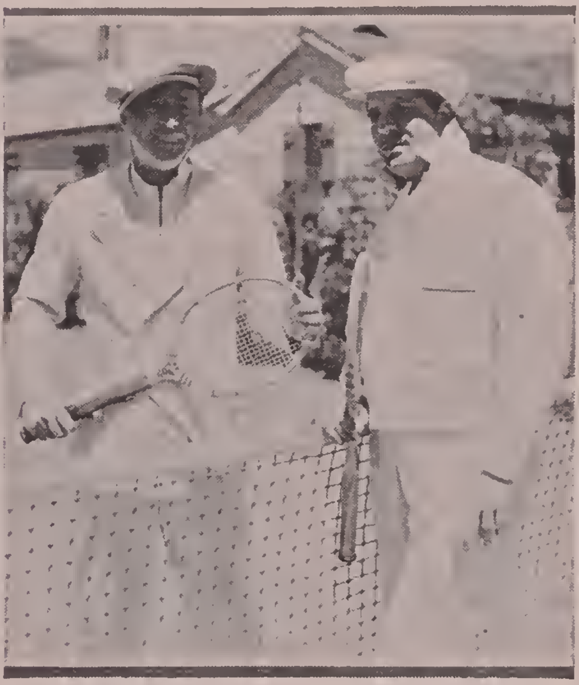
Helen Stappenbeck, San Francisco, Cal.

"Animal Kingdom" Gets Raves

"Animal Kingdom"—the ever old triangle told with such sweet simplicity that I shall never again lack in sympathy for "the other woman."

Leslie Howard so pleasantly and so delightfully charmed me that I shall never be quite the same and Ann Harding showed such depth of understanding that makes me feel quite ashamed of the people who claim there is no real love.

In fact, a picture of that kind makes me realize that Hollywood can still produce good pictures with talented stars who act in a way which I can understand and feel the various emotions as portrayed by them.



The two most demon tennis players of Malibu are Warner Baxter (oldest resident) and Herbert Brenon, the director. Movie Mirror's cameraman caught them at their first game of the season

Marge Zumpano,
Port Chester, N. Y.

Seeing "The Animal Kingdom" was a rich experience for me.

Not since "Holiday" has Ann Harding had a picture worthy of her great talents, but here she is in all her loveliness, beauty, artistry and sincerity. Leslie Howard is so grand with his depth of characterization, spirituality and artistry. He has such finesse.

Elaine Meinecke,
Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Random Opinions

Joan Crawford is the head girl . . . Shearer, Hayes, Dunne, and Stanwyck are the other leaders . . . Fredric March is the head male . . . with Gable at his heels . . . Bing Crosby is a distinctive movie personality and should make more pictures . . . Wynne Gibson, Una Merkel, Monroe Owsley, and Gene Raymond need good parts to carry them upwards . . . Eric Linden is a good performer but lacks appeal . . . Sidney Fox is cute but uninteresting . . . ditto for Alice White . . . Clara Bow is swell, but seems a little camera-shy, or something . . . Joel McCrea isn't such a hot actor but his looks and personality should serve him in good stead . . . Katharine Hepburn and Karen Morley are the surest winners . . . Sheila Terry is a most promising newcomer . . . she possesses some of Crawford's appeal . . . Cary Grant is a coming star . . . M-G-M (or Irving Thalberg) deserve praise for supplying their stars with good parts . . . Ann Harding and Ruth Chatterton need some breaks . . . they are too valuable to lose . . . ditto for Lew Ayres . . . Gaynor had better start fighting . . . I'm afraid she's going to start slipping . . . ditto for Ramon Novarro . . . Is George Raft going to be able to live up to his publicity? . . . Boris Karloff is a vogue . . . Movie Mirror is headed for the top . . . it contains all the interesting news.

Sam Foster, Belot, Wis.

How Can You Say Such Things?

I have just recently seen "Evenings for Sale" and I must say something or burst. Why, oh why was Herbert Marshall ever given the role of a gigolo in that picture? Haven't Mr. Marshall's pictures, with the exception of "Trouble in Paradise," been bad enough?

I'm sure I don't know just what *would* suit the abilities of this nice, ordinary Englishman with the pleasant but wooden sort of charm, but these gay Lothario things obviously do not. They appear to embarrass the poor fellow almost to the point of tears.

And as for the much-publicised Sari Maritza I can only say that if she pronounces her adopted name Sorry, she's more than justified. She is about the sorriest nonentity I've ever seen. She strikes me as a very poor imitation of some of the less efficient of those who ape a not too-marvelous original.

Irene M. Woodruff,
Charlestown, Mass.

Unhappy Endings

Commenting on "A Farewell to Arms."

But for the ending of Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms," it would rank with the immortal "Smilin' Through." People wish to be amused not depressed when attending a movie. Sad endings to a picture take all the pleasure out of seeing it. Romances should have "happily ever after" endings. Give the public more pictures like "A Farewell to Arms" without the weepy ending.

Virginia Coleman, Patchogue, N. Y.

A Plea For Young Doug

I think it's about time someone came forward and said something for that inimitable young man, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Why is this actor always cast in a mediocre picture? He is simply marvelous in

(*Continued on page* 90)

(*Continued from page* 84)

Song of the Eagle (Paramount)

You'll See: *Charles Bickford, Jean Hersholt, Richard Arlen, Mary Brian.*

It's About: *Beer.*

So here's another of the inevitable flock of films due to glorify beer's comeback, via one story or another. This one concerns itself with an old German brewer who obeys the law and his ex-driver, who does not. The brewer loses his wealth, the driver, turned racketeer, makes it. Then comes Roosevelt and 3.2. By this time, the brewer's son is in long pants, and takes on the big-shot beer baron when the latter tries to run the legal beer business as well as his own.

Too bad the picture wasn't as big as the idea. It gets too tangled up in newsreel shoots, sentimentality, beer-garden scenes with music, and things like that, and as a result, wanders erratically from the main idea. Swell shot: Georgie Stone's final scene.

Your Reviewer Says: Maybe if you have seven or nine bottles of 3.2 before seeing this, you'll think it's swell. Otherwise, it's just another movie.

For Children: It's another gang-and-murder picture, and hardly youngsters' fare.

I Love that Man (Paramount)

You'll See: *Edmund Lowe, Nancy Carroll, Robert Armstrong, Lew Cody.*

It's About: *A confidence man, gone straight for love, gets tangled up in crime again.*

Compared with some of the really top-rate filmfare, this one is rather weak stuff. Not that it isn't an exciting yarn, not that the cast doesn't do its darndest—but simply that it turns out to be one of those pictures that just doesn't jell . . . !

Eddie Lowe, as "Brains" Stanley, the con-man, talks loudly and incessantly and during it, delivers some good laugh lines. Toward the end, the laughs are forgotten and heavy drama is shoved in—but by that time you're so sold on the idea it's a comedy story of a crook's woes that when the sob-stuff comes, you can't go for it. Nancy Carroll looks pretty as the gal who loves the crook, almost succeeds in reforming him, marries him on his death bed. Warren Hymer and Bob Armstrong and Lew Cody, as assorted racketeers, turn in swell jobs. But even so, even so . . .

Your Reviewer Says: Oh, it's all right, but really nothing more. You can take it or leave it.

Not for Children.

The Phantom Broadcast (Monogram)

You'll See: *Ralph Forbes, Vivienne Osborne, Gail Patrick.*

It's About: *What happens when a golden-voiced hunchback, becomes a radio star, hires a handsome youth to pose as him—and then a gang of racketeers hurl murder into the plot.*

If it's novel situations and ideas you want in your screen menu, then this ought to satisfy you. Ralph Forbes as the crippled singer, turns in a brilliant performance in a difficult rôle. (Wonder what Ruth Chatterton'll think about her ex-hubby's nice performances?) It's a part that requires plenty of ability, not alone in the earlier sequences, but later, when to shield another, he pretends to be guilty of murder.

For eerie situations, there's the one wherein the voice of a murdered man comes over the ether waves—or at least, so it seems to the listeners-in.

Your Reviewer Says: Combining originality with the interesting angles of both a murder-mystery tale and a radio-movie, this one offers you a good measure of value.

For Children: It all depends upon whether or not you let your children see murder stories.

The Man from Monterey (Schlesinger)

You'll See: *John Wayne, Ruth Hall, Louis Alberni, Francis Ford.*

It's About: *The handsome hero throws a monkey-wrench into a crook land scheme, in the old western days, and wins the gal.*

Yes SIR—it's familiar, true-to-type stuff, but it's well done. It's nothing at all for the picturegoers who want 1933 stuff, done with all modern improvements(?), but it's a grand filmful for those who like movies to move, the hero to be heroic, the villain to be dirtier than a censor's mind, the gal to be virtue incarnate and so on. . . .

John Wayne is everything you ask in your western hero. He even goes further—in one sequence he scorns the good ol' two-gun stuff, takes to a sword instead and holds off a band of desperadoes!

Your Reviewer Says: For "western" fans, this rates top-rate.

For Children: It's fine.

Lilly Turner (First Natl.)

You'll See: *Ruth Chatterton, George Brent, Frank McHugh, Guy Kibbee.*

It's About: *A country gal's tangled love-life in the tent-and-medicine show racket.*

The producers advertise this Chatterton film: "It will make 'Frisco Jenny' blush!" Uh-huh—and that's not all, because a lot of you people who sit in theaters to see it'll blush, too.

Here, Chatterton, a country gal, marries a fast-talking actor, learns too late what he is. Then she hits the skids, slides down the planes of professional and morale and morals. But a love for a college-bred taxi driver resurrects what's left of her.

It's sordid and weak. You'll wish they'd given Chatterton something better. There's very little excuse for this sort of movie.

Your Reviewer Says: Despite good individual work, it's a disappointment.

Not for Children.

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1926 Broadway New York City

"Union Depot." He is marvelous in any picture he plays in, but how can he be a box-office success when he is given such bad breaks? This boy has it all over some of the other stars but the producers are evidently asleep and don't know it. Come on, wake up you fellows and give a real actor a break!

Ann Iulo, New York, N. Y.

Leslie Howard Fans, Speak Up

"Smilin' Through" might have been called "Strollin' Through" or "Simperin' Through" so far as Leslie Howard had to do with it. Hollywood is certainly out to give us variety when we see this sheep-faced nonentity not only in the same picture but given equal footage with a real actor like Fredric March. March puts into his work all he has to give of vocal expression and dramatic force—and he has so much to give! Howard gives nothing and has nothing to give. I believe this is called his polished restraint.

His fans have called Leslie Howard "the perfect type of English gentleman." On behalf of my race I repudiate the horrid imputation. He may be English, but he is not typical, and before being a gentleman it is necessary to be a man. Leslie Howard is not my idea of manliness.

Barbara Fletcher,
Blackpool, Lancs., England.

Asther's Comeback

You may have your Freddie Marches,
And your Jimmy Cagneys too;
You may have your Charlie Farrels,
But I dub these men taboo.

You may thrill at seeing Colman,
And your deep, dark, he-man, Gable,
But Ronnie's just a falling star;
While Clark is just a fable.

Nils Asther made a comeback,
In a new fantastic way,
To me he's quite outstanding,
So there! I've had my say.

(I only hope you'll all agree with me, after seeing him opposite Barbara Stanwyck in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." He is magnetic, and has taken our town by storm!)

Frederika Morriss,
High Point, N. C.

I'm a twenty dollar a week stenographer, and life is pretty humdrum to me. I haven't been able to find romance in real life, so I look for my romance in reel life. I had despaired of ever finding my perfect screen specimen of manhood, when I saw "The Bitter Tea of General Yen"—and Nils Asther. What a voice, and what appeal, and what a human touch he has!

It takes a great artist to carry you to the heights, and a great artist like Nils Asther is surely headed for stardom.

Lucille S. Adams,
Birmingham, Ala.

Gable Gets Knocked

Why all this fuss about Clark Gable? Who started it? Some neurotic old maids who desired a hero with a "mother complex"? That complex he surely has and that complex he can't hide! No matter how "big and virile" the part he plays, a certain little boy braggadocio, a childish eagerness for praise, a hunger for a mother's protection shines pathetically from his eyes. His stature, physique, swagger, neck and ears fit his he-man rôles—but those eyes! Can't some director do something to wipe that look of arrested development from the hero's expression—or is it a job for a psychoanalyst?

(*Continued from page* 88)

Laura Babb,
Richmond, Va.

You Can't Please Everyone

I believe that the success of "Smilin' Through" was due largely to the costume sequences, for wasn't Norma Shearer the personification of romance in her hoop-skirts and quaint curls? And isn't that what the motion picture public wants, romance instead of sophistication?

To meet the demand, why not refilm some of the old costume favorites?

Mary Pickford is leading the way with "Secrets," so, Mr. Producer, why not follow Our Mary? Give us silks and laces, powdered wigs and silver buckles, moonlight and minuets—romance with a capital "R."

Edna Walters,
Wilson, N. C.

I *hate* costume pictures and I wouldn't go to see one if the cast contained every big Hollywood name! I'd rather *not* go to movies than spend two hours fidgeting in my seat viewing a fatuous display of skin-tight pants, overly large bustles on ladies and baroque head-dresses.

Godfrey Homans,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Take That, Garbo

In a recent issue of Movie Mirror D. H. Chapman of Los Angeles said that Greta "walked in greatness." No wonder. With feet her size she ought to be able to walk anywhere!

Elizabeth L.,

From An Ex-Prisoner

I'm an ex-prisoner who served on the Texas "death farms", near Huntsville, Texas, and I want to express my gratitude for Paul Muni in "I Am A Fugitive From A Chain Gang."

Muni simply portrayed a prevalent truth. In fact, I believe God operated throughout Muni's rôle.

E. F. (Jean) Stout, Lavon, Texas.

The Picture Everyone Loved

I have just seen "State Fair." It is clean, humorous, and human. Different from the general run of pictures, it is true to life. It has a well rounded cast, no star outshines the other. For the first time Will Rogers didn't steal the picture.

People who have attended a State Fair agree that the picture is correct in every detail.

Hats off to Fox, who had the courage to put out a simple wholesome picture, amidst gangsters, prison, and sophisticated pictures.

Marjorie Coe,
Santa Monica, California.

Mae West's Triumph

When a clever actress like Mae West can dominate her first Talkie with such sparkling wit and acting as she displayed in "She Done Him Wrong," then I say, many of our present established favorites had better look to their future laurels.

Miss West deserves the finest stories that can be procured. Her unusual scintillating ability has added new life and interest to the living screen.

Miss Jean McMichael,
New Orleans, La.

Although in many ways Mae West is offensive to me personally, I feel that her sudden popularity is proof that the movies can no longer be "in their infancy." Of course, she is not allowed the same freedom she was granted on the stage, but even on florid Broadway she was thrown into prison for one of her shows and yet another was shut down peremptorily before it ever reached New York. Nevertheless, I felt a certain freshness, a certain blowsy humor—a bit rough, to be sure—that had never before reached quite that exuberant pitch, in "She Done Him Wrong," and, while the absurd ending ran true to the established formula, the picture, as a whole, brought one up with a start at the possibilities of the cinematic future.

While a good deal of that freshness is undoubtedly due to the expert and always mature direction of Lowell Sherman, the ultimate success hinges on the full blown, large-hipped Mae West. There is nothing of delicate suggestion here, but, however coarse it may be in the final analysis, her bar-room humor is swift-paced and lusty. Vigor such as hers should be given every encouragement.

Richard A. Chace,
New York City, N. Y.

Just a Blunder

In the photoplay, "Private Jones," the expressions "Vas you dere, Sharlie," and "nuts" are used ofttimes.

This play was supposed to take place during the war of 1917-18, and neither of these expressions were used at that time. As far as I know, they began to be used about 1932.

Just exactly what is the matter?

Mrs. James J. Vlach,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Praising Hayes

I cannot let this month pass by without mentioning that "Arrowsmith" is far the best movie of the month, not to mention the superb acting. Helen Hayes is lovable and charming and deserves all the credit she gets for her wonderful acting.

And then some of the people of today object to movies! Just let them enjoy this masterpiece and I think they will change their minds. Helen Hayes works wonders with us human mortals!

Doris E. Caldwell,
Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Yes, We Do

Portland, Maine

There is one thing I have missed in

(*Continued on page* 96)

The Real Truth About Hollywood Wives

(*Continued from page 68*)

reward is his high respect and great love for her.

Florence Eldridge, once a stage star, is now Fredric March's wife. Until recently her compensation for giving up her career was in being of supreme importance to Fred. He tries out all his screen roles on her—going over each line with her and begging for her always excellent criticism. Now Florence is resuming acting—remember her fine performance in "The Great Jasper"?—but I believe she will be able to manage both careers perfectly.

During Jimmy Cagney's battle with his studio—that precarious time when he, fighting for a principle, was willing to give up not only fame but his very large salary as well—Mrs. Cagney stood by him ready to give up everything, too, to change entirely her standard of living. And Jimmy thinks she's swell because of it.

Ralph Morgan—he of the Czar of "Rasputin"—chats with Otto Kruger, stage star, when Otto came to play Hollywood. They are very old friends and their meeting was supposed to be very exclusive, but our cameraman got there, just the same!

These are, to feminine women, compensations for loneliness, for slights, for natural jealousies. The point is that the Hollywood wife makes herself so important to her husband, she works with him so steadily, hand in hand and side by side, that her life is lived in his life, his success hers, his fame partly her creation.

I don't suppose it has been easy for Virginia Valli, married to Charlie Farrell for the last two years, to never hear his name mentioned without hearing Janet Gaynor's mentioned, too. Virginia and Charlie have, to all appearances, been ideally happy and yet when Janet recently separated from Lydell Peck everyone in Hollywood whispered, "I'd like to be inside Virginia Valli's mind right at this moment. Don't you suppose she's worried?"

Well, she must have thought about it. Virginia is very human. But Virginia is as wise as she is sweet and kind. Whatever she may have thought, she has kept to herself. And her reassurance is that Charlie, charming and debonair, is still right at her side. Probably she knows that whatever romance there was between Janet and Charlie—if there ever was any—was kid romance, and that neither one of them are still kids.

Mrs. Gable takes pride in the fact that women adore Clark Gable. It is a symbol of his success—the thing upon which his success is built. That's why she can stand by while hundreds of fans surround him and one girl says to another, "Why did he marry *her?*"

Mrs. Gable had to adjust herself. She was uprooted from her own surroundings. A New York widow she was, who had never known anyone connected with the theatrical profession.

Ruth Nagel was an office worker on a magazine before she married Conrad, her life had to be radically changed to meet the new demands.

The wife of a certain director was a society girl who—when she first came to Hollywood—said, "The social system here is impossible!" Now she can be found for long evenings playing bridge with "the girls." But she is happy when the critics proclaim her husband's new picture a magnificent epic, because she knows that it was her encouragement and her willingness to go on long fishing trips with him between pictures to rest his mind that was partly responsible for that magnificent epic.

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Do you realize that you know very little about her? That she got a divorce and then adopted a baby? That while she looks like a giddy butterfly, she is one of the most "bookish" of all the stars? That while she clowns on the screen, she can do tragedy equally well? Kathryn White spent a day with Miriam lately and analysed her strange charm in the best article we have yet seen on her. In next month's Movie Mirror, of course.

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Letters from a Movie Fan in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 65)

she stepped over to the little girl who'd started all the excitement.

"How do you do. I'm so glad you knew me," she said. The little child was scared stiff. Only her eyes spoke, and they bespoke a mingled worship and fright. She turned, and buried her face in her mother's dress. Janet turned to the crowd, smiled her wonderful smile. It broke the restraint. They gave her a burst of applause—a spontaneous, sincere burst of handclapping. That was all—nobody tried to take her hand, or ask her for an autograph, or even speak to her. They showed they liked her —and respected her individuality at the same time, as they melted away and left us alone again—just two shoppers in a crowd of hundreds.

"That sort of thing is sweet, even though it does scare me," Janet told me, then. "Certainly it gives me a thrill of pride. But at the same time, it makes me feel humble—aware of the responsibility I owe these people."

Sort of square thinking, don't you agree?

Well, we shopped. Janet bought a gorgeous big trunk for her mother. Some personal things—underwear, if you must know, and not full of lace and frills, either. And then we browsed in the glassware section. "Wait until we get home and you see my glass—and Lalique," she said. She's a Lalique-fiend—that ornate glassware, you know. Has Hollywood's most important collection.

We stopped for lunch at the Mona Lisa "Do you like spaghetti?" she asked me. Well, darling—you know the miles of it you and I used to consume? Well, we've got nothing on Janet. She's crazy about it—and Madame Musso, who runs the Mona Lisa cafe, knows Janet as one of her best customers. They've got a favorite booth for her, and she always has the same waitress—"Addie," is her name, and Addie and Janet talked like two old pals about when Addie used to work in the Fox studio cafe. Nothing high-hat about Janet. She remembers when she used to clerk in a San Francisco shoe store herself!

And then to Janet's new house—where she showed me her bedroom. It's all flesh-tint and pink and flowers, and she's having the time of her life with it. She's awfully proud of her perfume stand, with the mirrors in it not colorless, like the one in your bathroom, but flesh-tinted, so the reflection they give back is rosy and warm and rich. And the chaise-longue with the delicate little French lamp beside it. And the simple little bed, with the lace spread over the pinkish flesh-tinted base. It's all pretty, all delicate, all what you'd expect Janet to have.

"I love it," she said, simply. "It's the first time I've had my own house. It's the first time in years I've felt free to do things, to be myself, to act as I want to. I used to be afraid . . ." There used to be unpleasant scenes (the divorce evidence told it, Ruth) between her and Peck, because of things Janet did, or wanted to do —little things; the tiny little things that shouldn't ever matter, but that matter so very very much when two people get to the stage when they just can't get along . . .

It was to avoid scenes like that that Janet stopped being herself, and became "the recluse of Hollywood." And that's what she means when she says that now she feels like she'd just gotten out of prison. But even so she's not running wild with her new freedom . . .

"Why," she told me, "I'm not even going out places with any men. I know what will be said and printed if and when I do. I don't want to start talk."

Gee, Ruth dear—we've envied movie stars so often, you and I. But since I've been out here, and seen what they can't do that you and I can do without even giving a second thought—why, darling, I'm glad I'm not one, after all!

But the deuce with all that philosophizing! You'll be calling me Old Whiskers Katie, next. Not for me—I'm going young again. I'm taking up bicycling. Everybody's doing it out here, and by the way the "shall-I-wear-men's clothes?" argument is all over. Now they're arguing about "shall I wear pants or shorts on my bike?" The verdict is about 50-50. There's no secret about movie stars' legs any more. Go out on any Beverly Hills street, and you'll see filmland's prettiest pedalling around in shorts that show more than grandma ever admitted she had.

For a general utility coat which you'll always be smart in anywhere and yet which you can use for several seasons, nothing is nicer than a mixed tweed such as Elizabeth Allen is here wearing. It has a soft shawl collar and loose raglan sleeves and with it the gal wears one of those new, smart scarfs knotted about her neck, and carries her hat, one of those little felts

Maureen O'Sullivan is cute on a bicycle in her shorts and her pretty legs. But Mary Pickford won't wear 'em. It's pants for her—full-length slacks, she says, and her alibi is that she's afraid she'll bruise her knees if she falls without 'em. That gave Janet Gaynor a laugh, by the way—Janet showed me her knees when we talked about it. They're both skinned. "Fell off a bicycle," she laughed. "And what's more, I WAS wearing long slacks, too." All the Hollywood stores are selling bicycle outfits—ranging from all-coverage sweaters and long pants (or divided skirts, and in 1933, too!!!), all the way to shorts *so* short that any ocean beach policeman would have to make an arrest—and nothing more than a bandanna tied around the shoulders. My, my, what excellent laboratory work an anatomy-student could do in Hollywood, these days!

Or in an airplane. I visited Joan Crawford the other day, while she was taking a sunbath in her garden. She has a four-walled topless enclosure, and in it she sunbathes two hours a day—as undressed as September Morn! Result, Ruth dear, is that she's as brown as a Hawaiian. And she gave me some good advice about not burning. She uses olive oil and vinegar, mixed fifty-fifty, with which she covers her whole body. The olive oil, she says, gives the deepest brown, and the mixture is a hundred percent protection against burn.

And—oh, yes—this WILL give you a laugh. Marlene Dietrich is getting *all balled up* in whether she's a man or not!!! This mannish-clothes business of hers is getting complicated—she doesn't know whether she's got to follow male etiquette or not! The other noontime in the Paramount studio café, I saw her at lunch with Brian Aherne. Dorothea Wieck came to their table. Of course, Aherne stood up. But—Marlene, wearing trousers at the time, *stood up TOO!* Poor Dorothea, she was so, flustered, at Marlene's being masculine even to etiquette.

But then, the other night, I saw Marlene go all wrong. You know it's perfectly all right for us women to keep our hats on while dining out. BUT—Marlene, in male tuxedo, *kept her slouch hat on* while at dinner in a hotel the other evening!!!

Bye bye for this time, dear. Love,

Kathryn.

P. S.—Madame Musso herself gave me her secret recipe for what appears on her menu as "Mona Lisa Spaghetti."

Here's how Mme. Musso tells me it's made:

Cook two packages of spaghetti for ten minutes, in fast-boiling, well-salted water. Drain in colander until every bit of water has dripped off. Mix in a bit of butter. Put in dish, and pour over it this sauce (and this sauce, believe Mme. Musso and me, who ate it, is the trick)—

1½ tablespoons pure imported olive oil
1½ tablespoons melted butter
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
½ cup chopped canned French mushrooms
1 cup finely chopped filet of beef

—simmer all ingredients together until onions are well browned. Put in contents of two cans of tomato sauce (sauce, not juice!). Let simmer slowly about two hours, continually adding consomme or chicken broth to keep at same level. *Never add water,* or you sacrifice flavor.

Kathryn.

Berkeley Square

(*Continued from page* 49)

Kate, shyly. She seemed very pleased.

Her miniature? Good Lord, no cigarettes? In alarm, he searched his other pockets. A jeweled bracelet? That must be meant for Kate.

"Is not this gift premature?" said Kate. "Does not this signify in New York what it does here?"

"Of course," said Peter hastily, "if you *will* have the declaration formal, I know how it was—how it *is* done." On his knees, he asked her if she would be his wife.

"You go much too fast, sir," said Kate, laughing, and he was relieved when her brother Tom came into the room, and her mother, the Lady Anne, followed by Mr. Throstle, who never missed anything.

"Mr. Throstle? Of the Academy of Painting?" said Peter, and Mr. Throstle minced forward in delight, delighted that he was already famous. And while Tom was offering to show Peter the sights of London, Mr. Throstle suggested an introduction to Sir Joshua Reynolds.

"Reynolds!" said Peter. "Perhaps he would paint my portrait." He looked around the room, so like the room of 1933. Only the portrait was missing, and in its place was a tapestry.

AND then in the doorway he saw Helen, with her dark and vivid beauty. And as her shy brown eyes met his, he knew what it was that had called him from a hundred and fifty years away. He knew at once that he loved her, though they were born a hundred and fifty years apart, and that only the strength of their love had the power to bring him back to her time. And yet . . . he could not change what had already happened, so many, many years before; it was Helen whose love had called him, and yet he must marry Kate.

"Our cousin will be here for your birthday reception, Helen," said Kate.

"Then your aunt's gift—the Kashmir shawl—is a birthday present?" said Peter.

"Is it a shawl?" said Helen. "I am not to open my parcel until my birthday."

Puzzled she picked up the parcel from the table he remembered so well. In astonishment she opened it and drew forth the shawl.

"What conjurer's trick is this?" said Tom, and the perspiration came out on Peter's brow, and only Helen came to his rescue by suggesting that he might like to go to his room and rest.

And as the days went by, always it was Helen who smoothed over his mistakes. For he did many strange things. What sort of man was this who took a bath every morning, so that maids had to climb three flights of steps with pails and pails of hot water? And at the club with Tom, he turned his back on the Prince of Wales merely because the Prince blew his nose on his fingers! Even Tom, though he borrowed huge sums of money, could not condone this in his cousin.

And there was the time he went to call on John Adams, the American Ambassador, and repeated the Ambassador's conversation to the king—though the audience had not yet been granted.

And when he sat for his painting to Sir Joshua Reynolds, he talked strangely of Mrs. Sidden's portrait, "The Tragic Muse," though the portrait had not yet been finished and only Sir Joshua himself knew what it was to be called.

"There is something in your cousin's face that eludes me," Sir Joshua told Kate. "Like no human face I've ever seen."

And it was Helen who consoled Peter—perhaps Sir Joshua was overtired. Always and always it was Helen.

"Do you love this Mr. Throstle?" he asked her. Often now, they sat on a little bench in Berkeley Square, for though he must marry Kate and that could not be changed, it was for Helen that he had come, so many, many years, into the long ago.

"No, no, never," said Helen. And in her soft brown eyes he knew the answer for which he was looking, that Helen returned his love, that through the generations which divided them, only their love for each other was strong enough to overcome Time.

"I couldn't bear it for you to love Throstle," said Peter.

"But you have Kate," whispered Helen, and there was pain in his heart because he dare not speak.

And it was only Helen, among them all, who did not think him odd, for all of London knew what strange things he was doing.

"Our cousin is not odd!" Lady Anne told the Duchess of Devonshire at Helen's birthday reception. And she looked in annoyance at Kate, who daily grew more fearful of her cousin and now would not even dance with him, though he had taken lessons in the minuet.

And it was curiosity which impelled the Duchess of Devonshire to sit out a dance with him. "They say your wit is better than your dancing," she said.

"Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire," said Peter. "All the charm of the period seems to center in that name. Your name in English history is the finest flower of the Eighteenth Century. Everyone knows your face from—" he stopped suddenly—"Gainsborough *has* painted you, hasn't he? All the legend and beauty of the age cling about you; what can the Eighteenth Century offer that—"

TERROR was creeping into her eyes. "You are thinking of me," she said, horrified, "in the past tense. As if—as if I were already dead!" Magnificently she rose. "Sir Joshua, your arm!"

Troubled, Peter looked after her. What had he said? And Throstle stood there glaring at him, this man who had so bewitched Helen.

"Do you know, sir," said Throstle, "that Miss Pettigrew is about to break with you?"

"Kate, break with me? You're cockeyed, Throstle. We're going to get married and have three children. One of them dies of small pox at the age of seven and is buried in St. Mark's churchyard."

In Throstle's face was that fear which everywhere Peter encountered. "Perhaps then you can tell me of Miss Helen's future?"

"No," said Peter, "I don't know that."

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He knew so many, many things, but Helen's future he did not know. He only knew that he loved her, this soft and gentle Helen who found him standing alone and asked him sadly what he had done to offend the Duchess. For now the Duchess too was against him to add to the stories in London that Peter Standish was odd.

Cockeyed, he had called Mr. Throstle. And there were other strange words too, conjured up from some devil's lexicon. And hadn't Sir Joshua said there was something uncanny about his face? Sir Joshua even refused to finish his portrait.

"But he *will* finish it," Peter told Kate, and his eyes were fixed upon the tapestry where later the painting would hang.

"Painters have good eyes," said Kate, and her own were full of terror. *"What* did Sir Joshua see in your face? How did you get into this house? You did not knock. And it was raining yet your boots were dry." Fiercely she looked at him. "You think you can make me marry you, when I fear you as I fear the devil!"

"We *will* get married," said Peter. "And have children and live in this house! That happens. This marriage has to be!"

"I've been afraid to look into your eyes," said Kate. "But now look into mine and tell me that you love me."

AND he looked into her eyes—and the words would not come out. But he could not change what had already happened! He could not. Sir Joshua *had* finished the painting—Peter Standish *had* married Kate. It couldn't be changed. What horror was this!

"Kate," he said, "when you meet me again, I may be changed. I'll seem like a different man. I may feel differently about Helen and Throstle. Promise me now that you will stand by Helen against them all. She'll be alone. She'll need help."

"She will indeed," said Kate, "if you take such an interest in her!"

Alone he sat in the darkening drawing room, awaiting the coming of the rightful Peter. The little maid came in to light the candles, and seeing him, fled in terror. A watchman walked past in Berkeley Square with his nightly "All's well." And silently, Helen came into the room, to comfort him because he had lost Kate.

"She's found out I don't love her," said Peter. "I had to play the part, that's all. *You* are not afraid of me, Helen?"

"I couldn't be afraid of somebody I feel sorry for," said Helen, and her soft brown eyes looked up at him as she sat on the settee. "You're unhappy and strange among us—things must be very different in America." She hesitated. "But how is it you can speak of things that haven't happened yet? How can you know? First my shawl, and since—so many things?"

"Things of to-morrow seem as real to me as things of yesterday. And so they are. They—" he stopped, for Helen could not understand.

But she wanted to understand. "I want to see ahead," she said. "The wonderful things that are coming—after we are dead."

"So you're in love with the future, as I was in love with the—" he broke off sharply. But her hand was upon his arm, her brown eyes pleading. "The mystery behind your eyes!" she said. "Tell me. I think I can see too—through your eyes. I *will* see."

She stood there, looking at him, and her lovely face was tense, and her brown eyes, staring into his, seemed almost to burn him.

"'Tis this room!" she said suddenly. "It blazes with magic lights."

"This room," said Peter gently, and his hand closed upon hers, "all London outside, is lit by one movement of a man's hand."

"Your portrait!" Her burning eyes were transfixed, fascinated, upon the wall. "It hangs there, finished! You said it would be."

"The veil is thin, for you," Peter said. And there was ache in his heart for her. "No more of this, Helen!"

"I *must* see," said Helen. Her eyes were filmy, fixed upon something in the vast distance. Tall buildings . . . great machines . . . giant ships . . . huge guns . . . men killing . . . killing. A little sob escaped her.

"Demons!" she said. "Devils. Not men!" A great shudder shook her, and she lay crumpled on the settee, her shoulders heaving, her head heavy in her hands.

"You've seen the future, Helen," he said.

"'Tis not true! God would never have put us here to suffer for a race of fiends like that to come after us."

"It is that other world from which I come," he said.

"That world!" There was horror in her voice.

And he too sank down into a chair, and it seemed that he had never been so sad. "And now you're afraid of me too," he said.

She stirred, at the grief in his voice. "Oh, no. Oh, no." She was kneeling at his feet.

"I love you," Peter said. "God help us both, I love you." Swiftly his arms went about her, and he was not acting now.

"I loved you before I even saw you," Helen said. "In my first dream of you, coming from somewhere far away, to meet me. Oh, take me away with you, Peter."

"I can't," Peter moaned. "I can't."

"Then don't leave me," said Helen.

"I WON'T!" There was something wild in his eyes as he looked at her. "When I kissed Kate," he said, "that was *his* kiss." Closely he held her to him, as if he could never let her go. "But there's never been a kiss like this," he said, "since the world began."

And he no longer waited now for that other Peter to come and take his place. It did not matter now that what was about to happen *had not happened*. All that mattered was that Helen was his beloved and though she lived in his past, and he lived in her future, they lived day by day together in the present. And every day they rode off in the country together, and Kate feared for her beloved little sister, and Mr. Throstle raged, and Lady Anne shook her head sadly. For though it was clear that Cousin Peter preferred Helen to Kate, he had not declared his intentions.

"He'd not have lent me more money," Tom said, "after Kate broke with him, had he not meant to have Helen. Press him, Ma'am, press him."

"I cannot force the man to declare his intentions."

"They must marry at once," said Tom.

But Kate felt that Helen must be saved from this marriage. She was afraid for Helen, but she did not know of what.

And so the days went by, and Helen and Peter sat hand in hand in the woods.

"You have been happy with me, Peter?" Helen said.

"Divinely," said Peter and kissed her.

She sighed, ever so softly. "If only you could think of it as I do, as a fairy tale and not as a nightmare."

"What is the end of every fairy tale?" said Peter.

"And so they lived happily, every afterwards," said Helen.

"Then make this a true fairy story. Let me go to Lady Anne!"

"How can I," said Helen, "when even though you love me, your mind and body ache to get back?"

HER kiss was sweet on his lips. "Helen, how can it matter in what world I am, if I have you with me? My world seemed all clatter and nerves and ugliness."

"But it doesn't seem so to you now, looking back. Only just now you wished you had a cig-ar-ette." His head was cradled in her arms as gently she stroked his hair.

"When you kiss me," Peter said, "I know that you want me as I want you, and through all the terror and mystery, ours is the everlasting love of man and girl. We're going to live out our lives here together!"

"I want to believe it, Peter. Make me believe it!"

"We need each other," said Peter. "Why else has this miracle happened?"

But miracles are strange and terrifying to those who do not understand, and when they returned to Berkeley Square, Kate greeted them with indignation.

"I've been to the American Ambassador Mr. Adams, Cousin Peter," she said. "I made a list of ten of your phrases. Should he not know what words are used in America? He never heard of a one of them! The devils use them in hell! Peter Standish came from New York in the 'General Wolfe.' His body stands there—what have you done with *him?*"

"God, how the Eighteenth Century stinks," he burst out suddenly. "You, Kate, you're a fool, but you're trying to help Helen and I love you for it. But you, Madam—and you, Tom—ploughing ahead like a tank. There's a new word for you, Kate. A tank! Yes, Peter Standish came from New York—but he came on the Mauretania! And you're all over and done with— all of you. You're all dead and in your graves!"

His eyes swung about to Throstle who muttered Latin incantations.

"Exorcising your devils!" said Peter, "from this filthy little pig-sty of a world!"

And when they all had slunk away in terror, with only Helen weeping on his breast, he knew that this was the end.

"Now you can never face them again," said Helen.

"No," said Peter. "We'll go away to America, together."

"Even there," said Helen. "They would hate and fear you. They hate what they cannot understand."

"I can face them all," Peter said. "With you. Kiss me."

Her sobs died down as she faced him, and in her brown eyes there was courage. "Don't make me weak again," she said. "Each night I say, 'He must go back.' And each morning I think, 'Only let me have one more day.' Listen, Peter. Only we two in all the world were chosen for this wonder. Our love is more real than any because it is a miracle. We shall always be together, Peter, not in my time nor in yours, but in God's time."

"You can't want me to go back," said Peter. "I love you."

"Would you live on in my world, condemned to a living death? Oh, darling, would you condemn me to that? Leave me, my Peter, while our love is still beautiful. Live your life in the future, and don't be too sad about a girl who has been dead for so long."

The tears ran slowly down her cheeks. "And you will come, won't you, young as you are now, to my grave in St. Mark's churchyard? To you that will be to-morrow, and I shall be dead. I'll ask for a tomb with the letters cut deep, so they won't wear away before you come. And you must come—alone—though if you love that other girl, you must marry her."

"I'll love only you, now, and forever," said Peter.

"If you could take back with you just one thing of mine," Helen said, and picked up the little Egyptian cross. "Father brought me this from Egypt, and it means much to me."

"The crux ansata!" said Peter. "The symbol of Life and Eternity. Helen, this was mine—here when I came into this house—in the future."

"Mine while I live," said Helen. "Yours in that world that I shall never see."

And she still held it in her hand when Peter had gone, and Lady Anne came in to tell her that their cousin Captain Standish had arrived. And he had been ill of a fever. And only Helen knew just what his illness had been.

And back in 1933, Peter heard strange tales of his conduct during an illness. He had torn out all the chandeliers and told everyone they had not yet been born.

"BUT thank God you're all right now," Marjorie said. "You don't think any longer"—she glanced at the portrait, "you're *that* Peter Standish!"

"Marjorie," he said, "we were to have been married. But now— I must live here alone. I—please—" he almost snatched it from her, the Egyptian cross she had picked up from the table. Hardly hearing him, she wandered idly to his desk.

"Why, here's an epitaph," she said.

"I copied it just now from a tombstone in St. Mark's churchyard," said Peter. "A girl who died one hundred and forty-six years ago."

"Why, Peter," said Marjorie. "You're crying! Who was she? Peter, speak to me—do you want me to go?"

He did not even answer. He did not even look, as softly she went away. He only stood with the little paper, reading:

"Here lies, in the confident hope of the blessed resurrection and life eternal, Helen Pettigrew, beloved daughter of Sir William Pettigrew, Vice-Admiral of the Blue, and the Lady Anne Pettigrew, who departed this life June 15, 1787, aged twenty-three years. . . ."

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Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 90*)

the Movies during the past year or so—an item that was always interesting to me and that I had looked forward to with the inception of the Talkies with considerable interest—travel pictures.

From the viewpoint of one who reads much and has been unable to travel and gratify his natural curiosity, the travel pictures were always a gratifying part of the program and the possibilities of seeing and HEARING the sights and SOUNDS of foreign lands was an intriguing and fascinating prospect. To hear the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer—laughter of the hyena—hundreds of strange sounds that would intensify my joy in my reading.

Don't you think the revival of the old travelette would be interesting?

John F. MacDuffee

A Censor Hater

Regina, Canada

May I say a few words on the sore subject of film censorship? My pet peeve is the censor who tampers with what might be termed news dramas—by which I don't mean news-reels but the type of picture of which Gabriel Over The White House is an example. These pictures are perhaps the most popular of any made, and certainly what could be more engrossing and thrilling than the screen record of a chapter of national life? They constitute vastly more than current entertainment—they will be invaluable years hence. It is for this reason that censors should keep their shears off such themes as Night Mayor, Night Court, Fugitive From Justice, Washington Merry-Go-Round, American Madness, Scarface, and the other stories dealing with social, civic, or political history. Facts are, in a sense sacred—ask any hard-boiled newspaper editor. You can meddle with the classics, monkey with standard works of literature, and garble up the leading best-sellers, but to deliberately lay despoiling hands on a record of current or past events is, to my mind, a crime and should be treated with the same severity as, say, plagiarism, or perjury. In fact, it actually *is* perjury. If a past great figure of history had a limp, or a squint, or a weakness for women or wine, along with his greater attributes, how silly to gloss over these faults. Frankness and honesty forbid. If an era of crookedness prevailed in any Presidential term, let the world have the facts right on the chin. One of America's best virtues in the eyes of the world is her readiness to admit her faults and try to do something about them. Don't allow any censorship board to block you. Posterity has a right to the facts, let the chips fall where they may. *J. R. Bayne*

Too Much Luxury

Chicago, Ill.

While looking over and reading few copies of the Movie Mirror Magazine, I find that you are producing a better magazine at every issue to read.

Why don't they improve and produce better moving pictures, for the public to enjoy, with a feeling, something like a good Love Drama of every day doings. With a heart feeling in it. The public is sick at heart, with the unemployment situation, hard times at hand, they read papers that's filled up with robberies, murders, morons, kidnapping etc. Why put them on the screen, and poison the people's mind. Why show methods of it?

Let the producers do something, I know when they understand this letter, it will bring to the producers better luck, overflowed success and will prosper immeasurably.

At present there are wonderful actors and actresses, give them roles, roles that will give life, hope, faith to the public, and understanding so everyone will be happy again, the same goes to the actors and actresses, producers and publishers.

Roman V. Wandrowski

We're Bored With Gangsters

Fall River, Mass.

We have gangster and night life pictures galore. Somehow they are alright in their place, but they are like too much sob-stuff, we tire of their sameness.

The other night I saw a picture that was different, even though there was a faint dash of racketeering with it. It was the one in which James Dunn and Boots Mallory had the lead "Handle with Care". They were listed as the stars, but all acting honors go to those two little kids, Buster Phelps and George Ernest. It wasn't such a terrible strong story plot but after living (and I mean it, for you forgot they were acting!) with those two kids, seeing their naturalness I came home feeling that I'd seen something worthwhile. And the memory of those two kids, in their little plottings against James Dunn, and their dislike of him at first, stayed for many a day. Wish we had more kid pictures, not for kids, but for adults, who want to see something aside from straight romancing and jail breaks and becoming millionaires overnight. More power to future kid stars who get under your skin in doing the things on the screen that kids do in your own home. I thought James Dunn a trifle stiff in his attitude towards those kids, but you forgot that in looking away from them in those scenes and into the next scene where they were eyeing the cake icing and the "Welcome" with deep plans in their little brains.

Lillian N. Lees

Movies Are Nice Things

Yankton, S. Dak.

Have you ever stopped to count on the fingers of even one hand, the blessings you have derived from the movies? I was mentally trying to place them in importance to the rest of man's recreational assets, when I suddenly turned personal and the realization dawned upon me of the tremendous influence for good they have played in my own life. I thought of the wife whom I had seen in the movies and her gentle, refined tactics in bringing back a straying husband, tactics which I am proud to say I successfully copied. The remembrance of a vital lesson learned through the lines that were almost a sermon, spoken by a great character actor upon the screen. Gowns that I had adapted from models in motion pictures, for myself and daughter, parties I had planned, rooms I had decorated, curtains I had fashioned and hung all inspired by the movies. I have corrected my English and changed a poor posture through the golden means of example. And all this besides hours and hours of beauty, happiness and enjoyment spent in some motion picture house.

Mrs. Helene Hall

Mercy Goodness!

"Faithless" went out for a "Hot Saturday" but she had to walk the "Last Mile."

"I Am a Fugitive," but I wouldn't be "If I Had a Million."

"The Kid From Spain" went out with the "Blonde Venus" and they had a "Blessed Event."

"The Match King" and "Little Orphan Annie" went to "Madison Garden" with "Me and My Gal."

"The Lawyer Man" fixed it for the "Under Cover Man" so he wouldn't have to spend "20,000 Years In Sing Sing."

"The Penguin Pool Murder" was almost solved by "Sherlock Holmes" but he was "Too Busy To Work."

"There Was Trouble In Paradise" when "Thirteen Women" were caught in the "Rain."

"The Phantom President" went to meet "The Mummy" "Night After Night" and "Frisco Jenny" had "No Man of Her Own" so she went to "The Island Of Lost Souls."

"20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" and not a game was played because of a "Wet Parade."

"She Done Him Wrong" because he went out with "The Divorcee" which started "A Billion Dollar Scandal."

John Gaydos Jr.,
McKeesport, Pa.

High Tone

The most exciting personality to come to Hollywood in years, is fascinating Franchot Tone. We'll be seeing a good deal of him, much to Gable's dismay, I'll wager! He is a winner. Charm, personality, ability, distinction. He defies comparison. You have my votes, Mr. Tone!

Alice Anne Shue,
Providence, R. I.

A Boost for Zasu Pitts

The mystery of Zasu Pitts is one I have never been able to fathom. Why one of the screen's finest tragediennes is permitted to waste her sweetness on insignificant minor roles, or leads in second grade slapstick comedies, is one of the big questions Hollywood, for some reason, has never answered.

Even in so ineffectual a farce as "They Just Had to Get Married" Miss Pitts' great ability shines through. In the too few half-serious moments of the picture her talents illuminated the entire spectacle. And all through the picture I found myself imagining her in the larger and more tragic roles, which I hope to see her in—some day.

Her face has more nuances of expression than three-fourths of Hollywood's so-called "queens" and her hands are the most eloquent I have ever seen on the screen.

Here's hoping some Hollywood master mind soon discovers her right to stardom, and Zasu gets the "break" she deserves!

Mrs. Beatrice Plonteau,
San Francisco, Calif.

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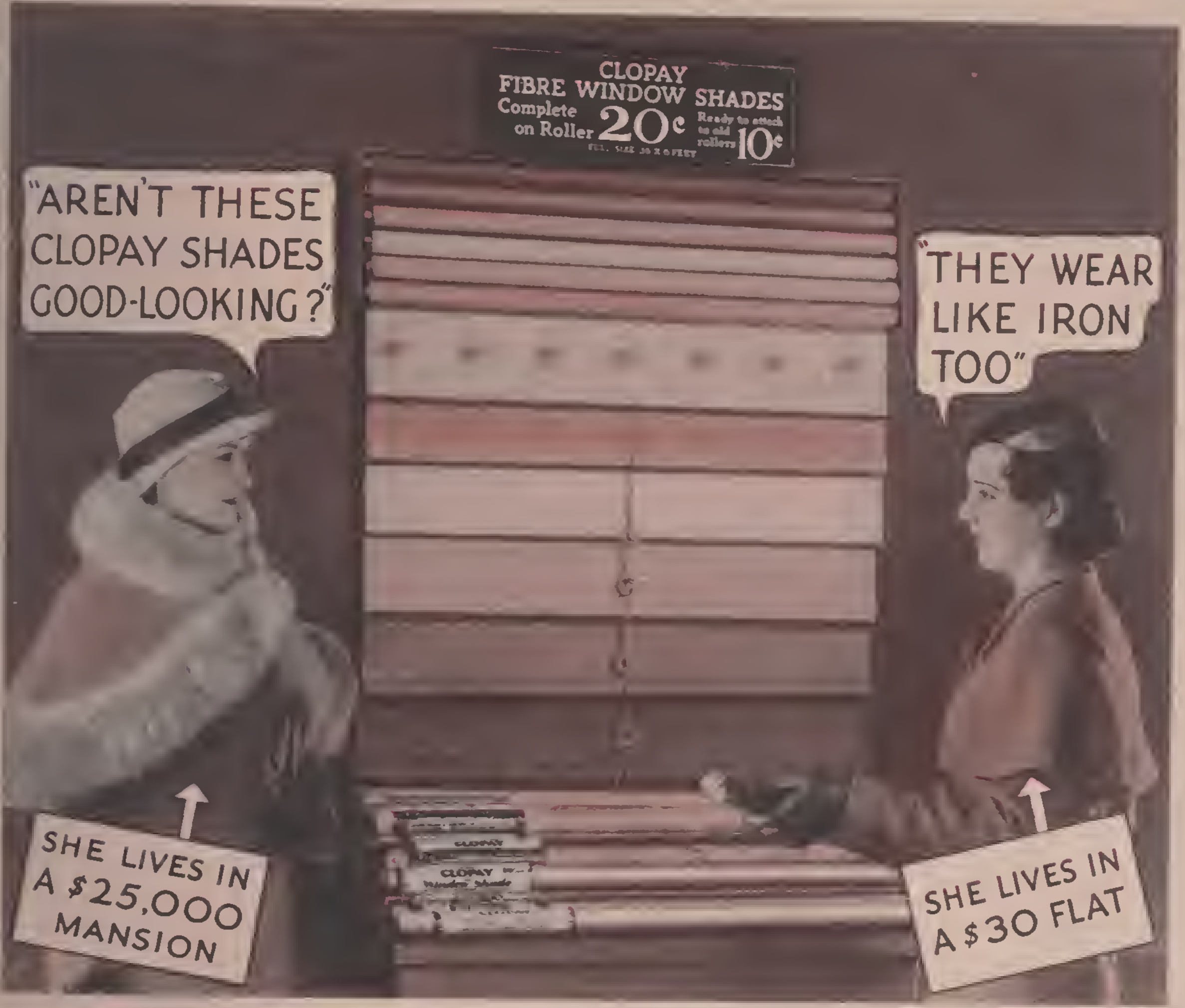
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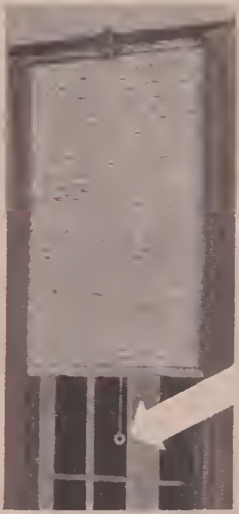

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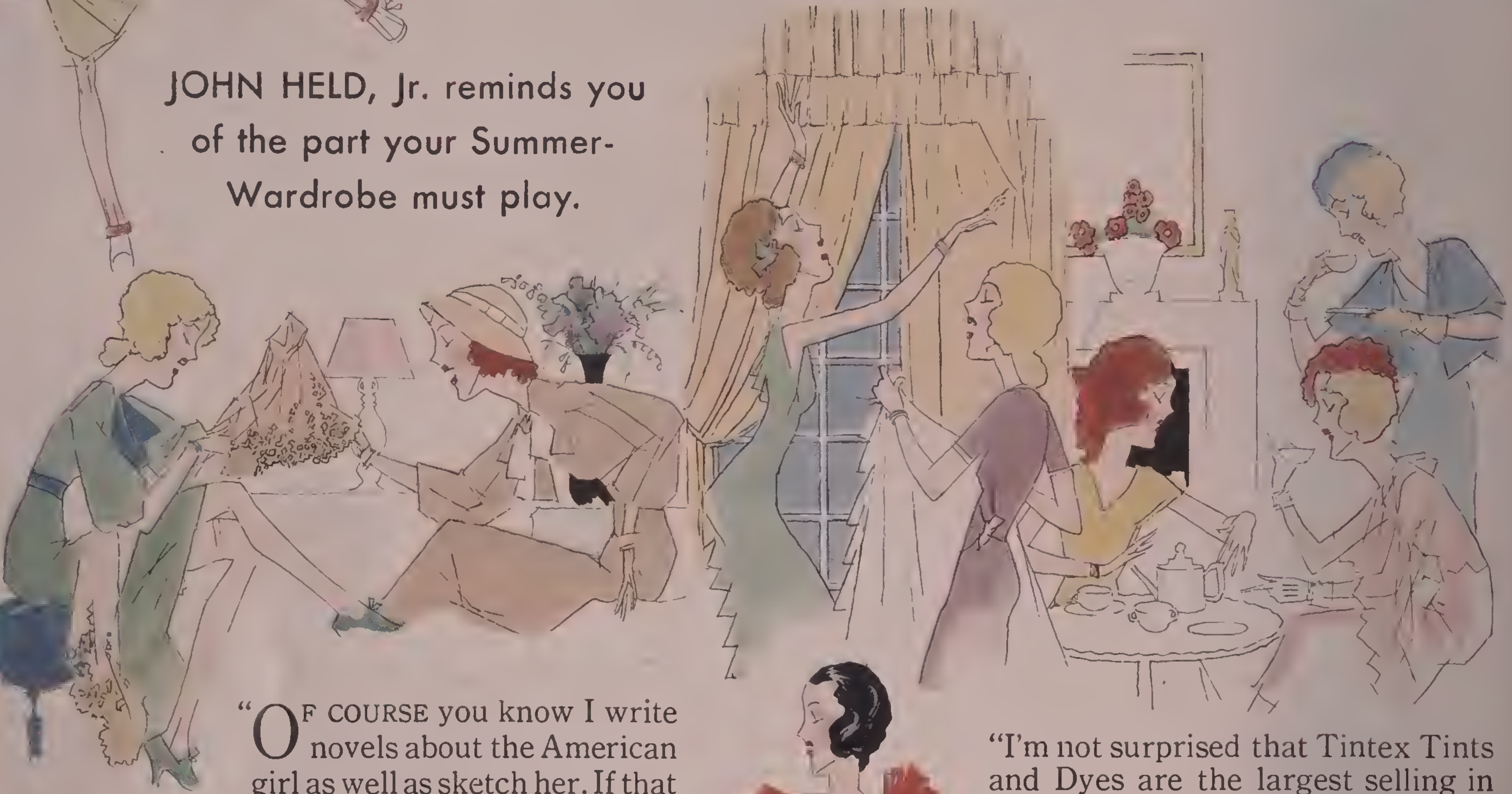

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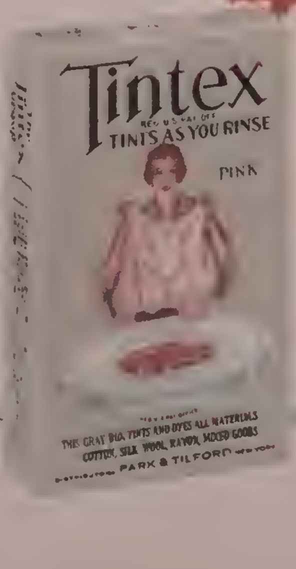
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ollywood's Only Regulars"
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SEX—
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The Hidden Heart
of RICHARD ARLEN
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NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

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LEO: "I predict that's what the public will say!"

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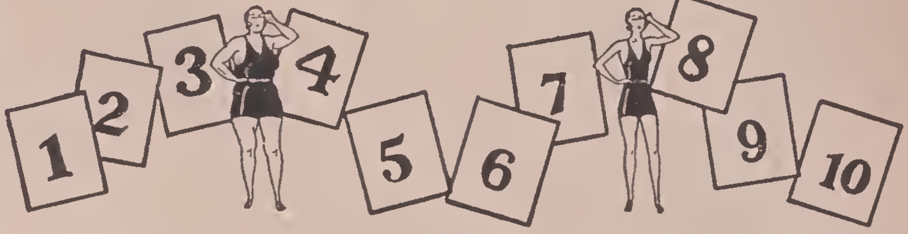

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movie MIRROR

Filmland's Smartest Magazine

VOL. 4, No. 3

Ruth Waterbury
Editor

AUGUST, 1933

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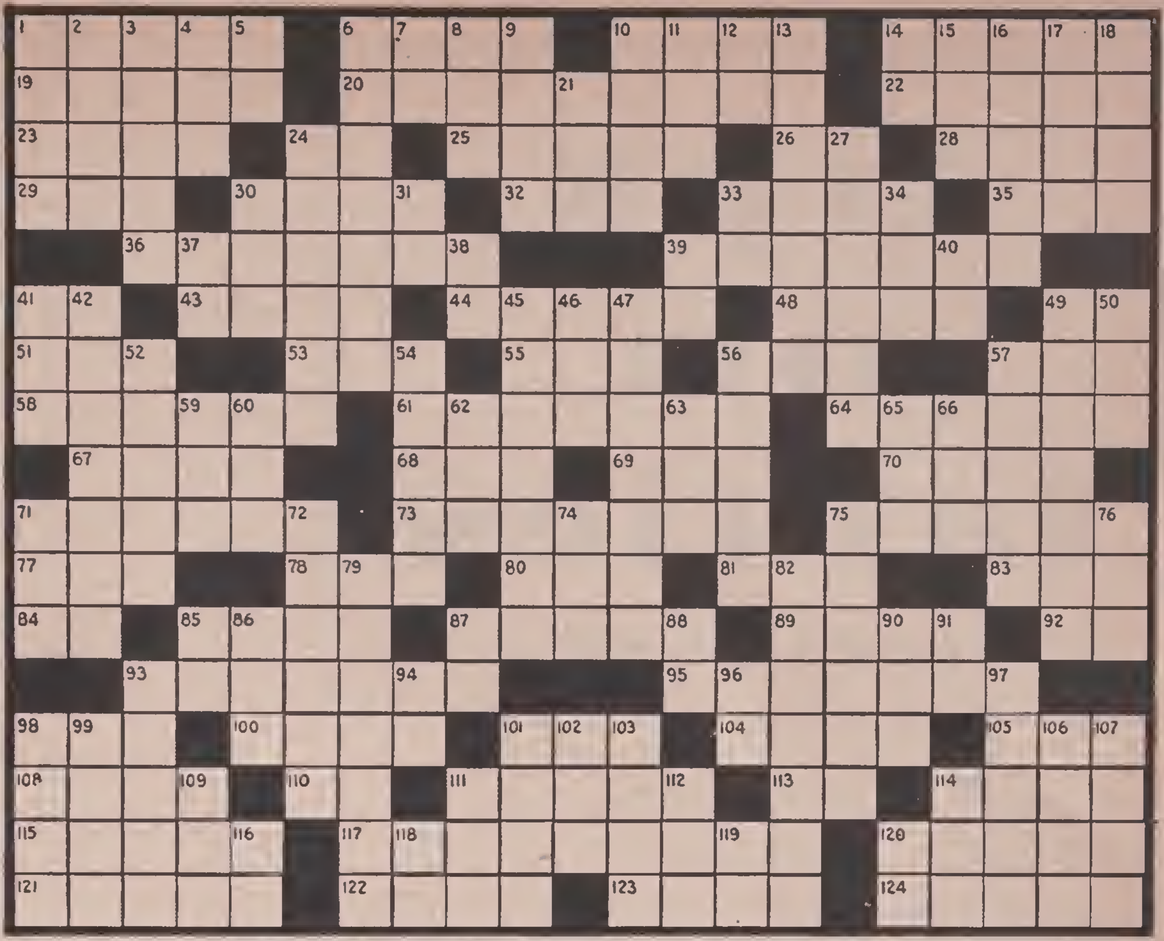


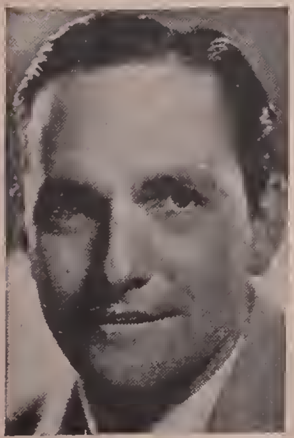
By ALMA TALLEY

ACROSS

1. Peggy Joyce's newest boy friend
6. Leading lady in "A Lady's Profession"
10. To slam, as a door
14. Lawrence Tibbett first became famous in this
19. Your thyroid ———
20. Star of "A Bedtime Story"
22. Pertaining to battle ships and such
23. A singing bird
24. Baby's first word
25. Ventured
26. Either
28. Her first name's Anita
29. Before
30. Makes a mistake
32. Unused
33. A song for two people
35. Born
36. M-G-M's Mexican star
39. Every actor works to acquire this
41. Provided that
43. Every extra's goal
44. Slang to describe a hit picture
48. To sharpen, as a razor
49. Note of the scale
51. To seize
53. Girl's name
55. To be ill
56. Opposite of against
57. European measures of area
58. Star of "The Working Man"
61. Star of "The Kiss Before the Mirror"
64. Star of "Peg O' My Heart"
67. Her first name is Lillian
68. Ailing
69. To court, as the hero courts the heroine
70. A flying animal
71. Stiffens, as muscles
73. Thinking, considering
75. What movies are made with
77. Aged
78. Possesses
80. A White Sister
81. What Mata Hari was shot for being
83. Accomplished
84. Swede comic
85. A stupid lout—slang
87. Grassy marsh plant
89. Again
92. A business firm (abbrev.)
93. Reads
95. Optical illusions, especially in the desert
98. What you see a movie with
100. An ink stain
101. Studio slang for humorous sequence
104. Tropical food plant
105. Every extra hopes to rise to this
108. Repast
110. The man you call when you're ill (abbrev.)
111. Temples (poetic)
113. Ma's husband
114. Her first name is Billie
115. The grand old comedienne of the screen
117. John and Lionel
120. Star of "Adorable"
121. Jobyna Ralston's husband
122. Remain
123. What you do to a fly—or a baseball
124. Presages

DOWN

1. Eye amorously
2. Winglike
3. Heroine in "Gabriel Over the White House"
4. What a contract is signed with
5. Lil Tashman's husband
6. Blemished
7. Exclamation
8. The color of Joan's lips
9. The Russian movie star
10. What the wind did
11. Help
12. Point of the compass
13. One of the four Marx Brothers
14. Upon
15. Soft food
16. Heroine in "Hell Below"
17. Anger
18. On the sheltered side
21. Part of to be
24. Plays
27. You play this on your victrola
30. Heroine of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
31. The elder (abbrev.)
33. You, in a German version
34. A number
37. Belonging to
38. Bone
39. What you say to your neighbor who talks at the movies
40. Compass point
41. John Gilbert's ex.
42. Virginia Valli's husband
45. Star of "The Blonde Venus"
46. What you breathe
47. Slackening speed
49. Hero in "To-night Is Ours"
50. Beast of burden
52. White henna makes a Hollywood extra this way
54. Tart substances
56. Beats
57. Brought into the open
59. Possessive pronoun
60. The girl friend of "He"
62. A malt beverage
63. Deceased star famous for weird make-up
65. Arabian camel's hair garment
66. Vigor
71. The opposite of heel
72. Ought to
74. Wet dirt
75. A Ronald Colman film
76. Hubbub
79. Takes in, swallows up
82. Wall at edge of balcony
85. To exist
86. Circle, globe
87. Ocean liner (abbrev.)
88. Printer's measure
90. One's self
91. You and I
93. Precious stone
94. And, in a French version
96. Pronoun
97. Leading man in "Looking Forward"
98. A Marie Dressler title role
99. Period of time
101. Star in "Farewell to Arms"
102. Some
103. Jewels
106. A hot place to bake in
107. Your dogs and cats and canaries
109. Falsehood
111. Monk's title
112. To plant seeds
114. A water barrier
116. Printer's measure
118. Nearby
119. That old sun-god
120. One of the "Little Women"



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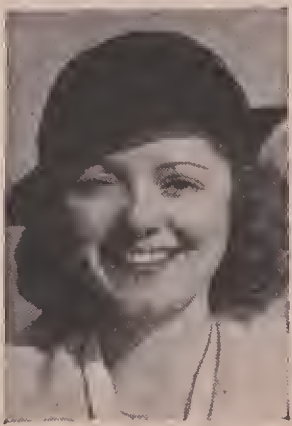

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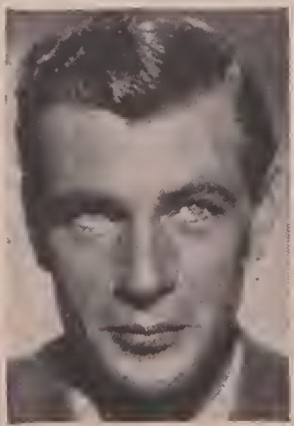

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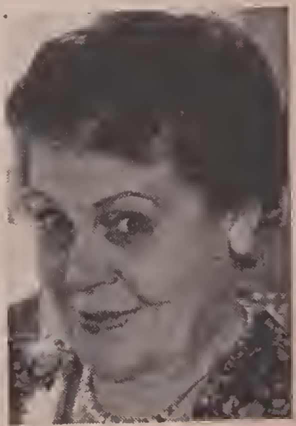


115 Across

tips on talkies

by DORA ALBERT

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

✓Adorable (Fox)
A whipped cream, bonbon sort of a picture. It's another of these very light, very thin, very gay pictures about a mythical kingdom, with Janet Gaynor as the princess charming who loves a lieutenant of the palace guard. Henry Garat as the lieutenant is perfectly charming, and Janet Gaynor lives up to the title of the picture. But there will be two very different fan reactions on this. Those who like whimsical pictures—you know, the imitation-Lubitsch sort of thing—will say, "How cute!" There'll be another group of fans, though who'll say, "How silly!" If you like Janet Gaynor and can bear another picture about a mythical kingdom, you'll like this.

☆

✓Barbarian, The (M-G-M)
A powerfully hot love story about a haughty British girl and a desert native. When you see the love scenes between Ramon Novarro and Myrna Loy, you won't wonder that Hollywood has been chattering that there must be more to those love scenes than just acting! If you want romance and love laid on thick, here you are, and how you'll like it!

☆

✓✓Bedtime Story, A (Paramount)
You'll howl with glee when you see that mischievous, adorable Baby Leroy. He steals the picture from Star Maurice Chevalier, and how he steals it! You'll swear you've never seen a cuter baby in your life. And you'll be right. This picture has the gay, human touch that leaves you with a sort of warm glow. It tells the story of what happens when a strange baby is left in the automobile of a gay Parisian bachelor, whose best friends suspect him of being the father of the baby. Of course, there's a love story, too, with Helen Twelvetrees and Adrienne Ames as Chevalier's two main leading ladies.

☆

✓Below the Sea (Columbia)
Some splendid undersea camerawork makes this picture stand out above the usual level of program pictures. It's the love tale of a girl for a man who's much more interested in rescuing some sunken treasure than he is in the girl. How she wins her man makes a story that'll keep you interested. Fay Wray's the girl; Ralph Bellamy the man. Big Excitement of the Picture: An undersea battle between an octopus and the diver.

☆

✓Be Mine Tonight (Gaumont-Universal)
A foreign-made musical with a cast of names you won't know, but it won't matter, because the picture is delightful. It has some grand singing, which isn't spoiled by a lot of interminable close-ups of the leading man. You'll like this and wish Hollywood would copy the pattern. Oh, yes, it's all in English.

☆

✓✓Big Cage, The (Universal)
If you don't get a thrill out of this one, you're shock-proof. It shows you Clyde Beatty, the world's most famous lion-and-tiger trainer, doing his stuff. It has the stamp of authenticity and reality, and you'll be wild about it. For good measure there's a love tale between Anita Page and Wallace Ford, but the picture is mostly thrill stuff.

☆

✓Bondage (Fox)
So you thought that Dorothy Jordan could only act pretty little ingénues, did you? Well, you'll think differently after you see this. For here she plays a girl who is more sinned against than sinning, who has a baby in a "home," where the matron mistreats her, who is sent to an asylum only to find that baby has died when she gets out. If you're in the mood for a good, hearty, bawl, this'll furnish it. Eddie Woods and Alexander Kirkland are in the supporting cast, and very nice work they do, too.

✓✓Cavalcade (Fox)
An epic picture that never loses the human touch. It tells the story of an English family from 1899 to the present date, and makes each member of that family seem thrillingly real. You will laugh with them, cry with them, feel as if you know them. You will see the intimate tragedies of their lives and the moments of high comedy against the tremendous panorama of English history. The entire cast is magnificent, with Diana Wynyard giving the most notable performance.

☆

✓Central Airport (Warners)
A filmful of crashes, runaway planes, and other trick air stuff. No wonder the large aviation companies have been protesting about this. If you took this seriously, you'd almost be ready to believe that no one ever went up in a plane without being injured. But just the same the air stuff is thrilling. And thrilling, too, is the love story between Dick Barthelmess and Sally Eilers.

☆

✓Christopher Strong (Radio)
It's hard to tell whether this picture is good, bad or indifferent, because it's so completely dominated by the personality of Katharine Hepburn. To say that the picture is 95 percent Hepburn is putting it mildly; she *is* the picture. And oh, those love scenes between Hepburn and Colin Clive! They almost set the screen on fire and they're strangely beautiful.

☆

Cohens and Kellys In Trouble (Universal)
Just like all the other Cohen and Kelly pictures. This time Charlie Murray and George Sidney play a tugboat captain and his rich friend. Frank Albertson and Maureen O'Sullivan are the love interest. If you liked other Cohen and Kelly pictures, you'll like this.

☆

✓Devil's Brother, The (Roach)
Imagine Laurel and Hardy in opera. Just eemagine it! Maybe you'll like it and maybe you won't. When Laurel and Hardy are on the screen it's a riot. The rest of the time it's rather a bore, in spite of Dennis King's fine singing and Thelma Todd's luscious curves.

PERSONALLY RECOMMENDED

✓✓Hell Below
It's a wow of a picture. The action scenes in the submarine are terrifically exciting.

✓I Cover the Waterfront
I like this because of the colorful background it introduces, the San Diego waterfront. If you hate realistic shots, you may not like the part of the picture dealing with a man being caught by a shark, but otherwise it's pretty grand.

✓The Silver Cord
I found this picture tremendously moving. There are three splendid performances in this which I wouldn't miss if I were you. Laura Hope Crews, Irene Dunne and Frances Dee are all swell. In fact, Dee's poignant performance is a revelation.

Also

✓✓Bedtime Story
✓✓Cavalcade
✓✓42nd Street
✓✓Gabriel Over the White House
✓✓The Great Jasper
✓✓The Masquerader
✓✓Picture Snatcher
✓✓She Done Him Wrong
✓✓State Fair
✓✓Zoo In Budapest

On the other hand, I did not like—

Ex-Lady
Though Bette Davis is one of my favorite actresses, I thought this story was feeble, and that the scenario writer had done a poor job in stringing the incidents together.

Tips on Talkies

Diplomaniacs (Radio)
Typically Wheeler-and-Woolseyish is this latest film of the comedy team. This time they go to Geneva as peace envoys for an Indian tribe, and you can imagine what happens. There's a dash of musical stuff in this one, too.

☆

✓**Eagle and the Hawk, The** (Paramount)
Cary Grant, Fredric March, Jack Oakie and Carole Lombard in a bitter, hard indictment of war's horrors, with some fine air sequences. It tells the story of Fredric March, the leader of a group of war aviators, who breaks as he sees his comrades smashed and ruined by war. A good picture, but not great. The ending will leave you unsatisfied.

☆

✓✓**Elmer the Great** (Warners)
Here's one of Joe E. Brown's best pictures, and that's saying a mouthful. It tells about the rise of Elmer, a small town hick who thinks he can play baseball. He's laughed and hooted at by everybody, but oh, how he makes good! "Elmer the Great" will provide amusement for every member of the family, from little Willie to grandma.

☆

Emergency Call (Radio)
Gang and racketeer stuff, mixed up with the story of what goes on inside a big emergency hospital. The picture deals with the conflict between the bad, bad gangsters and the fine, noble hospital lads. In spite of competent performances by Bill Boyd, Bill Gargan and Wynne Gibson, the whole thing is too obvious to be laudworthy entertainment.

☆

Ex-Lady (Warners)
Gene Raymond and Bette Davis lavish two good performances on a picture that isn't worthy of any good acting at all. The plot's too silly. It's about a girl and a boy who start out on a free love basis and end up by deciding on marriage. It drags you through a lot of sex, without any good reason for it.

☆

Fast Workers (M-G-M)
Poor John Gilbert! His last picture on his M-G-M contract is anything but a brilliant comeback for him. Here he is with Bob Armstrong trying the McLaglen-Lowe kind of stuff. Only they're not the McLaglen and Lowe type, and they don't put it over. As a matter of fact, the only performance in the cast that seems convincing is Mae Clarke's. The other performances are pretty hammy.

☆

✓✓**42nd Street** (Warners)
I don't see how anyone could possibly fail to like this. It has music and gayety, it whirls, it sparkles, it has catchy songs and marvelous dancing, and it has action, oh, how it has action! Few backstage musical comedies before this have had a plot, but this has one that keeps your interest alive. And, oh, baby, what a cast! When Una Merkel, Ruby Keeler, Warner Baxter, Ginger Rogers, George Brent, Bebe Daniels and others get into action, will you be glad you went to see this!

☆

✓✓**Gabriel Over the White House** (M-G-M)
One of the most unusual pictures ever screened. It is visionary, breath-taking, daring, this story of a man who is elected President, who finds divine guidance, and sets about solving some of today's problems. The picture might seem too spectacular, too unreal if it weren't for the fact that some of the policies visioned in the picture have already been put into practise by President Roosevelt. But besides being important, "Gabriel" is exciting, thrilling entertainment. You'll love it for that. Karen Morley and Walter Huston are magnificent in their rôles.

☆

Girl in 419 (Paramount)
Despite a good cast (Jimmy Dunn, Gloria Stuart, David Manners, Jack LaRue), this picture is certainly nothing to rave about. The acting's not so hot. For one thing, Jimmy Dunn's miscast as the head of an emergency hospital who falls for a beautiful mystery girl patient. The melodrama of the plot is pretty unconvincing, too.

☆

✓✓**Great Jasper, The** (Radio)
Here's a character study that is really vital, that will thrill you and interest you and keep you in suspense. It's one of Richard Dix's greatest performances. Once again he goes through a lifetime in a picture, playing a man who never could refrain from chasing after women, and making the character seem real and even sympathetic. Dix's superb performance opposite Wera Engels makes the picture. Wera? Her rôle isn't very big; she registers only mildly, but maybe next time—

☆

✓✓**Hell Below** (M-G-M)
How M-G-M can turn them out! This proves it all over again, as if any proof were needed. You'll thrill to this story of life on the navy's submarines. You'll sit tense with excitement as the action unfolds. Remember "Hell Divers" and such? This packs just as much sweep-you-off-your-feet entertainment. The terrifically exciting action scenes are the main thing, but just the same you'll get a grand kick out of the romance between Bob Montgomery and Madge Evans, with Bob turning in one sweet performance, believe you me. And then, to add to your pleasure, there's Jimmy Durante cracking through with some grand laughs. A s-w-e-l-l pitcha.

☆

High Gear (Goldsmith)
Jimmy Murray, Joan Marsh and Jackie Searl in that trite old plot about a racing driver who loses his nerve but regains it just at the crucial moment and wins the race and the gal.

☆

Humanity (Fox)
This doesn't quite come off. It's one of those tales about a neighborhood doctor who dies in disgrace to save his son's reputation when his son gets tangled up in gangland. Ralph Morgan plays the doctor, Alexander Kirkland the son.

Now Hollywood has a cricket club—oh, very, very British, old dear—and at the first game of the season our Mr. Fink went out and snapped the visiting stars—and what a lot of them there were. All in one cluster were Ben Alexander, Jimmy Gleason, Helen Hayes, Bob Montgomery and Leslie Howard

✓**I Cover the Waterfront** (United Artists)
Here against the always colorful background of the San Diego waterfront is told an always interesting story of a ship-news reporter who is trying to show a Chinese-smuggling skipper up for what he is, and who falls in love with the skipper's daughter. As the old smuggler, Ernest Torrence, who died shortly after he made the picture, delivered his last and greatest performance. Charming, too, is Claudette Colbert in a really meaty rôle, which gives her a chance to show what a trooper she really is. Her romance with Ben Lyon is one of the best screen-told love stories of the past few months. I like this picture, and I think you will, too.

☆

I Love That Man (Paramount)
Rather weak stuff. All about a confidence man who wants to go straight for love but gets tangled up in crime again. It switches too suddenly from comedy to sob stuff. Though there's rather nice work by Edmund Lowe and Nancy Carroll, it doesn't save the picture from being just one of those things.

☆

✓**International House** (Paramount)
Goofy nonsense hung on a screwy skeleton of a plot. The gags, lines and so on are built around the dozen or so celebrities Paramount hired for this picture. You'll meet Peggy Hopkins Joyce, W. C. Fields, Burns and Allen, Stoopnagle and Budd, Rudy Vallee, Cab Calloway and his orchestra, and so on. The picture doesn't make sense at all, at all, but it makes pretty swell nonsense. Especially laugh-worthy are some of W. C. Fields' antics behind a Chinese hotel counter.

☆

Keyhole (Warners)
Here's one of those plots that doesn't quite make the grade of good entertainment on the screen. Kay Francis is the lovely wife whose elderly husband hires a good-looking detective (George Brent) to watch her. Warners is putting a lot of faith in that Francis-Brent team, but this picture doesn't put them across. It's okay if you haven't anything more exciting to do.

☆

✓✓**King Kong** (Radio)
It's a matter of individual preference whether you like this sort of thing or not. Only it's such an imaginative drama, so different even from other horror pictures, that we can't help rating it extraordinary drama. It's the story of a gargantuan ape who falls in love with a white girl, is captured by a group of movie people and brought back to New York. Then the picture deals with the havoc he raises in New York. These scenes are thrilling and different, and make the picture gasp-worthy entertainment.

☆

King of the Arena (Universal)
Ken Maynard fans will hail this story about a cowboy who rejoins a wild-west show he had quit, to solve a murder mystery. Because of this mystery angle, this is more interesting than most westerns.

☆

✓**King of the Jungle** (Paramount)
Introducing another "beautiful body" boy, Buster Crabbe. It'll remind you of "Tarzan" without coming up to the standard of that picture. Still, you'll get some amusement out of this story of a superman raised by wild animals. Frances Dee is the romantic interest.

☆

✓**Kiss Before the Mirror** (Universal)
An interesting picture, based on a rather far-fetched idea. A lawyer, defending a man who murdered an unfaithful wife, discovers his own wife is untrue. So what? He decides that if

(*Continued on page 73*)

Mightycute, yes? Here's Eric Linden, Arline Judge, Chick Chandler and Jean Frontain, all RKO youngsters, out sailing on Director Tay Garnett's boat

hot news

HOLLYWOOD: Last-Minute News as Movie Mirror goes to press: Hey-hey . . . good times are here again . . . or you would have thought so if you'd seen the première of "Gold Diggers of 1933" at Grauman's Chinese . . . all the old-time glitter and ballyhoo . . . searchlights and mobs of spectators . . . a street parade of ancient and modern gold diggers . . . and tickets at five bucks per each . . . even Marie (very beloved) Dressler was there . . . and she hates premières . . . Gary (looks thinner) Cooper and Countess Dorothy Frasso . . . yup that's on again . . . James (paprika) Cagney shaking hands with Jimmy (fight champ) McLarnin . . . Nancy (bricktop) Carroll in a swanky ermine-lined wrap . . . George (athlete) O'Brien escorting Marguerite (she's back) Churchill . . . that's a long-standing heart-throb y'know . . . after the première Jack (producer) Warner threw a big shindig at the Cocoanut Grove for the chosen people . . . MORE fun and fireworks since pre-depression stop.

They're having the darnedest time finding that romantic Spanish Ambassador for "Queen Christina" . . . Queen Greta's next at M-G-M . . . all the dark-eyed lads have had tests . . . latest is Ricardo (ex-Valentino type) Cortez . . . interesting if Ric got the rôle . . . he played opposite Greta in her first American picture . . . and got top billing but try and do THAT again exclamation point . . . Mae (I'll tell your fortune) West was so-o anxious to have Clark (big game hunter) Gable for leading man in "I Am No Angel" . . . but Clark has rôles ahead from now 'til then . . . Cary (British) Grant gets the call . . . can you imagine what Mae and Clark would have done to the old box office question mark . . . the picture of the gent in Ginger Rogers' locket is none other than Mister Lew Ayres . . . kinda old-fashioned and sweet *n'est ce pas* question mark.

The orchestra will please play "You're My Weakness Now" for Joan (tragedy eyes) Crawford and Franchot (skyrocketing) Tone . . . they were dancing at the Cocoanut Grove t'other night likethis . . . and Joan is going ver-ry much without makeup and wearing a very, ver-ry long bob . . . Helen (dramatic) Hayes apparently was chaperoning the couple . . . Mae (bee-stung) Murray . . . all done up in ruffles . . . was waltzing around the same night . . . Walter (an orchid to you) Winchell seemed to be writing his column right out in public stop . . . tramp steamers are awfully fashionable these days . . . now it's Myrna (Montana passion flower) Loy who is drifting down the South American coast for a vacation cruise . . . and Adolphe (elegant) Menjou will be teamed with Myrna in "The Worst Woman in Paris" stop . . . they do say as how Fay (in the headlines) Webb never misses the Rudy (croo-oner) Vallee hour on the rad-dio . . . but come moonlight-time she's out stepping with Johnny (merman) Weissmuller . . . Lupe Velez is on her way to the camera coast and Johnny wonders what she'll have to say about his dates . . . pul-enty unless the Loope has changed stop . . . Janet (growing up) Gaynor is learning to drive an automobile . . . folks on the Fox lot have doubled their life insurance policies stop . . . up on the Rex (cowboy) Bell ranch Clara (these and those) Bow is shedding more and more lbs . . . just twelve more to go and she'll be ringside . . . pardon

What the Well-Dressed Bride and Groom Usually Don't Wear—but this couple looks swell just the same and it is what they wore to their wedding. Minna Gombell and her new husband, Joe Sifton, that's who they are. They were wed in Yuma

The very much younger set, Patsy Ellis, William Janney, Camille Lanier (new to Hollywood but an ex-Follies girl) and Tom Brown dancing about together

By
MARQUIS BUSBY

cameraside, weight . . . her next feature starts in August and no one knows what in tarnation it will be stop.

It's being whispered that Charles (shoes) Chaplin's yacht is registered in the name of Paulette Goddard . . . and Hollywood WOULD like to know if they have already promised to love, honor and obey stop . . . getting to be a gay taown, by heck . . . gigolos are provided at luncheon dansants at the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel . . . and Dolores (patrician) Del Rio has just built a new dog kennel . . . it has a bathtub, electric dryer and a dressing room stocked with blankets and harness . . . now did somebody say something about a dog's life question mark . . . Bruce (King Kong) Cabot gave the folks a thrill at the Caliente swimming pool . . . he appeared first in blue trunks . . . then went in and changed to white . . . and finally left without going in the pool at all stop . . . nasty, old gendarmes said they'd arrest Marlene (she's coming back) Dietrich if she wore trousers in Paris . . . so Marlene stopped in Versailles and wore her gent's duds to her heart's content . . . Alice (stage) Brady tells this about the chorus girl on a road tour . . . her sugar daddy wrote and wanted to know what kind of car she wanted . . . and the poor girl had to ask for a Rolls-Royce . . . she couldn't spell Hispano-Suiza . . . George (he-man) Bancroft returns to the galloping tintypes in "The Hairy Ape" . . . dramatically potent stage play stop.

Elliott (President's son) Roosevelt has been seeing Hollywood sassiety . . . invited to meet him were Corinne (retired) Griffith, Charles Farrell, Virginia Valli, Maurice (parley-voo) Chevalier and the Clark Gables stop . . . Jack (sinister) La Rue and Glenda Farrell are billing and cooing . . . and wedding bells are going to ring for Moselle (newcomer) Brittone and Allan Dinehart stop . . . "Cyrano De Bergerac" is on its way to the screen . . . and John Barrymore will play the gent with the long, long nose . . . here's a surprise . . . the play will be modernized . . . instead of 1640, time will be moved up to 1914 . . . Author Rostand will probably do a flip-flop in his grave . . . hey, why not Jimmy (schnozzola) Durante for Cyrano . . . is he mortified exclamation point . . . Joel (Adonis) McCrea lost out on a swell trip to Annapolis and stardom in "The Glory Command" . . . there were necessary retakes on the last Constance (Marquise) Bennett feature . . . so Bruce (doing okay) Cabot gets the break . . . John Darrow and Arthur (lanky) Lake are also in this academy picture stop . . . Nils (Greta's countryman) Asther has a Great Dane purp that eats five pounds of bifsteak a day . . . when he grows up he'll have a better appetite . . . or don't you care question mark.

When band-leader Abe Lyman came back to Hollywood to play at the Ambassador, not only the movie folks but all the visiting New Yorkers turned out to welcome him. Here are Eddie Robinson, Ruth Etting, Abe and Walter Winchell

Now it's another Cagney . . . Bill, kid brother of James has signed an RKO contract . . . the two boys are like Ike and Mike . . . keep a weather eye out for Young William Cagney stop . . . did you know that Diana (Cavalcade) Wynyard called George Bernard Shaw "Rasputin" . . . and to his face question mark . . . well, maybe comedians just aren't funny at home . . . Mrs. Stan Laurel sues for divorce and states that the cry-baby comedian no longer loves her stop . . . they're all in hysterics over the movie producer who called in the head of his music department . . . "now in

Openings are where one sports the newest romances. At the opening of "Gold Diggers of 1933" (described on these pages) Anita Page appeared with Theodore Chase

dis scene," began the producer, "ve must hev something clessical . . . something like Schulberg's Serenade" stop . . . for goodness sake STOP . . . after all Douglas (leaping) Fairbanks may not do that Chinese extravaganza . . . it would cost hundreds of thousands and you know how the box office is . . . he may re-film "The Mark of Zorro" . . . there have been thousands of requests for it stop . . . Universal has bought the operetta "Blossom Time" to introduce Jan (Polish tenor) Kiepura to American audiences . . . Jan was the heart interest in "Be Mine Tonight" in case you've forgotten stop . . . Greta (hideout) Garbo is still riding around in that six-year old limousine . . . and it's the twelfth year for C. (Bathtub) Demille's Locomobile . . . so Hollywood is an extravagant jernt, huh exclamation point and exclamation point AGAIN.

Maybe Leslie (grand actor) Howard is a little bit Scotch . . . he has an elegant new contract with Warners for three flickers . . . he draws down $50,000 for the first . . . $65,000 for the second and $80,000 for the third . . . nice piece of change in any times . . . and he may also star in "A Tale of Two Cities" for British Gaumont . . . remember William Farnum in that years and years ago question mark . . . Boris (bogey man) Karloff balked at acting in "The Invisible Man . . . it seems that the man was REALLY invisible for the first three reels . . . and why be a star if you're going to be invisible question mark . . . George (muscles) O'Brien is SEEK and tired of nothing but horse operas . . . he insists on a variety of rôles or he'll take his chest development elsewhere stop . . . all's well that ends well . . . Warners have torn up that old contract of Ann (walkout) Dvorak . . . she has a new term ticket at twice the dinero . . . and they do say that Kay (modes of the moment) Francis can cook Hungarian stuffed cabbage like nobody's business . . . ee-magine exclamation mark . . . you know those scenes in the movies where someone gets whacked over the head with a water pitcher . . . Una (daown saouth) Merkel tried it on Warren (menace) Hymer . . . it was the wrong kind of pitcher . . . Warren had four stitches taken in his scalp . . . and they say actors are overpaid stop . . . Joan (so-o pretty) Bennett is all fini at Fox . . . she goes to RKO for the rôle of Amy in "Little Women" . . . RKO is sister Connie's home stamping grounds . . . goodness, think of TWO Bennetts at one studio . . . another casting for "Little Women" is Edna May (sniff) Oliver for the rôle of the spitfire Aunt March stop . . . and Joan (deep suntan) Crawford has just invested in sixteen summer hats . . . THAT should see her through the season stop.

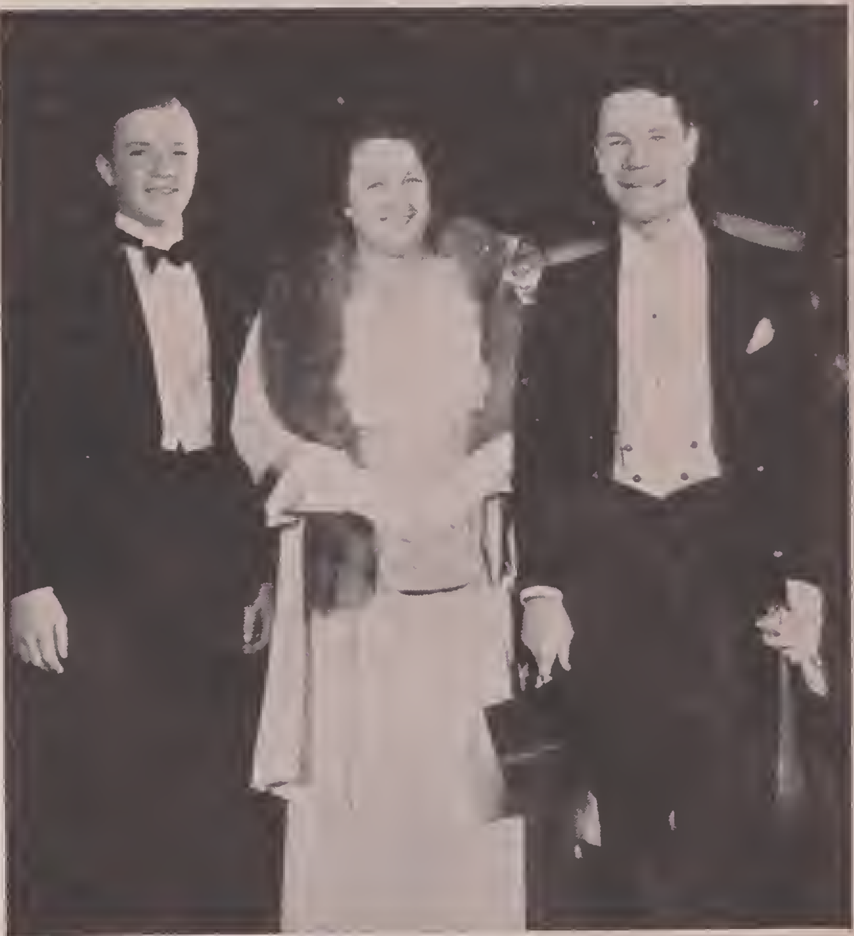
"Gold Diggers" was directed by Mervyn Leroy, who always takes his mother with him to premières. Yes, you're right. That's Marie Dressler on the other side of him

It's fun seeing who goes out with whom, isn't it? The Pat O'Brien's arrived at the theatre with the Tom Mixes

Now the social register enters Hollywood . . . young John Hay Whitney . . . and his cousin, Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney will produce pictures in Technicolor . . . and Will (humorist) Rogers dined with President and Mrs. Roosevelt and spent the night at the White House . . . he also accompanied Postmaster-General James Farley to the World's Fair . . . yup, our town's coming up in the world stop . . . leave it to Lil (last gasp) Tashman to think up a new fashion wrinkle . . . she's wearing wired sleeves now . . . sort of captive balloon effect stop . . . did you know that Garbo always pays cash for purchases because she HATES to sign checks question mark . . . and a snooper has found out that Fredric (handsome) March used to be a model for Howard Chandler Christy and Charles Dana Gibson stop . . . Maurice (Viva La France) Chevalier brought from Europe a message of love to Lilian (Congress Dances) Harvey from Willy (UFA star) Fritsch . . . Hollywood STILL isn't convinced that Lilian may not be Mrs. Fritsch in real life stop . . . the original hard-luck gal is up and at 'em again . . . Mae (jinx) Clarke will play the feminine lead in "Flaming Gold" . . . in turn she has had a nervous breakdown, an operation for appendicitis, and a broken jaw stop . . . 'member Madeleine Hurlock when she was the snappy Sennett vamp . . . she is now the wife of Marc (playwright) Connelly and has been giving the old home town the once over stop . . . this is pretty funny . . . George (pash-pash) Raft has taken a cottage at Malibu . . . and Gawge just HATES sunshine and sand . . . mebbe he can keep the shades down on the ocean side stop . . . big days for Gene (platinum) Raymond . . . he plays opposite Anna (Russian) Sten in her American debut in "Nana" . . . interesting story in connection with la Sten . . . she has been in Hollywood for a year . . . mastering the English language . . . and nary an interviewer allowed around . . . ah, well, it worked with Garbo stop.

And here are the Wallace Beery's attending the opening. They are a really happy Hollywood couple and as soon as Wally finishes his next picture, they're going to Europe

Francis (matinee idol) Lederer is in town to start his film career . . . and give the local maids some heart palps . . . "the fan magazines," says the late star of "Autumn Crocus," "gives one an idea that Hollywood is all romance and moonlight and palm trees. Instead it is a nice, quiet, little spot where everybody works hard" . . . oh, yeah exclamation mark . . . now it's Florida that's chiseling on Hollywood . . . a moompitcher is being filmed there . . . Marshall Neilan is directing and Molly O'Day starring in "Chloe" . . . sounds southern, doesn't it question mark . . . Chiquita Carsonne . . . 18 year old psychic . . . is making some interesting stellar predictions . . . among them that Gary (girls cry for him) Cooper will be married within two years . . . it was Chiquita that predicted that the Jobyna Arlen baby would have a Caesarian birth . . . and so it did stop . . . Lupe (growing wilder) Velez may make her screen return in "Laughing Boy" . . . opposite Ramon (Europe-ing) Novarro . . . the fiery Velez and the ethereal Novarro should make QUITE a combination stop . . . Here's news . . . George (tea at four) Arliss has upped and left Warner Brothers . . . he has signed with the new Twentieth Century Productions . . . releasing through United Artists . . . and Arliss has been with Warners since memory of man runneth not to the contrary . . . his first under the new ticket will be a screen biography of Rothschild . . . the famous French banker . . . these Twentieth Century productions look pretty important anyhow . . . that is the organization headed by Darryl Zanuck who used to run Warner Bros. . . . he is grabbing stars, writers and technicians right and left and the first people to yell are Warner Bros. . . . they probably have forgotten the Star raid they made a couple of years ago when they grabbed Chatterton, Bill Powell and Kay Francis . . . or or maybe they would rather forget it . . . Twentieth Century has also signed Connie Bennett who is balking over her last picture for Radio . . . they also have borrowed Wallace Beery from M-G-M for an opus called "The Bowery" . . . now if they only get Mae West for it too wouldn't that be something . . . which seems to be the best place to stop for another month . . . we would always like to stop near Mae West for another month exclamation point dash dash



Here's a Hollywood family you'll never read about breaking up—the Joe E. Brown's. There are lots of other Brown children at home—but they are too young for theatre-attending

Miss Patricia Ellis again (whatta siren!) with still another young man. His name's Henry Wadsworth

You CAN'T Break into

By
VIÑA DELMAR

ANYBODY can get by in Hollywood. That was always my thought every time I saw one of those colossal epics using hundreds and hundreds of anonymous men and women known as "extras." Surely no one would ever be in need of work in an industry where they called for people and demanded no past experience, no beauty, no particular standard of intelligence. I am not speaking now of the café scenes or the millionaire's house party but of the scenes in which there are parades, mobs or a cheering crowd at a ball game. It would seem that the studios would welcome anyone and everyone who wanted to be an extra. They have to have people and where do they get so many if they don't just throw open their gates and beg people to come in and work for them to supply this demand?

I know now all that I didn't know when I had the comforting thought that anybody could get by in Hollywood.

First of all, believe it or not, it is devilishly hard to become an extra; And many people have found it impossible. No amount of hanging around a studio will help you. Being right on the spot when a crowd is needed for a picture will do you no good because the studios do not bother with extras. There is an office known as the Central Casting Bureau and it is from there that the extras are sent to the studios. You must be registered and approved by Central Casting in order to step upon any movie set and earn your living as an extra.

"So," says the ambitious-to-be-extra girl, "I will register at Central Casting." She regards it as a mere formality, just a little thing she must do before settling down to the business of earning a good living in Hollywood. One sunny morning having decided it is time to earn a little money she goes down to Central Casting office as confident and unconcerned as a person stepping up to a post-office window to buy a three cent stamp. Fancy her consternation when they won't permit her to register! It really happens. Sometimes you can't register. Sometimes a wave of small, intimate pictures or a sudden economic measure hits Hollywood and the demand for extras falls off. When this happens Central Casting will register no more people. Their idea, no doubt, is to protect their many reliable, old standbys from having to divide slim pickings with a newcomer. That's only fair and besides it is better for the newcomer

the EXTRA GAME

to know at once that she must look for work elsewhere than to have her wait in vain for a call. But oh, how stunned she is to find that she can't register and so cannot work in the movies. She turns away and as she does the comforting thought strikes her that maybe next month the call for mobs will be plentiful enough to warrant Central Casting's accepting new names.

"If only some studio would make one great big picture," she thinks. She does not know that by an agreement between the studios and Central Casting she would not profit at all by the making of a great big picture. For when diversified types can be used and no special manner or accomplishment is required then the Salvation Army and other welfare leagues are invited to send over their needy cases and these people are then employed. So you can see for yourself just what our little friend's chances are on this bright, sunny morning. "But she is pretty and young and full of life," her people say indignantly. "Certainly they need that type of extra, too." They would be thunderstruck upon learning how many of that type Central Casting has registered on its books.

BUT now let us suppose the period of economy has passed and the studios are bursting forth with lavish pictures once more. The extras are working and all's right with the world. You can register at Central Casting today, little girl, step right up. What is your right name? What name do you intend to use in pictures? Have you a car? Do you faint easily? Do you support your parents? Where were they born? Do you play any musical instruments? How many languages do you speak? Have you normal sight? Have you a complete wardrobe? Do you hear well? Have you ever had any operations? Are you married?

Oh, there are many, many more questions than that to say nothing of the ones concerning your weight, height, coloring and nationality. Then, of course, the ones about swimming, riding, diving and driving and playing golf, tennis badminton and ping pong.

These questions are necessary and nobody minds answering them. You leave a photograph of yourself also and then you go home to sit at your telephone and wait to be called for a job. After a while you start calling Central Casting. Some people call five and six times a day.

One of the girls told me that at first the operator down there says, "Nothing today." Then after a while she gets bored with you and just says, "Nothing." And finally you hear only, "Noth—" as she disconnects you. You know you're a pest but you keep calling just the same and so do hundreds of other people. There are so many extras and, proportionately speaking, so few jobs. Too, there are groups of extras who are working all the time because they are nice appearing, intelligent and easily handled. The people outside these groups are called only when a greater blob of humanity is required. There's many a barrier between hoping to be an extra and really being one.

Clothes mean an awful lot. (*Continued on page* 88)

Beautiful girls cluster about directors trying to get work — by any means — and usually get lost in a great blob of humanity, for Hollywood men are the toughest guys in the world. They have to be

"DAREOS," Movieland's Soothsayer, Extraordinary, to whom the stars tell the secrets they wouldn't tell their best friends or their lawyers, reveals some amazing stories of players past, present and future

I told the dark man, "There is a blonde woman in your life who would be an ideal wife for you but you will never marry her." I did not know the man's name was Valentino

CONFESSIONS of a Hollywood Fortune Teller

by "Dareos" as told to Harry Lang

FOREWORD:

For ten years, the most famous men and women in Hollywood have been coming to "Dareos." To him, they have poured out their hearts' secrets. They have laid bare their loves, their hopes, their wishes, their fears. They have told him, more frankly than they would tell even their lawyers, their intimate secrets!

Why?—because, for that decade, "Dareos" has been their soothsayer, their prophet, their fortune-teller, their medicine-man. Combining what he characterizes as an innate psychic sight with astrology and phrenology and crystal-gazing with others of the so-called occult sciences, he has undertaken to foretell what the future held for the love-lives and the business-lives of those who came to him for aid and advice. "Dareos" is proud of his record of forecasts that came true. He is proud of the fact that for the past several years, he has made New Years prophecies for Hollywood and its people—and 80 percent of those forecasts have come true.

Fact is that "Dareos" relies not alone on the so-called occult sciences for his predictions, but also on his intimate knowledge of the innermost secrets of Hollywood—what he knows about hidden alliances, about never-told loves, about under-surface machinations that go on in movieland.

Now, for the first time anywhere, "Dareos" will reveal many of the secrets that were told behind the locked door of his office, when filmland's great came to him. He will tell the inside facts of Valentino's career and his women and his death; of Pola Negri, Renee Adoree, Gloria Swanson, Alma Rubens, of Mary and Jack and Lottie Pickford. He will tell what passed between them and him in the privacy of his office. He will tell, too, what passed between him and such stars today as Clara Bow and Rex Bell, Constance and Joan Bennett, Jean Harlow and Paul Bern, Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Junior, Charles Chaplin, Estelle Taylor, Lilyan Tashman, Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes, John Gilbert, Alice White, Charles Farrell. . . .

Until today, he has kept secret the things he now tells here. And now, in the telling, he apologizes to no one, living or dead, because what he tells he says is only the truth.

I DON'T know *why* Fate chose me to become what's been called "father confessor to Hollywood." Or why it was *my* destiny to enter so deeply into the innermost lives of these people you know so well—and yet don't know at all, as I know them. You see, while Fate lets me look in advance at her work, she has not told me *why* she does what she does . . .

I only know that as far back as I can remember, two forces lived within me. One, an ability to look into the future and foresee things, good and bad, that were to happen to those close to me; the other, an ever-present wish to be with and among the folk of the stage and screen. The first force virtually ostracized me from my orthodox family, for in me they saw only an instrument of "the devil's work." But the second force has given me friendships and contacts that have repaid me more than all the money I have ever made. At any rate, before I tell you about my experiences with movieland's stars, let me briefly tell you about me . . .

"DAREOS" is not my real name—any more than Mary Pickford is Mary Pickford's. "Dareos" is the professional name of a man with the given name of George and the family name of an Irish clan that dates farther back in history than can be traced. My family was wealthy from businesses on the coast that flourished after my grandfathers pioneered from the east to the early west. I went to college; my family had picked out a business career for me. But it was not destined so to be. Fate had other plans . . .

"Dareos" the Hollywood prophet who foretells the fates of stars with Maxine Cantway, small part player, photographed exclusively for Movie Mirror

When I was a kid in my early 'teens, my sister May came home from school with a group of girls one afternoon. As I saw them arrive, something happened inside my head. I can't describe it any more than you could adequately convey to a born-blind man how you see; I only know that I saw what I told my sister. I pointed to one of her friends.

"What's *her* name?" I asked.

"Helen Johnson. Why?" my sister replied.

"She's going to be killed within a half year," I said. It startled them, but in a moment, like children, they forgot it. *Five months later, an automobile—I even remember that it was a Pope - Hartford! — ran over Helen Johnson and killed her!*

I was even more shocked than others. And still more so when I found myself telling my mother, one day: "Mother, May (my sister) won't live to be a woman . . ."

"Don't talk like that, George. It's the devil in you," my mother scolded. I told her I couldn't help it, that I had to say it. *My sister died when she was barely 20 years old, in childbirth.* To my mother, a devout Catholic, my psychic ability was horror. I foretold the San Francisco quake and fire. To her, it was only "the devil's work" again.

ONCE, when I grew a bit older, I flared up at the phrase, told her there was no such thing. By then, I knew I could never subscribe to the tenets of religion, any religion. "God is something within us, not in man-written books," I told my mother. I still feel that is true. Why is the power I have, to look into the future, any less Godly than our normal power to see the flowers, the sky, the everyday things of today? I told them that, asked them that. But they were fiercely orthodox. Never again was I close to my family. And their antagonism only intensified my devotion to what I now felt was the work I wanted to do.

It was at Coronado Beach, near San Diego, that I first contracted "Hollywood." It was at the time of the World's Fair in 1917. I had just left college, was there for the Fair with a group of friends of college days. A certain girl and I had formed the acquaintance of a fortune-teller named "Aleko" and for a lark, sometimes ballyhooed for him, sometimes even told fortunes inside his tent—she with cards, at which she had a flair; I purely psychically.

One day, I was ballyhooing, when Douglas Fairbanks (senior) and Victor Fleming came by. Naturally, I recognized Fairbanks. "C'mon in," I urged. He laughed. I looked at Fleming and began to talk: "We're going into the war," I heard myself say, "and you'll be in it—but you'll never fight—you'll be in a non-combative branch overseas."

Well, it came true, but it's not that I mean to tell of. I want to say that Doug was impressed, by my intensity. "Why don't you come to Hollywood and join us?" he asked, "You'd be a swell actor!"

"I like this better," I said, and then to my own amazement, I started telling him:

"You — you've got great things ahead of you —great fame— but your domestic life is going to change completely — you'll marry again—"

He laughed. But I wonder if, on the day he married Mary Pickford, he remembered my words that day . . .?

Soon after this, my father died. My mother pleaded with me to stop playing with "the devil's work," and settle down. Dutifully, I tried to obey, took the position her influence got me in business. I tried, but couldn't do it. In 1924, I broke the bonds for good, turned forever to my work—the thing I'm doing now. On the Ocean Park amusement pier, not so far from Hollywood, I opened a little fortune-telling stand. As I could see into the future of others, I saw into my own. I foresaw success in my work—and also the intimacy with the people of the screen which I felt I wanted. I got it.

In my first year of work, I went to a party at Norma Talmadge's house. I'd met her through Eileen Percy, then a picture actress, now a Hollywood newspaper columnist who still does occasional picture rôles. She had visited my place, been interested in my work, sent Norma to see me. It was the first visit of a film star to my place.

Let me tell you, right here, how I felt. What I saw will apply to my relations with other stars, so I'll not have to repeat it. But remember: what I told Norma was not *me* speaking, it was my voice uttering the things that *came to me* as she sat opposite me. Often, after I've read a person, I do not remember what I've said. It was so with Norma and many others that followed.

She asked me, then, to tell her what I saw for her. I told her then (this was about 1925) that a fine career lay before her, in pictures, but that her heart-life showed future troubles, unhappiness. She was then married to Joseph Schenck, still is. I told her that despite the darkness I saw, I foresaw no divorce—ever. (I have not yet had reason to change my prediction on this account, by the way. I do not believe Norma and Schenck will ever divorce. They were deeply in love when she first came to see me—at least, she was with him. Today, they still have a deep respect for each other. I see no divorce.)

I attended my first Hollywood party at Norma Talmadge's house. She remained my friend always, though I deliberately dressed badly that night—and though at that party I prophesied death for one of the most important guests

When I told her of the future love-unhappiness, she shrugged her shoulders, said: "Well, I suppose that's one of those things." You all know what followed—the gradual drawing-apart in that home.

Well, soon after that first visit, Norma invited me to a party at her house. I went. But on the night of the party, I was in a quandary. Was I to go as guest?—or entertainer? It was my first experience of the kind, and I felt I was entertainer more than guest. So I gave them "the works"—I dressed in a loud checkered suit, wore a big diamond horseshoe stickpin, made an entrance like a river gambler.

Before me were the guests—Charles Chaplin, Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, Thomas Ince, Kathlyn Williams, Earl Williams and his wife—and Norma and Schenck. All big names—all in evening clothes—and I like a clown. Norma sensed my embarrassment, gaily cried: "Wonderful, Dareos, wonderful; Folks—this is Mr. Dareos. He's here as my guest—and MY FRIEND."

That night I made a forecast that helped, later, to establish me. Schenck drew me aside, as the others did, for readings. Suddenly he turned, pointed toward a man I didn't know, asked: "What about him?" As I looked at the man he pointed out, I began speaking—". . . I see yachts, wealth, position—but it all goes black and dark in about a year—I see nothing but blackness beyond then . . ."

Well, that man was Thomas Ince. A year later, there was a party on his yacht. Prominent people were there. On that party, Ince died. Heart failure, it was reported. There were investigations, questions. But the mystery, if there was any, still remains—in the public records.

As though it had been an omen that my first general Hollywood appearance gave me a foreview of death, many of my most startling memories concern other deaths. I'll tell you some things about Alma Rubens, about Paul Bern, about Jack Pickford, about Mabel Normand, about Valentino——

Let me tell you *now* about Valentino—and Natacha Rambova and Pola Negri and Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque, who once called me "the Rasputin of Hollywood." I could tell you my story chronologically, but that might bore you. I'd rather pick the more colorful cases in my memory. And the Valentino affair, drawing in the other names I mentioned, is certainly one of the most colorful of all my memories.

It began one evening as I was leaving my office to keep a dinner-date. As I left my office door, a woman came up the corridor—a beautiful, exotic creature. I'd never seen her, but she spoke to me.

"Dareos?"

"Yes."

"Will you—read—for me?"

"Yes—come back tonight at—"

"No. *Now!*" she commanded. I told her I had an engagement. She insisted. "I am going away tonight. I will not have a chance to see you again—for a long time. It must be now."

I assented. Broke my dinner date, and began, instead, an experience. That woman was Natacha Rambova, then the wife of Rudolph Valentino. I did not know that until later, however. When I sat down opposite her, she was merely an individual to me—but at once, blackness descended; the blackness of despair and trouble.

I told her I could see only great unhappiness, frightful unhappiness, before her. She gasped. I talked on—told her not alone now, but always ahead lay unhappiness. It was her destiny. She shuddered, and asked for details. My voice came:

". . . I see divorce court ahead for you . . . your husband

. . . but I see beyond that and tell you that you must avoid this divorce . . . if you can . . . for widowhood lies just beyond for you if you can avoid divorce . . . yet, the divorce lies there . . . you cannot escape it . . ."

She was trembling now so that I could see it plainly. But then she saw me watching, and she smiled. "I will remember what you say—I will try to avoid this—divorce. At any rate—I will send someone to you—soon. Good bye."

She held out her hand. After she was gone, I never saw her again. But the next night, I had two unannounced callers. One was a little, nondescript, chunky Italian who spoke English very badly. The other was a more handsome, slender man. He wore dark glasses. His coat collar was high around his chin and cheeks. Sideburns—real, maybe, or maybe false—were on his face. He left the other man in the anteroom and entered my inner office. It sounds fantastic, but as he came in, I felt a great spread of wings above me—and *saw,* in that vision which I cannot describe to you, an eagle there . . .

"I see an eagle," I said. "What does it mean to you?"

He laughed as though he suspected a trick. I'm used to that. But he answered, too.

"Yes—I'm going to do a picture by that name," he said, with a strong accent. "MY name is—Rudolph Valentino. Someone sent me."

(I learned later that Natacha, after leaving my office, had gone to the train for New York, that Valentino had seen her off, that she had told him of her visit to me and had urged him to see me, too. But I did not know that then, nor that the woman of the night before had been his wife.)

As he sat before me, he was not the handsome sheik of the screen. Rather an ordinary chap, but nice in manner. He asked me to tell him what there was ahead. I told him that I saw a marvelous future—

". . . but short-lived." His eyes flicked wide for a moment. "And oh, what unhappiness lies at your door. There is much jealousy about you. Great unhappiness of the heart. You must be careful."

I saw something I did not voice. I saw, or felt, about him a bitterness as though he wanted to kill someone. I never understood it; only felt it. Then I felt again what I had felt the night before when the woman sat where *he* sat now—

"Divorce lies before you. But I warn you it will be unwise. At least, unnecessary. *Death lies right ahead for you . . .!"*

The words sprang from my lips without volition. Often I see these things less suddenly, tell my visitors in softer phrases, if I can. But with him, it sprang out.

He blanched and jumped as though slapped. "Oh—no! it can't be—can't be so!" he stammered. There was fear in his face, his voice. The interview ended abruptly. He left, shaken. But he came back several times, later. And talked, freely. He told me that he had had detectives in New York watch his wife—and told me that his wife was the woman who had come to me the night before his first visit. The picture began to fit together . . .

Then, one night, he came to my office again. A beautiful, blonde woman was with him. I did not know her—then. She waited outside while he came in, and asked me about his future—what it would bring to his heart?

"She is beautiful. She is splendid for you. She would be a wonderful companion—if you were not married," my voice said.

"Who?" he asked.

"The girl with whom you came. You will never marry her. You will never marry again. Another woman is coming into your life—a dark woman. Her entrance into your affairs will come at the beginning of a period of upheaval and stress. You will fall in love with her. You will try to combat it, but the love will win. *(Continued on page 82)*

Never before has Richard Arlen revealed The Other Love in his life—and how through heartbreak he learned greatness

The Hidden Heart of Richard Arlen

IT was a cold grey dawn in Hollywood—cold as only this semi-tropical paradise can be before the sun has warmed the night-chilled earth. Shivering, a young man opened the door of a wretched shabby little house, and slinking down the street, crept across to a neighbor's porch and slipped the milk bottle, which the early delivery man had just left there, under his shabby coat. Then glancing furtively around to make sure he was still unobserved, the young man ran back to his own humble cottage, slammed the door behind him and stood for a second inside, breathless and hugging his prize to his heart. Then he called out triumphantly, forcing a smile to his face, "I got it!"

The young thief was Richard Arlen, and he had stolen the quart of milk in order that his infant daughter might be fed.

This is a true story and I trust that if the neighbor from whom the milk was stolen reads this and remembers the loss, she will read patiently on before passing judgment.

For Richard Arlen is a very honest man. So honest that this theft must have cost him no little mental agony. Only the most desperate poverty could drive him to such an act—desperate poverty and the most desperate love. For young Richard was in dire straits at the time, and this love of his for his wife and baby daughter was the only thing which kept him going.

"It gave me power," he told me. "It gave me strength to do impossible things."

The whole story came out when Jobyna Ralston had her child last week—her child and Dick's—a lovely son, born in luxury. I was at the Arlens' home at the time—a beautiful country estate equipped with every luxury, and where, since the proud mamma was still in the hospital, it was the proud papa who showed me the lovely nursery which awaited the tiny newcomer.

"This young one is going to have everything!" Dick told me with a curious emphasis in his voice. "And what's more—*I'm going to have this one for keeps!*"

I didn't understand at first but after a little coaxing, I got the pitiful facts from him as we sat over after-luncheon coffee in the gay patio. Arlen's kind face wore a dreamy look as he talked, telling me strange memories from his past.

"They took the first one away from me," he said. "A little

One of the Finest Stories that ever came out of Hollywood--A great human story of one man and two loves

by

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

girl. They almost never let me see her—and—well, you realize that she meant a lot to me. To begin with, I loved her mother—wildly! It was a sort of insanity with me. She was my whole life—and she was all I had, Ruthie was. When I knew she was going to have a baby, I was in heaven. It seemed to compensate for all the dreadful sufferings we'd gone through. You see, we were so incredibly poor. I couldn't get work—only extra jobs now and then. There were times when Hollywood looked pretty black, in spite of the sunshine. Yes, that was my first marriage, of course. Back in the days when life was difficult—intense —and when things went plenty wrong with me.

"I came out to California, not because of pictures but because I saw a railroad train in Phoenix, Arizona," Dick continued, "and on the observation platform was a great round sign with a bright orange in the middle of it like a sunburst—'The Sunset Limited.' That's what it said on the sign. And somehow it was like an inspiration to me. 'California! That's where I'm going,' I said to myself. The vision I had looked so good to me that finally I managed to make it. I arrived here penniless, of course, and with no more idea of going into pictures than I had of flying. Well, I got as far as Hollywood, and somehow, when all other jobs failed, I tried the studios as a last resort, and suddenly I found myself acting—an extra. And with a wife. Ruth Austin, that's the girl I married, was a dancer. A wonderful girl. She had something magic about her. I could scarcely believe she was real. You should have seen her dancing! I was eighteen and she nearly a year younger. Oh, but I wanted to give her everything—and instead she nearly died of want. She had lots of patience with me and my failures but she'd been used to earning, herself—and with the baby coming . . . well, you can see how it was. She had to quit and I couldn't seem to make any money.

"THINGS were pretty tough, even from the first, and then Ruth fell sick. I used to get up early and do the housework for her. I washed the dishes—only some days there weren't any dishes to wash because—well, a nickel sandwich doesn't soil many plates, you know, and sometimes that's all we had. Just imagine not having enough to buy even a newspaper in which to look up jobs! It's bad enough when you have to go through that sort of thing by yourself, but when in addition you have to watch someone you love go hungry . . . Funny to remember how I swept up and then went out looking for work. Talk about Hollywood heartbreak, say, nobody who hasn't pounded the long miles between studios has any idea of what it's like. And I was a timid kid then. I have the reputation of being a fighter and I am now—but I had to learn that angle through pretty bitter lessons . . ." (*Cont'd on page 70*)

Richard Ralston Arlen, newborn son of plucky Joby Ralston and Dick Arlen, was born in luxury, a beautiful baby who will never know want

And here's the shabby little house on Highland Avenue, Hollywood, where the other Arlen baby lived—and where a great love was born and died

PICTURE THIEVES

At the ripe old age of eight months, here is the biggest crook in all Hollywood. For didn't Baby Le Roy kick, gurgle, laugh and generally nap Maurice Chevalier's "Bed Time Story" straight away from the famous Frenchman? He was one of five thousand babies considered for the part and he won by a lower lip. His real name is Le Roy Weinbrener. He lives at home in a pleasant little house in Altadena, Cal., and he hasn't gone Hollywood yet

Baby Leroy

Alice White

Hollywood has tried to lick Alice White several times—but she's won out every time through sheer determination and talent. In her very first silent picture "Sea Tiger" she won all honors. She triumphed over premature stardom by First National. She did a vaudeville tour and scored there. She came back to Hollywood, and took "Luxury Liner" away from an all-star cast. Brave girl, Alice, we're for you strong

Myrna Loy

She is the outstanding picture stealer of the year, this lovely Myrna Loy. She made "The Animal Kingdom" her own, despite the fine work of Leslie Howard and Ann Harding. Then she captured "The Barbarian" from Ramon Novarro. Something vivid and glamourous seems suddenly to have come to life in her. Off screen, she is one of Hollywood's favorite young persons. Though very beautiful and sought-after, she has never married. She works for M-G-M

Jean Parker

M-G-M believes little Jean Parker is their most talented recent discovery. Louis B. Mayer's secretary spied her on a float in a Pasadena parade. A screen test was arranged and Jeanie emerged with a contract. She's so young she still has to go to school between pictures. She stood out in her first picture "Rasputin" even against such competition as all three Barrymores. She completely captured "The Sin of Madame Blanche." She'll be a hit

Glenda Farrell

Farrell—as all of Glenda's friends call her—is a blonde, Irish girl out of Oklahoma by the stock companies to Broadway hits and finally Hollywood. Her first picture was "Life Begins" and she started her film stealing right then. And she's taken every one she's appeared in since including "I'm a Fugitive" and up to "Mary Stevens, M.D." her latest. She's a very good girl who loves to play bad ones

Jack LaRue

Jack La Rue. He's an Italian born on Third Avenue, New York. He's been trying to break into pictures ever since he was fifteen. He's thirty-two now and most unmarried. He has five sisters and works hard to take care of them. He started stealing pictures in "A Farewell to Arms" and swiped "The Woman Accused" straight away from Cary Grant and Nancy Carroll. He's now headed for Paramount stardom

INSIDE

Illustrated with Movie Mirror Snapshots
taken by
Hyman Fink

THAT pretty operator in a Hollywood beauty shop patronized by many stars had forgotten she'd told *anyone* it was her little son's birthday until in came a messenger and asked for her. Under his arm, a beautiful fluffy white puppy-dog. Around the pup's neck, a great bow of ribbon and dangling from it a card reading:

"To your little boy, for his birthday, from Constance Bennett."

And yet "Hard-Boiled Connie" is one of the things they call her in Hollywood. . . !

Champion holder-hander in Hollywood is (as every pretty girl who sits beside him knows!) Leslie Howard. BUT—was his face *red* that day on the set, when, between scenes, he thought he was gently squeezing Ann Harding's hand—and turned and found that Ann had slipped quietly away while he looked elsewhere, replaced her own hand in his with her hairdresser's. . . ! Hairdresser just *loved* it, tho'. . . .

Ever since that earthquake that annoyed California, Joan Crawford *won't* ride in elevators. The other day, a cameraman, seeing her in the Ambassador, asked her to pose in the elevator. She refused—until she was shown that the elevator was at the bottom of the shaft, and all the earthquakes in California couldn't make it fall another inch!

Lee Tracy refuses to go for the big-star ballyhoo. On his recent trip to New York, Metro wanted him to take a suite at one of the ritziest hotels in New York, give parties for big-shots and press interviewers, as do other stars. It's all part of what Hollywood calls "the build-up."

To all of it, Tracy said, "Nix!" And he chose his own hotel—a comparatively obscure place he used to patronize when he was a small-time hoofer. And as for entertaining, Tracy said he'd do it as he darned well pleased, and not as his bosses told him to, and they could take it and like it.

They liked it.

One of the top male stars didn't like a certain rôle the studio had lined up for him. But, without breaking his contract (which he by no means wanted to do) he couldn't turn the part down. So—for several days, he feigned being on a binge, bat, spree, bender, whatever you want to call it. And the studio, rushed for time, had to put another actor into the part. And because it couldn't afford to spoil the carefully-built reputation of the other star, said and did nothing about the "jag."

And all during it, the star really was on the wagon!

It takes an actor to play one rôle to lose another.

1. A little story without many words. On the day that he left for the East for his vacation, Doug, Jr. and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. had luncheon together

2. That evening, Doug, Jr. went dancing with Joan Crawford at the Ambassador Hotel. Yes, they're divorced but they are still friends. Notice Joan's orchids

3. Still later that evening, Joan and Doug separate. Joan goes back home and toward stardom. And notice who's got Joan's orchids now!

STUFF

by

MIKE WALLACE

When Alexander Kirkland sends flowers to pretty ladies, he doesn't just "send flowers." He has a different flower for each of the girls he takes out—to Ann Harding, white camelias; to Joan Crawford, pink camelias (even though she *does* prefer gardenias!); to Peggy Hopkins Joyce, orchids, of course; to Elissa Landi, violets—and to Boots Mallory, his current top-of-the-thermometer-gal, white gardenias.

What's this strange pow-ah Director Rouben Mamoulian has—particularly for these "enigmatic" European ladies. . . ?

First Marlene—

When he was first designated to direct her, after the Marlene-Von Sternberg split, Mamoulian found a cold Dietrich. There was heltopay on the Paramount lot, because she didn't want Mamoulian. But, because Paramount put on pressure, she condescended.

Well—just before she left for Europe recently, she grudgingly went with Mamoulian for a private look at the rough cut of "Song of Songs." When she came out, she *kissed* Mamoulian! And later presented him with an ultra-expensive watch.

Then Garbo came back from Sweden, and over at the M-G-M lot, they scurried to find a director for her in "Queen Christine." As a surprise for her, they'd put Josef Von Sternberg under a one-picture contract to direct it.

Garbo heard the news, and said "NO!" Then she heard about Marlene kissing Mamoulian, and decided she'd see why. So it was arranged—and one day, people on the Paramount lot stared in amazement. There was Garbo—THE Garbo—walking into a projection room with Mamoulian, to see "Song of Songs."

When she came out, she said nothing, dodged a lot of cameramen who had assembled, by taking a back way out, and went back to M-G-M.

Next day, M-G-M announced that it had signed Mamoulian to direct Garbo in "Queen Christine"—at a flat salary of $50,000 for the picture. And all Hollywood is waiting to see whether Garbo, too, will kiss Mamoulian after the picture's done.

Incidentally, Jack LaRue was one of those who saw Mamoulian and Garbo on the Paramount lot that day. Skeptical, Jack snorted, cracked:

"Jee-cripes!—but there are TOO DAMN MANY GIRLS AROUND HERE TRYING TO LOOK LIKE GARBO!"

And once more, about Mamoulian—Hollywood DOES say that not alone Foreigner Dietrich, nor BOTH Foreigners Dietrich and Garbo, BUT also Foreigner Elissa Landi, the ex-cold,—well—ah. . . .

4. Later that evening, Doug, Sr., Doug, Jr. and Lee Tracy meet at the train. Lee and Junior go east. Doug, Sr. goes back to Pickfair. Joan wasn't present

5. Next evening, Miss Joan Crawford dines and dances with Mr. Franchot Tone at the Beverly-Wilshire. She wears her usual gardenias, not special orchids

Two days after it had been stolen from her dressing room, a silver-framed picture of herself came to Katharine Hepburn through the mails—with a nervy note from the taker, asking Hepburn to autograph it and send it back!

So Hepburn scrawled across it—

"Stolen from
—Katharine Hepburn."

—and sent it back.

Rather than continue to live in the house as it was when she shared it maritally with Doug Junior, Joan Crawford had her big Brentwood home completely redecorated and refurnished.

She had William Haines do the job.

Then Doug Junior, tired of living in a hotel, moved from the Beverly-Wilshire into a house on Rodeo Drive, in Beverly Hills. He had the interior redecorated and refurnished before he moved in.

He had William Haines do the job.

And when Franchot Tone decided he didn't like the looks of his dressing room, and had it refurnished and redecorated—

—yep! William Haines did the job.

Don't you bet Bill is glad he knows Joan?

For Mother's Day gift, Warner Baxter gave his ma a six-weeks-long vacation trip to the Chicago World's Fair.

CUPID'S NOTEBOOK UH-H'MMMMMM DEPT.

. . . why *can't* we get this Bruce Cabot-Sally Blane-Adrienne Ames-Loretta Young-Herb Somborn business straight? *What* a mixup! First Bruce is seen *every*where with Sally. Then Sally goes to London and gets herself

6. The night after the evening on the preceding two pages—Miss Crawford gives at the Wilshire a "new deal" party—meaning her own new freedom. Here she sits beside Clark Gable—aha—and Mrs. Gable

They do say that Adrienne Ames' husband, in New York, has okayed Adrienne's going places, in Hollywood, with Bruce Cabot — and they do go about a lot and don't they make a handsome couple?

All the starlets serve as waitresses at the Assistance League. That's for charity. But t'other day when Patricia Ellis served, Jimmy Dunn was the first customer and how he smiled on Patsy!

Joan Bennett goes to the League's "Mme. Wanda" to have her fortune told. What for? What is little Joan curious about in the future?

7. And here she is, really right on the same sofa only our Mr. Fink couldn't get all the party on one snap—sitting next to Leslie Howard, Heather Angel and once again, Mr. Tone

rumored engaged to Lord Warwick. And Bruce is seen with Loretta Young. But Loretta is supposed to be all Herb Somborn's. She explains she's just doubling for Sally, who's her sister, when she goes out with Bruce. But just then, Bruce starts going *every*where with *only* Adrienne Ames. And Adrienne is supposed to be very very much in love with her rich hubby back East. And the explanation comes. Hubby, fearing wifie'd get lonely, and trusting Bruce, gave his okeh for them to go out together. My, my, this Hollywood!!

. . . Long time ago, Dorothy Lee and Fred Waring were ooooh-so-that-way. Then came intermissions. But now the Lee-Waring affair is torrid again.

. . . Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell still aflame, and don't a lot of other gals wish she'd go to Timbuctoo or someplace!

. . . when Mae Clarke went riding in Phil Holmes' car, crashed into a fog-hidden auto, had her jaw broken, she didn't know your old pal, Li'l Danny Cupid, was up to his tricks. But now Mae's all a-jitter about the nice young doctor who fixed her jaw.

. . . Mary Duncan, whom you haven't seen in many pictures lately, is still Laddie Sanford's heater. He's the polo player, and that takes money.

. . . Fay Webb (that's Mrs. Rudy Vallee, although Rudy isn't so glad about it any more) better look out for Lupe Velez! Or stop being seen at the Cocoanut Grove with Johnnie Weissmuller.

. . . Randolph Scott, the handsome mugg, is all in perspiration over Vivian Gaye, who is Sari Maritza's personal manager and (some say) even prettier than Sari.

. . . Estelle Taylor, who's *been* John-Warburton-ing it, is now seen here and there with Band Leader Abe Lyman.

. . . it's still *on*, that George O'Brien-Marguerite Churchill fire.

. . . wonder just *how* serious the King Vidor-Miriam Hopkins thing is?

Alexander Kirkland (who seems to be getting around these days) is here shown at the Cocoanut Grove with Peggy Joyce (who has always got around a lot)

A luckless pal gets between Doug Fairbanks and Tom Geraghty (the oldest friends in Hollywood) and Doug does a little clowning, hides him from the camera (but not our cameraman!)

Tough-guy (on the screen) Cagney goes on the air. Julia Barrett and Sol Dolgin radio entertainers, beaming at Jimmy. Maybe because, in private life, where he can be his natural self, Jimmy's got the nicest accent!

. . . Renee Torres and Don Alvarado, and should *those* two know what "Latin love" means! . . . Boots Mallory and Cy Bartlett . . . Ramon Novarro and Myrna Loy . . . Ivan Lebedeff and Wera Engels. . . .

. . . two nights before he left Hollywood for Europe, Doug Fairbanks, Junior was out dancing with Mona Maris. Next night he was out dancing with ex-wifie Joan Crawford. Next night he was on the train, and Joan was out with Bob Abbott (watch *that*, my little ones!).

WEDDING-CAKE DEPT.

. . . good ol' Yuma, "Hollywood's Gretna Green," scores again—and again—

. . . first came Ruth Elder, beauteous transatlantic aviatrix and movie actress, who flew in her own plane to Yuma with "Buddy" Gillespie of the M-G-M studio art department, and said the "I-do's." Said Ruth: "*This* marriage will last for life!" (Neither of her other two did.)

. . . then to Yuma came (but by auto, not airplane) Minna Gombell, the blonde, with Joseph Sefton, banker and rancher of San Diego, and climaxed a long-lasting romance in marriage. Then they went to the groom's ranch for their honeymoon. Some people were surprised, because Sefton's been denying he'd marry "Miss Gombell or anyone." Minna gave her age as 34, birthplace Baltimore.

. . . as this goes to press, the decorations are being put up for Doris Kenyon, widow of the late Milton Sills, and Arthur Hopkins (NOT the stage producer) of New York. Because Hopkins was East, Doris had to get her wedding license alone—and a newspaper reporter acted as the groom-to-be's proxy.

Why is Gene Markey so peevish-looking while wifie Joan Bennett pours him a glass of Chicago beer? Expecting champagne, maybe. The apron on Gene? Oh, that's just the way they dressed the men guests

. . . and professional jokester Vince Barnett celebrated his second anniversary with Mrs. Barnett. And insists that's *not* a joke.

. . . Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, Mary Astor's hubby, is going to move his business from the East to Hollywood, because he can't bear to be away from her.

KEEP-AN-EYE-OPEN DEPT.

. . . while Thelma Todd is in London, Hubby Pasquale de Cicco is in the air, and *so* high! In Chicago, enroute abroad, Thelma told reporters that she was divorcing Pat. But in Hollywood, Pat swore he knew *nothing* about it. Meantime, from London, come reports that Alistair MacDonald, son of THE MacDonald, is beauing Thelma about Britain.

. . . what long-and-happily-married, handsome, dark, singing star is said to be all agog over Lilian Harvey?

. . . Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard still won't say either "Yes" or "No" to questions as to whether they're married—and nobody has found any evidence to support either supposition. However, Charlie is very busy outfitting an ocean-cruising yacht. Some say it's to be for their honeymoon. But there's another story: that Paulette and Charlie have been married quite a while, already; and that this marriage, like Charlie's others, has already gone haywire; and that Charlie is fitting the boat to get away from it all—*all*—*ALL!*

. . . and li'l Janet Gaynor's got Hollywood a-dither, again. Some rumors have it that she's going to marry Winfield Sheehan, biggest big-shot on the Fox lot. That's a rumor, though. Here's a fact: the other day, she was dining in a Hollywood cafe with Henry Garat. A columnist saw them, but only saw the back of Garat, mis-identified him, and printed next day that Janet had been out with Jimmy Dunn! Janet

Gary Cooper looks supercilious about Eddie Lowe's boarding house reach, while the Countess Frasso turns her head away. Up at the end of the table are Billy Haines and Kay Francis

was delighted. Because Henry is a married man, and it wouldn't have looked good. . . .

. . . and about Garat, is it true that he and his pretty young wife had a very bitter quarrel not long ago?

. . . Alan Dinehart and Mozelle Brittone (you've seen their pictures out places together, in Movie Mirror) are going to seal it. He's given her a guh-reat big pear-shaped diamond ring, but they won't name the day.

. . . probably by the time you read this, Florence Lake'll be Mrs. Jack Goode.

. . . they say Rouben Mamoulian, that foreign director, and Mona Maris are I-do-minded.

. . . John Wayne (remember The Big Trail?) is going to let Josephine Saenz call him Hubby any day now.

OL' DOC STORK'S CALENDAR:

. . . two new boys in Hollywood—

. . . one is the lad that came to Dick Arlen and Wifie Jobyna Ralston one night at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. He weighed eight-and-a-half. Because a Caesarian was necessary, Jobie had a tough fight for life for a few days—but it's all fine now.

. . . and the other's the son of Tom Moore and his wife, who used to be Eleanor Merry, also of the stage and screen. They'll call him John Thomas Moore.

. . . Edna Best (remember all the excitement when she turned down a Hollywood film rôle to return to Hubby Herbert Marshall in England?) has presented him now with a baby daughter. Born in London.

. . . it'll be any day now for Virginia Bruce and Hubby Jack Gilbert to call each other "momma" and "poppa."

. . . And some time around about August for Karen Morley and Director Charles Vidor.

Hollywood, oh gosh! Even when they open a delicatessen it's that swell. Billy Wilkerson, Hollywood publisher, has a restaurant delicatessen "The Vendome" and such a crowd as turned out for the opening

At left are Marion Nixon with Sidney Lanfield and Mrs. Lanfield; above are Kay Francis, Ken McKenna and Lilyan Tashman. All rumors about a Francis-McKenna split are off—for now, anyway.

IT'S-STILL-SWELL DEPT.

. . . while Stu Erwin was on location with "The Stranger's Return" company, seventy-five miles from Hollywood, he motored all that distance home every night, got up each morning at five to be on the location set again in time for the day's work. And June Wifie Collyer, all aglow, wants to know if *that* isn't love. . . !

. . . because it'd keep him away from Hollywood-sky-rocketing Wifie Ruby Keeler, Hubby Al Jolson has turned down New York stage offers with: "If I go into a show, I have to stay away from Ruby, and I don't like that kind of a Hollywood marriage. We'll stick together!"

. . . also mystifying Hollywood, the Weldon Heyburns. She's Greta Nissen, you know. They're married—but most of the time, not working at it. They've gotten as far as divorce lawyers, but always make up and go out lovey-doving in public before it actually gets as far as court. Not even Weldon and Greta themselves know where it'll all end, they admit.

. . . something like the Heyburn-Nissen business is the Sally Eilers-Hoot Gibson separation. Though she's in London, Hoot is spending many dollars these nights telephoning her.

. . . Glenda Farrell is keeping Hollywood a-guess, too. Two swains seem to be running neck-and-neck (and neck!) in her life. One's Jack LaRue, who looks quite a bit like Glenda's ex-sweetie Jack Durant. The other is Erwin Gelsey, red-haired movie writer.

. . . about rumors that Mary Brian is going to capitulate at last and marry Dick Powell, her best friend, June Collyer, says she'll take any and all bets. "They *won't* marry," says June, and since she pals around a lot with Mary, she ought to know.

(*Continued on page* 87)

I date the NEW CROP

Movie Mirror's Inquiring Love Reporter Starts Getting Acquainted with Hollywood's Newest Heart Throbbers

by MARQUIS BUSBY

IT seems that when I was young and healthy, and full of Vitamen A, I wrote a magazine series called "Stepping Out With The Stars." I had dates with the gilded darlings of the screen. We went places, rang doorbells, spent money like we had it, and had more DARNED fun. Or, at least I did.

Let's see now. There were Sally Eilers, before she married "Hoot"; June Collyer, before she married "Stu"; Joan Crawford, with Doug chaperoning; Helen Twelvetrees; a double-edged date with Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, during their co-starring days; Anita Page, with papa and mama chaperoning; a Sunday evening date with Jetta Goudal; Grace Moore, while she was filming "Jenny Lind"; Lupe Velez, with Gary Cooper chaperoning; a tour of the "slums" with Margaret Livingston and about $50,000 worth of jewels; and Catherine Dale Owen.

After a career like that almost any young man would be content to retire from society, and just live in his memories. I didn't see how I could possibly do any better in the future, so I just gave up to my own fireside and the Book of the Month Club. That was three years ago, and by a process of deduction, I'm three years older. You age rapidly in Hollywood. I don't know whether it's the hot climate or the gin. I didn't think I'd ever be going skittish and hey-hey again. But editors are like elephants—they never forget. Along came a telegram telling me to snap out of it, have my face lifted and start stepping with the new crop. Find out if wimmin have changed any in three years, wrote Ye Ed. As if wimmin ever really changed much in three years, or three centuries.

THE new crop? Dear me, yes. There *was* a new crop. I'd almost forgotten. Here I'd been thinking that some night I should REALLY go downtown and see Blanche Sweet in "Judith of Bethulia." Golly, I should be keeping abreast with the times. Anyway, you can't say no to an editor—not in these days. So I shaved my long, white beard, adjusted my "specs" and started looking around. AND it was then that I noticed Lilian Harvey. She's new crop. Her first American picture is yet to be released, and she's known on this side of the pond chiefly through her scintillant work in "Congress Dances."

Now I'd met Lilian Harvey at a tea, and had been intrigued.

You've gotta admit that there is SOMETHING about these European girls, even if the Hearst papers DO advocate "Buy America." Lilian is no bigger than a minute. She has fluffy, blonde hair, and deep, blue eyes. A man looks at her and thinks—"come on and be a clinging vine with me." She's as feminine as a lingerie sale. I really wouldn't mind having a date with Lilian. Me, and fifty million other guys. But I'm the boy that read "Message To Garcia." I got the date.

Don't ask me how I got it. Believe me the whole idea practically had to be set before the League of Nations. I thought maybe Congress would have to be called into extra session. But I got the date. It wasn't so much trouble in the old days, but everybody knew everyone else then. I was just a "blind date" to Lilian. After all, she'd met sixty other people at that tea, and maybe I'm just the face that wimmin forget.

I imagine in Europe that young women don't step out

Chevalier, Gary Cooper, Willy Fritsch—these are but a few of the men who have been attracted to Lilian Harvey. So our Boy Busby started his quest with Lilian. Below you see them at the Ambassador

ight." You had to be greased like channel swimmer to get across the ance floor. College Nights, in Los ngeles cafes, are taken seriously. veryone goes from Mary, aged velve, to grandma, aged seventy-al.

complete my first picture," Lillian ntist really gets started. Tomorrow hes OUT. And now I'm really

ee how one ninety-six-pound girl e loves food, and says that her ap-ke on the Fox lot.

American dishes, too," she smiled. to me, and all so good. Last week les's house. We had fried chicken, iscuits. I've never tasted anything Southern cooking."

ador is (*Continued on page 71*)

In Fifteen Year in Hollywood Thi Famous Writer Discovers Six People Who Aren't Phonies

IN the ever-changing city i make-believe that is Hollywood, there are personalitie that stand above the rest in thos qualities which endear them t all. It has been more than fiftee years since I first glimpse Hollywood Boulevard, then a stray street through a picturesque California town.

A decrepit black bus stood at the corner of Cahuenga Avenue and Hollywood Boulevard. For fifteen cents each it carried passengers to Universal City, less than four miles away. The fare was small, but there were many of us who did not have it. Erich von Stroheim, Lon Chaney and myself were once among that number.

We were all three a cheerful species of roving young vagabond, to whom life was then a gay parade at the end of which was the glittering hope of success.

A one-time life-guard who could not swim, Erich von Stroheim had arrived in Southern California with a car load o horses. He was their ambitious custodian. An intense and dominating fellow, with the heart of a child, Stroheim was quick to realize that Hollywood was the last carnival in America. Once, while waiting for the bus, he said to me in faltering English, "One chance is what I need, and I stand Hollywood on its head."

With tenacity that bordered on madness, he fought through seemingly overwhelming obstacles, until Carl Laemmle had faith in the driving Austrian with the bullet head, and allowed him to direct "Foolish Wives." Conceived and put in dramatic form by Von Stroheim, it remains, even to this day, an intelligent film.

My friendship for the Austrian, who would share his last cent with the first to ask, has remained steadfast through the changing fortunes of the years. The gods had given him much, but withheld a sense of humor. Upon that rock he long floundered on the desolate shore of Hollywood. Capable of earning a hundred thousand dollars a year, he remained out of work, while owing for the furniture in his home. He has always had my compassio and understanding. The fanatic in him is of the stuff o which great artists are made. And yet, if he can but lear with a smile, that compromise is also a part of Hollywood he will go much further, now that the middle of his lif is past.

There is something terrifying in the man's fanaticism, an also something soft in his nature as warm June weather When he directed "Greed," he was called upon to shoo scenes in a livery stable. All odors had been removed The Austrian adventurer who had reached Hollywood in a car load of horses, had the odors put back in the barn and thus became the first man on record who tried t photograph an odor.

Our friend, Lon Chaney was something different. Th son of a deaf and dumb Irish barber, he left a Colorad town and became world famous. Unlike Von Stroheim who is ever and always a showman, Chaney was the mos modest actor I have ever known. As he was generally al

Barbara Stanwyck, daughter of a Brooklyn bricklayer, is in Jim Tully's opinion, Hollywood's outstanding square shooter and she is the only woman among those mentioned!

Only Regulars

by

Jim Tully

If you want to read about one of the craziest episodes in Hollywood, read Tully's experiences with Jack Oakie, whose antics off the screen are just as amusing

ways in hideous make-up on the screen, few recognized him in private life. A cap, pulled low over his eyes, and a blue serge suit, was his favorite way of dressing. A one-time scene shifter on the stage, he belonged to a mechanics' union. To the day of his death, he kept his dues paid up.

When I emerged from obscurity with a published book, the first to send a telegram was Lon Chaney. While still living in a hall bedroom, a powerful car stopped in front of my house. Out of it stepped my two friends . . . an Irishman and an Austrian. We went over the old road we had so often traveled in the bus, which, like the lamented Chaney, has long since gone.

Late into the night we discussed the old days until we came to the career of one who made us pause.

His name was—but perhaps it is best not to tell. He had long been a wanderer like ourselves. Known as a "bindle stiff" in the vagabond fraternity, he passed Universal City, his bundle attached to the end of a stick, and thrown across his shoulder. Bindle is a corruption of the word bundle, hence the name.

Weary of wandering, he said to his comrade, "I think I'll go back to Universal and try to get a job. I'm sick of trampin' around." He got a job as extra at five dollars a day. Within two years he was a headline comedian, his name in medium letters on the billing. Later, he passed from sight.

"Have you ever heard from ——?" I asked Lon.

There was a pause, then the answer, "Once." He volunteered no more.

Several years went by. The one time comedian came to my home. Bronzed and ragged, his appearance terrified the maid at the door. We talked over the old days. "Have you seen Lon?" I asked.

"Not since he got me out of jail in S——" was the answer. He paused. "You were in Europe—I sent word to you and Lon."

A LONG story followed. Chaney had driven three hundred miles to rescue an old friend. I had seen Chaney often. He had not mentioned it to me. I thought for a moment of the majestic kindness in the great Irish screen contortionist.

"He's a square man, Jim," said the one-time comedian, "there's none squarer."

I telephoned Lon the next day. That evening, after a long search, we found our friend in a Main Street flop house.

"Won't you come with us?" asked Lon.

"No," was the reply, "I'm happier this way." He looked kindly at Lon. "You twist yourself up into knots, Lon, and you haven't got any more than me," he paused, "maybe not as much." He paused again, "I'm *free*—when I'm not in jail."

Before we left Lon asked if he might not leave enough money with the landlord to pay the one-time comedian's room rent for the rest of the winter.

"If it pleases you, Lon," was the indifferent response.

As Chaney's car roared down the sodden street, he looked away with tired eyes *(Continued on page 89)*

SEX

NOW don't go spreading this around, but Hollywood has finally learned about The Facts of Life. And as Hollywood goes—so goes the nation. Or is that Maine?

Oh, if you want to come right down to it and call a spade a SPADE, Hollywood has had an Idea for a long time. S-e-x has existed in the cinema before, but under different names—"It," "glamor," "exotic," etc. Then along came Mae West—and Came The Dawn. The gal could express more with her left hip than most cuties with twenty minutes of camera mugging and four gallons of glycerine tears. She put bosoms back into circulation. She brought back curves. She had verve and dash. She had a come-hither. She had a come-and-get-me. By golly, she had SEX.

There! The word was out. Hollywood breathed a sigh of relief. Sex had come into its own. You didn't have to call it by an Elsie Dinsmore name. A Brooklyn girl had the movie town upside down. She had sex, and, after all, there was nothing shocking about it. A wee bit naughty, maybe, but even the Hayes office couldn't object.

But it was a far cry from Lillian Gish to Mae West. Lillian was one of the screen's first sex-heroines. Oh, in a perfectly nice way, you understand. If you didn't want to think of her as a sex heroine, you didn't have to. In fact a lot of people didn't.

Countless fair maidens of these United States have copied their dress, make-up and general behavior along the lines of the latest rave of the screen. Deny it if you can. Now, what we want to know is if we're in for a flock of amateur Mae Wests. Will the college co-ed drawl through the corner of her mouth —"c'mup and zee m'some time?" Will the smart hostess wiggle her torso and say—"c'mover and I'll tell yer fortune, dearie?" We want to know, that's all. It isn't a bit unlikely, but it will be a wrench for a lot of non-professional Gretagarbos to make themselves over along Gay Ninety contours.

If you're old enough, or if you'll admit that you're old enough, you haven't forgotten when the sweet, young things were too "Gishy" for words. It was the vogue to be soulful. It was the vogue to be innocent—even if you did keep La Vie Parisienne under your pillow.

Sex was rearing its ugly head in moom pitchers even then. The chaste Lillian Gish was always getting chased by lustful villains. Always foreign villains, of course, and usually Germans, a la Eric von Stroheim. We were having a war then, and we didn't think much of Germans. Mexican villains came later. Now Hollywood has to be polite to all nations. Villains must come from some mythical country like Graustark.

The very height of early daring was reached by D. W. Griffith when he had a nasty man chase Mae Marsh in "The Birth of a Nation," and again when he revealed that Lillian Gish was going to have a b-a-b-y in "Way Down East." And not a benefit of wedlock b-a-b-y, either. The camera showed Lillian sewing on "tiny garments"—and right away the audience caught on. Which went to show

Lillian Gish (above) was always more sinned against than sinning. She meant so well—but she always got in wrong. Nothing like Jean (Hot) Harlow who went to the head of more than a million women and turned them white over night. And what she did to the watching males!!

from GISH to WEST

An Outline of IT down the Movie Ages

by *Kenneth Moore*

that even then audiences weren't so dumb about Facts of Life.

Mary Pickford was a contemporary and much greater vogue. Curls and pouts and all. Female Young America wore long curls if it killed her to put them up on rags every night. At least no girl could get a job in Hollywood if she didn't look like Mary Pickford. You had your Mary Miles Minters, your June Caprices and your Bessie Loves—but they all looked like Pickford. Curls, ruffles, sashes, cute pranks and all.

The case study of little Rose Marie Whiffleberger of Paducah is typical of the vogue America's Sweetheart had with the girls of the nation. If you still aren't convinced after reading it, get out your kodak album of a few years back, and see what your girl chums looked like.

Rose Marie Whiffleberger: Had been perfectly normal child until age of 16. Had measles, whooping cough, and strawberry rash. Loved chocolate-pecan-maraschino sundaes. Could never add 18 to 23 and get the same answer twice. At 16 saw Mary Pickford in "Daddy-Long-Legs." Changed overnight. Unbraided her hair and wore it in long curls. Pouted at mama and papa and all the boys. Played cute tricks on grandma and looked

Bara—was she bad—oooooooooh! When she took a scene she took it big. Then came Garbo, cool, reserved, but she set a world on fire

round eyed at teacher. Never lived to see the Theda Bara vogue. Pa couldn't stand her any more, and put rat poison in her oatmeal.

Things like that were happening all over the country. The Pickford vogue lasted for years. In a modified degree, Janet Gaynor still suggests it today. There has ALWAYS been a Mary Pickford on the screen. There will always be. After all, you can't expect Hollywood to give up that Cinderella scenario just like THAT.

But sex was dormant during those years. America was going back to that old story about Pharaoh's daughter finding Moses in the bull rushes. Once, Mary did skirt skittishly on the borderline in "Tess of the Storm Country." Her boy friend thought Mary had committed progeny. As it turned out she was just taking the rap for the wayward rich girl in the hilltop mansion. It did seem to be carrying the girl scout tradition a bit far. And audiences never felt that the heroine of this epoch would settle down, marry the hero and fuss over the size of the gas bill.

THE great Reformation period came just in time for a lot of girls. They were getting too old for curls and cute tricks. The advent of Theda Bara and her pals was nothing less than a Godsend. Here was a new adult model. The girls put up their curls, bought a slinky, tight-fitting black dress, wore dripping jet earrings, and learned to smoke. They forgot to pout, and became languorously mysterious. The vamp was in, and Theda Bara, by juggling the spelling, became Arab Death. Young men were puzzled over the antics of their girl friends. They thought the poor dears had choleramorbus, and all the time they were just being vampires. Every woman thought she could be a home-wrecker and a heart-breaker by reclining on a chaise lounge and letting her hair fall over her face.

It was hay-making time for brunettes in Hollywood. There were Virginia Pearson, Betty Blythe, and a little later Pola Negri. You haven't forgotten the elegant Blythe chassis in "She"? Or Theda Bara in "Salome"? Or, that arch-enchantress La Negri in "Passion"? Of course, vamps were going out by the time Pola reached Hollywood. She had to be transformed into a nice girl.

Which brings to mind another case subject, that of Maggye Twickenham of Ipswich:

Hepburn, the newest and the most interesting of the Garbo imitators, makes the sex appeal of Pola Negri's look very old-fashioned

Had been normal, happy child, although trifle astigmatized. Good at helping mama around the house. Won first prize at state fair for her currant jell. Graduated at 17. Taken to see Theda Bara movie. Changed immediately. Wore her hair in coil about her neck. "Slinked" instead of walked. Ma began to wonder who was swiping her Jockey Club. Brother missed his Home Run ciggies. Sulphur and molasses failed to help Maggye. Might have gone from bad to worse but married town plumber. Today has 11 kiddies, weighs 175 pounds, and hasn't had time to see a movie since "The Big Parade."

Sex was beginning to take some

form on the screen. Of course it was still in the amoeba stage. It wasn't even called sex. It was just being exotic. As yet, under the reign of the Misses Bara, Pearson and Blythe, it was all far away, like prosperity. And no one knew an everyday Theda Bara. The screen had still to find a practical model for the home and fireside.

Elinor Glyn didn't help much, but she did think of a new word. Aileen Pringle, in "Three Weeks," through no fault of her own, was just a slightly more creditable Theda Bara. She DID make leopard skins fashionable, and that bed of gardenias was PRETTY snappy. But Madam Glyn had Hollywood in a dither. Elinor had a word for it. "It." Moddom had "It," and she could look at you and tell you whether or not you had "It." Two people in Hollywood were lucky. Clara Bow and Rex, the King of Wild Horses had "It"—and please don't mind my calling Rex "people."

So with a hey-non-nonny the flapper vogue, which had been simmering along for some time, became a conflagration. It came too late for the girls who had struggled through both the Pickford and the Bara regimes. Some of them tried to be flappers, but it was no go. They had to take up Freud or hook-rugs to pass the time away. Otherwise they looked downright silly. It was, however, duck soup for the new generation of American girls. The war was over and WHOOPEE! Clara Bow stayed out all night in her pictures and raised Heck. So would the rest of the girls. Hair was bobbed along the lines of La Bow's cyclone-tossed red tresses. If that wasn't the ticket, there was Colleen Moore's Dutch bob to emulate. Along came Sally O'Neil, Joan Crawford, Alice White, and no end of cuties.

SKIRTS reached above the knees. Stockings were rolled. Orchestras, accent on the brass, blared forth the Charleston and the Black Bottom. The gals wanted racing cars, the single standard, gin, more gin, Warner Fabian novels, and some gin. Parents turned gray prematurely. The press wrote editorials. The pulpit thundered denunciation, but there was no stopping flaming youth. The case subject of Jenny Corntassel of Sioux Falls is typical of those times of storm and stress:

> Had never been considered "just right." Never was known to have a perfectly clean neck. Knew all the traveling salesmen stories. Favorite movie star, Buck Jones. Couldn't STAND Mary Miles Minter. No one knew where she learned to swear. Washing her mouth out with soap didn't help. Said—"blankety-blank soap tasted like blankety-blank." Saw Clara Bow movie and grew worse rapidly. Bobbed her hair and hennaed it. Wouldn't wear stockings. Talked about "sheiks." Won cup for Charleston. Drank wood alcohol one night. R.I.P.

The flapper vogue swept the country as none had done before or since. It was just as (*Continued on page 92*)

And finally—and wowing them hardest—West. You'll never see Mae playing "Little Lord Fauntleroy" as Pickford did. Curves are Mae's forte, not curls

keeping up with myself

by LEE TRACY

"WHAT—you mean that I'm to tell ALL? Actually break down and tell ALL about my life? You'll have to get out a road map and a railway time table to keep up with all the moves. It's worse than a chess game. The Tracy's moved often, even if they did pay their rent. And don't expect a flock of hot romances. I'm no sheik in the first place. In the second place I made up my mind very early in the game that he travels fastest who travels alone. Don't get me wrong. I think matrimony is a grand institution. But in my opinion an actor should stay single. A little later on in the story—when I'm really warmed up to the subject—I'll tell you why.

"Home to me is a place where I hang my hat, and they bring back my laundry. When I move I can practically do it with a suitcase and a couple of sacks. And no wonder! My father was a railroad man, and as promotions came along we moved from one city to another, and from one railroad to the next. My kid days were a hodge-podge collection of experiences in Atlanta, Louisville, Kansas City and St. Louis. In telling about them, just as likely as not, I get incidents mixed. Something that I think happened in Louisville probably happened in Kansas City. I do remember that Kansas City was a distinct disappointment to me. I was 10 years old and I thought it was 'way out west, that it had a stockade around it, and Indians were liable to take pot-shots at you.

"The Tracy offspring—I'm all there is, by the way—first saw the light of day on April 14 in a house at 99 Capitol Square, Atlanta, Georgia. The State Capitol building was across the street, but I can't tell you much more about Atlanta. Before I was six we packed our Lares and Penates and moved on. I can remember one snowstorm down there, most "unusual" for Atlanta. My father, however, had a very decided recollection of that city. A friend of his approached him with the idea of being one of four men to invest $5,000 in a new soft drink concoction. An Asa Candler was at the head of it. After a lot of discussion, pro and con, father and mother decided that it wasn't a good risk. Well, you know what happened to Coco-Cola and Asa Candler.

"Maybe it was a good thing for me that father didn't invest the $5,000. We'd been as rich as bootleggers, and I probably wouldn't have amounted to a doggone. I'd just have sat back, drunk Coco-Cola and had my pictures in the Sunday Supplements.

"MY next four years were spent in Louisville, and I hope the citizens of that romantic, old city won't feel offended if I admit I don't remember much of that either. I did confuse the neighbor kids by telling them that I was part Indian. They must have wondered how I came by the blond hair and blue eyes, but it did entitle me to considerable respect.

"Oh, yes, the first play I saw was in Louisville. It was something, I think, that was called "The Man Behind The Gun." It was a blood-curdler for sure. The big punch came at the end of the third act—all self-respecting plays had four acts in those days. It was on the deck of a ship. Mutiny was going on. And how! The stalwart hero shouted to the mob—"you won't tear this flag down because we Americans fight like Hell." I loved it, 'cussing' and all, but I can't say that then and there the desire to act was born in my young bosom. I never thought of such a thing, and if I had Mother would probably have put arsenic in my Grape Nuts. That was the big treat of my life. When I was especially good, which probably wasn't too often, I got Grape Nuts as a reward.

"The next jump—oh, the Tracys did get around and see things—was to Kansas City. Four more years there. (*Continued on page* 93)

Studies in the Tracy map from then till now. Across the page right now and at the dandy age of six. Up yonder, with my nurse (ah, yes, I had a nurse); at twelve in my first baseball suit (I knocked 'em dead); in 1917 when I went into the army; and — big moment — my first encounter with the telephone

Constance Bennett *Gives the* LOW DOWN *on* Constance Bennett

THEY have Constance Bennett on the pan again. Or is it still?

Immediately the Marquis de la Coudray left for Honolulu on his new picture-making expedition rumors started flying. Gossip had it that Constance, finding Gilbert Roland exciting, wanted her husband out of the way.

I do not know whether or not Constance is seriously intrigued by the handsome Mexican. And I very much doubt that anyone else knows. She is one of the few picture people who manage not to spend their entire lives in the spotlight.

If she is intrigued I, for one, am not surprised. I don't see her settling down indefinitely with any one man. With Constance herself I feel the past is the best measuring stick we have for the future. And young as she is, Constance already has been married three times.

Undoubtedly Roland has great attraction and great charm. Long after he and Norma Talmadge had called quits, following their romantic interlude which lasted longer than many modern marriages, Norma continued to talk of him with a warmth and admiration which she made no attempt whatever to conceal.

"I'm much richer," she told me one rainy day when we fell to discussing the tremendous influence love plays in a women's life, "because I've known Gilbert."

The part of these current Hollywood rumors that I most decidedly do not believe is that Constance is two-timing anyone, that she financed her husband's picture-making expedition to get him out of the way. She simply isn't made like that. She simply isn't put together that way. She might hurt Falaise taking her love where she found it, telling him point blank how things stood. But she wouldn't play around when his back was turned. She's too darn proud to cast herself in any such miserable rôle, to force herself into any such undesirable corner.

It is, in fact, because Constance refuses to beat around the bush that she eternally leaves herself open to criticism. Some future day when she has taken even more punishment for being straightforward and refusing to hedge she may learn to dissemble. She is still very young. Life rubs the bright

Here's Connie in several of her many moods. Hollywood's little Marquise is a genuine aristocrat. There's been many a false thing said about her. In this story she gives you the truth about herself

By

Adele Whitely Fletcher

courage from some more slowly than it does from others.

A short time ago a publicity man rushed to Constance with a magazine in which an interview with her appeared. It made her very grand, this interview. She would like it. Of this he felt sure. He waited until she had finished it, until she handed the magazine back to him with a much amused smile.

"Swell story, isn't it?" he asked.

"A *very* swell story," Constance said. "And what is known as swell publicity too, I'm sure. But you may as well know I'm no more like what I'm pictured here than I am the egotistical, arrogant hussy other writers have painted me."

SITTING with Constance in the living-room of her studio suite one morning shortly after this little episode occurred I asked her exactly what she did think she was like. And, suddenly, smooth and poised and self-assured and confident as she is, she turned very young and very shy.

Here, undoubtedly, lies a great part of her appeal. For men anyway. Here, undoubtedly, is the feminine softness in her sophisticated veneer which makes a man feel the powerful, protective male. And fetches him!

(*Continued on page* 81)

A Comedy Drama of Love and Laughter

Starring
MARIE DRESSLER
and
WALLACE BEERY

Tugboat Annie

Copyright, 1933, by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
From the Saturday Evening Post stories, "Tugboat Annie," "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," or "A Nickel or a Million" and "Spareribs and Sauerkraut" by Norman Reilly Raine.
Fictionization by Constance Brighton.

CAST

Tugboat Annie	Marie Dressler
Terry	Wallace Beery
Alec	Robert Young
Pat	Maureen O'Sullivan
Red Severn	Willard Robertson
Shif'less	Tammany Young
Pete	Jack Kennick
Sam	Paul Hurst

(Directed by Mervyn LeRoy)

IT was a clear, sunny day. In the busy harbor of Secoma, tugs and scows ploughed puffingly through the blue-gray waters of the Pacific. A medley of whistles split the air at intervals. Aboard the tug "Narcissus," excitement ran high. It touched Sam, the grimy, slouching engineer and Shif'less, the squatty, goodnatured deck hand. It touched even more the bulky, baggily clad figures and the bronzed, lined faces of Tugboat Annie Brennan and her husband, Captain Terry Brennan.

The Brennans were more than just excited. They were bursting with pride. They kept looking at a newspaper that announced the imminent arrival of the coastal steamer "Glacier Queen" on her maiden voyage. They looked oftener at the photograph of Alec Brennan, captain of this magnificent new liner. Alec's handsome young face was smiling slightly. His hand was raised to the peak of his cap in salute.

"Terry," Annie's voice was rough. It tried unsuccessfully to hide the emotion that consumed her. "Our boy's the youngest ship's captain on the Pacific Coast."

"Yeah," Terry grinned expansively, his stubby growth of whiskers scampering into goodnatured wrinkles. "And he's bringing in the finest ship Red Severn's got."

Annie slid a thick finger beneath her nose and sniffed with pleasure. Her keen eyes softened, seeing back—back to when Captain Alec Brennan was a little shaver learning the elementals of the mariner's art from her. To the times when she had told him that one day he'd be the best mariner on the Pacific Coast. And now he was the best—and captain of the finest liner.

Off shore, a telephone rang and a man's voice called: "Hey, Annie—the 'Glacier Queen's' bearing up on the point."

Annie came to life. Her voice boomed an order to the engineer. "Sam, get under way!"

Terry ambled off to take charge of the wheel. The engines of the tug throbbed. The "Narcissus" swung out into the harbor bound for the lad, now grown-up, who had once played and worked on her decks and who was now commanding the liner that she would tow to the pier. The arrival of the "Glacier Queen" was mostly a Brennan party.

Alec Brennan thought so as he stood in the chartroom of his ship, tall and handsome, immaculate and trim in his captain's uniform with the four rows of gold braid on his sleeve. He stood smiling tenderly at the lovely, dark faced girl beside him . . . Patricia Severn, natty and smart in sports clothes.

Pat returned his gaze solemnly. "Captain Brennan," she decided, "since you have piloted this vessel on her maiden voyage without any major mishaps, I hereby stamp and affix my seal of approval." She gestured grandly.

Alec's long arms reached for the girl, swept her close. "You darling."

"Kinda like me a little?" she twinkled.

"Kinda," he admitted, "though why I should I don't know."

"Why not, please?" with some show of indignation.

He laughed down into her dark, uplifted eyes. "When I think of the gangly, long-legged little brat who used to sass me from the deck of your father's tug!"

"Stop thinking," she cautioned.

Alec rested his cheek against her smooth hand. "I wonder what your father is going to say about us getting engaged. After all, you *are* Patricia Severn, the daughter of one of the biggest ship owners on the Coast and—"

"My father," Pat interrupted, humorously, "will probably thank God that if his precious daughter had to fall in love she picked on the crack captain of his whole darn steamship line."

"I hope that's the way he'll bless us," Alec sighed.

In the distance, a tug whistle blasted hoarsely and Alec turned eagerly to the door. "That's mother."

"Is it?" the girl drawled. "Doesn't sound like her voice as I remember it."

"Idiot," endearingly.

Pat squeezed his arm. "Your mother is a grand person, darling."

"They don't come any better," he declared. "She doesn't know it yet, Pat, but docking my ship today is going to be her last job. I want to make things easy for her now that I can. Come on out on deck. We'll whistle hello to her."

Aboard the "Narcissus," in the wheelhouse, Annie was fairly hopping up and down in her excitement. "There she is," she shouted to Terry. "There she is! Get off me foot, ye ox!"

"Lemme see, then," Terry strove eagerly to see over her shoulder. "Do ye think you're made o' cellophane?"

Annie moved to one side and together they gazed at the stirring sight of the white liner coming into view from around a bluff and sweeping majestically down the Sound. She sounded her whistle.

"Who-o-o-ops!" Terry gloated, pulling on the whistle cord above his head. "Sure, and it's a glorious day for the Brennans," and flinging his arms around Annie he planted a smacking kiss on her plump cheek.

"Go 'way, ye big ape," Annie, covering her delight with roughness, pushed Terry away and scrubbed her cheek with her cuff. "Kissin' me! Anybody'd think you'd been drinkin'."

"Who, me?" Terry, a man who fancied his liquor, was properly injured at the accusation. "Is that a nice thing to say to a feller who ain't had a drop in five weeks?"

Annie beamed on him fondly. "Alec'll be that proud o' ye."

"AND wait 'till he hears I ain't goin' to touch another drop as long as I live." Terry slapped his chest to emphasize this large promise. "Few men's got the guts to quit cold like I done."

"Ain't that the truth?" Annie agreed. "Hustle now, and get on a clean shirt and yer other pants. Ye're the finest lookin' hooligan on the water-front when ye're all sprazzed up. Many's the time Alec's said to me: 'When pop's in his Sunday best ye could easy mistake him for a gent.'"

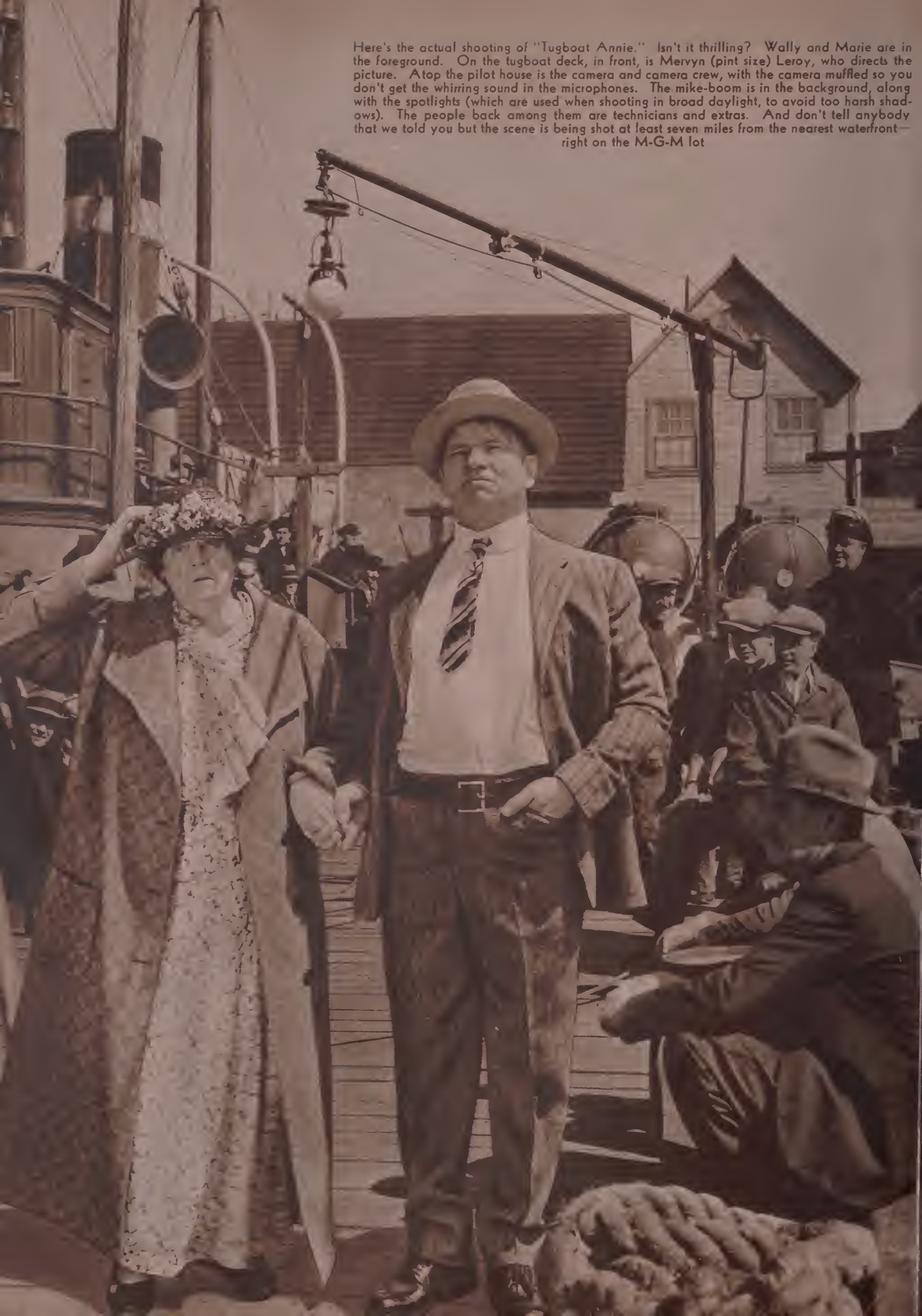
Terry beamed his gratification. "He always was one to notice. Yep, we got to do the kid up proud. Show him where he gets his good looks, eh? And me on the wagon, too."

Annie took the wheel. Her hard, weather-beaten face softened in a beautiful smile as she watched the liner approach. She reached for the whistle cord again and gave a gay little toot. Saluting whistles from the other boats in the harbor also greeted the "Glacier Queen."

Annie leaned toward the window and shouted to a deck hand: "Stand by to heave the line, Pete, when I come about."

Downstairs in the cabin, Terry progressed nicely with his dressing until he began to put hair tonic on his few unruly locks. The tonic trickled down his cheek. Terry's tongue

Annie Brennan could keep her son and her tugboat straight—but keeping Terry Brennan straight was something else again



Here's the actual shooting of "Tugboat Annie." Isn't it thrilling? Wally and Marie are in the foreground. On the tugboat deck, in front, is Mervyn (pint size) Leroy, who directs the picture. Atop the pilot house is the camera and camera crew, with the camera muffled so you don't get the whirring sound in the microphones. The mike-boom is in the background, along with the spotlights (which are used when shooting in broad daylight, to avoid too harsh shadows). The people back among them are technicians and extras. And don't tell anybody that we told you but the scene is being shot at least seven miles from the nearest waterfront—right on the M-G-M lot

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neatly lapped up the trickle. A surprised look came over his face. He looked longingly at the tonic bottle, looked away, looked back, reached for the bottle and, lifting it to his lips, indulged in a long drink. The taste of the alcohol in the tonic proved too tempting. Terry finished the bottle and his ruin. He was gloriously, staggeringly drunk, and, blind to what he was doing, he began solemnly to undress.

From the wheelhouse, Annie piloted the tug in a graceful arc alongside the big liner. On the bridge of the liner, Alec and Pat stood together, watching the tug.

Alec Brennan was the youngest ship's captain on the Pacific Coast. He was handsome and young and he was in love with Patricia Severn who came from fine people

Annie had tried to entertain Patricia and her father, had tried to show off for her son, but Terry had spoiled it all by getting beautifully boiled

"Nice work, eh?" Alec remarked.

"You bet!" Pat enthused.

Alec espied his mother, smiled happily, and waved. Annie waved back with a pull on the whistle cord.

"I don't see my father," Alec said, looking anxiously over the tug.

Annie didn't either. She yelled to Pete to go down and hurry Terry up. Under the tug's piloting, the liner was close to the wharf now. A band played gaily. A welcoming crowd fluttered handkerchiefs and cheered. Alec, on the bridge, turned and raised his hand in a signal. There was a short blast from the liner's whistle and at this auspicious moment of docking, Annie, still missing Terry, hurried down to the cabin to see what delayed him.

An expression of mingled horror, anger, and disappointment swept her face as she saw her spouse staggering about the cabin clad only in his shorts, vest, and hat. "You're drunk!" she snapped.

"You're right," Terry replied thickly. "You're always right, Annie."

Annie put her hand in the middle of his chest and with one mighty heave sent him backward onto the floor, turned without a word, slammed the door behind her, locked it securely, and stalked out to the pier where the committee was welcoming her son to shore.

Alec was replying to the Mayor's speech: "You've given us a generous welcome, sir, and we'll try to deserve it."

There was a round of applause. Annie grinned delightedly and advanced to greet Mr. Severn with: "Congratulations, you pink-eyed old snoozer."

"Mom!" Alec gasped.

"Get out with you," Annie retorted, shaking Severn's hand warmly. "Only yesterday him and me were fightin' each other for business—him on his tug and me on mine."

Severn smiled. "Glad to see you, Annie."

"How do you do, Mrs. Brennan," Pat greeted.

Annie's gustiferous warmth included the girl. "Well, well—if you ain't growed up as pretty as a picture."

"Where's Terry?" Severn asked.

Annie shot a sidelong glance at her son. "He was that full of enthusiasm he forgot there was a ladder from the wheel house to the main deck, an' he bravely suffered the sprain of a leg."

Alec's face became grim. He knew what enthusiasm meant in his father.

"However," Annie went on glibly, "he sent his regards and hopes that some day you an' his Honor an' the board of Aldermen'll drop down an' have a dish of tea with us."

Severn concealed a smile. "Thank you very much, Annie."

"I hope your invitation included me," Pat put in.

"It did that," Annie beamed.

"When can I come?"

Annie was pleased. "Ain't you the nice girl."

Alec spoke: "*We* think so."

Annie, looking from one to the other as Pat laughed up at Alec, got the situation and approved it. "Tomorrow night," she invited. "We'll have a little supper on board the "Narcissus" and I'll promise you the finest mess of spareribs and sauerkraut you ever heaved below hatches."

"Will Mr. Brennan be all right by then?" Pat asked innocently.

At which inappropriate minute, a voice yelled: "Annie—hey, Annie!"

An awful look of apprehension came over Annie's face as she stared in the direction of the familiar voice. Her worst fears were answered, for Terry, drunk, reeling, and happy, pushed through the crowd to the little group, shouting:

"Annie, I want to tell you somethin'. I'm goin' to sign the pledge in the mornin'. I give you my word I'll never take another drink as long as I live."

And as Alec and Annie stood stricken with mortification, Terry's knees buckled under him and he crashed, grinning, to a sitting position on the deck.

It was the next evening. Annie labored lovingly over a huge pot of sauerkraut and spareribs. Her face was hot and flushed as she *critically* tasted the savory mess. An immense apron protected the Sunday-best dress she was wearing.

Annie remembered something. "Be sure," she instructed the Chinese cook, "and put the cup without the handle at my place. Where's that rum flavorin'?"

The cook handed the bottle to her: "Here, Missy Brennan."

Annie gripped the bottle firmly. "I'll hide it so Terry won't be makin' no foxy paws." She stowed it in the flour bin. "One o' these days Terry'll drink a glass o' water thinkin' it's gin and die o' shock." She hitched up her apron and consulted the watch pinned on her breast. "Oh, my goodness," startled at the lateness of the hour. "Ter-rr-ree!"

The table in the cabin was set for four. Terry, completely dressed except for his collar, stood with his back to the door leading to the deck, one eye out for Annie. Apparently safe, he reached out and took several nuts from a dish, popped them into his mouth, and started chewing. Terry's gaiety at once proclaimed that he had been drinking.

Annie entered the messroom, fixed the cringing Terry with a baleful eye, and stalked slowly after him, hands on hips. Terry slunk swiftly toward the opposite door to the deck, spitting the nuts out into his hands and showing them to Annie with:

"I was seein' if they had worms in 'em."

"Think ye're a nutpecker, I s'pose," Annie snapped. "Come here!"

Terry lifted a protecting elbow to his ear. "Aw, Annie, I was jest—"

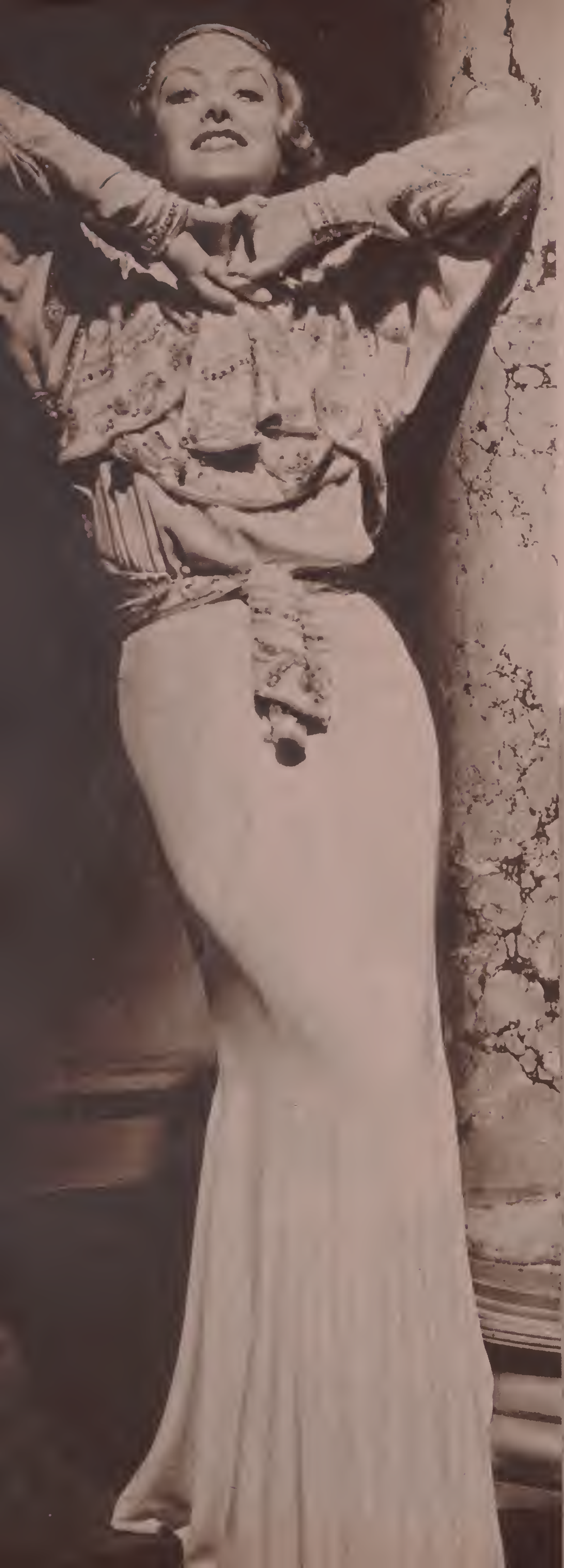
"Ye was jest up to your usual clap-stick!" Annie cuffed him vigorously. "C'mere!" She pulled him to her and like a flash put her hands on his hip pockets. No bottles there. Annie was satisfied. "All right. Well, where's yer collar?"

"Aw, Annie," Terry protested. "It ain't a formal party."

"No?" she glared. "I s'pose

(*Continued on page 75*)

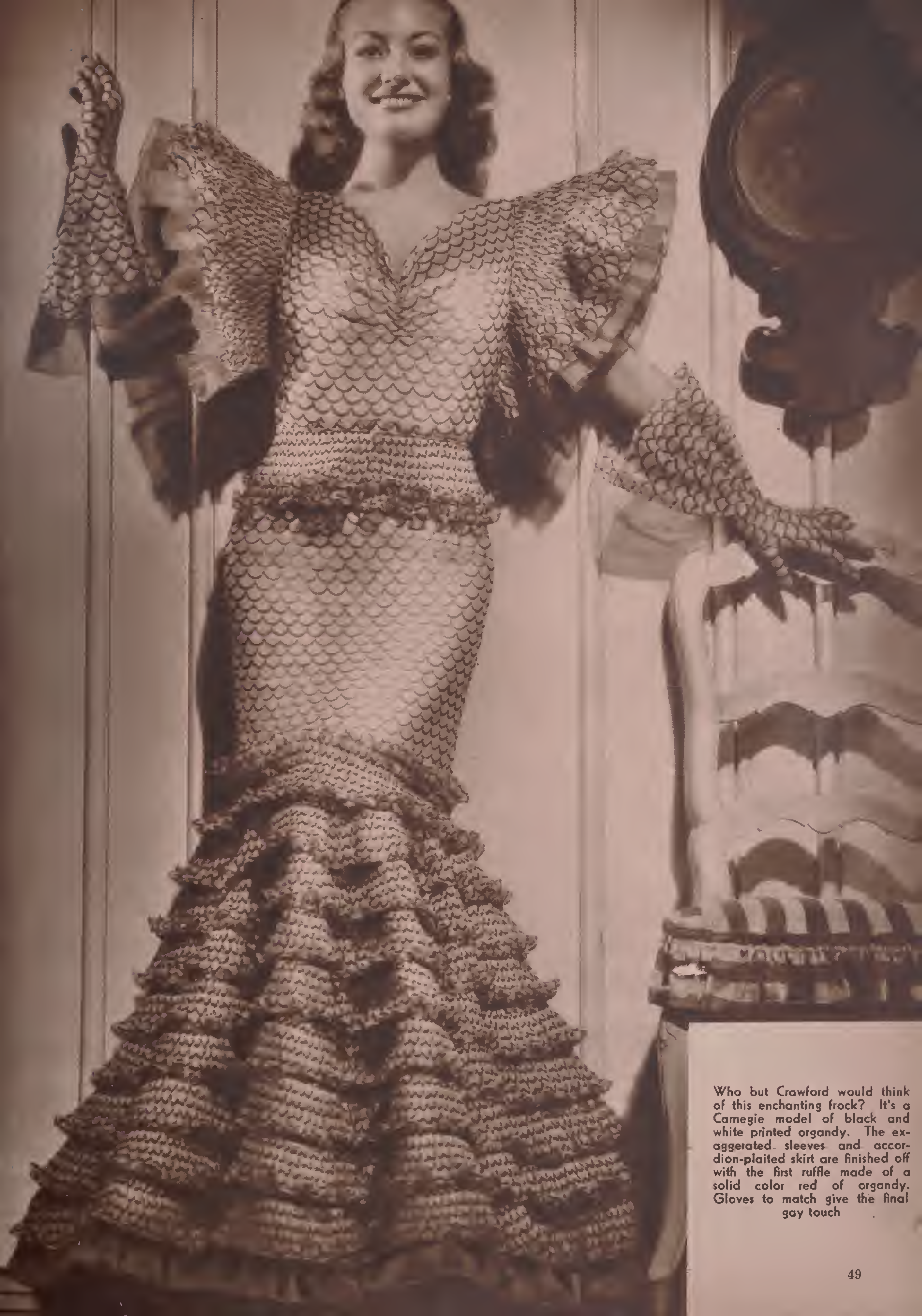
Her son had told Annie she must either give up him or his father. Annie didn't hesitate. She stuck by Terry



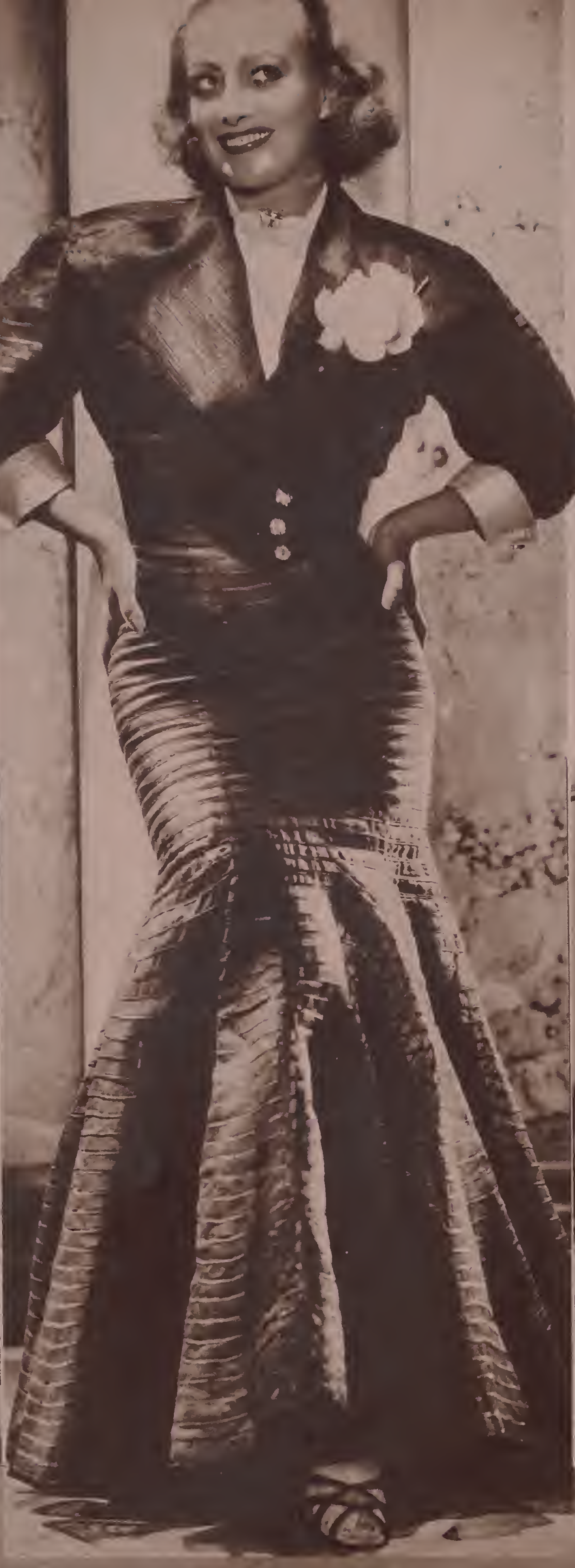
Crawford's Clothes

The vivid Joan glorifies the Summer in frocks and fashions distinctly her own

Joan chooses white for evening wear (to contrast with her sun-tanned skin) in heavy crepe; a form fitting gown with the waist heavily embroidered in tiny mirrors and silver bugle beads. The way to keep on those little pancake hats, Joan says, is to pull them straight down over the left eyebrow and make that hold 'em

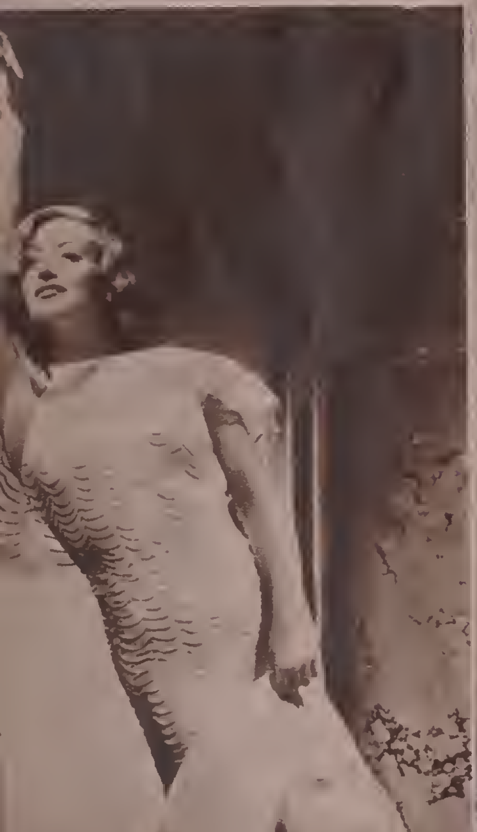


Who but Crawford would think of this enchanting frock? It's a Carnegie model of black and white printed organdy. The exaggerated sleeves and accordion-plaited skirt are finished off with the first ruffle made of a solid color red of organdy. Gloves to match give the final gay touch

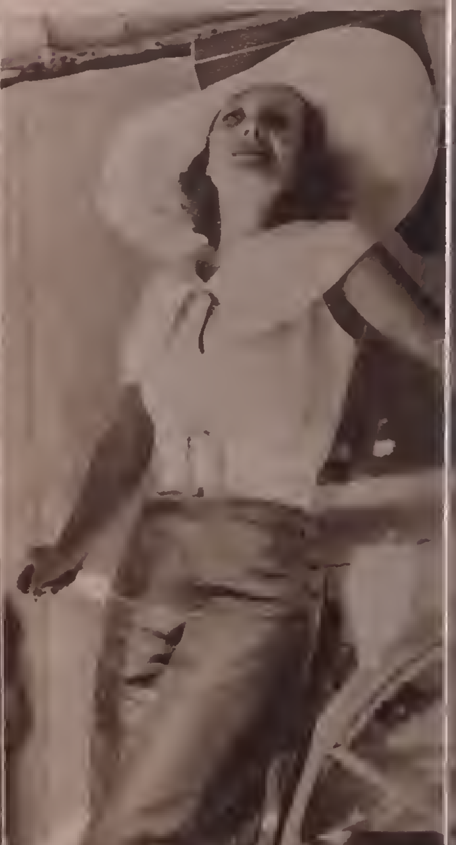


Lady of the evening! Joan is a vision of beauty in black organdy with puffed sleeves and a circular skirt, and a little matching jacket. The material is striped with stitched braid. The white cuffs of the jacket reach just below the elbow. A white satin scarf, a jeweled clip, and Joan's ever-present gardenia complete the ensemble. And note the way the girl is wearing her hair!

This gown is most enchanting. White pique binding is hand-sewed on in scallops to a form-fitting white organdy frock with its cape-like collar



Beach pajamas in linen with dark blue trousers and a white sleeveless blouse and a huge brass buckle at the waistline. The cartwheel hat of linen is very chic



Adrienne Ames

And this cute little number is Adrienne Ames. You know Adrienne, the beautiful little rich girl who's willing to sacrifice society, home life and such if only she can become a great big dramatic actress. Paramount really believes she will. So do we, for the girl is getting better every performance. And imagine being dramatic with that face and that figure—hey, Garbo!

Gary COOPER Tries to get Free

by HELEN WARREN

GARY COOPER has just moved to a new ranch home.. Which means that Gary is once more trying to find himself. Whenever Gary finds life and circumstances hemming him in, getting out of control, he moves from wherever he is to some new place.

The first time, when he discovered that Hollywood was dominating him, he tried to escape by going on his European and African jaunt. He knew that while making pictures he had gotten away from reality. With his underlying naiveté he believed that he could find it by shooting lions in Africa.

Then Gary thought he could find himself by going in for culture and society. While abroad, Gary met cultured and aristocratic people, learned that there was a world outside of Hollywood, and allowed himself to be taken up in a big way by the Count and Countess di Frasso.

After he came back from abroad, with his new sophistication, his new veneer of Continental manner and point of view, his new clothes—and the Count and Countess di Frasso for his neighbors—Gary became Hollywood's leading social light. Mary Pickford and the Countess helped him to plan his parties and served as co-hostesses when he entertained. Those parties came to be known as Hollywood's smartest affairs, and they furnished yards and yards of copy for columnists all over the country.

Now abruptly, Gary Cooper is sick of all that and is trying to find himself through the simple life. He feels the necessity to get away from it all. That's why he has leased a ranch.

"Y'know," he told me, "I think it was the telephone that got me, really. Day and night the dam' thing rang. I didn't have to answer it, of course. But I could hear it. Automobile salesmen, real estate men, people with antiques to sell, people to beg, people to promote. Old 'friends.' Friends of friends. People who wanted jobs. People who thought they could act. Invitations . . . well, you know how it goes when a man gets himself into a spot like that! If you give my new address or telephone number to anyone, I'll strangle you!"

So you see, Gary is in revolt again. This time he thinks he is rebelling against the social life. A little incident that occurred when Gary was moving illustrates that.

His mother—that sensible, devoted, gray-haired mother—was supervising the packing of furniture of the Beverly Hills house. A servant came in to announce that someone wanted Gary on the phone.

"He isn't here," said Mrs. Cooper, raising a flushed face from her task. "Who is asking for him?"

"It's Mary Pickford, Mrs. Cooper."

"Well, tell Miss Pickford that Mr. Cooper is out. He is moving into his new home—and your orders are not to give his new telephone or address to *anyone.*"

Mrs. Cooper returned her brisk attention to the wrapping of china, while a startled manservant relayed her message over the telephone.

So Gary has his new ranch, far from the Hollywood razzle-dazzle, away out on the edge of things. . . .

It is not a large ranch. It boasts six acres of walnut trees and a chicken house with real chickens

The tall Montana boy, after being the greatest social hit in Hollywood, is now trying to go back to the simple life on his ranch

clucking away in it for dear life. Gary tells me that he plans to buy a cow! The house is rambling and Spanish. There is a patio and a swimming pool and a sardonic, carved wooden Indian guards the entrance. The walnut groves slope to green and uninhabited hills. There is a high wall around the "estate" and the whole is fifteen minutes from the studio in Gary's green and yellow and chromium car. Not very remote. Not exactly a hermitage. . . . Yet. . . .

"Bus loads of tourists can't stop out in front and peer in at me," says Gary. "I can be alone, if I choose. I have discovered a terrific need to be alone part of the time. I am out in the valley, now—away from the atmosphere of Beverly Hills and Hollywood. It has the feeling of the country. . . .

"I have discovered that I can't work and play at the same time. I am tired, for the present, of games and fancy dress and the rattle of cocktail shakers. I have to have time to think, to take stock of myself and to discover where I am going from here.

"You've no idea what it means to me to be able to lie out there in the sun and look away toward those hills! Alone. . . ."

WHILE he was talking I remembered suddenly a telephone conversation I had heard while I was sitting in his dressing room a few weeks ago. There seemed to be a slight argument about a week-end trip. When would Gary be able to get away from the studio? Gary didn't know. They had better go on without him and he would come when—and if—he could. More argument. He replaced the receiver at last with a desperate expression. "*Why* won't people let you do what you *want to do?*" he inquired of the surrounding atmosphere. Life and circumstance were closing in on him then. . . .

You see, Gary deliberately and determinedly experiments with living. There is in him what he himself terms "a gypsy strain" which makes him chafe at any sort of restraint of a personal nature. The house he had in Beverly was a symbol to him of a new independence. It was the first place of his very own that he had ever occupied. He could furnish it as he liked, entertain in it as he wanted to do. . . . Gary thought that the house-by-himself would mean freedom to him. He found, after a time, that it meant no such thing. The entertaining which was such fun at first brought with it a trail of obligations. The group of playfellows who meant so much to him made their own demands upon his time, his attention, his energy. The demands which come with a much-publicized (*Continued on page 79*)

Movie Mirror gives you the first glimpse of Gary's new home, taken by our own staff photographer. This is the swimming pool

Gary has this wooden Indian on the front porch to scare off visitors

It's no simple little ranch, you'll notice. It's very beautiful, spacious and expensive

Gary Cooper is naturally shy—and just as naturally charming. And he's constantly becoming a better actor

MOVIES

by HARRY LANG

(Check✓ for good pictures. Double check✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss)

●

It's the big screen musical comedy of the summer, "Gold Diggers of 1933" and you just mustn't miss it

"The Story of Temple Drake" is gloomy and morbid and not worthy of Miriam Hopkins' good acting

You'll want to see "Dinner at Eight" for its all-star cast

NICE pictures this month—no great big splashy ones but good entertainment all through. Best recommendations are—for sheer entertainment, "Gold Diggers of 1933"; for sexcitement, Harlow and Gable in "Hold Your Man"; for fine casting, "Dinner at Eight" (again that Harlow girl scores); for a story about just regular folks, "Hold Me Tight."

The big star pictures are a bit disappointing—Sylvia Sidney's "Jennie Gerhardt," Connie Bennett's "Bed of Roses," Dick Barthelmess' "Heroes for Sale." All suffer from story trouble.

Individual honors go to Marie Dressler and Harlow in "Dinner at Eight"; Harlow in "Hold Your Man"; Dick Powell in "Gold Diggers"; Dunn and Eilers in "Hold Me Tight"; newcomer Pert Kelton in "Bed of Roses"; Loretta Young in "Midnight Mary."

✓✓Gold Diggers of 1933 (Warners)

You'll See: *Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, Aline McMahon, Ginger Rogers, Dick Powell, Warren William, Guy Kibbee, Ned Sparks, others—and some guh-rand chorines.*

It's About: *Back-stage and chorus-girl-romance stuff, in high comedy tempo, against a magnificent music-and-spectacle background.*

Did you like "42nd Street"? Well then, you'll *love* this. It has virtually everything the other had, plus . . . !

There's a main story. Scion of wealth, liking song-writing, goes into musical show, falls in love with chorus girl. His Boston family send brother and lawyer to dissuade him. Complications, and the emissaries are taken for a ride by two hard-boiled chorus-gals to teach them a lesson.

But never mind the story. What counts is the way the whole thing is screen-told. More musicals like this, and to blazes with the depression!

High Spots: Ginger Rogers' pig-latin chorus; Ruby Keeler's amazingly get-into-your-heart simplicity and charm; the sheer beauty of the violin chorus number; the high thrill of the crashing Forgotten Man finale; the laugh-finish of the lovely Petting in the Park sequence; Dick Powell's singing. Song hits: Petting in the Park, the Torch Song, Forgotten Man.

Your Reviewer Says: Unreservedly guaranteed as first-rate entertainment.

# of the MONTH

For Children: Quite all right, even though there are a few of those—uh—gags.

✓✓Hold Me Tight (Fox)

You'll See: *Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn, June Clyde, Frank McHugh, Kenneth Thomson, Noel Francis, Dorothy Peterson, Clay Clement.*

It's About: *The love-lives of two young couples who work behind big-store counters—and how they make good.*

"Human" is the word for this picture. Of course, it builds up to a melodramatic climax with robbery and heroism and all that—but for the most part, it's a down-to-earth, inside-their-hearts picture of the little things in the lives of a group of young kids—the ones next door, or next to you in the street car . . . It's the sort of stuff, in short, you like to see Sally and Jimmy in, and they give you all you ask, in this.

For sobs and laughs, the bickerings and makings-up of the two lovers is great stuff. Many of you'll sit in the theater and nudge your partner and say: "Like us, huh?" As the other couple, McHugh and June Clyde turn in grand stuff, with high comedy suddenly sheering off in tragedy as June tries suicide. Incidentally, June Clyde, half-crazy with appendicitis during the shooting of this film, wouldn't quit and go to the hospital until the picture was done. She risked death, actually!

Your Reviewer Says: For those many fans who like homespun, everyday stuff, worked up into thrill-climax, this is a sure bet. For those fans that prefer their entertainment in pictures more sophisticated, this won't click.

For Children: O-kay! They'll probably enjoy it, too.

✓✓Hold Your Man (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Stuart Erwin, Dorothy Burgess, Inez Courtney, others.*

It's Ab *The romance of a reform-school gal.*

Ever since "Red Dust," you fans have been clamoring for another Harlow-Gable picture. Okeh, then—here it is. And it's everything you wanted . . . ! There's this difference, though: in "Red Dust," Jean and Clark split the honors just about fifty-fifty, didn't they? Well, in this one, it's all Jean's, with Gable having comparatively little of the story. Yet that little is guh-rand.

The story is about a bad girl into whose apartment Gable, bad boy, ducks to escape arrest. So they fall in love. Not being nice people, they try a badger game. It goes wrong, and by accident, the intended goat becomes a corpse instead, and Gable flees again. The girl, caught, goes to reform school. Here the real "meat" of the picture starts—because those reform-school scenes are brilliantly done. Not alone Jean's stuff, but the work of the entire group of girls and women cast in those scenes, is fine. Eventually, just as she's about to be a mother, it's managed that Gable and Jean marry—and after they've each done their bit behind bars, the three of them start life over again.

Best sequence: The marriage in the prison chapel, while the guards batter at the door. Melodious interpolation: A musical number, "Hold Your Man." Good laughs: Inez Courtney's sparkling bits of wit will tickle you.

Your Reviewer Says: Unsugar-coated entertainment with a kick.

For Children: Leave them home.

Not quite Grade A but very funny is Ginger Rogers' "Professional Sweetheart"

Meant to be a great depression story, "Heroes for Sale" doesn't altogether click

Gay and joyous, fast-moving and colorful is "Melody Cruise," RKO's musical comedy

Swell airshots, good acting in "Flying Devils" get lost under feeble dialogue

✓The Circus Queen Murder (Columbia)

You'll See: *Greta Nissen, Adolphe Menjou, Ruthelma Stevens, Donald Cook, Dwight Fry.*

It's About: *A famous detective goes to the country for a vacation, steps instead into a circus murder mystery, which he solves.*

—and after all that talking he's been doing about Who Are The Best-Dressed Men Today and What Should a Well Dressed Man Wear, why here's Ol' Sophisticate Menjou all undressed-up in circus tights . . .! Alone, it's worth the price of admission.

But besides that, there's a darned good mystery picture, too. It's about a beautiful trapeze performer, who goes through every act in fear that her jealous husband, her tent-top partner, will kill her any moment by letting her fall. Add that suspense to some swell comedy, some grand detectiveing and a *real* circusy background, and you've got screen *entertainment.*

Your Reviewer Says: Unless you're too insufferably highbrow, you'll check this one off as mighty good movie.

For Children: Depends on whether you believe ALL murder films are bad for them.

✓Melody Cruise (Radio)

You'll See: *Charlie Ruggles, Phil Harris, Greta Nissen, Helen Mack, Chick Chandler, others.*

It's About: *A musicalized story of a cheating hubby and his pal with a bad reputation who really falls in love with a nice gal.*

With a lot of entertaining novelty treatment, plenty of fun stuff, some nice photography, pretty music, lots of leggy girls, oodles of gags that run from nice clean fun right to the sort of stuff you overhear when you pass the smoking room—well, "Melody Cruise" shapes up as a typical 1933 filmusical. For adults, it's entertainment—because it tries to be nothing else. They haven't tried to make it an epic, they haven't tried to make it a guh-reat thing, they haven't tried anything but to make it pass the time. It does—delightfully.

Charles Ruggles, the darned clown, reaches the heights of laughability in this. If you don't chortle at his futilities, there's something off with your alimentary canal or something. Phil Harris isn't easy to look at, as film juveniles go, but he manages to get by as the young philanderer who finds true lo-hove and sings about it. Helen Mack is the gal; Greta (sexy) Nissen is the other one. But the prize bits

"Midnight Mary" will tear at your heart—and it is very beautifully acted

of the whole show are stolen away from everybody else by one Chick Chandler, a wise-cracking bellhop who has a sweet style of humor. Top-laugh: Chick's rendition of one of Mae West's most famous lines. Nerve-tickling: that swell-handled musical introduction. Most beautiful shots—The Ice-Ballet.

Your Reviewer Says: If you're asking just entertainment and laughs, this is your meat.

For Children: Too naughty-naughty . . . !

✓Dinner At Eight (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, Jean Harlow, Wally Beery, Billie Burke, Madge Evans, Karen Morley, Eddie Lowe, Lee Tracy, Jean Hersholt, Phillips Holmes, Louise Closser Hale, May Robson, Grant Mitchell, others.*

It's About: *How a complicated series of human affairs—love and hate and passion and intrigue and business and ruthlessness—all work out to a happy ending at Dinner at Eight.*

Because, with that cast of names and all the ballyhoo about the story, you have a right to expect a tremendous piece of screen entertainment, you'll be disappointed. The picture simply doesn't live up to what you can't help but expect—and you'll leave the theater wondering what it was all about and rather regretting you saw it.

Not that there aren't some grand performances. Naturally, out of that list of stars, there'd *have* to be some. But at the same time, Your Reviewer tells you honestly that some others give performances below their standard. Looks as though some of them, maybe, resented being in this sort of thing, and let it show in their work. Besides, the story is so episodic—and, in the final analysis, so trivial—that you feel, after seeing it, like a hungry man might feel after trying to make a meal of meringue.

Top performances: Marie Dressler's, Jean Harlow's, Billie Burke's. Best sequence—the boudoir battle between Beery and Harlow. Prize laugh—the final line by Marie to Harlow. Or, maybe, Marie's bit with the peke and what it does with the hotel rug.

Your Reviewer Says: If you feel that just seeing all these stars in one movie is your money's worth, then all right. But if you feel that they ought to give you, too, a grander and greater picture than you've seen before, then you're going to be peeved because you don't get it.

For Children: It's not a children's picture.

(*Continued on page* 94)

Sylvia Sidney gives one of her finest performances in "Jennie Gerhardt"—but it drags

Good acting, direction and dialogue make Doug, Jr.'s "The Narrow Corner" worth seeing

Remember the heart-pull of "Bad Girl?" "Hold Me Tight" has it, too, plus Dunn and Eilers

Kathryn Spends the
and a Party

Here's Kathryn arriving at Maureen's little beach house. Both cute, aren't they? Across the page is Maureen at play and what a smart player the girl is!

Letters From a Movie Fan in Hollywood

by KATHRYN

t the *Beach with Maureen O'Sullivan*
ells All From Soup to Sand

RUTH, DEAR—

'Is my face *red. . . . ?'* And it's all your fault—yours and Maureen O'Sullivan's.

Yours, dear, because you asked me to tell you about a Hollywood beach party. And Maureen's, because it was she who invited me to hers. I went. And all afternoon, we (Maureen, Mary Brian, Boots Mallory and I) stayed out under the California sun, which may be swell for making movies, but is just a pain in the epidermis to li'l me.

And to make it worse, honey, those three girls now look at me, looking like a parboiled lobster (my nose is *that* red!), and LAUGH!! No sympathy at all—merely because I wouldn't take their advice. You see, all three of them warned me, before we went out into the sun, to smear my face and arms, as they did, with a mixture of almond oil and vinegar. I took one sniff at it and shrieked that I'd *never* put *that* on *me!* Result: they *smelled* awful but *look* swell; and I smelled *swell* (with that expensive perfume your writer-friend gave me) but look *awful!* So I've learned, dear, that these girls whose business it is to stay looking beautiful, know some tricks of the game.

It all began when I visited the "Tugboat Annie" set on the MGM lot. Maureen's in the picture—and the day I was there, she didn't have much to do because they were shooting close-ups of Marie Dressler and Wally Beery. I was introduced to Maureen, and somewhere in the conversation, she mentioned that she wished they'd finish shooting early "so I can get to my beach house."

"*Your* beach house?" I asked. And she explained that she'd just rented one, at Santa Monica (where the non-Malibu beachers summer) for the season. "Why don't you come down sometime?" she added. "I'd love to," I said, with a mental reservation that this was just another of those oh-you-must-come-over-sometime things. But she fooled me. "Come down Sunday," she said; "I'm having Mary Brian and Boots Mallory to lunch—and we'll just take life easy . . ."

And was I there, Sunday? Darling, was I *there. . . ! ! !* And was I glad I'd bought that suit of beach pajamas. . . ? Because if there ever were three (*Continued on page* 84)

No party of Maureen's would be complete—right now—without Johnny Farrow

Marriage couldn't hold Miriam Hopkins. Divorce couldn't separate her from her husband. Here's Why

By KAY WHITE

Lost Love Creates a GREAT FRIENDSHIP

THIS is the different story of a Hollywood couple who were very much in love. It's a story different from the rest of them because it's a love that does not end with their divorce.

Instead, it *begins* with it.

It is the story of Miriam Hopkins and Austin Parker as they are today—a former husband-and-wife who are much more devoted to each other than a great many of the married twains in movie land; a former husband-and-wife who have learned that divorce need not be "the end of the dream" by any means. That, instead, it may be the beginning of a companionship and relationship infinitely finer, truer, more tender than most marriages are, after the first year or so.

Probably the flat statement that Miriam Hopkins and Austin Parker *are* divorced will come as a surprise. Hollywood knows they're separated, but not until this story has either of them publicly revealed that, in early 1932, they got a Mexican divorce—a final, absolute divorce.

And that brings us to an occurrence that illustrates the amazing relationship that now exists between them. That was revealed in Miriam's adoption, a year or so ago, of a baby boy.

Miriam had always wanted a baby. Austin knew it; she'd told him so many times during that idyllic European trip of theirs—that trip which was the real reason for their marriage in the first place. You see, they'd been in love for quite a while. And, as lovers do, they'd dreamed of travelling together.

So one day: "Well, why don't we?" one of them said to the other. And: "Why not?" the other agreed. But: "We'll have to get married," they discovered, because passports and reservations and all the other red-tape of travelling had to be attended to. So they were married—and off they went to Europe and called it a "honeymoon."

Miriam confided, on that trip, among other things, to Austin ("Bill," she calls him) that she'd always wanted a baby. And once again: "Well, why don't we?" asked Bill. But this time Miriam had another answer.

"My career," she explained. Parker remarked something about hang the career! But Miriam explained that contracts and obligations and such mundane matters were not to be so easily swept aside.

Her career set motherhood definitely aside. But it didn't stop Miriam from still *wanting* a baby.

Nor, when marriage began to pall and lose its glamor, did Miriam's mother-wish die. Instead, she wanted a baby all the more — to fill the vacant spot that was left in her life when Austin stepped out.

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He went to a
mous psychologist they both knew, and asked the scientist whether or not it would be wise for Miriam to adopt a baby. "Yes, by all means," said the psychologist, to whom Parker had confided, in professional secrecy, that he and Miriam were divorced. "It will be good for her. Often, in the case of a professional woman who cannot have a baby of her own, an adopted child is even more of a blessing than one of her own could be."

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STILL Austin said nothing to his ex-wife. Instead he hopped a train to Chicago, visited the orphanage. To the astounded matron in charge, he said:

"I am Miss Hopkins' divorced husband. I want to inquire about, and see, the boy she wants to adopt before I let her take him." Maybe she was so surprised that she forgot to object, but whatever it was, the matron told him everything about Baby Michael, as the child was called. And let Austin Parker see him.

Well, that settled it. Like Miriam, Austin fell in love with the baby. And the next day, back in New York, he phoned Miriam to meet him. "Go ahead," he told her, "adopt the baby. He's a wonderful kid—and I think it'll be good for you."

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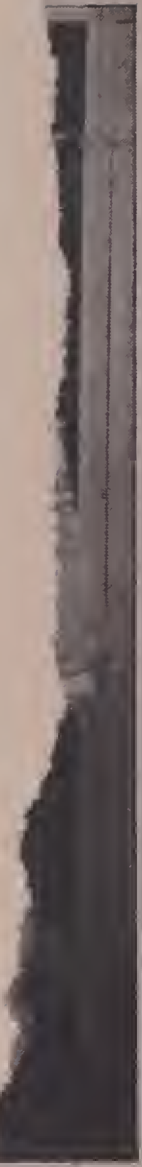

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at Nina Wilcox
or, "Is Hollywood

Modern Love?" She
that Hollywood is setting
example for the youngsters
today.

Personally I think that is all
tommyrot. I have two boys of
my own and I always let them
see any picture they want to. One
of the boys is ten and the other
thirteen.

I prefer to have them learn the so-called facts of life from such pictures as 'Red Dust," "Animal Kingdom" and "Back Street" than in the gutter, as boys in our day did. Information from such source is bound to be evil.

Instead of regarding sex as something shockingly obscene, they learn to take it as part of life, which it is. The responsibility for their own morals is placed squarely upon young people today. Movies give them the knowledge they ought to have for their own good.

Mrs. Ada Jackson, Minneapolis, Minn.

$1.00 LETTER

Likes 'Em Bold

I don't want Clark Gable to become humorous. I want him the same old menacing Gable he was in "Dance, Fools, Dance." Gosh, don't Gable and his producers know that we liked that feeling that Gable threatened our peace of mind, and that if we said "No" to him if we were ever lucky enough to meet him, he'd make us say "yes" and like it? The screen is crowded with debonair actors—like Bob Montgomery, Leslie Howard, Herbert Marshall. There is only one Gable who could make us forget everything for him. I want him to keep that way. I want the bold, bad Gable back again.

M. Wells, New York, N. Y.

$1.00 LETTER

Personal Nominations

(With a bow to O. O. McIntyre)

Personal Nomination for the Best Performance of the Month: Baby Le Roy in "A Bedtime Story."

Personal Nomination for the Best Picture of the Year: "Gabriel Over the White House."

Personal Nomination for the Greatest New Discovery: Mae West.

Personal Nomination For Oblivion: Janet Gaynor.

Personal Nomination for the Most Interesting Personality in Pictures: Katharine Hepburn.

The Best Actress: Helen Hayes.

The Worst Actress: Boots Mallory.

The Best Actor: Paul Muni.

The Worst Actor: Buster Keaton.

The Most Over-Rated Star: Constance Bennett.

The Most Over-Rated Picture: King Kong.

The Best Comedian: James Cagney.

The Best Comedienne: Miriam Hopkins.

$1.00 LETTER

They Use Rubber Nickels, Scotty

What has always intrigued me is, who pays for those long telephone conversations in the movies? I've been around quite a bit and anywhere that I've happened to have to use a pay-phone three minutes is the limit and if you show signs of hanging on, a curt voice from Central announces "Time's up." But maybe it's different in Hollywood—one place I've never seen. Anyway, in some of the pictures recently shown on our local screens I have gathered that out there in that broad-minded and generous community anyone can snuggle up to a 'phone and chin away by the hour and no one interferes. The only danger is smothering in the booths. Even Charley Chase, who usually shows some speed in whatever he does, has lately made a picture in which he is shown phoning his girl from a pay-phone and what he gets for a nickel would surprise you.

Joan Crawford is certainly the typical modern maiden to her fans, for most of your letters, while expressing regret at her divorce, say she acted just as any modern young wife would. Lee Tracy gets almost as many letters as Gable this month. But your little queen, Janet Gaynor, seems to have been hurt by "Adorable". You also wrote some fine critical letters about Movie Mirror, telling us which stories you liked best. Well, opinions are what we're after—pans and praise—on stars, pictures and us. So write in to Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Another Scotchman and I watched this picture with feelings of envy and we have decided that as soon as we can make it we shall head for Hollywood where you get such a lot for five cents. Maybe that's why so many Scots are there already.

C. W. Young, Regina, Canada.

$1.00 LETTER

Would Begin Where Pictures End

Haven't you often come away from the cinema feeling that the picture finished where it should have begun? Perhaps you felt uneasy about that last kiss, that seemed to linger into eternity? You knew that it was untrue, that life never worked out that way. You foresaw the struggles and hardships that lay before these lovers, and you felt cheated because you could not travel with them through these rough places. The cinema has yet to give us a masterpiece about marriage and married life.

Where is the spirit of comradeship and loyalty which characterizes the successful marriage, which is indeed the essential part of it? Love doesn't finish with a close-up. It goes on from struggle to struggle, conquering the difficulties or else—

Well, Producers, why not a masterpiece of love AFTER the confetti has been thrown? After all, maybe marriage matters.

Freda E. Wakeling, London, N. W. I.

Morals Can't Mar Laurels

Bobby Burns once said:

"Oh, wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us."

Why should the movie stars have to worry about what their private affairs mean in the eyes of their fans?

I love the movies; I attend as often as three times a week, if the fare is good. Everyone should be privileged to lead his own life as he sees fit.

We judge the movie people mainly by their performances, and not by their private lives.

I would like to see my favorites cast in different roles, without having their screen characterizations reflect upon their personal reputations.

I'm sorry Joan Crawford is divorced because she is my favorite. She deserves to be happy for all she does to bring happiness through her work.

Jean Douglas,
Englewood, N. J.

Another Name for "Orphan Annie"

Recently in my kingdom in the school, when an English language text book referred to Little Orphan Annie as a fanciful poem for children, my modern little subjects of the fourth grade were surprised but as delighted to learn of the James Whitcomb Riley Annie. Shades of Riley! Why couldn't the comic and the talkie especially to exploit Mitzi Green be given some other name?

Nena Odom,
Johnston, S. C.

Oh, Yeah?

Perusal of the countless fan ravings spilled from the sticky pens of he-men-crazy American women, in eloquent praise of Clark Gable and George Raft, prompts abundant wonderment in the hinterland of my brainbox.

Messrs. Gable and Raft have nought to offer in the way of honest-to-goodness emotionalism . . .

Listen, little girlies of the U. S. A. . . . Gable and Raft can be found in almost exact duplicate in the surge of humanity that swamps the city streets. Gosh, maybe you would fall on my neck, considering my ears have just the slightest tendency to flap in the breeze.

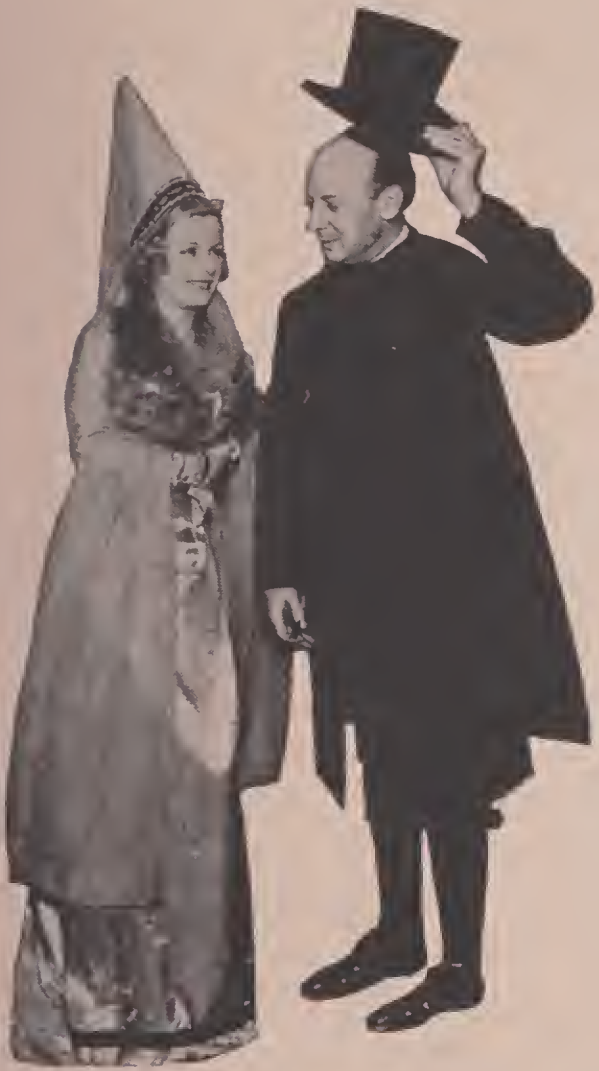
Dugald McAlpine, Glasgow, Scotland.

(*Continued on page* 72)

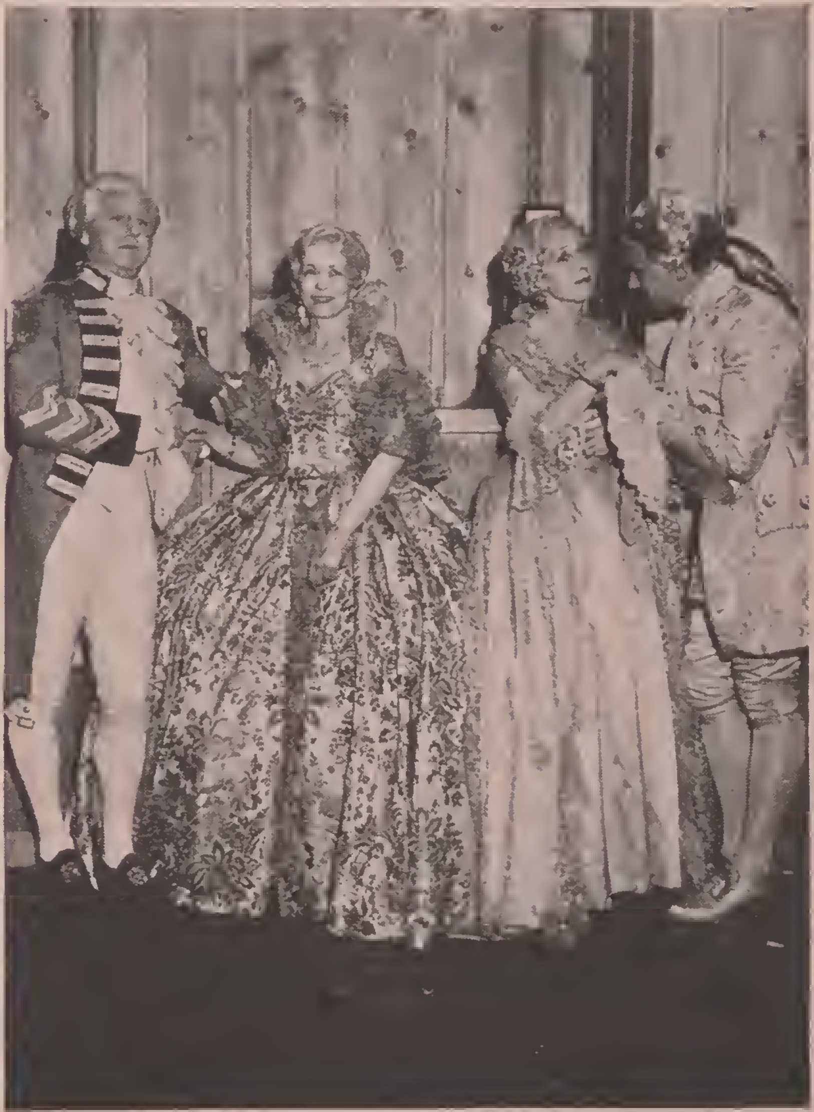
The Countess Di Frasso Gives a PARTY

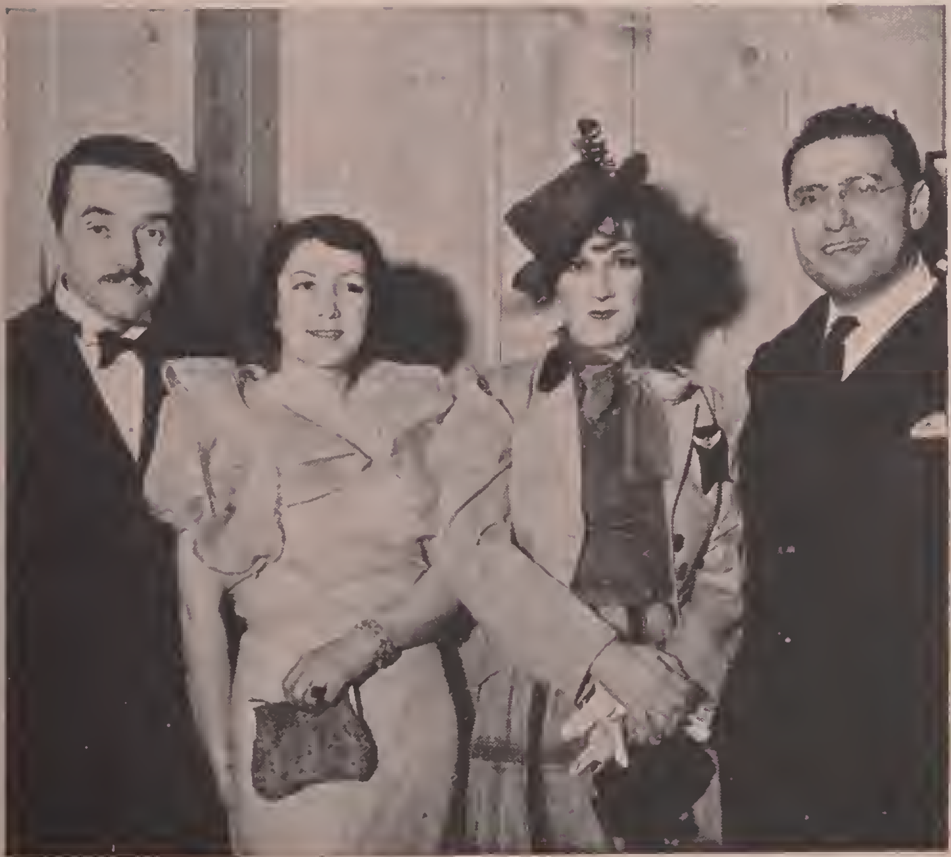
The Countess di Frasso gave the month's smartest party at Hollywood's newest "night spot"—the Vendome, which is run by that clever newspaperman, Billy Wilkerson. It was an old English costume party, the guests were a Hollywood Who's Who, and stayed till way past three A.M. The food was grand, as you can see. The Frasso changed costumes several times, including one outfit that featured a stunning set of false teeth. Lilyan Tashman, below, came as Gainsborough's Duchess of Devonshire. Kay Francis and Ken McKenna were a fine pair of Scots; Jack La Rue, Virginia Cherrill, Cary Grant and Johnny Mack Brown stayed very, very English

Photographs
Especially taken
by
MOVIE MIRROR
Cameraman
HYMAN FINK



Joan Bennett made a lovely Elaine (you remember her, don't you, Elaine of the Idylls of the King?) Marc Connelly, the playwright, was a vicar; below the Countess di Frasso herself with David Selznick, right, and Mrs. Wilkerson, left. In the courtly group are Jesse Lasky, Hope Loring, Mrs. Lasky and bright boy, Gene Raymond. Above you see the Vendome in all its glory. There were lots of other guests, Billy Haines as an Eton schoolboy, George Cukor as a famous Friar, Adrian, the designer, Fay, Wray, the Neil Hamiltons, Edmund Goulding in a magnificent outfit as—of all things—an English nursemaid, the Fredric March's, and, of course, a very handsome gentleman named Gary Cooper





The Hidden Heart of Richard Arlen

"When the baby came, I looked after it myself. I don't only mean getting up at night and walking the floor. I mean I did the actual care, for Ruth was very ill, and I—I washed the baby, dressed her. Gee, she was cute! Rose Marie, we called her . . . I got so I could make her eat, like a regular expert . . . and for one awful week I had to hook the neighbors' milk to feed her . . . Nineteen I was then. Just a kid myself and taking things terrifically seriously. Well, they were serious! No woman could have stood it for long and Ruthie just had to quit . . . One night I came home to that wretched little house—but Ruth didn't. She'd gone and taken the baby with her. For a while I thought I was going to die from the pain of it. You see, I loved them both.

"Something else went with them—something in my head. I wasn't the same man any more. I didn't grow up over night—it took years. That first love of a man for a woman is a terrific thing. It eats you. You'd like to shake it off, but you can't. A woman who's been that close to you, haunts you. Asleep, you dream of her—troubled dreams. And awake, you think about her and wonder, turning over in your mind what might have happened if you'd had more luck, if fate had been a little kinder? I guess perhaps I loved her more than she did me—and as for little Rose Marie—well, when a man has handled his child as I had!! You see, I guess not many fathers have that experience—of the physical care of his child—and while it's a chore, of course, still it does something to you: gets hooks into your heart! Do you know what I mean?"

I knew, and I said so, very softly.

"I thought I'd never love anybody else," he went on after a moment of silence. "I played around after a while. But not until more than a year after she'd left me. All other women, even then, would sort of turn into Ruth at moments. Sounds crazy, doesn't it? But it's true. You see, she'd given me that baby. And then taken it away. Not that I blame her. She was right to do as she did.

"SOMETIMES the thought made me want to fight. Something was bottled up in me—a strong, violent emotion. I wasn't nasty—I was just—well, violent. And, curiously enough, that made me successful. I'd been so hurt that I couldn't be hurt any worse, and so I lost all the shyness and timidity which had been holding me back in my career. I wasn't afraid of the casting office any more. I wasn't afraid of losing my job—even the directors and the great executives were now just men, in my eyes—men who had suffered or loved—who were just human beings. And so I spoke my mind to them as an equal. I said what I thought instead of cringing. I told them where they got off whenever the occasion seemed to need it, and my changed attitude worked a miracle—I got my chance! And made good when it was, in a way, too late; or I thought it was too late to bring happiness."

"And then along came Jobyna," I suggested. Arlen's face took on a new look. It was as if a dark cloud had passed from a landscape, leaving it calm and sunny once more.

(*Continued from page* 17)

"Yes, along came Joby!" he sighed contentedly. "You see, I thought I knew all about love, but until I met Joby, I knew no such thing. She was so calm, so poised, so sensible. Until I met her I thought love had to be punctuated with quarrels—you know, when a man picks up his hat and storms out of the house. But I don't play the hat game any more. At first, on the slightest provocation, I'd reach for my hat, but somehow I always managed to pull my hand back in time. I'd look at Joby and say to myself, 'Now you leave that hat alone, Dick Arlen—*leave it lying there!*' And pretty soon I never even glanced at the darned thing because when Joby asserts herself, she is generally in the right."

"Did you ever think of your first wife after you married Jobyna?" I asked, hesitating over the delicate question. But Arlen isn't afraid of questions and after a moment's serious thought, gave me a very frank answer.

"Yes, I did!" he said. "She was often in my thoughts—an ideal which grew in sweetness and yet lost reality as time went by. She had meant too much to me to be brushed out of my heart and mind as if she had never existed—you can't do that to the mother of your child even if you never loved her, and I did love Ruth. I did not hide this from Joby because there was no necessity for doing so. Joby always understood. There is nothing of the old-fashioned romantic in her; nothing of the unreasoning, jealous, untutored female. Joby is a thorough modern. She knows what it's all about. Her mind works as well as her emotions, and for that very reason this love of ours has been a wholly different matter from my first romance. That *was* romance—straight romantic passion, without reason, without control or schooling. This, with my wife, is a deeper thing: a fine, strong, lasting thing. It wasn't rushed into headlong or blindly but built up little by little, until now—well, the climax is Sonny! Will you understand me when I say that it's been like a great symphony, starting quietly, with a simple melody and building steadily to a great climax—a magnificent full orchestration? I said 'orchestration'," he added with a smile, "*not finale!*"

Pretty Lola Lane basking in the sun at Malibu (naturally our demon Mr. Fink came along and took her photograph). He shows you a great deal of Lola but it's all very nice. Wonder if she's dreaming about Herb Somborn, her current admirer, or thinking about Mr. Lew Ayres, who has just recently signed a long-term contract with Fox at what is said to be his highest salary yet? Lew's first picture will be with Lilian (Hot Stuff) Harvey, too!

"And that other woman?" I murmured. "How do you feel about her now?"

"THAT is completely finished," he said quietly. "I seldom think of her now, except in a cool, friendly fashion. It all seems slightly unreal, like something I'd heard of as having happened to somebody else. The awful feeling of something being missing in my life has vanished. It's the boy, I guess. The boy and Joby! They've made life solid and real for me."

"But the other was beautiful," I suggested.

"It was. Beautiful because it was so overwhelming, so irresistible. We didn't think. That's one kind of love, and a fine, ecstatic thing, too. But if you can think *and* love—well—take this baby for example. How could we have all this (here he made a gesture which included the entire lovely, homelike Monterey house and gay garden), how could we have this layout without a child to enjoy it—and for us to enjoy giving to the child? This baby is one of those deliberately planned for, much wanted modern babies, and," he added with sudden boyish gusto, "it's a *swell* baby!"

The interview seemed to be at an end and I arose to go. What could, I thought, be more conclusive than Dick's last statement? A swell baby! That exclamation summed up the story perfectly. The ring in Dick's voice when he said it, the light in his eyes; they were proof enough that the present marriage is a success—proof that he and Joby really are the love-birds they are advertised to be and that now they are tied, of their own deliberate free will, by the greatest bond which can bind lovers together.

WE walked down the rough stepping-stone path to the white gate in the green hedge, and as Arlen opened it for me, he paused and looked me straight in the eyes.

"Look here!" he said earnestly. "When you write this, if anybody has to be put in wrong, be sure it's me, won't you? Don't write anything that could hurt the girls, either of them. Because they have both been wonderful women, and somehow women do ninety percent of the taking-it-on-the-chin in this world; however, my women aren't going to get it—while I have my health!"

"I'll write nothing but the truth," I promised.

"If it's true, then that'll be okay," he said smiling. "They say the truth never hurt anybody yet. Perhaps if more people would tell it about themselves, we'd all learn how to live better!"

And then I left him, smiling there at the gate of his cottage de luxe, feeling that I had met a rare specimen for Hollywood—a real, simple, honest-to-goodness American man!

I Date the New Crop

(*Continued from page* 31)

French, and Lilian would have none of it. At last a despairing waiter suggested corned-beef hash, topped with the inevitable poached egg.

"Very American," he said, by way of further sales-talk.

"Is it good?" asked Lilian, anxiously.

I replied that a lot of people were fiends for it. Will Rogers, for instance, can eat his weight in it.

Lilian ordered it, beginning festivities with a large fruit salad. Then the hash and rolls. And after that—

"Apple pie a la mode," she requested, enthusiastically. All I can say is that the Ambassador is probably still hanging its head in shame. Pie a la mode! And at the ritzy Ambassador!

"I'd never heard of it until I came to America," said Lilian. "It's an awfully good idea, though."

Between courses she told me how much she liked America—how much she liked the American studios, and how pleasant and helpful everyone had been to her. Why, the staff on her picture had presented her with a beautiful cigarette case. Things like that didn't happen in Europe.

"AND the hours are so nice," she continued, as if she were a stenographer, instead of a star earning thousands a week. "When I worked for UFA, in Berlin, I was at the studio every morning at seven, and I worked far into the night. Do you know that in two years there were just fourteen days when I didn't have grease paint on my face?"

Under the terms of her Fox contract she has a nice vacation between pictures. She intends to spend her first holiday looking over the California scenery, driving around in that huge, white Mercedes which she brought from Europe.

"California is a beautiful place," she sighed. "Is the weather always like this? It makes me think of the Riviera. You know I have a villa at Cap D'Antibe."

Incidentally, Maurice Chevalier, who has been very attentive to Lilian, is a neighboring villa owner on the Riviera. They have been friends for a long time. Lilian is quite emphatic about the friendship business. No romances for her. She is too busy.

"I've never had time for romance," she explained. "It has been embarrassing, too, all that talk about my being married to Willy Fritsch. We played in many, many pictures together—like Gaynor and Farrell. (She pronounces Farrell with a heavy accent on the last syllable.) But we were just very good friends. No romance. However, I'm going to think about love and marriage soon. You see I want to have a baby—and I want to have it within the next two years."

I choked on my ice water. Ice water is correct. Lilian doesn't drink. A half glass of champagne, on her birthday while she was in New York, is the extent of her alcoholic dissipation in America. But to get back to that baby.

"Have you picked out the father?" I wanted to know.

"Dear me, no," answered Lilian, demurely, "but I suppose I really should give it some thought."

"Would you want an American husband?" I asked this desirable girl.

"Perhaps, but not necessarily," she replied. "You see I have lived in so many countries that I have lost all feeling for nationalities. I like the American men, but I don't really see that they are so different from the men of other countries."

And briefly she told me of her colorful life. At twenty-three she has traveled over most of the world. She has made pictures in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London and the Canary Islands. She speaks German as fluently, and as accent-less, as her own native English. She speaks French almost as well. She is adept in Hungarian. And now she is studying Spanish. As a child, visiting in Germany, she was unable to leave that country when the war began. In the last year of the war she went to an aunt in Switzerland. After the Armistice she returned to Germany and began the study of dancing. Her stage career began in Vienna, and on the first night she fell "plop" into the trap-drum in the orchestra pit.

Mae Clarke is a genuine Phil Harris fan (he's the orchestra conductor who's on the air and lately starred in Radio's "Maiden Cruise"). She not only has all his records but she actually sits mooning at his photographs like this. No, not a romance—just fan stuff

"It was a lucky fall for me," she laughed, "no matter what the trap-drummer thought about it. A Viennese film executive was in the audience, and it occurred to him that it would be a very funny gag for a picture. A week later I was playing in 'The Curse,' and it was well-named. I thought it dreadful, but from that picture I was given a contract with UFA."

Lilian is grateful to have an opportunity to make pictures in the United States. She can't understand, however, why so many foreign players are brought to Hollywood. It seems to her so many beautiful girls and handsome boys are unable to get a break in their own, native land.

"But then American players are popular in the studios of Europe," she said. "Perhaps this exchange of players is a good thing. I hope my first picture here will please people. If it doesn't I want to return to Europe—contract or no contract."

If it is a success she intends to send for her mother, now in London. Lilian lives alone in a little house in Beverly Hills. Accompanying her from Berlin were her French maid, and a German chauffeur. That way Lilian is assured that her knowledge of the two languages will not grow rusty. She wants a bigger house now—and with a swimming pool. Malibu doesn't appeal to her. She wants a house with a lot of lawns and gardens.

So many startling things about this charming Lilian Harvey. As example, she walks the tight-wire for exercise.

She dances beautifully, although College Night at the Grove is more of a workout than anything else. Dancing to her is as natural as the air she breathes. She can even perform a graceful waltz on ice skates. I'll have to take her press agent's word for that. Ice grows only in Frigidaires in sunny California.

At a few minutes past midnight, Lilian was sorry but she thought she REALLY had to go. After all, there was a dentist to face the next day. The Ambassador check, cover charge and all, was not so prohibitive. Little more than eight dollars, including tips. The dollar hasn't inflated so much as yet, thank heaven.

We rode back to the studio, where I had left my car, in the big, white Mercedes, Lilian's pride and joy. The speedometer showed a possible speed of two hundred kilometers—which is faster than I ever want to go—even with Lilian Harvey. I asked about the widely publicized race between Lilian's Mercedes and Gary Cooper's Duesenberg.

"Oh, we're still going to have it," said Lilian. "It's just a question of finding the right time. I'll wager I win, too. Gary is such a nice boy, though."

BUT, from Lilian's tone, not QUITE nice enough to let him win the race.

We said goodnight at the studio gates, and both thanked the other for a very, very pleasant evening. Well, anyway, I was telling the truth. If Lilian wasn't, she was too gracious to let me know.

Is she different from American girls? What is her charm that has Gary Cooper, Maurice Chevalier and Ernst Lubitsch all in a dither?

She IS different from American girls. There's no doubt but what there is something to that European training. Charming the male, over there, is still part of every woman's curriculum. Lilian is sophisticated, and a most interesting conversationalist. But I could not imagine any man saying—"good ole Lil—she's a swell fellah." She is too feminine to be a "swell fellah" and a "palsy-walsy." Her femininity is a VERY potent weapon. I hope she never owns a trousers-suit.

Next month, if I can get my mind off Lilian, I'll step out with an American star—and really see if there's been any change in wimmin since your old grandpappy was a lad.

Now, pardon me, I've got to go over and watch Lilian walk the tight-wire. Did I say "got to go"? Just try and stop me.

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 67)

Supporting Supporters

I often wonder why it is that Movie magazine writers and people in general usually give the greatest part of their attention to the big names. If a picture is rated good, the leading stars are credited for their superb acting. If a picture isn't worth rating, they sympathize with the stars for being cast in a mediocre picture, that, in their opinion has little or no plot. Yet one rarely hears or sees general acclaim given the real actors—those in the supporting cast. Granting that a leading star cannot give her or his best performance without a good plot, what allowances, if any, are given to the supporters who are always at their best. Actors like: Warren Hymer, Frank McHugh, Jack La Rue, Roscoe Karns, Allen Jenkins, Guy Kibbee, Monroe Owsley, Andy Devine, Walter Catlett, Edward Everett Horton, Beryl Mercer, and Ruth Donnelly. These supporters make a good picture great, a plotless one, entertaining. Isn't it only fair then that we consider these people who, although never proclaimed can always be depended upon for an entertaining performance?

Ann Iulo, Bronx, N. Y.

Two Hits Don't Strike

Two recent releases, that were accompanied by much ballyhoo, proved to be decided flops as far as I was concerned. I have reference to "What! No Beer?" with Keaton and Durante, and "The King of the Jungle" starring the new primitive, Buster Crabbe.

Buster made a good jungle king, but the lion engaged in a fight with the peeved bovine was certainly willing to abdicate. That gave me a good laugh and made me have hopes that my sense of humor hadn't departed entirely. Maybe it is getting warped, for I couldn't get a laugh out of Keaton.

On the other hand, some of the pictures used to fill the bills of late have been quite above the average. It is the big hits that are falling down.

John F. MacDuffee, Portland, Maine.

Looking Forward

"Looking Forward" is one of the most stirring photoplays to reach the screen in some time. The story is one which touches the hearts of the millions who have found their lives altered as a result of the worldwide depression.

It is reported that this picture, before being released to the general public was unreeled at the White House before President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was so impressed by its inspiring story of hope and courage that he permitted its producers, to use the title of his recently acclaimed book "Looking Forward" for the picture. This gesture is easily understood by those who have viewed the new film drama and have been moved by its human theme.

For those of us who live in a less colorful world the unusual screen plays are a glorious escape from the usual routine of every-day life. The film play "Strange Interlude" is a great romantic drama, but I like plays that teach a higher moral.

Mrs. W. H. Thomas, Christiana, Tenn.

Another Bid for Realism

The picture producers are forever telling us that their stories represent real phases of life today, but gosh, can't you arrange for some of these happenings:

Let's have the handsome hero's suspenders bust clean off just as he is stooping to retrieve some object for his fair lady.

Let's see the glamorous heroine spill some ketchup on her brand new dress and let go with a real loud "Damn it to hell."

Let's have the villain pause just as he is about to murder someone and tell us one that he just heard from a travelling salesman.

In short, let's put some real human touches in the stories now and then—things that must happen to the stars, even as to you and me.

Mrs. Floe Coolidge, Hollywood, Calif.

Was Jack LaRue Wrong?

I have just seen "The Story of Temple Drake" and in my opinion it is one of the worst pictures ever filmed.

George Raft was absolutely right in refusing the role that was later accepted by Jack LaRue. No one can feel a particle of interest in a man of such a despicable character, without one redeeming trait.

Adelaide Winters, Boise, Idaho.

"The Story of Temple Drake" is absolutely immoral. I never expected to see such a picture on the screen. At the end of the picture after Miriam Hopkins had lived with a man of the worst type and afterwards murdered him, the man who had loved her told her father, "You ought to be proud of your daughter. I am." All this because in the story, Temple Drake is supposed to confess all her sins in court, as though that absolves her. I think both Miriam Hopkins and Jack LaRue showed expremely bad taste in consenting to play in such a picture.

Mrs. Ada Morris, Atlanta, Georgia.

Have you noticed how adult pictures have become lately? Where a few years ago, we were treated to such blah as "Peter Pan," "Sunny Side Up" and other pictures glorifying the glad little girls of pictures, today we are treated to such truly adult pictures as "The Silver Cord," "I Cover the Waterfront" and "The Story of Temple Drake."

Incidentally, I hope that "Temple Drake" will be the making of Jack LaRue because he had the courage to play in a picture which the sensitive George Raft refused.

Lillian Pontell, Bridgeport, Conn.

Looking Forward to "Dinner at Eight"

I believe that the most interesting picture of the year is going to be "Dinner At Eight," with a marvelous all-star cast that will include Marie Dressler, John and Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow, Madge Evans, Lee Tracy and almost every other big-shot on the M-G-M lot.

I was lucky enough to see the play in New York, and what a wow of a picture it's going to make! There are slick parts in it for all of the players, and I imagine there will be one grand orgy of picture stealing. But I'll bet Marie Dressler and Jean Harlow romp off with the honors.

One thing I do hope for. "Grand Hotel" was a swell picture, but it was overballyhooed, and the result was that lots of people were disappointed. I hope "Dinner At Eight" is released with very little ballyhoo. Let the picture speak for itself!

Anna McCaddin, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Hepburn Knocker

After hearing all the raves about Katharine Hepburn, I went to see "Christopher Strong." And now I am wondering what all the raves are about.

Her voice is too harsh; she has no particular beauty; she seems to me to show no extraordinary talent as an actress. Will the Hepburn fans please explain what they see in her? I am waiting to be convinced.

Or aren't there any Hepburn fans? Have the publicity agents just put over a gigantic hoax on us, as they once did with Garbo?

Molly Hurley, Evanston, Ill.

A Note To Al

He made the first talkie, and folks went wild; wilder, perhaps, over the advent of talking pictures than of the man who played in them—but I still think he's swell. Al Jolson: he never fails to entertain me, and in "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" he is exceptionally fine. I think that's a splendid picture; one of the best of the musicals. Al sings, sings, sings, and is perfect. He has the sweet, plaintive, and happy notes all alike. Many parts of the picture, not songs, but just musical lines, are beautiful. So, though this issue may praise Gable, Dietrich, Hepburn, and the rest of the gang, let me throw in my note of great admiration for Al.

Forrest J. Ackerman,
San Francisco, Cal.

Your Favorite New Heroes

Girls, have you noticed Bruce Cabot? He stood out like a million dollars in "King Kong." He was swell; he was grand; he was perfect. No wonder Fay Wray seemed mad about him. I'd be, too, if I had a chance.

Elinor Hamlin, Denver, Colo.

I believe that in a year Jack LaRue will completely eclipse Gable, Lee Tracy, and George Raft. He's got what it takes. Oooooh, how he's got what it takes! I hate these sweet little boys, these dimpled darlings we've been seeing so much of lately. There's a slightly sinister quality to La Rue that makes him fascinating. Let's see more of him.

May Calman, Chicago, Ill.

Tone, Tone, Tone! He's the man of the hour, the day, the year. I saw him in "Gabriel Over the White House" and liked him. Then I saw him with Joan Crawford in "Today We Live" and I couldn't get him out of my mind. He looks like a great bet to me.

Ida Poole, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Tips on Talkies

(*Continued from page 5*)

his client is acquitted he'll kill his own wife. Somewhere in the telling of the picture, the wallop is weakened, so that it all seems much ado about nothing. Though "Kiss Before the Mirror" has an interesting cast, including Paul Lukas, Nancy Carroll, Frank Morgan and Gloria Stuart, not all the players seem cast in the right rôles.

* * *

✓✓**Lady's Profession, A** (Paramount)
Stop talking, Paramount, about Alison Skipworth being a second Marie Dressler. No one can be that, but just the same that Skipworth dame is a great comedienne, and how she proves it in this! How!! She plays an ultra-British dame trying to recoup her fortune in America, and the way she plays it will make you roll in the aisles. Especially since she has Roland Young to support her. Together they help make "A Lady's Profession" elegant entertainment.

* * *

Life of Jimmy Dolan, The (Warners)
Just another movie. Doug, Jr. seems jinxed in his choice of rôles lately. He plays a prize fighter who, for love of a good girl, decides to mend his evil ways. Loretta Young as the girl is so-so. Aline McMahon is lost in a poor rôle.

* * *

Lilly Turner (First National)
This latest Ruth Chatterton picture about a country girl's tangled love-life is something of a disappointment, especially after "Frisco Jenny." The story's so sordid and weak that the performances of George Brent and Ruth Chatterton do nothing to redeem it.

* * *

✓✓**Little Giant, The** (Warners-First Nat'l)
Hey, hey and a couple of rah, rahs! You've seen Edward G. Robinson in a lot of heavy melodramas, and you've raved about the man, haven't you?—but you ain't seen nothin' yet. For here Robinson forgets all about the heavy melodrama and crashes through in one of the zippiest comedies you've seen in months. Come and see Edward G. Robinson as a big shot Chicago gangster who reforms. Come and see him as he crashes the 400. Watch him as society shoots him over the chutes-the-chutes and as people try to make a sucker out of him. What happens? Maybe you can guess; but still you'll have a lot of fun watching it happen.

* * *

✓**Looking Forward** (M-G-M)
A picture of beautiful performances. And why wouldn't it be, with Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone in the cast? Strange to say, grand as Lionel is, Lewis Stone crashes through even more powerfully. The story? A simple tale of what happens when the Depression affects the lives of two British families, one rich, one poor. Lionel is a clerk, who, after forty years of service, finds himself suddenly fired. You can imagine what he does with the part. Seekers of action excitement may not find this particularly to their liking. But those who love brilliant acting will root for it.

* * *

✓**M** (Foreign-made)
A powerful but gruesome story of how a syndicate of beggars and underworld characters trap a child-murderer. This is brilliantly acted and directed and will keep you breathless with suspense. Keep the children away. It's much too grisly a story for them.

* * *

Made On Broadway (M-G-M)
Just another picture that you can miss without shedding a tear. There's something rather cheap and hackneyed about the plot. In fact, the story's so feeble that even with a cast that includes Robert Montgomery, Sally Eilers and Madge Evans, it doesn't make the grade. Another tale about a gal with a past, a man who falls in love with her without knowing about her past, and the terrible shock he gets when he learns the truth. The ending is stupid.

* * *

✓✓**Masquerader, The** (Goldwyn - United Artists)
If this is Ronald Colman's last picture for Samuel Goldwyn, at least he's given us something to remember him by. He plays a dual rôle in this, and his performance and the whole picture leave a pleasant taste in your mouth. It's an adroit mixture of farce and melodrama, and you'll like it. Elissa Landi is the heart interest, and though she still seems pretty icy to this reviewer, she fits better into the rôle of an aristocratic young woman than into that of an exotic siren.

* * *

✓✓**Mayor of Hell, The** (Warners)
From James Cagney himself a boy in his teens named Frankie Darro steals this picture. Darro deserves the greatest praise for his wonderful performance as the tough mugg "mayor" of a reformatory. How you'll thrill to his performance! But don't forget this—Cagney himself lets the boy play the juiciest sequences, willingly plays second fiddle to this marvelous performance. So give Cagney credit, too. Anyway, it's a grand action picture, and you'll be glad you paid your box-office money to see it.

* * *

Men Must Fight (M-G-M)
A heavy drama, which is interesting but too preachy. It is primarily the story of a woman whose lover was killed in one war, and who brings up her son to hate war. There are outstanding performances by Phillips Holmes, who shows what he can do with a meaty rôle, Diana Wynyard, the sensation of "Cavalcade," and the always-dependable Lewis Stone.

* * *

✓**Murders in the Zoo** (Paramount)
If it's chills and thrills you want, by all means see this. It's packed with horror. It's the story of a man (Lionel Atwill) who keeps a flock of murderous beasts to kill men whom he suspects of liking his wife too much. Those who like horror pictures will find this a treat.

* * *

✓✓**Nuisance, The** (M-G-M)
A-1 entertainment for any movie-goer. In it Lee Tracy has a rôle that's right down his alley. He plays a crooked ambulance chaser who gyps public utilities by fake accident suits, until the traction company sends a good-looking girl detective to trip him up. The picture is jammed with twists, laughs, developments, gags. Whoopla! It's a hey, nonny, nonny and a hot cha cha sort of picture with Madge Evans, Lee Tracy and Charles Butterworth giving it the works.

* * *

✓**Our Betters** (Radio)
A very well-acted drawing room comedy, but how many people like Connie Bennett in this sort of thing? She's one of those girls who marries for love, finds her husband married her for money, and goes for a gigolo. And all this is supposed to represent low-life in English high-life circles.

* * *

Perfect Understanding (United Artists)
One of the worst pictures Gloria Swanson has ever made. Maybe it's not her fault; maybe it's the fault of the direction, the lighting, the photography and a dozen other things. If you're a Gloria Swanson fan pass this one by and wait for her next one. This film was made abroad. Certainly Hollywood can do better by Gloria than this.

* * *

Phantom Broadcast (Monogram)
A rather entertaining combination of a murder-mystery tale with a radio-movie, with Ralph

Close-up at the Cricket Club. (No those are not rain clouds in the background—it's getting dark, that's all. The handsome Mr. Montgomery poses with Helen Hayes and Wera Engels. Wera is in the background of the picture on page 5, too

Forbes turning in a brilliant performance as a crippled singer, and Vivienne Osborne as the feminine appeal.

Pick-Up (Paramount)

The story of a street pick-up that ends in respectable matrimony. Unfortunately, the characters are too unsympathetic to get under your skin. Little Sylvia Sidney struggles hard to make the girl she plays seem real and likeable, and George Raft does what he can with a character who's too weak to be interesting. As a result, you don't care what happens to any of the people in the story.

✓✓Picture Snatcher (Warners)

Get ready for a treat, picture fans. No matter who you are or where you are or what you like, here's one picture you're going to go for. And why? Why not, with James Cagney acting in this one like a house afire? Why not, with Alice White putting over a swell bit of business as a hard-boiled, wise-cracking sob sister? Why not, with an action story that moves at so fast a pace it'll hold you breathless? Why not, with a love story sandwiched in for good measure, with that exquisite young Patricia Ellis? If you don't get a delightful evening's entertainment out of this one, one of us ought to see a doctor.

✓✓Pilgrimage (Fox)

A splendid and brilliant piece of screen story-telling, with a powerful and different movie plot. It's the story of a farm mother who sends her son (Norman Foster) to the war to break up his romance with the girl he loves (Marian Nixon). Her son dies; the girl becomes a mother. The story of what happens when the mother visits her son's grave is one of those splendid human dramas that will leave you all tingly inside. Henrietta Crosman as the mother turns in a performance you'll long remember. This story is the kind that gets down way deep inside you, and leaves you with something to think about.

Private Detective 62 (Warners)

This picture doesn't do right by Bill Powell. It's one of those sordid, unpleasant plots about a crooked private detective who hates his own racket, and can you blame him? None of the characters are wholly likable, not even the heroine, Margaret Lindsay. So what? Just another picture, and not such a good one at that.

✓Private Jones (Universal)

This is not one of those rah-rah-rah pictures about the glories of war. Instead it's about an ordinary guy who didn't want to go to war but had to, and what happened to him. And because that guy is played by Lee Tracy, you'll want to see the picture, for Lee is hot and getting hotter all the time. His performance in this lives up to everything you expect of him.

✓Reunion In Vienna (M-G-M)

Beautifully mounted, photographed and directed as this is, I found it somewhat disappointing. Not that it isn't a fine picture. It is. But somehow in the screen-telling, it doesn't get across its daring, light-comedy situation the way it should. Perhaps that's partly because Diana Wynyard seems all wrong for the rôle she plays. When she's supposed to be most reckless and most abandoned, she still seems just a nice girl pretending at being wicked. John Barrymore makes much more of his rôle as a reckless, dashing exiled archduke who comes back to Vienna to claim his former light o' love. You'll like this only if your tastes are extremely sophisticated.

✓Secrets (United Artists)

This is certainly the best picture Mary Pickford has had in a long time. That's because it touches on fundamental human emotions. It's the story of a girl and a boy who love each other enough to pioneer in the West, and to live together through a lifetime filled with hardships and danger. Though he loves his wife, the man drifts into several affairs. How the wife faces the situation and triumphs over it is a story that will get you. Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard are charming as the lovers. Mary's work is particularly fine during the pioneer sequences.

✓✓She Done Him Wrong (Paramount)

Rowdy? Sexy? This comedy exploiting all the charms of Mae West is certainly that, but it's so honestly rowdy, so vivid, so filled with vitality that you'll love it unless you're one of a very small minority. The picture's all Mae West. And is that a recommendation! For Mae West is one of the most distinctive and exciting new personalities you've seen in months. Cary Grant adds another slick performance to his list, too, but it's Mae West that you daren't miss. How she sings and how she puts her lines across and how she swaggers as she walks—oh, baby, how!

Silk Express (Warners)

They tried to cram too much mystery, too much melodrama, too many thrills into this plot, and the result is a hash. Sometimes too much plot is worse than none at all! Neil Hamilton, Sheila Terry, Guy Kibbee and others take part in the melodramatic proceedings. The story? All about a big-shot silk importer who hires a special train for his silk, and how his rivals resort to everything to stop the train—wrecking, arson and murder—but don't succeed.

✓Silver Cord, The (Radio)

A powerful and poignant story of misdirected mother love. Three of the finest performances you've seen in a long time make this a picture you'll long remember. Magnificent are Laura Hope Crews as the selfish mother; Irene Dunne as her daughter-in-law, whose marriage she tries to break up; and Frances Dee (you never knew she could act like this!) as the girl whose engagement to one of her sons she does succeed in breaking up. This is a completely adult drama, which will be appreciated by discriminating movie-goers.

✓Song of the Eagle (Paramount)

A complicated plot about the return of beer, and what it does to the son of an old German brewer and the big-shot beer baron who never bothered to obey the law. The idea's good; the picture's not so hot. The main idea is lost in a lot of tangled footage about beer-garden scenes, newsreel shots, and that sort of thing. It wanders and wanders and wanders. Good cast—Charles Bickford, Jean Hersholt, Richard Arlen, Mary Brian; so-so picture.

✓✓State Fair (Fox)

You'll surely like this! It's so down-to-earth, so human, it gets right under your skin. It makes you want to laugh out loud and every now and then to cry a bit. And at the end it leaves you feeling in a sort of glow—a nice, warm glow. What a swell movie team Gaynor and Lew Ayres are. And how you'll revel in Will Rogers' delightful sense of humor!

Sunset Pass (Paramount)

As westerns go, this is above average, thanks to a good Zane Grey script and some nice acting by Tom Keene as a cowboy-detective who gets inside a cattle-stealing gang by posing as an escaped convict.

✓Sweepings (Radio)

The plot of this doesn't make good movie entertainment. What you'll remember after you've seen the picture is not the story but the fine acting. Lionel Barrymore gives the kind of grand character portrayal you expect of him. Also splendid is Gregory Ratoff. But the story lacks dramatic punch. It's about a man who builds up a great mercantile establishment for his children to take over, and how his dreams die.

Terror Aboard (Paramount)

This was evidently meant as a horror picture, for it deals with assorted murders on the high seas. When horror isn't well done, it becomes merely ludicrous. That's what happened to this picture. It's unintentionally funny. Charlie Ruggles adds some real clowning to the proceedings, and Neil Hamilton, John Halliday and Verree Teasdale try to make you take them seriously.

✓✓Today We Live (M-G-M)

This is a magnificent picture, but it doesn't give Joan Crawford much to do. She does that little magnificently, true; but the action of the picture revolves almost entirely around Gary Cooper, Robert Young and Franchot Tone. There are aviation war scenes that will make your heart do loops; there are love scenes that will tear you in pieces; and yet—and yet, if you're as Crawford-mad as I am, you'll wish that they had given Joan a picture in which she dominated the picture, instead of the picture dominating her.

✓Tomorrow At Seven (Radio)

Amazing, isn't it, how many mysteries the movies are suddenly turning out? If you like mystery stories, here's one that's a thriller, faster than most of them and with a real story to tell. The killer in this story warns his victims in advance by leaving a note marked "Tomorrow at 7" for them the day before the killings. You'll see Chester Morris, Frank McHugh, Grant Mitchell, Allen Jenkins, Vivienne Osborne.

✓Topaze (Radio)

How a professor, lost in the ways of the school room, gets tangled in a skein of intrigue and is forced to learn the ways of the world. As John Barrymore plays the rôle, this is amusing, particularly to those moviegoers who appreciate subtle chuckles in preference to slapstick. There's a swell bit of acting by Myrna Loy. The dialogue, too, will delight you. It sparkles and crackles.

✓Trick for Trick (Fox)

If you get into the spirit of this, you'll say it's grand. If not, you'll say, "How Silly!" It's gorgeous spoofing of spiritualists, mediums and such. Two fakirs are pitted against one another, and each tries to out-trick the other. Such tricks you've never seen before. Such tricks you've never even dreamed before. There's a murder mystery mixed in with all this, but it's secondary to the comedy. Victor Jory and Ralph Morgan are the rival fakirs.

✓Warrior's Husband, The (Fox)

What happens when an army of beautiful Amazons meets an army of handsome men. If you like satire, burlesque, broad laughs, here's a dish that ought to please you. The story is supposed to be about women in Homer's day. You'll like Elissa Landi, warmer, more human, less aloof than usual, and David Manners, so handsome you won't wonder that the young Amazon goes completely feminine when he's around. There's also very burlesque-y comedy from Marjorie Rambeau and Ernest Truex.

✓White Sister (M-G-M)

Remember "The White Sister" as a silent with Lillian Gish as the girl who took the veil because she thought her dashing soldier lover had died in the war? Now Clark Gable and Helen Hayes play the rôles, and you'll be amazed at the emotion they pack into that moth-eaten drama. The picture is a little too sweet, a little too sentimental, but just the same and nevertheless, you'll find it hard to refrain from crying as you watch it.

✓✓When Ladies Meet (M-G-M)

Here is another stage success glorified by the screen. It's the story of a woman, Myrna Loy, who falls headlong in love with a man, Frank Morgan. She knows he's married, but she is on the point of yielding to him because she believes that he cares for her as much as she for him. Then, through a series of circumstances, she meets the man's wife, beautifully played by Ann Harding. Not knowing who she is, she likes her tremendously. Gradually she learns the heartbreak the wife is going through, and why, and on account of whom. It makes a fine, unusual screen story, with a different viewpoint than the usual claptrap.

✓✓Working Man (Warners)

Here is a picture of genuine charm. It gives George Arliss a chance to do all the things he does best. He gives a gu-rand performance, and golly, how you like the man! For an additional treat to the eye and ear, there's Bette Davis, who clicked for the first time in another George Arliss picture. No wonder he wanted her again in this! The story? It's about a rich man who adopts his deceased business rival's family, and makes a swell job of it. Oh, you'll chuckle at this, and you'll laugh and you'll chortle and the picture will leave you with a lasting glow.

✓✓Zoo In Budapest (Fox)

Noteworthy above everything else is the photography in "Zoo In Budapest." If for nothing else, the picture would be worth seeing for that alone. But besides all that, it has romance, it has beauty, it has a charming love story, and above all, it has excitement. One of the most thrilling sequences in any wild animal picture takes place in this one, when a zoo-full of wild animals escape, wreak havoc. You'll thrill! Gene Raymond and Loretta Young make a charming pair of lovers against the strange and always interesting background of this story.

Tugboat Annie

(*Continued from page* 47)

that's why you ain't washed your hands."

Like a sulky small boy, Terry ambled to the sink.

The soap which Terry had squeezed up a little too high, flew from his hands and landed in the sauerkraut. Annie straightened up just as the dismayed Terry made a frantic dive to retrieve it.

From the deck, Alec called: "Oh, Mom!"

Annie was all nervous haste. "Here they are. Now quick," she bustled the still expostulating Terry to the door opposite the direction from which Alec's voice had come. "Runnin' around with your neck as naked as a turkey—get your collar on," and with a final heave she shoved Terry out and slammed the door after him.

Annie and Alec appeared on deck and Pat, her eyes shining, advanced cordially. "You must be awfully proud of your son, Mrs. Brennan. A ship's captain at his age."

Annie tossed her head. "I always knew he'd make it."

Pat glanced shyly at the tall youth beside her. "Do you *always* get what you've set your mind on?"

"Always," he returned, pointedly.

"He's that stubborn," Annie bragged proudly. "Many's the time I've taken down his pants and beat his little bottom without stirrin' him an inch!"

"Mom!" Alec implored, embarrassed. "Must you be so specific?" Then, as he saw Terry. "Here's Pop."

"Good," Annie rubbed her hands together in anticipation. "I'm that hungry I could eat a horse and wagon and chase the driver."

"Annie," Terry shifted nervously. "I been thinkin'—this is no place to have company—aboard a dirty tug—"

"Are you by any chance referrin' to the 'Narcissus'?" Annie's voice was dangerous.

Terry tried to placate her and still win his point. "Oh, she's all right as tugs goes—but I know a fine chop suey joint."

Pat poured oil on the threatening waters. "That's sweet of you, Captain, but I'm all set for that sauerkraut and spareribs."

Terry's face fell. Annie was sarcastically triumphant. "Well, as long as the guests is satisfied I guess you kin stand eatin' on the tug, cain't you?"

Pat and Alec started for the mess-room and Terry, leaning close to Annie whispered anxiously: "Don't you think I oughta run down and get a little ice cream or somethin'—to sorta liven up the dinner?"

Annie sniffed suspiciously. "So," she gritted at the suddenly cowering Terry, "the wind is off the brewery again!"

Annie fixed a threatening eye on her husband. "I don't see how you got it, but if you hum-ulate that boy tonight I'll lend ye a kick in the pants that'll loosen your bridgework. Come on."

It was a frightened Terry who sat down at the dinner table, but no one paid much heed to him as Annie served the sauerkraut and spareribs.

Smiling, Pat sampled the concoction. At the taste of the soap that had melted in it, she gulped but managed to smile bravely.

"I—I never tasted anything like it," she stated truthfully.

Alec choked, "Good lord, mom," hurriedly drinking water, "what's in here? It's awful."

Annie speared a forkful of kraut, chewed it critically. A startled look dawned in her eyes. Suspiciously, she stared at the scared Terry and with a plunge her fork dived into the kraut, bringing up the remains of the bar of soap.

"This is your doings, you meddlin' old buzzard!" she shot at Terry.

Terry blinked. "I woulda told you if you'd shut your big bazoo."

Annie's teeth clenched. "One more word outa you," to Terry, "and I'll knock you stiff as a frozen cat."

"You lay a hand on me," Terry began loudly.

Pat sat very quietly. Alec glanced at her in agony and Annie, suddenly realizing what impression this must be creating on the girl, pulled herself up short and smiled:

"Now what'll Pat be thinkin' of us, brawlin' over a little mischance that might happen to anyone."

But Terry was furious now. "If you hadn't started bellerin' like a sea-cow," he roared, "it'd have passed off as a pleasantry."

"Shut your trap before I hurt you so you can't," Annie breathed fiercely, and then, resuming her society manner, said: "It won't take a minute to send Chow up town fer a coupla pounds of pork-chops. They're more dainty, anyway."

Terry suddenly emitted a terrific belch. Alec rose:

"I think," quietly but firmly, "that I'll take Pat to a restaurant."

"Let's go, Pat," Alec insisted.

Sympathetically, the girl turned to

Mr. and Mrs. George Brent (Ruth Chatterton to her box-office public, if you please) return from Europe looking healthier and happier than ever. Warners have decided it isn't good luck to star married people together so George and Ruthie will go their separate ways on the screen hereafter

Annie. "Goodbye, Mrs. Brennan."

When they had gone, Annie turned on Terry threateningly. "Terry Brennan, I've stood a lot, but that I'll never forgive—shamin' the boy before his lady friend."

The "Narcissus" rocked gently to and fro in the fretful backwash of the water. Annie sat on deck alone, thinking—and when Annie thought her forehead was lined with wrinkles. She sighed and with the sigh a roadster pulled up on the wharf below the tug with Alec and Pat in it. Alec leaped over the side of the open car onto the deck.

"Hello, mom," Alec embraced her. "Patty drove me down. Where's dad?"

Annie summoned the absent Terry.

"Hello, dad. Look here, I've got you a job. Mr. Severn needs a wharf manager, someone who'll see that everything is kept in shape for the arrival and departure of his ships."

"You'll be in sole charge of both piers," Alec said. "It'll mean hard work, but it's a grand chance for you, dad."

"It's awful sudden, son," Annie regretted, "but—if it's best for your father—"

"It is," Alec kissed her. "Dad, you get dressed and go up to see Mr. Severn right away. Mom, you see that dad looks tidy."

But Annie didn't stay with her spruced up husband when he left the ship. Nor did she know that he stopped for a bracer at a speakeasy and braced himself into drunkenness. And that, drunk and blustery, he barged into Mr. Severn's private office, and was invited to leave at once. But Alec had arrived before his departure and Mr. Severn informed the boy in no uncertain words that if he valued his position he had better keep his father out of sight.

HUMILIATED and seething with rage, Alec leaped into a taxi and raced to the tug, determined that this was the end.

Annie, however, was mortified, and in no gentle words she upbraided the sullen Terry. "And Red Severn bein' your boy's employer wasn't enough to muzzle your ugly lip, was it?" she raged.

Annie started toward her warily retreating husband. She made a sudden lunge at him, tripped over a chair, and fell striking the edge of the table. Grasping the cloth in futile protection, the dishes crashed around her and as Annie rolled on the floor, Alec burst into the room.

"Mom! What happened?"

Annie clambered to her feet. One eye was almost swollen shut. "I was reasonin' with your father," she explained.

Terry retreated into a corner like a whipped small boy, blinking anxiously.

"But—your eye!" Alec was horrified. Then, to his father: "You struck her!"

"Go on," Annie snapped. "Your father never struck me in his life except in self-defense."

"Mom, I'm not going to let you put up for another minute with that drunken, no-good—"

"Alec, it's your father you're speakin' of.

"Father or no father," passionately, "that's no excuse any more. For years now you've slaved and worried and made excuses for him."

"You're upset, son," Annie attempted to pacify. "Him losin' the job an' all—I don't blame you a bit—but—"

"There are no buts *this* time," he interrupted sternly. "You're going to get out of here—leave him. I'll take good care of you—do everything to make you happy."

"Why, son," amazed, "I'm married to Terry. What would he be doin' without me?"

Terry re-entered the cabin apologetically, a piece of raw meat in his hand. "Hold this on your eye, Annie."

Alec turned on him, berated him bitterly. "I tell you, mother, my mind's made up. You can stay here with him or you can come with me, but you can't have us both. Make up your mind."

Annie made up her mind. She sank to a chair, her face buried in her hands. Alec glared at his father and wordlessly strode from the room. When his ship sailed, he did not come down to the tug to say good-bye to the miserable Annie and Terry.

Weeks later, the "Narcissus," with the loaded garbage scow secured to her, headed out the strait to the open Pacific.

Annie stood with her hands on the rail, peering straight ahead over the gray, crested waves, her clothing whipped by the wind.

"Pretty near time the 'Glacier Queen' came along, ain't it?" Annie turned and peered at the wheel house clock.

Terry spoke around his cigar. "Mebbe this weather delayed her."

"Pro'bly. It'll be blowin' a full gale 'fore the night's up. I hope Alec—"

"Aw, he'll be all right. Smart boy like him. But me, I'll be glad when we start home again."

"Yeah. Well, Sam," as the engineer appeared on deck, "what's nibblin' you?"

"It's them leaky boiler tubes again, Annie. We gotta do somethin' about 'em." It's an awful job keepin' up the steam pressure; and if we run into heavy weather—"

"We ain't goin' outside tonight," Annie said. "I'll dump the stuff off Point Adams."

Miles further away, the "Glacier Queen" was slicing through the combers.

Alec, in oilskins, stood in the glass enclosed wheel house. An officer entered.

THERE was a sudden violent shudder which ran through the vessel. They looked at each other in alarm.

"What the devil!" Alec barked. "Feels as if we'd dropped the propeller. Get the men to stand-by—"

Alec went to the engine-room speaking tube. "What's the matter?"

A voice answered. "A broken tail shaft, sir."

Alec turned, white-faced. The ship floundered helplessly in the heavy seas. Sailors herded the terrified passengers. Officers yelled for order. Life belts were buckled on. The wireless operator flashed S. O. S. messages.

Aboard the "Narcissus," Annie and Terry saw the flares of distress.

"It's Alec," Annie cried. "Somethin's happened. Terry, cut the scow adrift! We're going to Alec.

"Sam, give her all she'll stand if ye have to rock the engine off it's bed."

"She won't stand much, Annie," Sam complained. "If the pressure goes down we'll go ashore sure as judgment!"

But an order was an order with Annie and the "Narcissus," full steam ahead, made for the "Glacier Queen."

The "Narcissus" fought gallantly through the turbulent black waters. Terry groaned: "Ye can't get a line aboard in this wind, Annie."

"We'll chance the surf and get to leeward of her and they can send us a small line," Annie was undaunted.

The "Narcissus" crept as near the big liner as she could with the seas thundering mountain-high. Alec did know what to do. He ordered that a small line be shot to the "Narcissus." It was Terry seized it, linked the two vessels together securely.

"Annie!" It was the engineer. "We can't stand this. Them leaky boiler tubes has run the steam pressure down to forty pounds. We'll be on the reef ourselves if we don't cast that liner adrift."

"I'll cast my back teeth adrift first!" Annie yelled. "We're hangin' on. Terry, go below with Sam."

SAM said: "You go through to the back connection behind the boilers, Terry. I'll pass the stopper rods through and you screw 'em tight on the rods at the other end. That'll stop the steam leakin' and we kin git up our pressure again. Ye'll have to work fast or we'll all be on the reef."

Sam threw two heavy planks in through the door onto the coals for Terry to walk across. The planks immediately began to char, little flames leaping up and running along the edge.

Annie demanded: "Ye mean—ye're goin' in there?"

"Sure," Terry grinned. "It's got to be did, Annie."

"Ye're not goin' to do it," Annie sobbed.

"Leggo," Terry struck at her detaining arm. Then, huskily: "It's fer our kid, ain't it?"

Annie let go and he crawled through the fire door into the fire-box. He staggered, gulped, was bombarded by jets of scalding steam and gouts of burning soot.

Terry, almost enveloped in fumes, flames, and smoke, stooped under the far end of the boiler. He finished his job, and made for the firedoor. He was stupefied, almost out on his feet. He stumbled. He fell to his knees, arms before his face.

"Sam!" Annie cried despairingly. "He's down. Oh, God!"

Annie reached in through the door and despite burns against the sizzling metal managed to lug Terry near enough to be dragged out. He collapsed in a charred heap, his clothing on fire.

"You'll have to see to him, Annie," Sam said. "We gotta get the fires goin' again."

In the nick of time, the fires were stoked, the steam pressure rose, the line holding the floundering "Glacier Queen" tightened, and both liner and tug were saved from the reef. But Annie was unconscious of all this. Her hands and arms badly burned, she held Terry in her arms, whimpered huskily:

"Oh, Terry, you were a drunken sot and a bar-fly and an awful bum but ye saved the kid," her tears fell, "ye saved the kid! Ya was the finest towboat man in the harbor, Terry, an' you died like a hero, ye walrus-eared, horse-nosed, furry-headed, bloom-wrasslin', whiskey pickled son of a lobscouse!"

Movies of the Month

Laughing at Life (Mascot)

You'll See: *Victor McLaglen, Regis Toomey, Conchita Montenegro, William Boyd, Ivan Lebedeff, Frankie Darro, Ruth Hall, Noah Beery, Henry B. Walthall, Lois Wilson.*

It's About: *The doings of an adventuresome engineer, within and without the law, with and without women . . .*

Because (as you can see from the cast) it has a lot of more-than-customarily-clever character players, this picture manages to pack a good share of entertainment. As "indies" go, it's good.

It depends for its kick on the thrills and suspense of a series of episodes from the life of the engineer—McLaglen—who has to have excitement, though it costs him his home. Too, there's a sort of sez-me-says-you sequence between McLaglen and Boyd over Conchita. And there are flashes of comedy to temper the edge of the drama.

Your Reviewer Says: All right, if you don't expect TOO much.

For Children: Rather torrid in spots.

Soldiers of the Storm (Columbia)

You'll See: *Regis Toomey, Anita Page, Barbara Weeks, Bob Ellis, Wheeler Oakman, others.*

It's About: *Border smuggling and how the border patrol, aground and in the air, meets it, with love-interest added.*

To make this story of the clever border policeman better, he (Toomey) also acts as a stunt-flyer to hide his real activities. He falls in love with a big-shot racketeer, gets all tangled up in love and duty. Add some murders, some trick flying, some dirty work, and the hero's making good—and by the time it's all over, a mile or more of film has been used up.

Your Reviewer Says: Anyway, lots of movement.

For Children: As thrill-stuff, let 'em see it.

She Had to Say Yes (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Loretta Young, Lyle Talbot, Winnie Lightner, Hugh Herbert, Helen Ware, Regis Toomey.*

It's About: *The cloak-and-suit girls who "entertain" the out-of-town buyers.*

Warners made this some time ago. Then they looked at it, didn't think so much of it, hid it on a shelf, tried to forget it. Now they've dragged it out again, released it. Too bad!

Loretta (who'll be done no good by this film) is a pretty girl who has to be nice to the playboys who do business with her boss. In the end, she finds that the man she trusted is a dirty so-and-so, and the man she mistrusted is the real goods after all. In the meantime, there's a lot of sexy stuff that doesn't taste good.

Your Reviewer Says: Just let it pass.

For Children: N O ! !

Thunder Over Mexico (Sol Lesser)

You'll See: *A cast of native Mexicans.*

It's About: *Mexico's revolt against the old peonage system, told in the narration of one grisly incident.*

Here, come to the screen for you to see at last, is the final outcome of Russian Director Serge Eisenstein's much-publicized trip into Mexico with a movie camera and some amazing ideas. The trip that resulted in him and his film being held weeks at the American border. This film had communists and Eisenstein's backers at each other's throats, because the former said the latter were emasculating Eisenstein's work.

Well, it was all a tempest in a teapot. The picture, as you'll see it, is a thing of magnificent pictorial beauty. But aside from that, it's little else. It's certainly not screen entertainment as we've come to know it—any Hollywood studio and director could have turned out better. Here is told the story of a peon and his fiancée, of her betrayal by a landowner, of the peon's revenge—and of the landowner's revenge, in turn, on the peons. Here is a scene that for sheer brutality has never been equalled by any Hollywood horror-film—the sequence showing "the punishment of the horses"—where naked peons, buried in sand to the shoulders, are trampled to death by horses.

Your Reviewer Says: If you feel that occasional "shots" more beautiful than any you've seen screened in a long time repay you for the rest of the picture, all right. But don't look for much else.

Not For Children.

✓The Sphinx (Monogram)

You'll See: *Lionel Atwill, Theodore Newton, Sheila Terry, Paul Hurst, Luis Alberni, others.*

It's About: *A murder-mystery, with the crux of the plot depending on twin brothers—one normal, the other deaf-and-dumb.*

By now, it's a fifty-fifty bet that Lionel Atwill couldn't step unannounced into any gathering of picture-goers, without most of them getting scared silly. He's rapidly assuming rank as the meanest, baddest, dirtiest old feller on the screen.

Herein he's a baddie who poses as a deaf-and-dumb philanthropist. Actually, he's a killer. But you're not supposed to know that until the end of the picture, when the facts are revealed in as suspensefull a sequence as has ever been screened—a sequence making use of a trick piano to uncover the mysterious business.

Your Reviewer Says: For mystery-hounds, this one is sure-fire.

For Children: They'd enjoy it. But do you *let* them see murder mysteries?

Cheating Blondes (Equitable)

You'll See: *Thelma Todd, Rolf Harolde, Inez Courtney, Mae Busch, others.*

It's About: *Twin sisters, a murder, a reporter who tries to pin the crime on the gal who told him no.*

Because she plays two women in this, Thelma Todd has the fat share of the footage. Being lovely to look at, as well as an entertaining actress, Thelma clicks—particularly in the leggy cabaret scenes. Wonder what Pasquale de Cicco (Thelma's hubby, who's reputed one of Hollywood's most jealous ones) thinks of wifie's rôles?

The story is about Reporter Rolf Harolde, a cabaret gal who goes away to have a baby, her twin sister (suspected of murder) who takes the performer's place—and how, in the long run, the nasty old reporter gets it in the neck and Thelma (both of her!) find the happy ending.

Your Reviewer Says: Just so-so . . .

For Children: Hardly.

She Loved a Star (Columbia)

You'll See: *Wally Ford, Barbara Kent, Dickie Moore, J. Farrell MacDonald, others.*

It's About: *A big-time ballplayer who gets in wrong because he's going blind but won't tell.*

A good idea that went astray, this film-story of a baseball star, stuck on himself, who hits the down-slide when blindness follows his being hit on the head by a pitched ball. He's suspected of working with crooked gamblers. Heart-throbs come in via the girl who loves him, and the dying little kid who calls for his idol. Of course, there's the happy ending—via the operation that brings back his sight.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll feel disappointed.

For Children: Oh, yes—but the boys'll catch unreality in the baseball stuff.

Inside Stuff

Add Norman Foster's name to the list of realism-haters. They made him shave his pretty wavy black hair away atop his head, so he'd look more like Mayor Anton Cermak, in the movie based on the assassinated mayor's career. Another charter-member: David Manners. Dave had to have *his* hair permanent-waved for "The Warrior's Husband!"

Traffic-Cop Earl Reed, whose post is the busiest intersection in Hollywood, knows all the stars. He's given most of them traffic tickets. From London, the other day, he got a postcard. "I bet you wish you were here. I drive on the wrong side of the street all the time and *no one* gives me a ticket!" It was signed by Constance Cummings, who is playing in a couple of British pictures.

So Cop Reed tore a ticket out of his book, filled it out to Connie for driving on the wrong side of the street and mailed it to her.

Did you hear Will Rogers' radio crack about the administration changing the name of "Hoover Dam"? Said Will:

"They needn't have changed it. Why didn't they just *reverse* it?"

A certain blonde actress turned down a film rôle after she'd taken a film test for the job. The studio, fuming, asked her: "Well, why did you put us to the time, bother and expense of making the test if you weren't gonna take the job?"

Replied she: "Oh, I just had a new haircut, and I wanted to see how it looked."

John Darrow was talking with a friend on a Hollywood corner. Beautiful blonde passed by. The friend commented on her looks.

"Yes, she IS beautiful. I know her. She's been having a lot of trouble with a wart," said Darrow.

"Did she get rid of it?" asked the friend. Said Darrow:

"Uh huh; she divorced him."

WHAT'S BECOME OF . . .

—Renee Adoree? She's living in Tujunga, a score of miles from Hollywood, not yet quite well enough to try a movie comeback.

—Marjorie White? You'll see her on the screen again in Paramount's "Her Bodyguard," with George Raft.

—Dorothy Gish? She's perfectly content not to make a screen comeback.

—Mary MacLaren? She's been doing extra work, but will be seen in a full-fledged role in Radio's "Headline Shooters."

—Flora Finch? Remember her as John Bunny's leading woman? You'll see her with Andy Clyde, in Educational comedies.

—Eric von Stroheim? Life's been batting him lately. He had to go to court, tell a judge he had neither money nor work, ask that the court reduce the size of payments he has to make for his son's support.

Aren't these girls contrasts in types? They are Claire Windsor and Fay Webb (she who was Rudy Vallee's) and they are here dining with Messrs. Chappelet and Bagley

You'll probably see two Cagneys from now on. Jim's brother is crashing movies, may be co-featured with Jimmy in an early film.

His trip east with Ann Harding and the publicity it drew got Alexander Kirkland in wrong with Hollywood charmers. Two days after his return he called Elissa Landi for a dinner date. She said, "No." He said, "Why?"

"Because I'm going out of town."

"Where?"

"Won't tell you."

"Why?"

"Well, if you MUST know, because you'd probably decide to go along, and I'd get in the scandal headlines and it'd make my husband mad."

Rex Lease went on a fishing trip to a Sierra resort called June Lake. And now he's still trying to explain things, because in a newspaper column, the proofreader changed "at" to "with" and it read: "Rex Lease is back after a week-end with June Lake."

Eddie Hillman, the Chicago "scion of wealth" whom Marion Nixon divorced, has gone to work as an assistant director at Columbia studios.

On this summer's European trip, Wally Beery will make three personal appearances in three different countries. He will charge a high price—and turn the entire proceeds over to an orphanage in each country.

When she's finished her current movie, Mae West will make another countrywide personal appearance tour. And can't you imagine all the youths who'll follow Greeley's famous advice—"Go West, young man; go West . . .!"

He's not yet made his screen début, yet the lad you'll know in pictures as Paul Adams already holds Hollywood's record for name-changes.

When he was originally signed by Columbia as a young contract player, he was named Adrian Samish. Everybody thought that'd be a bad name for a film player, so the changing began. First they tagged him Peter Adrian. Samish objected because he didn't want to be confused with the male fashion designer named Adrian. So they renamed him Conrad Miles. An executive didn't like that, so they changed it to Richard Dawn. Someone objected to the Richard, so they changed it to Peter Dawn. Samish himself again objected, thought it sounded too sissified. So the fifth change was effected—they called him Paul Adams. And you'll see him in Cecil De Mille's story of youth called "This Day and Age"—or whatever they'll change that title to, too.

When, in their stories of her divorce, the newspapers printed Joan Crawford's age as 27, she personally called the city editors, told them she's only 25.

No excess loquacity for your true Britisher! To his family, Boris Karloff is still "Billy"—as he was when he was a kid, playing about the family home in England. Recently, as you know, Karloff for the first time in nearly a quarter century, went home to England, visited his family. In London, he called at the office of his brother, a barrister. He sent in his name. He waited for minutes. Finally, the secretary said: "You may go in now, sir."

He entered his brother's private office, found him very very busy with a sheaf of papers. He waited. At last the brother looked up over his glasses, eyed Karloff a moment, then:

"Ah—er—oh yes—Billy. How amusing!"

And resumed work!

Twice in London, Karloff's emotion broke out in tears. First time was when, at a theater, he heard the orchestra open the performance with the customary "God Save the King."

Second was when Russell Gleason, who'd crossed on the same boat, presented him with a picture. Gleason, an amateur camera hound, had snapped a close-up of Karloff's foot as it stepped from the gangplank onto English soil. Russ had enlarged it, framed it, to present to Boris.

Marlene Dietrich took 1,500 photos of herself to Germany with her, to present to fans there.

You've been reading in Hollywood gossip about what a rage Jean Malin, highly ballyhooed female impersonator, has been among film celebs at his Hollywood nite club. Now you'll have a chance to see for yourself—he's got rôles in Fox's "From Arizona to Broadway" and Radio's "Double Harness."

Talking about female impersonators—there's one of them who now advertises himself as "Mae West Jr." . . .!

Why doesn't R-K-O just move its studio, complete, to an airport?—they've got *SEVEN* flying pictures in production: "Red Knight of Germany," which is about Baron Richthofen, the German war ace; "The Balloon Buster," which is about Frank Luke, American war ace; "Bird of Prey"; "Headline Shooters"; "Flying Down to Rio," which is an air-musical; "Flying Circus" and a seventh film, untitled, about the British air forces in Arabia.

Because she fell from her bike, hurt herself, couldn't go to court to answer a traffic charge, Fritzi Ridgeway had to pay a $5 fine—and chalked up as the first real bicycle casualty of the craze.

Gary Cooper Tries to Get Free

(*Continued from page* 57)

prominence (symbolized for Gary by the telephone) began to irk his soul.

To shake himself free, he leased a ranch.

And with that ranch Gary enters upon the third phase of his Hollywood life. During the first phase he went through the same reactions that the average Hollywood actor undergoes. He worked his head off and allowed himself to be torn to pieces by tempestuous, emotional love affairs that left him disillusioned and as bewildered as a small boy. He was completely under the dominion of two women, Lupe and his mother. With both pulling him different ways, he must have had a beautiful time of it.

THE second phase came when his love affair with Lupe ended, when he discovered that Hollywood was dominating him and when he tried to escape by traveling to the wilds of Africa. When he came back he made up his mind that he would be the master of his own destiny, and to prove it to himself he moved into a house —by himself in Beverly Hills. Here he hung up his trophies, his mounted heads of lions and llamas, and here began his new social life.

Gary's menus, his novel entertainment, his guest lists, his pets, his clothes, his cars, his week-ends at Palm Springs—all these things assumed a national importance somehow. The shy ranch boy from Montana enjoyed a social success such as no single young man had ever enjoyed in Hollywood before. And he loved it—for a while.

But when he found he couldn't have his freedom and his social life, too, he decided to Get Away From It All.

And that's where the third phase of his Hollywood life—the attempt to get back to nature, comes in.

All of these phases of Gary's life are really manifestations of the same thing—his revolt against his own easy-going, pliant, tractable nature. He imagines he is rebelling against other people and against circumstances when all the time he is rebelling against himself. He wishes that he were more self-assertive than he really is, so he moves into bachelor's quarters where he can get the feeling that he is self-assertive. When that doesn't work, because there are too many social demands on him and he simply can't bring himself to say no loudly and often, he moves away from Hollywood to a ranch, as though that would help him to escape.

But Gary is finding—already—that there is no substitute for the independence of spirit which he requires. Moving a few miles away from where he has been living is not quite enough. The ability to control his own life, which is what he wants, is not a matter of geography. . . .

After he had been in his new quarters for a week or so, he found himself having a party. A party quite similar to the ones he had been giving in Beverly Hills. There was out-of-door entertainment—cowboys riding bucking horses, outdoor games, barbecues and so on. But the atmosphere was the same. The Countess di Frasso arrived, riding upon a camel. . . .

The old group was there. The same banter was exchanged. The party was not rural in tone. It was distinctly and unmistakably smart.

So much for Gary's revolt. So much for his gesture toward independence and the right to be alone. So much for his mother's concern for his soul's necessity. So much for his elaborately secret telephone number and address. . . . He can't escape quite so easily.

THE trouble is that when Gary imagines he is trying to escape circumstances, he is really trying to escape himself and his own inability to say no to Hollywood. And because he is so charming and so attractive to women, Hollywood will come right to his doorstep. Certainly he cannot escape himself and his own personality just by moving a few miles away from where he has been living. He cannot escape from himself whether he goes to a dude ranch, to Europe, to Africa or to the wilds of Australia. Wherever he goes, Hollywood people will make it a point to trail along, to meet him, and even to gush over him.

Gary has grown up considerably in the past year. It has been no easy thing for him to acquire even as much self-assertiveness as he has shown. Now that he has gone so far, I hope that he will quit trying to find himself by chasing around from one spot to another. He will come to terms with himself only when he admits that the things he is trying to change are part and parcel of his own personality. Then we will really see a new Gary Cooper.

He goes quietly and unobtrusively on his way, this handsome George O'Brien. He makes money for Fox, steadily. His newest picture is called "Life in the Raw" and his pretty new heroine is Claire Trevor, a New York stage discovery, making her movie debut

Lost Love Creates a Great Friendship

(*Continued from page 65*)

"can you and he, after what you once were. . . ."

Miriam waives the rest of the conventional query aside. "It seems to me the only intelligent way for civilized people to act," she cuts in. "And I *don't* see anything extraordinary in my being nice to the women that Bill is interested in! I like meeting and knowing all my other friends' friends. So why should I feel any different about knowing my dearest friend's friends?—just because we happened to be married at one time!"

She tells of how truly intimate their relation is. That is—she hardly ever invites "Bill" to her parties; he just drops in. "He calls up often—asks what I'm doing. If I tell him I'm having some people in, he asks if I'd mind if he came over. Of course I wouldn't—and so, when he has nothing else to do, he joins the party.

"Sometimes a week goes by—hardly ever as long as a fortnight—when I don't see him. But I miss him, then—and he knows he's always welcome. So, sooner or later, he drops in again.

"And when I need a real friend, 'Bill' is the first one I turn to."

Once when Miriam couldn't fire a nursemaid herself, she asked Bill to do it. She had him to lunch, and told him she hadn't the heart to do it herself. "—and so, bless him, up he went. And when he came down, he told me he'd fired her and felt like a criminal because she cried so." And then, after he'd gone, Miriam weakened, and hired the girl back again. "And now, whenever Bill comes over, he is afraid to look her in the face, but he isn't mad at me, and I'll probably have to ask him to do it again, and most likely he'll do it."

As for "Bill"—he doesn't *talk* about Miriam, much. Even to very close friends. Save to say that she's the "swellest person" he knows, and such succinctly, gentlemanly, masculine things as that. But actions speak loudly and I remember when I was having lunch with him, one day, in connection with some publicity work. All through the lunch he was fidgety, and obviously trying to hurry it through. I finally asked him what bothered him, what the rush was. . . .

"Miriam," he explained. "She's ill . . . And she just *won't* take care of herself. I know her. So I've got to get out—I'm taking her some blankets, because I know she doesn't keep herself warm enough . . ." When he bade me good-bye, he stepped to the phone and called a florist and ordered many dollars' worth of flowers to be made ready for him to pick up on his way to Miriam's.

"Friendship" they each call the feeling they have for the other. But it's the kind of friendship that's akin to love.

Austin is something of a Hollywood man-about-town. Lately, he's been seen out with Alice White. He stopped going with Thelma Todd quite a while before Thelma's marriage to Pat de Cicco. Austin's charming, attractive, and will always have plenty of girls to take out.

"But marriage," Miriam says simply and inclusively, "is simply not for him."

She herself, these days, is being Hollywood-rumored interested in King Vidor, who at the time this is written is directing "The Stranger's Return," in which Miriam is playing at Metro studios. How true the rumors are, and if true, how far the attraction between them goes, is a matter of time to determine, because Miriam admits she cannot tell—yet. But she does say:

"When Austin and I did decide to separate we both realized that—well—one cannot tell when one might fall sufficiently in love to want to get married, and we thought it better to have the divorce."

If either of them gets married again, I'll bet my last dollar that the other will be the first one invited to the wedding reception.

Jimmy Cagney meets one of those great big Western heroes, Randolph Scott, and doesn't care for it! In fact, he's pained. You can see. All that brawn and steel. My, my. But at the box-office! That's different. There Jimmy's the hold-up, the big guy

Constance Bennett Gives the Lowdown on Constance Bennett

(*Continued from page* 41)

Constance Has Been Accused of Having a Temper . . .

I questioned her about this first of all.

She flung one blue, white polkadotted pajamaed leg over the low arm of her chair. She tapped a cigarette on a brilliant finger nail.

"I have a perfectly vile temper," she admitted unequivocally. "And a pretty mess it involved me in the last time Henri and I were leaving New York. We'd just got in from Europe the day before. We'd literally no time to see the people in New York whom we like. However, at the request of the publicity department, and because I realized how very necessary publicity is, I gave the entire morning to interviews. It was agreed then that I would have the several remaining hours, until four when we were leaving, to myself.

"However, when we arrived at the train there were more reporters.

"I EXPLAINED to these reporters that I'd seen the press in the morning," she went on, blowing a cone of smoke towards the ceiling "and I must say they were very decent. All except one woman. She followed us on the train and when I stood at our drawing-room door talking to friends there she was.

" 'It's this way,' she intruded, 'I've just seen Miss Gloria Swanson and she's given me her idea of the type man that makes the greatest lover. And I want you to do the same thing!' "

(A tactless way to put it certainly, everything considered.)

"So," continued Constance, "I huddled those who'd come down to see us off into the room, followed them, and slammed the door.

"Making an enemy for myself. Naturally!"

"And," I said, curious to know exactly how concerned she was about it, "enemies with the power of the press behind them are enemies to be feared. Wouldn't it have been better to be a little discreet?"

"I don't think so," she told me, her eyes like blue fire. "If you're going to spend your life being discreet you'll end having no life of your own at all.

"I don't relish unpleasant stories. But I don't believe they do any great harm. In the end you stand or fall by your work. People don't go to see your pictures because some sentimental sob-sister describes you a saint on earth. You might be this and a very dull actress too. People go to see your pictures because they've enjoyed your previous pictures.

"It's bad pictures that concern me, professionally. Nothing else."

Certainly Constance spares no effort to make her pictures everything they should be. Among a hundred other things even the details of sets are her concern. She sits over a conference table for hours, adamant on some point in a story which she does not find convincing. And in

(*Continued on page* 83)

How Mary Ellen Won the $5,000 Beauty Contest

SAY, DEAR, WHY DON'T YOU ENTER THE BEAUTY CONTEST AT PINE CREST?
WHAT! WITH MY SKIN LIKE IT'S BEEN LATELY? NOTHING SEEMS TO CLEAR IT UP
GRACE CLARK CLEARED UP HER SKIN WITH SOME MARVELOUS NEW KIND OF PASTEURIZED YEAST - WHY NOT SEE HER?
I WILL-RIGHT NOW!
DO YOU THINK THAT NEW YEAST WILL REALLY HELP ME, GRACE?
IT DID WONDERS FOR ME
ARE YEAST FOAM TABLETS HARD TO TAKE, MR. JACKSON?
YOU'LL LIKE THEM, I'M SURE. THEY'RE NOT LIKE ORDINARY YEAST. THEY DON'T FERMENT AND CAN'T CAUSE GAS
6 WEEKS LATER
THESE YEAST TABLETS ARE WONDERFUL- MY SKIN AND COMPLEXION ARE JUST PERFECT NOW!
THE JUDGES VOTE TO AWARD THE $5000 GRAND PRIZE TO MARY ELLEN WHITE
HURRAH FOR MARY ELLEN!
GEE, I'D LIKE TO TAKE MARY TO THE YACHT CLUB DANCE

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Confessions of a Hollywood Fortune Teller

(*Continued from page* 15)

and she will rule."

He was a puzzled man as he stepped out, and the blonde girl came into my office. Who was she?—she was Vilma Banky, now Rod LaRocque's wife. I'll tell you more later about her. On this visit, I told her that success lay before her in pictures, but briefly; that her marriage would end it.

Not to say "I-told-you-so," but merely as chronology, there came soon into Valentino's life the "dark woman"—Pola Negri. The romance of these two is no secret—the world knew of it, and Pola today still weeps when she dreams of Valentino, when she plays on a soft record the things he once sang to her.

Their romance was fierce—fierce as might be expected of two temperaments as exotic as theirs. They quarrelled bitterly, often. I know that. And too, they loved as few mortals are given to know it.

Let me tell you something about Valentino. He was a charming person, of wonderful personality. But women were doomed to disappointment in him. His mind was divided between spiritual thoughts and the material thoughts of success. Career and his ambition ruled him, love was a mere passing interest. Many of the "great lovers" of the screen are like that—even today. I know. Valentino liked women, liked to be surrounded by them. But merely to be admired, to enjoy their presence.

In Valentino, Pola Negri found, however, the satisfaction of the spiritual and mental side of her love-needs. She was deeply, beautifully in love with him. But she could never decide to marry him.

Valentino eventually divorced Natacha Rambova. Some time later, he telephoned to me, made a date. When he came, I said: "Disaster lies right ahead of you."

"But I've *got* to go," he exploded.

"You're going? Where?" I asked.

"East. New York." I hardly heard his words. In that moment, I saw the blackness that is the only way I can describe to you my vision of death. Valentino went. I never saw him again. In New York, he came to the end of life.

Now Pola has entered on a new phase of life—a spiritual phase in which is submerged the animal phase that so strongly moved her at that other time.

She loved Valentino. Once she told me: "He is the great love of my life. I am engaged to him." But that was as far as it ever went.

When he lay at death's door in New York, she came to me. With her was Prince M'dvani. She asked me about Valentino. I told her I had told Rudy himself that death lay ahead. Then I said: ". . . and you—you will marry this man who came here with you tonight." She was startled, indignant. "It can't be so, I'll never marry him," she stormed. But she did. And I told her then, too, that the marriage would not last. For her future, I can see ever-darkening unhappiness as far as I can see, into the final sunset.

And Vilma Banky?—who came to me first with Valentino. Today, she's the wife of Rod LaRocque. And strange as it is, Rod's first visit to me was at Pola Negri's suggestion! Pola admired him, so greatly that it led to some of her quarrels with Valentino. But she quarreled with Rod, too; it was her temperament. Always afterward she'd regret, and make up. One day she asked me to her apartment at the Ambassador Hotel, to see how she had made up with him. Rod was there. I've never seen him since. I've never asked him why, in a magazine interview, he subsequently called me "the Rasputin of Hollywood." Was it because of my part in the Valentino-Negri-Rambova-Banky-LaRoque drama?

Beginning next month's installment of this story in Movie Mirror, *Darcos leaps the years and gives you, in contrast with things he has just told about the Hollywood of the past, some of his experiences with today's stars. He will tell about Clara Bow and her wish for a short life; of Jean Harlow and how she came to his office with Paul Bern, before they married; of Joan Crawford and Doug Junior; of Lilyan Tashman's spectacular visit to him, before she married Edmund Lowe. And, too, he'll step back again into the past and tell you some more things about the glamorous figures of the old days.*

My, my, these poor actors! Don't you feel sorry for them? Here is the place where Will Rogers dresses on the Fox lot—a whole house, no less, with a cactus garden in front. But isn't it delightful—and Will has earned it all by making the world laugh and forget

(*Continued from page* 81)

the studios, under the lights, she works like a Trojan.

Those associated with Constance will tell you "Once Bennett says she'll do a thing or that she likes a thing you can depend upon it. She never reneges. The main difficulty is getting her to agree in the first place."

While Constance was in the adjoining office seeing her secretary I took inventory of the soft yellows and greens used in the decoration of the delightful room in which I sat. Of the comfortable sofa and chairs. Of the well-placed lamps. It was, unmistakably, the apartment of a woman of culture.

Constance Is Said To Be Exceedingly Smart And To Drive a Hard Bargain

When she came back it was on these points I next questioned her.

"I do the best I can for myself," she said with an alert smile. "Always!" Now she flung both pajamaed legs over the arm of the chair, settling deep in the seat of it. "Obviously no company is going to pay me one penny more than they're perfectly sure they can make on me. So whatever I manage to extract from them will be no more than I earn for them.

"I've worked to make my name count for something. But why my drawing-power is what it is I honestly don't know. But it is what it is. And not to get as much as possible for it would be stupid.

"And I don't mind telling you I should simply loathe being stupid."

"Next," I said, "what about clothes?"

Clothes Are Reported To Be Constance's Dominating Interest . . .

"Look here," she said, laughing, "it stands to reason they have me wrong somewhere. In one breath they say I'm smart. And in the next breath they say clothes are the most important thing in life to me. Those two statements just don't prove. I certainly hope the first is correct. The second is not!

"Clothes are important to me, yes. They are, for one thing, part of my job. You have to look a rôle as well as understand a rôle and act a rôle.

"Aside from the screen clothes continue to be important to me only in so far as they are part of fastidiousness, a part of gracious living.

"I like everything that has to do with luxury. I've worked that I might have it. But if ever I can't have it I'll get along."

Constance is Hard-Boiled, They Say . . .

"In a way I suppose I am hard-boiled," she agreed with an analytical detachment most people are incapable of applying to themselves.

"I'm an Indian. I don't forget. I give no one a chance to hurt me a second time if I possibly can help it. And when people tell me that someone who has done me harm didn't mean to I sit back and run my hand through my hair.

"The past is the one measuring rod we have for the future. What a person has done to you they have done to you. It doesn't matter much whether it was done through stupidity or weakness or downright malice.

"And what is more, deliver me from those sweet Pollyannas who run around beseeching you to forget and forgive."

"Pollyannas," I interjected, "always seem to me to be either hypocrites or fools."

"Exactly!" said Constance. "Exactly!"

All of this was for publication and she knew it. She knows too, from bitter experience, how different things look in print without the tone of voice in which they are spoken or the twinkle of an eye to warm them. But she steadfastly refused to mince matters. With her a spade is a spade. She can take it. Let those who cannot leave it.

Constance Is Reported Being Unreasonable . . .

"That I object to," she told me. "Facts refute it too. I've had the same friends for years and years. My servants would not stay with me as they do if that were true. I've had the same personal maid for nine years. I've had my other servants three and four years."

Constance Also Is Reported Being High-Hat . . .

"True enough," she said. "I won't go here and I won't go there. I'm jealous of the little time I have to myself. I won't spend it with people I care nothing about. I see my friends too seldom as it is.

"And if I'm said to be high-hat in public I can understand that also. Any number of times finding a crowd waiting outside of my hotel I've turned and run in again. Not because I wanted to be disagreeable or rude. Simply because I have a perfectly horrible sense of claustrophobia. When people mill around me I feel suffocated. Hemmed in, it takes all the will power I possess not to strike out with my arms. At even the thought of being surrounded I get panicky.

"Any number of people have this feeling, of course. I've known people to take taxis when they could ill-afford them because they couldn't endure riding in the subway. But it behooves a movie star to overcome claustrophobia. And I've never been able to."

There are in Hollywood, as everywhere else, three kinds of women. It is their chromosomes, those biological particles which determine our sex, which place them. There are, first, those women possessing too few, if any, masculine chromosomes. There are, secondly, those women possessing a balancing sprinkling of masculine chromosomes. And there are, last, those women possessing too many masculine chromosomes.

From the first group deliver me. They put on a "Little Woman" act on the least provocation. The last group bend the other way. Sometimes they even refuse to take a woman's place in the world. The middle group I like best of all.

In this middle group Constance Bennett belongs. She is a woman. But she doesn't take constant advantage of the fact. First of all she is an upstanding, square-shooting individual. She stands up to things. And she isn't easily pleased, remember. She must be pretty darn good to pass her own muster. When she does it doesn't matter to her what Hollywood or anyone else thinks.

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MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Letters from a Movie Fan in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 63*)

beach-dolls who looked as though they'd stepped out of *Vogue*, Maureen and Mary and Boots were those three. Darned if I know which was cutest—

Maureen, with those blue Irish eyes of hers dancing an Irish jig, looked like an elf in a suit of blue flannel pajamas, trimmed in white, with a gay red scarf at the throat. (And honey, here in eyebrowless Hollywood, her unplucked brows are a distinction. I'll bet she doesn't pluck them at all—save, maybe, for a stray here and there. And, like so many other actresses at play, she wears no make-up save a vivid lip rouge. She doesn't need to—her cheeks are as naturally red as a sunkist apple. But you can't *count* the freckles!)

I'd gotten there early (*wouldn't* I?). So while we waited for Boots and Mary, Maureen showed me the house—not one of those palaces, like Marion Davies' beach house, which looks like a big beach club, but a sweet, tiny cottage, right on the beach, and so close to the ocean that you can almost step off the front porch into the Pacific. If she wanted a front yard, dear, she'd have to plant it in anemones and starfish.

WE'D just finished looking the place over when the other girls arrived And I suppose you haven't the *slightest* interest in what they wore, so I'll tell you—

Mary wore the cutest beach outfit—a wrap-around skirt of white linen, and a jacket of red-and-white checked gingham. A perky little white cap, and white canvas shoes, completed the picture. Save for this—she looked as though she'd just stepped out of the proverbial bandbox, with every hair in place, and looking as cool as those fizzes we used to have at Tony's. But so did Boots, for that matter—Boots, who with a keen sense of values, set off that blonde halo of hair with a cool green-and-white pajama suit. So naturally, we all told each other how perfectly *darling* we looked—because, dear, when two or more picture girls get together, you can bet that clothes will be the topic within the first five minutes. I even suspect that some of them talk to their reflections about clothes. Out of it all, I got this tip to pass on: if you want to be as "smart as Hollywood" (and you can't be smarter) just go and buy yourself a little piqué suit. Every one of those girls are wearing them—and are cuh-razy about them . . .

Suddenly, darling, I looked at what Boots was doing, and let out a squeal. You see, dear, the beach is public—and there were quite a few men around—but Boots was calmly loosening her pajamas and about to step out of them . . .!

And she *did!* But under it, she was wearing a bathing suit. I might have known it, but I'm still such a yokel, dear. All the same, *what* a bathing suit . . .! Some firm, I notice, is advertising its brand of swimsuits as "the answer to nude bathing." This must have been one of them. Well, in a jiffy, Boots was splashing into the surf—and Maureen and Mary were right after her. All Mary had had to do was drop that wrap-around skirt to reveal a bathing suit, and Maureen, like Boots, just stepped out of her pajamas. Imagine my embarrassment—what I had on under my pajamas totaled exactly nothing, dear. I'm *such* a sap.

Johnny saved the day. No—not Johnny Farrow, Maureen's boy-friend, although he *did* come around later on. This "Johnny" was a fresh little wire-haired pup Farrow had given Maureen. Just as the girls hit the water, Johnny popped out of the house and climbed all over me, as puppies do. And saved me the embarrassment of being left high and dry on the beach, while those nymphs did Weissmuller stunts in the breakers.

A CLATTERING on the porch introduced Esther. Esther is Maureen's colored maid. She was spreading a luncheon cloth—green-and-orange plaid, matching the pillows and chairs around the house. A green bowl of white flowers in the center. Glistening tableware. Nothing formal—but utterly appetizing, just to look at their luncheon-table. I was ravenous (and yes, I can hear you say "When *isn't* she?!"), so I followed Esther into the kitchen and watched the preparations. As a result, I can pass this on to you to give Mollie, because Mollie always said she'd love to give a beach party "just like they do in Hollywood." Here's what we had, and how:

Tomato cocktail. That's what we started with. Tomato juice, a dash of cayenne, three sturdy drops of worcestershire, the juice of half a lemon. And into the icebox to chill so the glasses would frost when she served them, with dainty little cheese squares that were crisped in the oven for a few minutes before Esther served them.

This is little Jean Parker, the wonder discovery of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Because all Hollywood is so thrilled over her, Adele Whitely Fletcher has written one of the finest stories about Jean. In next month's Movie Mirror. Watch for it!

Then tuna salad—but *not* the sort you get at the corner drug store for lunch. I watched Esther prepare it. She'd chilled the canned tuna in the icebox first. Three large cups full of it, she put in a bowl, with a cup of finely cut celery, some chopped chives, filets of anchovy, plenty of mayonnaise, and salt and cayenne and lemon juice to season. She mixed it very thoroughly. And just before she turned it out of the bowl, after chilling it in the icebox some more, she added some finely shredded lettuce. "Dat makes it so nahce an' fluffeh . . ." she drawled. But all of a dish's appetizing qualities aren't in the taste alone; much lies in how it's served. Esther took a platter, heaped the salad in a mound in the center. Around it, she arranged little whole tomatoes (stuffed with cubed cucumbers, seasoned with French dressing) alternated with devilled eggs, and garnished with olives—ripe and green, stuffed and plain.

IN the bread box, she had ready the daintiest sandwiches—white and brown bread in alternate layers, with plain cream cheese filling.

There you are—nothing unobtainable, nothing you'd have to pay millionaires' prices for at some ritzy delicatessen, but just everyday things like you and I and Mollie can get for six bits or so. But, with iced coffee in tall frosted glasses, and dessert of strawberries and cream with Maureen's favorite cake—angel food! Well, darling, I'll bet I added two inches to *them hips . . .!*

It was at dessert-time that Farrow arrived—that blonde Australian chap, who has such a reputation as a lady-killer in Hollywood, and who is just evuh-reething-a in Maureen's life at this particular moment. He's nice, dear—but I don't dare say more, because Maureen'll read this, and if I get too enthusiastic—well, I'd hate to have an Irish jealous temper let loose at me . . .!

After lunch we just loafed—lay in the sand and let Old Sol get in his dirty work. Farrow stripped to just a pair of trunks, and although he's no Buster Crabbe, I *mean . . .!* And we played *"Scandal."* It's Hollywood's newest craze—and it doesn't require any equipment save a knowledge of current gossip about your *dearest* friends . . . I'll tell you:

Remember the game of "Murder"? Well, "Scandal" is something like it. Somebody at the party is the victim. He's murdered (theoretically, dear, although I *do* know some people . . . but let it pass). Then one other member of the party takes the stand and *all* the rest question that other one. The one person on the stand must impersonate, in turn, all the other people present. And must answer ALL questions. The catch is that truthful answers must be given for all witnesses save the one who actually is guilty (and whose identity is written secretly down beforehand.)

Well, dear, in Hollywood, where everybody knows all the dirt about everybody else, you can *imagine . . .!* At this party, dear, we chose Farrow the "victim" and

Boots (whose innocent face belies what goes on in that clever mind!) was on the stand. And were faces red . . . and NOT from sunburn either, dear. But I'll never tell what was said. These girls must have *some* secrets, dear. . . .

Well, there's little else. Mary and Boots had to leave early—probably Mary had another date with some one of her million swains (lucky gal!) and Boots probably had a date with Alexander Kirkland (lucky gal!) and I didn't have ANY date (unlucky gal!) so I stayed awhile. And Johnny Farrow took some pictures of us—and I'm enclosing a couple, so you can see for yourself. (Sorry we couldn't find Joel McCrea to put in the background so as to thrill you more, deAH . . .!) And anyway, after Johnny had asked, for the fourth time, "What time is it?", I got the idea, and went back home, myself.

I'LL probably have lots of outdoor-y things to write you, because summer has just hit Hollywood like a ton of bricks. Malibu will be bursting out like a dozen pinwheels, and I'm trying to promote Alexander Kirkland to have me down for one of his famous parties, and if I do, I'll tell you ALL. (Well, *nearly* all.)

Here's another Hollywood style hint for you. Floppy big hats are *out!* But big hats, UN-floppy, are oke! Saw Kay Francis and June Collyer, both, with big hats, but the brims were quite stiff and turned down in the same line all around. And with the simplest possible trim. If you use flowers, be sure they're tiny ones. And have a tailored band all around the crown, if you want to.

Let's see what else I can tell you?—oh, yes; saw Adrienne Ames with Bruce Cabot (they're all the time together, and I wonder whether it's true that Adrienne's hubby, that New York stockbroker, has given actual permission, as rumored, for wife to go places with Bruce) at the Cocoanut Grove the other night. And believe it or not, Bruce was wearing a black zipper-shirt! They say he wears them *all* the time. I suppose he saw what a publicity break Marlene got out of freak clothes, so he decided he'd get his, eh?

Couple of nights later, your writer-friend took me dancing at the Beverly-Wilshire. Joan Crawford was there again—with Franchot Tone, of course. And she's so tan that she could double for Josephine Baker. And yes, she still carries the inevitable gardenia. You know, she's had a gardenia bush planted in her front yard now, so she can pick them fresh. No kidding.

And before I quit this letter, I want to let you know that I don't really feel as bad about my sunburned proboscis as I might, because the other day, I had lunch at the Fox studio cafe. And at the next table was an exquisitely-pretty doll-like creature, save for a face that flamed as red as mine with a nose that was peeling. And the face was simply dripping almond oil, and I knew it was burning its owner just as much as mine was burning me.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"That's Lilian Harvey. She's just learning about the California sun," grinned the chap opposite me.

"That," I said, "makes two of us."

Love,
KATHRYN

Bebe Daniels and Randolph Scott in Cocktail Hour Columbia Pictures

Hollywood's alluring stars will tell you, "Clashing colors destroy your charm . . . Avoid them always!" It's true of clothes . . . twice as true of make-up. So play safe! Use Blue Waltz face-powder, lipstick and perfume . . . matched in tone to harmonize with each other and with your skin. You won't have to guess . . . you'll know they're just right. See all three, in convenient 10c sizes at your 5 & 10, today.

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Will you give 10 Minutes a Day to weigh what you should?

Are You Too Fat or Too Thin?

Your weight is the soundest measure of your health. It may be the friendly warning of danger, or your assurance of constitutional perfection And, after all, how easy it is to weigh what you should.

Excess body weight is composed purely of fat and therefore most people think that the only way to reduce is through dangerous, body-starving diet or punishing, heart-defying exercise. Fat may be reduced in both ways it is true—but why go to the inconvenience and discomfort of this when there is a pleasant, less dangerous method? Likewise, slender people who wish to gain weight are likely to avoid all exercise and gorge themselves with food—when such practice may break down your health completely. So why take a chance, especially when you have—at your command—a sane, sensible and harmless way to regulate your weight.

Do You Have Constipation—Pimples, Headaches, Nerves, Indigestion or Anemia?

Certainly nature never intended that these things should come as a curse to human health. And nature itself will correct them if you give it a chance. You need not suffer from indigestion and constipation. Headaches, anemia and nerves need not haunt you. And you can be free of pimples and unsightly skin. Give nature a chance to give you the glorious health you deserve. As a matter of fact the difference between good health and bad—the difference between health and illness—is largely a matter of proper food and regular exercise, as is explained in detail in Mr. Macfadden's great book—"10 Minutes a Day For Health."

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Hollywood's Hates are the World's Loves

(*Continued from page* 53)

After a long while at M-G-M what happened? They let Anita go, that's what, and another studio is yet to sign her.

On the other hand there was Garbo at the same studio. In the first place she was brought along as Maurice Stiller's excess baggage and everybody shook doubtful heads prophesying her quick return to Sweden. She did return to Sweden—but she went back as a homecoming, laurel-wreathed victor from the greatest film war ever waged.

And as for keeping Hollywood rules—she smashed them bit by bit. Garbo just wouldn't play the game, but it is an absolute fact that her refusal to have publicity was not a publicity stunt. It was her own wish and desire. She was artistic enough to be an individual. She did not like people. She did not want them asking her what she thought were stupid questions. It was simply her genius showing through, for no great genius has ever followed the accepted path.

Irene Dunne is a great actress, a thoroughly charming and intelligent woman and greatly liked and respected in Hollywood. She is, technically, a star, but her name isn't listed in box office circles anywhere near that of Constance Bennett.

When Connie first arrived in Hollywood she listened to all the good advice and then proceeded to go her own spectacular way—getting her name in the headlines, refusing to be docile at the studios and right away feuding with Lilyan Tashman.

It must be said, however, for Connie that during her public encounters with Lilyan she behaved in a highly lady-like fashion and, one night discovering Lil at a party, turned and left without a word—giving Lil a chance to air her high class epithets. The reason for this feud is a secret that Hollywood—for once—has kept.

On the set, Connie is called "high-hat" and is far from being a great favorite with the electricians, prop boys and the rest of them. Leila Hyams and Frances Dee, on the other hand, are great favorites with the working crew, but compare the respective public popularity of Frances Dee and Connie Bennett. Yet Hollywood still insists that one of the ways to get ahead in pictures is to make friends of the boys who light you for scenes and you will always look your best before the camera. Apparently looking beautiful before the camera isn't enough.

Joan Crawford is well liked among the members of her working crew but she is far from being a great favorite in Hollywood. Some of the most malicious gossip has been hurled in her direction. She has been called up-stage, hi-hat and ritzy and, when she first signed her contract with Metro not a soul prophesied a great future for her. She was just another girl from New York who would return to her place in the chorus when her first six months' option was up. It was decidedly you fans who saw what Joan Crawford had—that warm, compelling, powerful energy that has given her top notch rank.

During the recent divorce, excepting those who knew all the facts in the case, the sympathy was for Doug Jr. Doug has played according to Hollywood's rules and Joan has broken them. Hostesses have often complained that Joan leaves parties early when she is bored. This is a social crime, granted. But I never knew a real artist yet who measured his comings and goings by fixed standards.

Marlene Dietrich has played "the perfect fool" for Hollywood as well as the rest of the world. Beginning as a docile little German girl who did what she was told when she was told, she suddenly burst forth in a spurt of rebelliousness that caused eye-brows to be raised and tongues to wag. She could no more control her exhibitionistic tendencies than the great composer Liszt—who played before his audiences garbed in clerical robes—could control his. It's really too bad that these people must be judged conventionally.

Toss bombs if you will but I predict that Helen Hayes is not long for screen popularity. She lacks what the great film personalities have—that strange, eccentric vitality. She is the toast of Hollywood, adored by them all and her appearance at a party makes the hostess an instant success. The younger actors hang on every word she utters. Her graciousness and charm are commented upon everywhere. She has, so far, played the game and followed the rules, but, great actress that she is, I believe she lacks "that thing whatever it is" that makes great stars great. In pictures it has nothing to do with acting. It is entirely personality.

No, Hollywood raves just a little too much about Helen Hayes. And I remember how Hollywood raved about Fay Wray. Here was the discovery of the era, a really great emotional artiste and a nice girl, too. Then when her first pictures showed her simply as an efficient leading woman the press agents began telling you, with each successive film she made, about "the new Fay Wray." Each time she stepped before the camera in a new rôle the best predicters predicted that this time you would really see something.

I've watched "the new Fay Wray" as screen woman of the streets, as gangster's moll, as tough girl, as neurotic and she always looks just like Fay Wray to me. Charming, beautiful, gracious, an earnest young woman—and that's all.

Yet when Clara Bow, a gauche, plump girl wearing a wrinkled plaited skirt and a dirty little sweater first burst upon Hollywood every body shook his head and said, "What in the world made Shulberg sign *her* up?" A few realized why he had when, some ten minutes after she had entered the studio for the first time, a test of her was made and knowing almost nothing of camera technique she ran the gamut of human emotions—crying as easily and as naturally as she laughed.

BUT all during the time that she was adored by every flapper in the world, she was thoroughly disliked in Hollywood. Clara was never taken up socially. "You know, my dear, you can't have her at your parties," hostesses said. And, in a way, you couldn't. For what Clara did was to behave like the child of nature she was. Once at a swimming party the straps of her bathing suit cut her shoulders. With the naivete of a little child she dropped the offending straps from her shoulders and was amazed when she saw shocked glances.

Finding that the "socially elect" would have nothing to do with her she turned bitter and chose as her companions hair dressers, manicurists and other working girls the Hollywood snobs scorned.

Alice White was another disliked by Hollywood. They said she was a fresh kid, and certainly she broke plenty of the rules of good behavior, but she broke box office records as well. Hollywood never wanted Alice to be starred, but the public demanded her.

No girl has ever shot to success by following the Hollywood code. The real success kids break all the rules. Just breaking the rules alone won't bring success. But the sort of person who cannot abide the fetters of fixed laws is one who has the strength, courage and will to succeed.

Very good friends are Neil Hamilton, Adrienne Ames and Alexander Kirkland. Our cameraman, Hyman Fink, found them all down at Kirkland's Malibu home, trying out one of the drums he uses for tables, no less

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page 77*)

END-OF-THE-DREAM DEPT.

. . . funny, isn't it?, that the day after Nick Stuart was seen lunching with Eddie Hillman, recently divorced by Marian Nixon, it was revealed that Nick and Wifie Sue Carol have hit the marital rocks. Because they've got contracts to fulfill, you'll see them touring the country together in vaudeville appearance. But outside of that, they live apart—Sue and their baby in a Beverly Hills house, Nick alone in their Malibu Beach cottage. AND —Nick's been taking Peggy Hopkins Joyce out places!

. . . Claudia Morgan (she's Ralph's daughter, Frank's niece) called it quits and divorced Talbott Cummings, of the New York "400" because he was abusive, she testified. Particulars: Cummings "called her a fool and a little idiot when she was really playing very good tennis."

. . . because she found that her marriage was "nothing but a long-distance telephone and telegraph love," and "tragic," Lenore Ulric announces she'll divorce Hubby Sidney (stage and screen actor) Blackmer, and that she's "through with marriage forever!"

. . . again! the Menjous can't make it. Once before, they separated, rejoined. Now they've split again. Neither will discuss it. Divorce, maybe.

. . . despite all sorts of denials, and every manner of camouflage, you can put it down in your hat that one of the screen's most glamorous blonde stars and her hubby are going to call it *FINIS* before much longer.

. . . it looks as though that long-lasting romance between Donald Cook and Evalyn Knapp (they were even rumored secretly married once!) is on the ice now.

. . . Stan Laurel's wife makes it official by filing for divorce.

MAE WEST has her own way of expressing how the censors cramp her style. "In 'She Done Him Wrong,'" she said, "they kept me *three feet away* from the men!"

* * *

If you think it's "fun" being an extra, consider this:

After trying for months to get enough extra work to keep his wife and baby in food, a young man went to a certain casting office, made this proposition: "If any newsreel wants a 'thrill' shot, I'll commit suicide in front of a camera *in any way* they specify—provided they give my wife and baby support for a year." That actually happened a week or so ago!

And if you believe Hollywood's 100 percent heartless, consider this: A certain big-studio producer heard of the lad's plight, and is now anonymously supporting the family until the chap can find work.

* * *

Fox Director Harry Lachmann was lunching in the studio café when a blonde slithered in.

"Who," he asked, "is that?"

"Greta Nissen," a companion told him. "That," continued Lachmann, "is my idea of SEX."

"Pretty, eh?" commented the other.

"No—not pretty—but SEX!" said Lachmann. And he didn't even say "IT"!

* * *

In M-G-M's "Night Flight," Clark Gable never leaves the cockpit of a prop airplane, and all of his scenes are photographed in that spot! And, another oddity, throughout the picture, Gable and Helen Hayes, who play man and wife, never have a scene together.

* * *

When you see Vera Allen, playing opposite Will Rogers in "The Last Adam," you'll see another of those Hollywood fairy-tales-come-true. . . .

Vera happened to be handy around the lot one day (where she was doing extra and bit jobs with no prospects of getting better) when they needed some girl—just "any" girl—to read lines opposite a certain stage juvenile they were testing for a big rôle. So they handed Vera the paper and used her as the other's foil.

When they ran the test, Vera stood out so strongly that the executives offered her a contract, and later the part opposite Rogers! And the juvenile whose test she was rushed into just didn't click.

* * *

Prosperity-Returns Note:

The Italian organ grinder who tootles outside Hollywood cafés has taught his monkey "Josephine" (who occasionally works in movies) to accept *nothing but dimes.* "Josephine" simply ignores pennies.

* * *

No, Garbo hasn't yet changed that car of hers. It's a six-year-old limousine, and everyone thought that she'd surely get a new one on her current return to Hollywood. But she *has* a new chauffeur. And a new police dog. So what?

* * *

Ever since Adolphe Menjou came out with his list of "the world's twelve best-dressed men," Hollywood's been kidding about it. A group of filmland's wisecrackers recently submitted a rival list, as follows, of "THE BEST-DRESSED MEN"—

Adolphe Menjou, Jimmie Durante, Jack Oakie, Adolphe Menjou, Congressman Frisbie, Harry Lauder, Adolphe Menjou, King George, King Tut, King Vidor, Adolphe Menjou, Laurel and Hardy, Mahatma Gandhi, Adolphe Menjou, and Marlene Dietrich.

* * *

Overheard in a Hollywood speakeasy: "If Joe E. Brown had Jimmy Durante's nose, he'd look like a tennis racket."

* * *

Did you know (or care) that the Wheeler-Woolsey film "So This is Africa" had to be cut in 197 places before the censors in New York permitted it to be shown there?

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Everybody is eligible except employees of the Northeastern Laboratories.
The winners names will appear in this magazine.
The decision of the Judges will be final. In case of tie duplicate prizes will be awarded.

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MISS VIRGINIA SCHMITZ .... *Tower Magazine*

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Now you can get a big package of Blondex for only 25¢. Formerly sold only in the dollar size. Now within the reach of everyone—only a few cents a shampoo. Not a dye—Blondex is safe and fine for the scalp. Try this amazing shampoo today. Make your hair young again—filled with shimmering gold. Get Blondex now at any good drug or department store.

You Can't Break Into the Extra Game

In most cases they mean everything. The least you can manage on is two evening dresses, an evening wrap, two street dresses, two afternoon dresses, a yachting costume, a bathing suit and an assortment of sport clothes. Naturally all the correct accessories for these dresses are required and hats, shoes, stockings and gloves make a tidy hole in an extra girl's budget. It goes without saying that what she wears must be up to date. When a story dealing with the past is filmed, the studio supplies the extra's clothes.

Girls who have nice fur coats or good foxes which they can throw languidly about their shoulders certainly are not overlooked when a well dressed crowd is needed. Smart evening clothes get an extra farther than the good acting which she hopes she is doing and which no one will ever notice. Perhaps nobody is interested in men's clothes but incidentally the boys have a tough time, too. They must have business suits, sports suits, morning clothes, tuxedos, full dress clothes and overcoats. Uniforms are furnished by the studio.

One extra here buys her clothes at our most expensive shop where only exclusive models are sold. She has a two thousand dollar fur coat and pays fifteen and eighteen dollars for her shoes. Did you ever think there was that much money to be made in doing extra work? Neither did I. Neither does the Central Casting bureau nor the studios.

She works as often as she wants to because she has good clothes, and her mother back home in the middle west is thrilled every time she catches a flash of her on the screen. It is on account of her mother that she works as an extra girl. As long as her mother keeps seeing her now in this picture and now in that she will believe that the hundred dollars a week which daughter sends her is really earned by hard work in the movies. It isn't and it couldn't be. An extra has to be lucky and darn lucky to average forty a week on a year's run.

The next time you catch a flash of an extra wearing good clothes don't be suspicious of her, however. She might be the pampered daughter of some wealthy family working for fun or maybe with serious intentions of carving a career for herself in the movies.

Many of the girls are living with their folks and many of them are married. Some have husbands who are extras, too, but most of the married girls have husbands in garages, drug stores, haberdasheries and what not and are working to augment the family budget.

The clothes which the extra manages to scrape together for her needs are gathered in various ways. There is no denying that here and there you'll find a girl who can look wistful enough to pry a man loose from an evening dress or cry him out of a few dollars for an organdy frock to be worn in a garden party scene. Most of the clothes are gathered differently however. You can say what you like about Hollywood men but few are fools for women. There are too many women here.

Extras are usually paying a few dollars a week to some Boulevard gown shop which holds a dress for them until its title is completely cleared. Sometimes if the

(*Continued from page* 11)

girl is known she can reverse the process and take the dress first. Then down in Los Angeles there are some regular installment plan houses which prove a godsend occasionally. Girls lend clothes to each other, too, but the borrower is not popular because the clothes mean bread and butter. Suppose they should be torn or hopelessly soiled? The luckiest extra is she who is intimately acquainted with a successful actress and can borrow furs and frills from her or have dresses passed on to her when the actress tires of them. If, by the way, such a friendship does exist between an extra and a successful actress it was cemented either before the one girl became an extra or before the other became a star.

The extras who are not married or who have no folks usually cling together to cut down expenses. Four or three or even two girls sharing an apartment reduce the bugaboo of a month's rent very conclusively. We have smart apartment houses but extras do not even dream of them and there are many comfortable places that can be had for forty dollars a month. The extra men arrange their apartments much more tastefully and sensibly than do the girls. Perhaps the girls expect to be out of their cheap apartments any minute, whereas the men are more pessimistic.

The distances between studios necessitate an automobile. There are trolleys and buses, of course, but their routes and speed are not arranged for the convenience of extras. Practically every extra has an automobile or access to one. Usually they are second hand cars purchased on the deferred payment system and owned by two or three girls. If the owners are each working at different studios then it becomes difficult. They must all arise early and pile into the car. One is dropped at Culver City forty five minutes before she need be there so that the other may reach Gower Street on time. Or if a girl does not own a car she can always find another extra who will give her a lift morning and night providing she keeps the car in gasoline.

Extras must apply their makeup at home as there is no room for them at the studios. Consequently a common sight around these parts is a rickety car filled to overflowing with nice looking boys or pretty girls all looking like victims of yellow jaundice.

Once you are a full-fledged extra the work is so easy that it amounts to a life of idleness. There is a great deal of bridge played while the director is taking a closeup of the star and plenty of gambling goes on though gambling is against the rules. Some girls bring their sewing or knitting on the set. Some of them are studying dress designing or interior decorating and bring their lessons with them. An ambitious male extra has been seen studying law books by Kleig lights. The students are not in the majority. There are far more bridge players.

The extras sit or they stand and there is little more than that to their work. A flood of protests no doubt will greet that statement but when you recall an extra working hard you are recalling the exception and not the rule. This certainly does not apply to the dancing girls whom you see in musical pictures but to the person who is just atmosphere and no more.

The extras get ten and fifteen minutes rest out of every hour. They are paid for overtime and the directors are not thoughtless of them nor abusive. If a girl complains to the assistant that she is not feeling well she is told to take it easy or to go lie down. She is not dismissed nor disregarded. The extra sits and chatters and smokes cigarettes most of the day and wonders only if he or she will be called back on that set tomorrow. Around five the extras start telephoning Central Casting to see what the future holds in case this is the last day on that picture.

Not more than one extra in fifty expects to rise from the mob. They regard extra work as a business which pays but does not hold forth any rosy promises. The first day on a set they are full of hopes, of course, but the experienced extra hopes for nothing except many cafe scenes.

The extras who have not been lucky enough to fall into one of the favored groups average about three days work a week. That means anywhere from nine to thirty dollars, as an extra's wages vary from three to ten dollars a day and the three-dollar jobs are more frequent.

I know an extra who is called very seldom and who is in debt to every friend she has in Hollywood. She worries about her condition and spends a great deal of time worrying about her future. There is no use in suggesting that she work in a store or take a business course or learn beauty operating. Being an extra has spoiled her for everything.

"It's such nice, easy work," she says. "And maybe I'll be called every day next week. Wouldn't that be gorgeous?"

There's a pretty girl who works as a waitress in one of our restaurants here. She waited on a director who asked her if she'd like to add seven fifty a day to her salary for a week. Luckily she was working the night shift and had her days free. He arranged through the proper channels and had her put on as an extra and she earned the greatest amount of money that week that she had ever seen.

The week ended. The extras were finished and the waitress was told that she'd be called again.

"No, thanks," she said. "It was fun to see the inside of a studio and to make all the money but I'm not happy unless I'm doing something. All that sitting around would set me crazy or else spoil me so that I never could do any real work. Of all the lazy lives I ever did see!"

It's not easy to get in and it's not easy to become one of the favored few and there's very little money in it and only one in five thousand ever gets out of the mob. Still people come begging to be extras. Some of them are caught by the glamour of the movies, others expect to become stars but most of them are looking for something easy to do. And that's the truth. You'll never see thousands on call for ditch digging or floor scrubbing.

But that's the way we humans were made and I have invested in a good fur coat and a pair of foxes. You can't tell about this writing business.

Hollywood's Only Regulars

(*Continued from page 33*)

then shrugged his shoulders and said, "Maybe he's right. What's it all about, anyhow?" Not knowing, I could not answer.

We never heard from our friend again.

Jack Gilbert, whose fracas with me created a furore some years ago, might easily be included in my list of the square shooters of Hollywood. After the trouble, I was engaged to play a part opposite Gilbert in "Way For a Sailor." A story of three musketeers of the sea, Wallace Beery comprised the remainder of the triangle.

When I stripped for action on the boat, Gilbert laughingly said, "Good Lord, did I tackle that?" He remained my friend all through the picture, and I am proud to list him as such today. I feel further that Gilbert will become one of the leading directors of the screen, as in the past few years his mind has been turning in that direction.

Barbara Stanwyck is of course without a peer as one of the squarest women who ever came to Hollywood. Utterly without pretense, she is as natural as a leaf, and full of consideration for all.

THE daughter of a Brooklyn bricklayer, Barbara was early the child of tragedy. A drunken stranger pushed Barbara's mother off a street car and killed her. The stranger was never found. The father of the future actress took to drink after the tragedy, and was unable to support his four poverty stricken children. Barbara's two older sisters taught her to dance and act, and thus unconsciously laid the foundation for her greatness. They have since died of tuberculosis.

Barbara's father went to work at the Panama Canal, where he remained six years. At the end of that time he wrote to his children that he was returning to Brooklyn to make a home for them.

Elated, the four children went to meet the boat. The captain, in gold trimmings, went forth to meet the children. As they stood, expectant, he told them quietly that their father had died on the boat and had been buried at sea.

With this background of sorrow, the young girl struggled until at last she arrived at fame and fortune in Hollywood.

While early suffering alone cannot make a great actress, it can be the nucleus around which all might center. Barbara Stanwyck has an intensity of emotion equal, in the few times she has been given opportunity to show it, to Garbo's. She can still go far on the screen. She can go no further as a loyal friend and square shooter in the opinion of all who know her.

James Cruze, for many years the highest salaried director in the world, is again rapidly coming to the front with "The Washington Merry-Go Round" and "I Cover the Water Front." Stepping out of a Hollywood shadow into the full light of fame with "The Covered Wagon," Cruze has since remained a colorful figure and a loyal friend. His house, ten miles from Hollywood, is situated on twelve acres of ground. There the one-time Danish peasant from Utah has entertained literally everybody connected with the cinema.

Even the great Mencken sought refreshments under his roof. Cruze, wearing a red coat and a large sombrero, met the famous critic at the door, and said, "I've never read one of your books." Mencken's answer was, "I've never seen one of your films. That makes us both Elks."

When I first interviewed Cruze a dozen years ago, he was so frank that I could not print all he said. A great sombre personality, Cruze is a deeper man than the average director. For some time he read many of my manuscripts before they were submitted to producer or publisher. One was the play, "Black Boy," in which Paul Robeson appeared on the New York stage. It was the pitiful story of a giant Negro pugilist who was whipped to death by the little lashes of life.

When I called on Cruze after he had read it, he remained for some moments in deep thought, his elbows on his knees, his jaws buried in his hands in the manner of Rodin's "Thinker."

Finally he rose, shook his head violently and walked swiftly up and down the room. At last as though the words would choke him if he did not spit them out, he exclaimed, *"God—what you did to the big beautiful man."* He seated himself again, his head buried in his hands as before.

Of the younger group of colorful and square fellows in Hollywood, I would rate Jack Oakie among the first.

Full of that hard-bitten wisdom that smiles at every cloud, he represents a carefree quality in America that is swiftly passing away. I recall an early morning in which we stopped at his Beverly Hills home. His mother was not yet up, but Jack, having a yen to hear poetry recited, immediately aroused her.

The picture of his gentle gray haired mother reciting "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," to her famous son and his writing comrade, is one that will long have a pleasant place in my memory.

The chauffeur looked straight ahead, as we left Jack's home, and no doubt wondered why the vagaries of life had so shifted about that he must haul in a large limousine, two vagabonds of old time. And, if he pondered long enough he might come to the conclusion that, like the character in old Ibsen, we had never been so mad as to doubt ourselves. For Jack Oakie would not only blaze his way where angels fear to tread, he would soon be having the angels laughing at the antics of one of the greatest clowns the screen has produced.

AND so, they walk down the hall of memory, my favorite citizens of the cinema town. Like Meredith's people—some are good and some are bad, and most a dash between the two. But they are all quite human, and warm with the turbulent blood of life. Also, they are gifted with infinite understanding. For—have they not—through the storm and the stress of the years—remained—my friends?

Next month Jim Tully gives you another of his dramatic characteristic stories of Hollywood. It is called "The Hidden Hollywood"—the inside stories that have never been told before of the most romantic place in the world.

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CLARK GABLE'S

ROMANTIC TEMPTATIONS

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OF THE PRIVATE LIFE
OF HOLLYWOOD'S
ROMANTIC IDOL

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ALL the world loves a lover and all the world will love this entrancing revelation of the romantic temptations which have beset the idol of a million feminine hearts—a man whose enthralling personal romance far eclipses any of the delightful screen romances which have made his name a household word wherever there is a movie theater. At last—and all the more interesting because of the postponement—the complete true story of Clark Gable's romantic temptations is revealed.

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A Frank Biography of Hollywood's Great Lover

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AUGUST

TRUE STORY

WORLD'S LARGEST NEWS STAND SALE

Sex—From Gish to West

(*Continued from page 37*)

bad in Hollywood as in Siwash Center. Clara Bow drove a sport Packard down the boulevard, sixty miles an hour, orange hair waving in the breezes, knees bared to Old Sol and any Old Rip along the street. Joan Crawford, before she found out she was a dramatic actress, was winning dancing cups for her ability in the Charleston. Lupe Velez showed 'em what a Mexican tamale was like—and that was SOMETHING, too. Sally O'Neil stopped traffic, and Colleen Moore, who read Edna St. Vincent Millay, was trying to live up to her wild screen reputation.

A VISIT to any high school or college in America revealed numberless potential Clara Bows—same kind of sketchy clothes, same kind of haircut, same kind of manners, and same kind of longshoreman dialect. You didn't have to confine it to America. The cuties were flapping just as conscientiously in Hong Kong and Copenhagen.

And still the movies were bashful about coming right out and saying the flappers had sex. They were cute, sure. They had "It," you bet. They had sex, hey, now, there's no use in talking dirty.

No telling what would have happened if something hadn't checked the flappers. Clothes had just about reached the lowest common denominator. A tall Swedish girl was destined to lead the girl children out of a wilderness of bad fiction, chilblained knees and synthetic gin. Greta Garbo came like a bolt from the blue. Here was the new Messiah of feminine allure—something the like of which the screen had never seen before. Mysterious—but not with the manufactured mystery of a Bara. Beautiful—but not with the easily understood beauty of a Pickford. Vital—but not with the primitive vitality of a Bow. She was to herald an entirely new style in screen women.

IF every studio in Hollywood wanted a Greta Garbo of its own, it is safe to say that 'steen million women did a little experimenting with their hair and eyebrows trying to achieve that world-weary Garbo look. And was it tough! It was ABC to follow the vogue of Pickford and Bara and Bow. Garbo was something else again. Easy to wear the hair behind the ears. Easy to achieve that eyebrow line with a good pair of tweezers and a pencil. Simple enough to buy a tweed suit, a mannish overcoat and a beret. Darned tough, however, for a healthy girl to develop anæmia and a flat chest. Millions of women starved to look like Garbo. They did it right in Hollywood. You've heard of the lettuce leaf luncheon and the lamb chop and pineapple dinner.

In the train of Garbo came Marlene Dietrich, Tallulah Bankhead, Tala Birell, Katharine Hepburn, and many others. Joan Crawford soared to the heights when she transformed herself from a ha-cha keed into Garboesque manners. All were hailed as rivals. None of them were. If they succeeded, and some of them did, they accomplished it on the strength of their own individual personality—not as Garbo rivals.

Three-year-old Bobby Burns on the job of playing the son of Clark Gable and Jean Harlow in "Hold Your Man" because he had Gable's smile and Jean's hair and eyes. Now if he only gets that other quality that Jean and Clark both have! Babee!

The girls were getting dizzy with these new streamline mammas. Bad enough to try and look neurotic like Garbo and Bankhead, without having to invest in two-pants suits like Dietrich. But they did it. It was getting to the point where you couldn't tell Jill from Jack.

STILL it wasn't sex. Now it was glamor. And to make it just that much more confusing Jean Harlow had arrived with platinum hair. Peroxide reached a new high. It was enough to drive a woman to drink.

And Harlow had lots of other things besides her blonde hair. And I don't mean what you are thinking and I don't mean that acting ability of hers either. La Harlow, under that look of hers, hides a pretty keen brain. She knows what she wants and she's plenty willing to work hard to get it. But she sure makes it hard on the girls who want to imitate her. Imagine wearing one of those Harlow gowns at the frat dance and getting by the Latin professor's wife in it!

Maybe it was just as well that Mae West came along when she did. No anæmia for Mae. She had more curves than the Baltimore and Ohio. She was as modern as the automat, and at the same time, a throwback to the lusty Gay Nineties. A wholesome decade, too, if grandpop isn't talking through his hat.

Mae had sex. Any reasonable bright child of six would know it. Good, healthy Sex. You had to call it that. She'd have hysterics if you were to tell her she had "It."

Are girls going to take up the drawl? Will hips and bosoms come back? Is Mae West the next vogue? A lot of women hope so. It's going to be tough to remain Garboesque with all that new beer.

Why Mae West Never Married, in next month's MOVIE MIRROR, *out July 1st. Don't miss it!*

(*Continued from page 93*)

quirements in prep school. There was law. Too many lawyers now who are wondering where the next meal is coming from. Then I thought of the stage. Not because of the tinsel, or because it was glamorous. It seemed to offer a career for an ambitious young fellow. I don't want to sound like a snob, but I came from a good family, had the advantage of breeding, and a better education than most people at that time were bringing to the stage. I didn't see why I shouldn't try it.

"Five years I gave myself to make good in acting. If I failed in that I could turn to the business side of the theater, try to become company manager, and perhaps in time, do my own producing.

"When I talked it over with father and mother there was some surprise, but no indignation—no 'go, and darken my door nevermore.' Father wanted me to finish college, but I couldn't see it that way. I wanted to spend all of my available time in getting ahead in my chosen profession. Mother had only one comment to offer—

"'If you must, be a good actor. I'll have no ham actor in my family.'

"The upshot of it was that they agreed to finance me during the first tough days of getting a break. I was lucky to have a family that could do that for me. I never had to starve in garrets, or freeze on park benches. I didn't have money to burn, at that. Father had no intention of supporting me in style. My first room in New York was at the corner of 58th Street and Tenth Avenue, and I paid five dollars a week for it.

"Naturally I had to lie like nobody's business about 'previous experience.' No one will look at you unless you've had it, and show business is a funny game. No one wants to help you get that necessary experience. So I chattered on about this road company, and that stock company. Finally a little booking office must have got tired of me. They signed me for a vaudeville tour—to get rid of me, I guess. If they had signed me to play opposite Ethel Barrymore I couldn't have been more thrilled. I invested in a five dollar make-up box, and enough grease paint to color the Rocky Mountains.

"This first stage job was with Henry Horton in one of those "Old Homestead" acts. I had about six lines, and I got thirty dollars a week. It seemed a fortune. My traveling expenses were paid, and seven dollars a week got me a fairly decent room. We were on the road for twenty-five weeks, and, strangely enough, we opened in Atlanta, Georgia. There were no headlines about the local boy making good in the town papers.

"Naturally, fibbing about my experience, I couldn't ask how to read lines, or how to put on grease paint. I had to learn myself. I thought then that I was getting away with it. Looking back it seems impossible that I fooled anyone. I'll never forget how scared I was the first night. They must have heard my knees rattling in the last row of the balcony.

"Father and mother came to see me in the act when we got to Rochester. Not a word was said about my acting, so I guess I must have been pretty bad.

"My next season I spent with a repertory company, traveling through New England. It was good fun and great experience. That tour ended in the way road companies have a bad habit of doing. We went broke, and we were a long way from Broadway. I had just enough money to get back to New York.

"Then came more seasons of stock and vaudeville. I played a comedy juvenile, and I knew that was to be my forte.

"I toured one whole season in 'The Cat and the Canary,' although the manager of the company was afraid that I couldn't do the love scenes properly. That was one trouble with being a comedy juvenile—no one thought you could possibly have romantic inclinations. As if even a comedy juvenile couldn't get daffy about a dame. I had one continued thrill out of that engagement. I still believe that 'The Cat and the Canary' offered me one of my best rôles. When that tour ended I took to the road again in 'Whispering Wires.'

"You have to make the break sometime. I was working all the time, but I wasn't getting any closer to Broadway—the goal of every actor. I'd worked hard, and I'd learned a lot. I'd saved enough money to get by for a time, and now I was going to crash Broadway. No more road for me until I had gained a footing in New York, the show-window of show business.

"George Kelly, the playwright—and one of the most brilliant minds I have ever encountered—gave me my first chance. It was a good rôle in 'The Show Off,' and the play ran a solid year in New York.

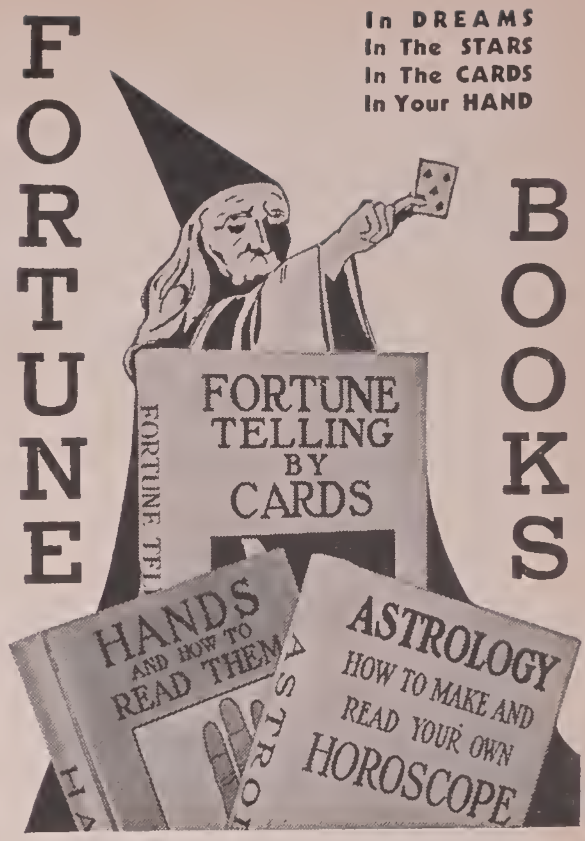
"The next season I appeared in three plays, 'Glory Hallelujah,' 'The Book of Charm,' and 'The Wisdom Tooth.' Good rôles in all of them, but not big ones. I wanted bigger things. But I'll never regret appearing in 'Glory Hallelujah.' Jed Harris, unknown at the time, saw me in the play. What's more important, he remembered.

"Harris sent for me, and talked of a new play he was going to produce. It was 'The Roaring Forties,' and as much as I hate to admit it, I wasn't entirely sure that I liked it as it read in the script. But it was a stellar rôle. Jed Harris was new blood in the producing game, and enthusiastic. I took a chance. 'The Roaring Forties' turned into 'Broadway,' and one of the sensational stage hits of the decade.

"Our tryout was in Atlantic City during the spring, and we knew even then that we had a hit. We weren't prepared, however, for the phenomenal success that we achieved the following fall when we opened in New York. The critics raved, and 'Broadway' was off to a two-years' run. I Charlestoned every night for two years, and I'm glad the vogue is dead and buried. It was a marvelously colorful rôle, and it must have made my understudy pretty mad that I wouldn't get sick for even one matinee. James Cagney was my understudy, but that boy wasn't destined to understudy anybody very long.

"'Broadway' brought me the success I had always wanted—more than I had dreamed of. But it meant a great deal more than that to me. Father lived to see that play. He came back stage, said it was a good show, 'and that I was good, too.' That was praise from Caesar. I think that he had felt until then that I was on a wild goose chase. And that a good railroad man had gone wrong.

To Be Continued



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Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 72*)

"Sound" Advice

Is it necessary that each sound in a picture be recorded faithfully and in its full volume? I, for one, feel that the depression-shot nerves of the country, need the soothing effect of pictures less noisy, than current offerings. It is becoming the usual thing nowadays for me to leave a movie with a headache (a hitherto unknown experience) which has been brought on entirely by raucous and blatant sound effects.

"Central Airport" is an example of this. The repetition of thunder claps with hardly any intervals between the crashes surpassed nature's storms. The constant roar of airplanes obliterated the charm of the airplane's graceful sweep across the sky. May I suggest for the sake of the public's nerves, that the sound of the motor be eliminated when the plane is shown in flight, and registered only in cases of take-off and landing or just prior to its cessation when trouble develops in mid-air?

Mable Kramer,
Louisville, Ky.

"Lay On, Mac Duffee"

King Kong has received quite a barrage of knocks at the hands of the critics, but there is one thing certain: it scored as the most wonderful bit of faking that has been filmed yet. Some of us rather like an occasional picture of this type, and Sir Conan A. Doyle and H. G. Wells thought enough of such material to use it in their writing.

On the other hand, Ex-lady was touted to be something very special and the girls were warned to rouge heavily to conceal their blushes. They needed to blush if they were caught spending money to see such a picture. The bottles in the cellerette looked interesting, but that is all I can remember that was was worth wasting any footage on.

Oh! Well, what is one man's meat, etc., etc.

John M. MacDuffee....
Portland, Maine

A Dentist Finds Movies Toothsome

Movies are one of the great blessings bestowed upon humanity since creation. There is nothing on earth that reacts upon one like a movie does.

Movies give us entertainment, enjoyment, education, relaxation, news of the hour, fantasy, excitement, and brings the entire world to us; this is a combination that is priceless, yet is to be had for the proverbial song. Its need cannot be measured in money; the world will never be the same without movies.

Dr. E. Frankel,
Chicago, Ill.

He's Also a Proud HUSBAND, Corinne!

Clark Gable, George Raft, John Barrymore, Joel McCrea, Maurice Chevalier are some of the names I see spread all over the pages of a movie book. Stories telling what wonderful actors they are. How they had to fight before they won stardom. Bah!

But rarely do you print a story about a truly great actor, an artist, one who deserves so many honors and so much credit—who really fought to fame and whose life story is worth reading. A star since 1920, he has not only conquered the screen, stage and radio, but he has also written for papers magazines and has furthermore written several books, with success.

A real actor, a real comedian who sings wonderfully and can make you cry and laugh, if he wishes . . . and what's more he's a proud father of five lovely daughters. His name is EDDIE CANTOR.

Corinne Zens,
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Would Jump the Traces to Tracy!

At the magazine counter of one of the stores, I picked up a June number of Movie Mirror, and it so happened that I opened it to the story "Never Give a Sucker a Break"—Zip! that meant LEE TRACY! I bought the magazine at once and—well, I could rave on and on about the lovable Lee. His personality and acting are natural, fascinating and refreshing. If Dressler, Garbo, Gable, Crawford, the Barrymores and Micky Mouse were all playing at one theater and Lee Tracy at another, I'd jump over to TRACY.

Here's hoping your attractive and interesting magazine contains at least one picture of my favorite.

A regular Lee Tracy fan.

Racy Tracy Again!

Watch that boy, Lee Tracy, climb the ladder of fame. He's headed straight for the top and nothing can stop him because he's got IT—Technique. In "Blessed Event" he was marvelous. He leaped right into the hearts of the women who are tired of mushy, sentimental pictures and crave talkies with action and just a dash of romance.

Let's have more pictures like "Blessed Event," starring Lee. I'm for it!

Ethel Rowan,
Detroit, Mich.

A Plea for Highbrow Movies

Why can't the movies give us some real drama?

The motion picture industry boasts that it is taking the place of the legitimate stage. But is it?

At the present time, to keep pace with the movies, the legitimate stage is getting us the same run of plays that the movies are offering. There was a time when Shakespeare, Sheridan, Barrie and Ibsen were represented, when their plays were given by the Barrymores, Hampton, Minnie Maddern Fiske and Garrick.

Why can't we have "Hamlet," "King Lear," "The Rivals," "Cyrano," "Dear Brutus" and lots of others that really mean something—done by the actors and actresses of our day, the stars of Hollywood, done with all the glamor of staging and setting that only the movies can give!

Eleanor Fahrenholz,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Tracy Is Going Great Guns

Why all this ballyhoo about Clark Gable? It seems to me that I never pick up a motion picture magazine without reading something about him.

Lee Tracy is the man we should be shouting for. How that boy can act! Why, a house afire is no word for it. I'd go to see any picture Lee Tracy was in, just because he was in it. He has never disappointed me.

But Clark Gable! Who got a thrill out of his playing of an old man in "Strange Interlude" or out of his artificial love scenes with Jean Harlow in "Red Dust"? I'd rather see Lee Tracy than Gable any day.

Clara Rubin,
Jacksonville, Fla.

"Teacher's Pet"

I have just seen that grand picture vehicle "Topaze." A gardenia to you, Mr. John Barrymore, for the finest characterization I've seen this season. Being a teacher myself, I think that "Topaze" is the "Sermon on the Mount" for all those disciples of the proverbial three R's, who find themselves the victim of school masters' malady: Favoritism. Perhaps in seeing it, they would be reminded that they too have been puppets of flattery and partiality; perhaps they would recall draping the orchestra seat for the embryonic mind that had after months of exposure mentally photographed no impression of the Tunic Mars, while the child who could have given a thumb nail synopsis of all three Tunic Mars sat in the hard bitter seats of the balcony trying to decipher the ironical panorama revolving around him.

May I also thank the producers for the satirically brilliant dialogue exchanged in this picture?

(Miss) Wilhelmine Corl,
Altoona, Penna.

Wanted: A Female "Schnozzola"

This is a plea for women's noses.

Where are the screen beauties with the one primary flaw in features? Must we always have females before us with perfect features, particularly noses? Of course we fans love to see the Shearer smile and the Crawford eyes. But where are the personalities with the imperfect noses?

I long to see a new type on the screen. Why not Judith Anderson of the stage with her rich voice and fine acting. Although her nose is not small, even *her* features are too good.

When Swanson and Chatterton show their rare profiles, the audience absorbs their performance unnoticing. Can't we have a new face, so moving we won't notice what is unusual after the first shock of realizing that there's something different about it?

Paul Webster, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

A Matter of Slanguage

We all know that human nature doesn't change throughout the ages, but I wonder did people speak in the same manner as they do today? To be direct, did people in biblical times speak as the characters did in "The Sign of the Cross"? For some reason or other I could not get used to the players' speech even though the settings did get me in the historical mood. I do not exaggerate when I say I was all prepared to hear someone in the cast say, "Oh, yeah," or "You're tellin' me."

F. E. Bell, Milwaukee, Wisc.

Thousands Can Throw Their Glasses Away

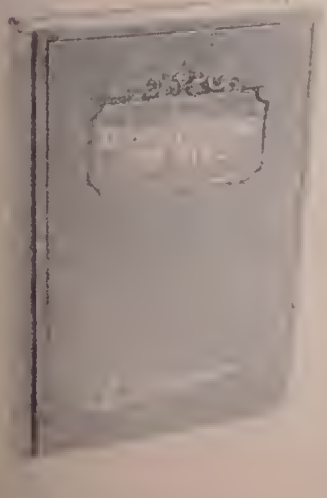
GLASSES are only eye crutches They simply bolster up the eyes—they cannot cure or eliminate the conditions responsible for the trouble. They are useful just as crutches are useful for an injured leg, but they can no more restore your eyes to their former strength than crutches can mend a broken limb. The real help must come from other sources. In the case of the eyes it is exercise.

Over 20 years ago Bernarr Macfadden, father of Physical Culture, had a most trying experience with his eyes. Due to many nights of hard literary work under poor artificial lights they became terribly strained. The idea of wearing glasses was intolerable, so always willing to back up his theories by experimenting upon himself, he immediately started in upon a course of natural treatment that he fully believed would help him.

The results were so entirely satisfactory that he associated himself with one of the few really great eye specialists and together they entered upon a period of research and experiment covering many years.

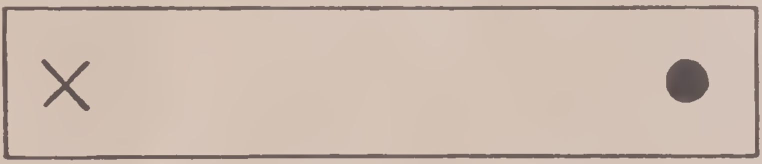
A Startling Revolutionary System of Eye Training

Upon their findings has been based a remarkable new scientific system of eye-training which quickly enables you to train these muscles of the eye so that you can make them work properly at all times, and without effort or strain. This new system has been prepared by Bernarr Macfadden, in collaboration with the eminent ophthalmologist who discovered the real truth about eyes.



Although this remarkable system has only recently been introduced to the public, it has been in use for more than twenty years. and it has been conclusively proven of inestimable value.

If you already wear glasses, find out how you can discard your glasses—and see better without them If you do not wear glasses, but feel that your sight is failing, then find out how a few minutes each day assures you perfect sight without the use of glasses. If you are a parent send at once for this method, and learn how to save your children from the scourge of near-sightedness, how you can save them from the slavery of eye-glasses, and how you can train their eyes so they will always have perfect, normal vision



Make This Test of Your Eyesight

Do you know that there is a spot in your eye where you are totally blind? Prove it now. Hold this diagram about 10 inches directly before you. Close the left eye, and fix the right eye on the cross. Then bring the diagram gradually closer and at about 7 inches the black spot will suddenly disappear. This is but one of the important points of information about your eyes which you should know particularly if you have any eye trouble

For What Price Would You Sell Your Eyes?

The benefits which you can derive from this new method of eye training may seem too surprising to be true. Yet you cannot doubt its efficacy when you read the letters from the people who have found it of immeasurable value, when you know that it has helped over 2,000 children to regain normal vision in a short time. Your eyesight is your most important possession. It can never be replaced if it is lost. And since no amount of money could make you sacrifice your eyes, you owe it to yourself at least to investigate what this new scientific method can do for you.

Here is a man who writes: "Strengthening the Eyes has enabled me to completely forget the optician. It has practically cured a bad case of astigmatism."

And here is another who says: "By faithfully following the directions given in your Eye Course, I have discarded glasses worn for years, and have had absolutely no trouble for the past two years."

Another grateful reader of this helpful book writes: "I had been wearing glasses since I was eight years of age and could not go a day without them. I am now twenty-four and with just a little effort in practicing the Eye Exercises each day for a period of two months, I have been able to stop wearing glasses entirely."

These inspiring results bring a message of hope to everyone who is troubled with weak eyes or poor sight. There is hardly any condition that is beyond the reach of Bernarr Macfadden's revolutionizing method of eye training. Even the hopeless cases, as shown in the letter reproduced here, respond with almost unbelievable results to the treatment outlined by the noted physical culturist.

You Can Try This Course At Our Risk

We want every reader of this publication afflicted with eye-trouble to examine Mr. Macfadden's wonderful course and try the eye exercises that it prescribes In order to bring this about we are willing to send the entire course on approval, giving you the privilege of returning it within five days after receipt if not satisfactory. The price of the course has been placed within the means of everyone—only $3.00, plus delivery charges. It is less than you would pay for a single pair of glasses. Can you afford not to take advantage of this offer and all it may mean to you? Not if you value strong eyes. So mail the coupon now, before it slips your mind, and you will never have to wear glasses again.

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Entirely at your risk, you may send me your course of Eye Exercises. Upon receipt I will pay the postman $3.00, plus delivery charges. It is understood if after trying the course for five days I decide not to keep it you will immediately refund my money upon return of the course.

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John Held Jr

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Do you know that there are 35 Tintex Colors from which you may choose? And each is brilliant, long-lasting! Another fact—you will find Tintex, in its full range of colors, right in your neighborhood stores.

movie MIRROR

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

SEPTEMBER

10¢

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

HOLLYWOOD TEACHE YOU HOW TO LIVE

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

•

FALL FORECAST of FILM FASHION

NIGHT FLIGHT

JOHN
BARRYMORE
HELEN HAYES
CLARK GABLE
LIONEL
BARRYMORE
ROBERT
MONTGOMERY
MYRNA LOY

A **CLARENCE BROWN** Production

The Spectacular Romance based on the Prize Novel "Night Flight" has been made into a Giant Entertainment. It takes its place alongside of the Biggest Productions created at the Miracle Studios of M-G-M.

David O. Selznick, Executive Producer

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with KAY FRANCIS . . . LYLE TALBOT . . . GLENDA FARRELL. The passionate pilgrimage of a woman doctor . . .

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GEORGE ARLISS

in "VOLTAIRE" with DORIS KENYON. The greatest characterization that Arliss has yet brought to the screen.

● AND WATCH FOR EDWARD G. ROBINSON, KAY FRANCIS, GENEVIEVE TOBIN IN

"I LOVED A WOMAN"

movie MIRROR

Filmland's Smartest Magazine

VOL. 4, NO. 4

Ruth Waterbury
Editor

SEPTEMBER, 1933

HOLLYWOOD REPRESENTATIVE ◆ HARRY LANG ★ WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL ◆ ART DIRECTOR

THE GIRL ON OUR COVER

Her name is Claudette Colbert. She is a fine actress and a perfectly grand human being. In all the rush and turmoil of Hollywood, she goes her undisturbed way. Even her amazing two-home marriage with Norman Foster is conducted with charm, quietness and good taste. She is beautiful without being conceited about it and has perfect legs which she doesn't bother to show. She started in pictures with Paramount and is still with them. That's the kind of a girl she is. This caricature of her was done by Paderewski and the cover portrait was painted by Milo Baine.

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MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

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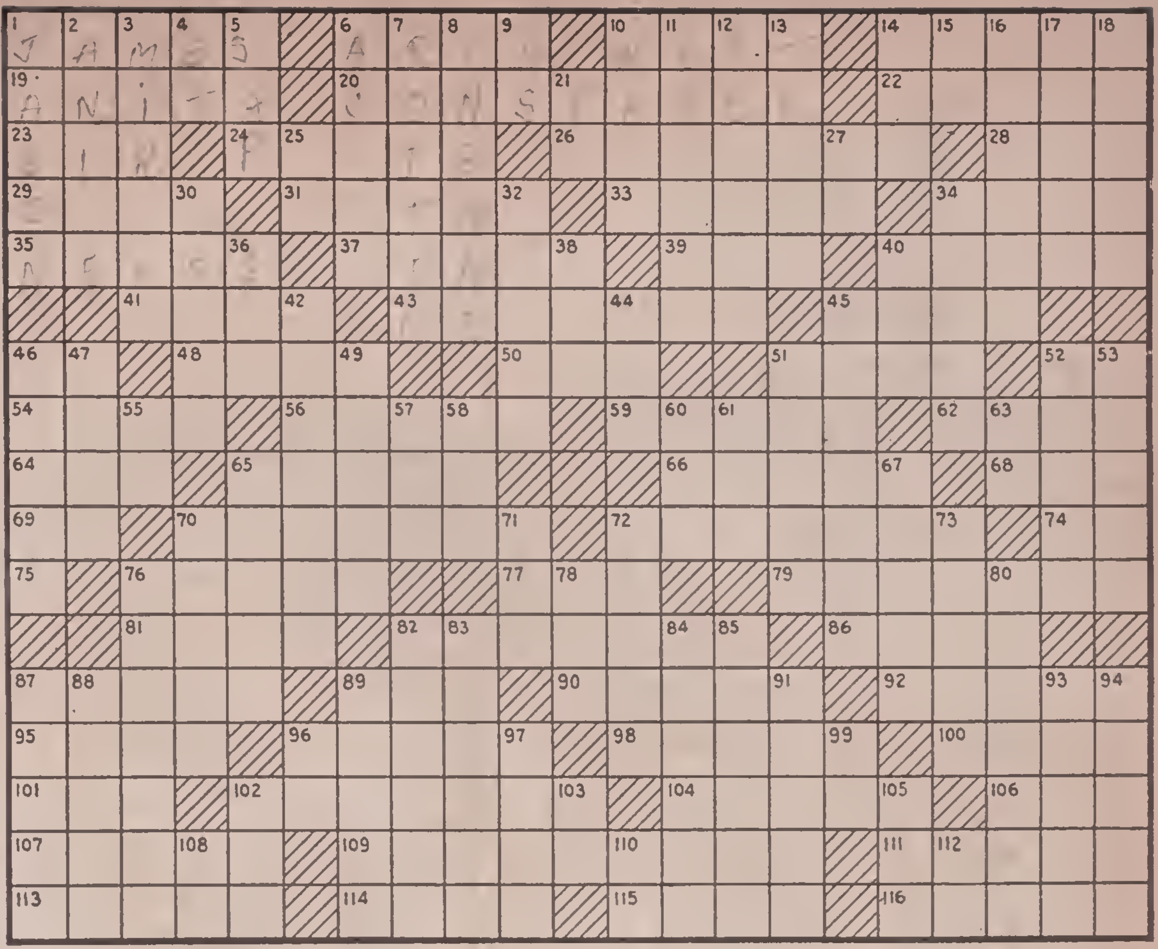
Can You Create a Movie Crossword Puzzle?

Try your luck. Movie Mirror will pay $20 for the best original puzzle received before September 1st. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



By ALMA TALLEY

ACROSS

1. Sally Eilers' co-star
6. Vocal solo
10. The star who "done him wrong."
14. Ralph Morgan's brother
19. A Page from M-G-M's list of players
20. The star who is a marquise
22. M-G-M's Mexican star
23. A man's title
24. Slim Summerville's co-star
26. Soldier in attendance upon an officer
28. Native mineral
29. Foul smelling (this is a hard one)
31. The entire amount
33. Star of "The Silver Cord."
34. Smoke also, to be in a rage
35. Approaches
37. M-G-M's French star who was ill for so long
39. Of the matter, in law
40. Semi-precious stone
41. Chief, or principal
43. Gradations
45. What you are, you movie enthusiasts, you!
46. Paid notice in a periodical
48. To have knowledge of
50. What stars say they work for
51. An actor's role
52. Roman numeral four
54. Term in trigonometry
56. Essential
59. Anctic
62. Actress in "International House."
64. To give money that is due
65. Sudden terror
66. Amorous looks
68. Man's nickname
69. Inside of
70. Leading lady in "Zoo in Budapest."
72. The star who started trousers for women
74. What the heroine says when she refuses him
75. These are more important to actresses than their husbands
77. To regret
79. Joan Crawford diets to keep this way
81. In
82. Draught regulators in stoves
86. The mythological lady of the swan
87. Forests
89. Part of the foot
90. Paces
92. Tears
95. Gnawing animals
96. Stars often work longer than eight of these
98. Narrow openings
100. The face of a clock
101. All right (slang)
102. Native of a Balkan country
104. Constellation under which Mary Pickford was born
106. Heroine of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
107. Conditions of a contract
109. Mrs. Norman Foster
111. Unlighted
113. To follow
114. Satan's realm
115. A meal in the army
116. Untidy

DOWN

1. The seeker of the Golden Fleece
2. Old womanish
3. The star who played Temple Drake
4. And, in a French version
5. The life blood of a tree
6. A man who plays in movies
7. Decayed
8. Crazy
9. While
10. Voting district in a city
11. To last
12. Parts of plays or movies
13. Gull-like birds
14. Mammy's way of cooking a chicken
15. That old sun god
16. Love affairs
17. Mrs. Irving Thalberg
18. To bend the knees
21. Toward
25. Neuter pronoun
27. The, in a French version
30. "The Story of Temple——"
32. Within the law
34. Receptacles for baptismal water
36. To do wrong
38. To make a mistake
40. A star often speeds in this
42. Last name of 22 across
44. And so forth (abbrev.)
45. Star who became famous as Gaynor's co-star
46. Meat jelly
47. Heroine in "Cavalcade"
49. Vinous liquors
51. Takes off the skin
52. First name of 33 across
53. Director who is Miriam Hopkins' current boy-friend
55. Robert Montgomery's native state (abbrev.)
57. Small bird
58. What an actor should know how to do
60. According to
61. By
63. One
65. Writers in rhyme
67. To scoff at
70. Makes a loan
71. Part of the body
72. Encounters
73. Finished
76. Revellers
78. Periods of prosperity (slang)
80. Mrs. Ben Lyon
82. Twice an amount
83. Part of a radio
84. To tell
85. Athletics
87. Put on paper
88. Made of oak
89. A light carried on a pole
91. Where pigs live
93. Star of "Ex-Lady."
94. Resembling slate
96. A young girl's favorite word
97. A king of Israel
99. Compass point
102. Another compass point
103. Northwestern state (abbrev.)
105. Amount arrived at by adding
108. Greek letter
110. Printers' measure
112. Compass point

20 Across

109 Across

10 Across

80 Down

Tips on Talkies

by DORA ALBERT

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

It promises to be one of the big pictures of the year—"Strangers Return" with Miriam Hopkins and Franchot Tone

✓Adorable (Fox)
A whipped cream, bourbon sort of picture about a mythical kingdom, with Janet Gaynor as the princess charming who loves a lieutenant of the palace guard. Henry Garat as the lieutenant is perfectly charming, and Janet Gaynor lives up to the title of the picture. But there will be two very different fan reactions on this. Those who like whimsical pictures—you know, the imitation-Lubitsch sort of thing—will say, "How cute!" There'll be another group of fans, though who'll say, "How silly!"

☆

✓Baby Face (Warners)
Barbara Stanwyck's acting in this is grand, but the picture leaves you feeling as if you want to get under a good, clean shower. It's that sexy. Though it was remade by order of the Hays office because it was too hot to be passed by the censors, it still leaves nothing to the imagination. You'll wonder how it could have been any hotter in its original form when you see the current version. Barbara Stanwyck plays a young woman who rises in the world by using her power over men. George Brent is very likable in this, but it's Barbara Stanwyck's performance you'll remember.

☆

✓Bed of Roses (Radio)
Though the story of this is rather weak for a Connie Bennett picture, I want you to see it anyway to get a load of that kid named Pert Kelton. Does she steal the picture, does she! The story's that trite plot about a gal who seeks a bed of roses for herself and doesn't know what to do when she falls in love with a boy who thinks she's sweet and pure. It's redeemed, however, by some very bright dialogue, by the clever comedy of Pert Kelton and by some hot-cha love scenes between Connie Bennett and Joel McCrea.

☆

✓✓Bedtime Story, A (Paramount)
You'll howl with glee when you see that mischievous, adorable Baby Leroy. He steals the picture from Star Maurice Chevalier. This picture has the gay, human touch that leaves you with a sort of warm glow. It tells the story of what happens when a strange baby is left in the automobile of a gay Parisian bachelor, whose best friends suspect him of being the father of the baby. Of course, there's a love story, too. with Helen Twelvetrees and Adrienne Ames as Chevalier's two main leading ladies.

☆

✓Be Mine Tonight (Gaumont-Universal)
A foreign-made musical with a cast of names you won't know, but it won't matter, because the picture is delightful. It has some grand singing, which isn't spoiled by a lot of interminable close-ups of the leading man. You'll like this and wish Hollywood would copy the pattern. Oh, yes, it's all in English.

☆

✓Bondage (Fox)
So you thought that Dorothy Jordan could only act pretty little ingénues, did you? Well, you'll think differently after you see this. For here she plays a girl who is more sinned against than sinning, who has a baby in a "home," where the matron mistreats her, who is sent to an asylum only to find that baby has died when she gets out. If you're in the mood for a good, hearty, bawl, this'll furnish it. Eddie Woods and Alexander Kirkland are in the supporting cast. and very nice work they do, too.

☆

✓✓Cavalcade (Fox)
An epic picture that never loses the human touch. It tells the story of an English family from 1899 to the present date, and makes each member of that family seem thrillingly real. You will laugh with them, cry with them, feel as if you know them. You will see the intimate tragedies of their lives and the moments of high comedy against the tremendous panorama of English history. The entire cast is magnificent, with Diana Wynyard giving the most notable performance.

☆

✓Central Airport (Warners)
A filmful of crashes, runaway planes, and other trick air stuff. No wonder the large aviation companies have been protesting about this. If you took this seriously, you'd almost be ready to believe that no one ever went up in a plane without being injured. But just the same the air stuff is thrilling. And thrilling, too, is the love story between Dick Barthelmess and Sally Eilers.

☆

Cheating Blondes (Equitable)
A picture that's just so-so, with Thelma Todd appearing in a dual rôle. She plays a cabaret girl and also her twin sister who's suspected of murder. Rolf Harolde is the cruel reporter who tries to pin the crime on her because she told him no.

☆

✓Circus Queen Murder (Columbia)
Are you a murder mystery fan? If you are, you'll find suspense and thrills in this story about the murder of a bee-ootiful circus performer. The picture is another of the adventures of Detective Thatcher Colt, suavely played by Adolphe Menjou. Greta Nissen is the circus trapeze artist who gets murdered.

☆

Cohens and Kellys In Trouble (Universal)
Just like all the other Cohen and Kelly pictures. This time Charlie Murray and George Sidney play a tugboat captain and his rich friend. Frank Albertson and Maureen O'Sullivan are the love interest. If you liked other Cohen and Kelly pictures, you'll like this.

☆

✓Devil's Brother, The (Roach)
Imagine Laurel and Hardy in opera. Just eemagine it! Maybe you'll like it and maybe you won't. When Laurel and Hardy are on the screen it's a riot. The rest of the time it's rather a bore,

in spite of Dennis King's fine singing and Thelma Todd's luscious curves.

☆

✓Dinner At Eight (M-G-M)
Imagine Marie Dressler, John and Lionel Barrymore, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, Madge Evans, Karen Morley, Phillips Holmes and Lee Tracy, all in one picture. Though worth seeing for its all-star cast, "Dinner At Eight" isn't as grand a picture as you'd expect from that cast. Some of the performances (notably Marie Dressler' and Jean Harlow's) are splendid, but a few them let you down. The story's about a grou of people gathered together by hostess Billie Burk for her dinner and the hidden dramas in the lives of these people.

☆

Diplomaniacs (Radio)
Typically Wheeler-and-Woolseyish is this latest film of the comedy team. This time they go to Geneva as peace envoys for an Indian tribe, and you can imagine what happens. There's a dash of musical stuff in this one, too.

☆

✓Eagle and the Hawk, The (Paramount)
Cary Grant, Fredric March, Jack Oakie and Carole Lombard in a bitter, hard indictment of war's horrors, with some fine air sequences. It tells the story of Fredric March, the leader of a group of war aviators, who breaks as he sees his comrades smashed and ruined by war. A good picture, but not great. The ending will leave you unsatisfied.

☆

✓✓Elmer the Great (Warners)
Here's one of Joe E. Brown's best pictures, and that's saying a mouthful. It tells about the rise of Elmer, a small town hick who thinks he can play baseball. "Elmer the Great" will provide amusement for every member of the family, from little Willie to grandma.

☆

Emergency Call (Radio)
Gang and racketeer stuff, mixed up with the story of what goes on inside a big emergency hospital. The picture deals with the conflict between the bad, bad gangsters and the fine, noble hospital lads. In spite of competent performances by Bill Boyd, Bill Gargan and Wynne Gibson, the whole thing is too obvious to be laudworthy entertainment.

Two beauties on bicycles —Raquel (in the glasses) and Rene Torres, who are sisters even though one's so dark and the other so blonde

Also

✓✓Bedtime Story
✓✓Cavalcade
✓✓Elmer The Great
✓✓42nd Street
✓✓Gabriel Over the White House
✓✓Hell Below
✓✓The Masquerader
✓✓Picture Snatcher
✓✓When Ladies Meet
✓✓Working Man

On the other hand, I did not like— The Story of Temple Drake

The picture was too sordid and unconvincing.

get into action, will you be glad you went to see this!

☆

✓✓Gabriel Over the White House (M-G-M)
One of the most unusual pictures ever screened. It is visionary, breath-taking, daring, this story of a man who is elected President, who finds divine guidance, and sets about solving some of today's problems. Besides being important, "Gabriel" is exciting, thrilling entertainment. You'll love it for that. Karen Morley and Walter Huston are magnificent in their rôles.

Take a good look at him for you won't be seeing him again for months. Leslie Howard sailed with his daughter and Mrs. Howard for England and a stage play recently—but he'll be back to star for Warners

Girl in 419 (Paramount)
Despite a good cast (Jimmy Dunn, Gloria Stuart, David Manners, Jack LaRue), this picture is certainly nothing to rave about. The acting's not so hot. For one thing, Jimmy Dunn's miscast as the head of an emergency hospital who falls for a beautiful mystery girl patient. The melodrama of the plot is pretty unconvincing, too.

☆

✓✓Gold Diggers of 1933 (Warners)
You adored "42nd Street," didn't you? Well, here's something similar. It has catchy tunes, beautiful chorines, backstage and chorus girl romance stuff. There are some wonderful spectacles in this, including a stunning Shadow Waltz number. The story's about a boy from a Boston family (Dick Powell) who falls in love with chorus girl, Ruby Keeler. His brother and his lawyer rush to New York to make him behave, and are taken for a sleigh ride by two chorus girls, Joan Blondell and Aline MacMahon. For sheer entertainment, this will make your evening, and you'll go out humming some of the song hits.

☆

✓✓Hell Below (M-G-M)
How M-G-M can turn them out! This proves it all over again, as if any proof were needed. You'll thrill to this story of life on the navy's submarines. The terrifically exciting action scenes are the main thing, but just the same you'll get a grand kick out of the romance between Bob

(*Continued on page* 90)

HOT News

by

MARQUIS BUSBY

HOLLYWOOD: Last Minute News as Movie Mirror goes to press: Watta month! Watta month! Right on the heels of the terrific Mary and Doug split up—and how that hit Hollywood is nobody's business, the whole town was gloomy for days—comes news that Richard Dix is separating from his young wife. There's a baby in that household, too . . . then the town is buzzing with the whispers of Carole Lombard establishing residence in Reno to divorce Bill Powell . . . they merely say it is incompatability . . . the reports are that Conrad (veddy dignified) Nagel and his wife will tell their troubles to a judge and they are supposed to be one of our happiest couples, you know, and on top of that people WILL insist that Chatterton and Brent are parting though they both insisted to this scribe, when we up and asked them, that it was absurd . . . we never have been happier than right now, they-both said . . . but my goodness, how many times have we heard that one question mark and loud sobs.

That ethereal looking star from over the seas left town just in time . . . an indignant lady was looking for him with fire in her eye . . . seems he didn't keep his promise to pay off stop . . . on the day Sally (grand kid) Eilers arrived in New York from England "Hoot" (cowboy) Gibson cracked-up his aeroplane . . . injuries were painful but not serious . . . the Gibson-Eilers off again-on again marriage has hit a new snag . . . "Hoot" has been so-o interested in one of the luh-vly Gale Sisters stop . . . don't say that Lil (Mrs. Vogue) Tashman isn't patriotic . . . at her Fourth of July party she requested the gents to wear white trousers, blue coats and red neckties . . . maybe the leddies were to wear dresses made out of flags stop . . . as soon as Sue (Chicago) Carol is free from Nick (juvenile) Stuart she'll probably change her name to Mrs. Ken (stage comic) Murray . . . you can almost hear wedding bells when you look at 'em stop . . . we don't know why but when Bing (Bang) Crosby broadcasts he always wears a hat . . . and did you know that Bing has a brother, Bob, crooning with the Anson Weeks orchestra question mark . . . it seems like a pretty dirty trick . . . Fox placed Marion Burns under contract . . . and sent her to the Malayan jungles for six months to film "Man Eater" . . . when she returned they failed to take up her option . . . and Jack (he SLAYS us) Oakie says chemistry's outstanding contribution to the world is blondes stop.

They do say that Gary (heartbreaker) Cooper's stag yachting party was by way of celebrating the termination of a certain romantic attachment . . . Richard (new papa) Arlen and "Stu" (June's hubby) Erwin went along to help celebrate stop . . . Betty ("Peter Pan") Bronson is beginning a stage career in the east . . . she debuts with Ian Keith in the tryout of a play at East Hampton, L. I. stop . . . yup, that was REALLY Marie Dressler on a bicycle in Palm Springs . . . and were the natives AGOG exclamation mark . . . just by a gnat's whisker did Lupe (wildflower) Velez and John (bareskin) Weissmuller avoid meeting Bobbe (John's ex) Arnst in a night club . . . wonder what the gals would have said to each other BIG question mark . . . a dicker has been made between RKO and Lillian (fluttering) Gish whereby the fragile tragedienne will return to the galloping tintypes stop . . . Joel McCrea's big heart interest is Frances (ingenue) Dee . . . and it looks like orange blossoms stop . . . if you can believe all you hear Miriam (blondie) Hopkins who got her divorce from Austin (novelist) Parker is very seriously interested in King (director) Vidor stop . . . Ruth (mind of her own) Chatterton says George (Irish) Brent WILL be her leading man in "Female" . . . and Warner Brothers say he WON'T . . . the studio believes it's bad business for husband and wife to play the romantic rôles . . . what to do . . . what to do exclamation mark . . . and Hollywood is simply scared to death that the Four Marx Brothers are going to sing in "Duck Soup" stop.

Death laid a heavy hand on the picture colony this year . . . 28 prominent screen figures have died . . . Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle's death cast a pall of sorrow over the town . . . Hollywood remembers the good-natured Arbuckle of happier days . . . and his pals, Jack Pickford and Ward Crane . . . all are gone now . . . and following the announcement of Arbuckle's death was the wildfire rumor that John (expectant papa) Gilbert had dropped dead . . . Jack took considerable pleasure in denying that report . . . such a rumor hasn't circulated through town since the fantastic story of the death of Gloria (Farmer-ette) Swanson stop . . . betcha didn't know this . . . Clara (reducing) Bow is a contract bridge fan . . . Rex (out west) Bell says he can't hire a hand for the ranch until he finds out if the guy can play contract . . . Clara returns to the screen in September . . . IF the pounds continue to melt away stop . . . it was QUITE a sight seeing Alice ("When Ladies

Meet") Brady and all her dogs riding in one automobile stop . . . here's that old "Merry Widow" rumor again . . . Maurice (oo-la-la) Chevalier may be co-starred with Jeanette (gowgeous) MacDonald in the M-G-M revival . . . Chevalier's exclusive contract with Paramount is at an end stop.

Greta (sphinxie-winxie) Garbo is getting to be a regular gadabout . . . she's going to previews with Rouben (director) Mamoulian . . . she accompanied him to Long Beach (Cal.) to see "Berkeley Square" . . . Joan (big eyes) Crawford is burned to a crisp over the story that she is jealous of Jean (sizzling) Harlow stop . . . they say Constance (Mrs. Midas) Bennett will collect $60,000 each for four pictures at Twentieth Century . . . moreover she gets a nice cut of the profits . . . if any stop . . . the famous producer was talking to his scenarists about his forthcoming picture of classical times . . . "and remember," he warned, "although this story is laid in ancient time I still want modern NINETEENTH century dialogue" . . . where's that guy been lately question mark . . . Lew (bashful) Ayres has just salted away a $50,000 trust fund . . . he will appear next opposite Janet (Fox pet) Gaynor in "The House of Connelly" . . . one of those "Seventh Heaven" sort of ideas stop . . . that was a dirty trick Allan Dinehart and Mozelle Brittone played on their wedding guests . . . guests were waiting in one room while the preacher tied the knot in another . . . and Jimmy (lotta profile) Durante was describing a certain actor, famous for his caustic comments . . . "he's the kind of guy that always goes you one BITTER" stop.

Those all-star casts must be good news at the box office . . . make way for another . . . in the cast of "Hollywood Party" are Marie Dressler, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Lee Tracy, Jack Pearl, Charles Butterworth, Polly Moran and Nils Asther . . . what MORE could you want for your money BIG question mark . . . Ricardo (ex-latin) Cortez replaces Jack (sinister) La Rue in "The Trumpet Blows" . . . George (sleek) Raft has top billing and they DO say there is some coolness between Messrs. Raft and La Rue stop . . . the Walter (keyhole) Winchell column cracks that "King Kong" is further proof that movie producers are always giving jobs to relatives stop . . . Claudette (fine figure) Colbert is the gal of the hour . . . eight films scheduled for her during the coming year . . . three best bets are "Death Takes A Holiday," "There Were Four Women," with Ernst Lubitsch directing, and "Four Frightened People," the next DeMille opry stop . . . the new Bing Crosby infant is named Gary Evans Crosby . . . yessir, Gary Cooper is that flattered . . . but he's wondering now how in samhill he can return the compliment stop . . . now that she's learned to drive a car Janet (poignant) Gaynor is learning to ride a horse . . . she vows she'll learn to fly a plane, too . . . hey, Janet, do you want to be starred in "Perils of Pauline" question mark . . . when the Berengaria sailed from New York harbor Leslie (British) Howard was traveling deluxe . . . he had the Prince of Wales suite stop . . . public auction of Gloria Swanson's effects has been called off . . . payment of $8,000 court judgment was made . . . now Gloria can keep her knicknacks . . . t'would be orful selling out an ex-Marquise exclamation mark.

Our photographer snaps a romance in the making and one that's broken off. L'il Eleanor Holm is going back to New York—through with pictures and there's no mention of her romance with Carl Laemmle, Jr. But those friends with her—Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant—well, that goes right on

You can all get back to your knitting now . . . in case you've been wondering whether or not Ann (Cuba) Harding would re-sign with RKO . . . the contract is signed, sealed and delivered . . . her first under the new ticket is "Beautiful" . . . and it's the story of a lady plastic surgeon, no less . . . Clive (Cool) Brook plays opposite stop . . . it will be frost on the pumpkin time before Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., returns to Hollywood . . . he will recuperate in Switzerland . . . they say Doug is heartbroken by being unable to play in "Design For Living" . . . the rôle has been given to Robert (personality) Montgomery stop . . . Charles (is he married?) Chaplin's new picture is completely finished . . . and it's silent with the exception of music and occasional sound effects stop . . . "Cavalcade" is a London clean-up . . . the gross for the complete London run, ending in October, is estimated at $1,400,000 . . . a half million Britishers have already seen the film during the first sixteen weeks stop . . . Katharine (great find) Hepburn will appear in "The Lake" this fall on the New York stage . . . RKO can't do anything about it either stop . . . used to be that sirens were a dime a dozen in Hollywood . . . them days are gone . . . wotta time they've had casting "The Worst Women in Paris" . . . Myrna (mysterious) Loy is out on account of illness . . . Carole (fashion plate) Lombard will do the Theda Bar-ing now . . . and get set for some more second generation news . . . Alice Joyce Moore, daughter of Alice Joyce and Tom Moore, screen debuts in "Neighbors' Wives" . . . moreover papa Tom Moore plays the lead stop.

Here's something to store away for future reference . . . Lupe Velez says she may marry Johnny Weissmuller when he gets his final divorce . . . but she won't discuss it now . . . can it be that Lupe is on the verge of settling down question mark . . . Gilbert (latin lover) Roland is teaching Connie (Marquise) Bennett how to play tennis . . . he may be her leading man in her next picture, too . . . the Marquis is on a moompitcher expedition to the South Seas stop . . . Constance (newlywed) Cummings is returning from London with a new husband (Benn W. Levy and a new contract with Twentieth Century Pictures . . . Harold ("specs") Lloyd is anxious to have Connie again for leading lady in his next flicker-comedy stop . . . the Hollywood bicycle fad is fading stop . . . and John (vacationing) Barrymore is so-o proud of his invention . . . a collapsible convenience for the baby . . . it can be installed right on the back of the car stop . . . now this is our own personal idea of HOT News . . . the can-can will be revived for Anna (Goldwyn foreign star) Sten in "Nana" . . . the can-can is the Parisian parent of the hoochie-coochie.

Comedians have their troubles, too . . . Stan (cry baby) Laurel and Oliver (fat boy) Hardy both figure in the month's crop of divorce cases . . . and to make things tougher for Hardy he's defendent in a $50,000 damage suit brought by his sister-in-law . . . she claims Hardy socked her in the jaw . . . ah, well, if it isn't one thing it's another . . . they say that when Eddie (bouncing) Cantor resumes his radio contract the salary will be jumped to $5000 per week . . . and that's not bad exclamation mark . . . more radio folks are headed for the screen . . . Amos 'n' Andy will make a series of RKO shorts . . . and Myrt and Marge are headlined in "The New Deal" stop . . . these studio gatemen are getting too durned per-ticular . . . the Fox gateman almost got run over for trying to stop a fire engine from coming in . . . and there WAS a fire on the lot stop . . . Paramount would like you to think up a snappy nickname for Mae (C'mup some-time) West . . . Mary Pickford is "America's Sweetheart" and there is "Bambino" Babe Ruth . . . the studio figures something should be done for Mae . . . got any good ideas question mark . . . Lawrence (baritone) Tibbett and the missus are in California . . . Larry wants the new heir to be a native son . . . or maybe a daughter stop . . . after testing all the leading men Garbo hasn't used up, it looks like Clark Gable will play opposite Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady" after all . . . stop.

As Hot News tells you, it's been Hollywood's worst month for divorce—but romance goes ahead just the same. The Mervyn LeRoy-Doris Warner merger is very hot-cha

George Raft is being seen places with a new girl. Her name is Thelma Gresham, but more than that, we can't tell you

It will probably be wedding bells for Marguerite Churchill and George (muscles) O'Brien by the time you see this picture. Hyman Fink, our cameraman, caught them dining at the Mirimar Hotel, where Mervyn LeRoy and Doris Warner were

So now Jack Dempsey has married Hannah Williams (the blues singer and former Mrs. Roger Wolfe Kahn) and Hannah is veddy veddy happy 'cause Jack is her "perfect man" . . . stop and four dots. . . . Fred Astaire, the stage dancer who has just been signed by R-K-O, like sister Adele has crashed the gates of ritzy society and married Phyllis Livingston Potter, recent divorcee . . . if you puleese . . . bride is aged 25 and groom 34 . . . be on the lookout for a gal about 18 years old, blonde and attractive, who goes by the name of Mary Howard exclamation point . . . really she's Will (chewing gum) Roger's little girl and has just signed a movie contract. . . . Will Hoot (crack-up) Gibson be all burned up when he sees friend wife Sally (vacationing) Eilers, pictured in all the newspapers, enjoying "hot dogs" and such with a James Murray of Harrison, N. Y., at the Westchester Yacht Club at Rye, N. Y., when he is so—o sick at the hospital . . . and Jimmy Dunn was there too JUST looking on . . . meow . . . stop . . . this is a hot one . . . a famous Texas chiropodist has said, for publication, that Garbo (of the size sevens) has the most perfectly formed feet in Hollywood . . . and next came Kay Francis . . . wow . . . at that the doctor is not so dumb . . . one crack like that makes headlines . . . Warners are going to team Ruth Chatterton with George Brent in Ruthie's next flicker to discourage rumors about their divorce . . . and aren't we glad that Anna Q. Nilssen will get her chance for a comeback in the Paul Muni flicker "The World Changes"? . . . Director Mervyn LeRoy did that good deed. . .. Mae Murray is looking very happy these days and is seen frequently at the Miramar Hotel, Santa Monica, where the very handsome Ashton Stanley is assistant manager . . . stop . . . Hollywood swains will have to look elsewhere now, for the charming Dorothy Jordan has surrendered heart and hand to Merian C. Cooper, well-known head of Radio Pictures . . . they've been married several months but kept it a secret—and in Hollywood, too, my goodness . . . Clara Bow's new picture called "Hoop-la" will have a World's Fair for its background and Clara is having those pesky extra pounds slapped off her right now stop Dorothy Peterson will throw off her rôle of kindly mother and play her young authentic self as a bareback rider with Mae West in "I'm No Angel." One of Una Merkel's fans has her going 'round and 'round . . . every few days she receives one piece of a fine set of china . . . and this has been going on since Una was first married and Una doesn't know when she will have the whole set . . . now it's miniature Scotties Joan Crawford is collecting . . . Please collect yourself a good story, Joanie, for your next picture. . . . Howard Greer, who used to design the clothes for Paramount stars, and who currently designs clothes for every star, including Garbo, for their off-stage costumes, is going to do dresses just for regular gals . . . he's going to make up four collections a year of about fifteen models each . . . they'll retail for around fifty dollars each . . . so if you want to dress like a movie star, Howard will give you the chance if you have the fifty dollars . . . they are first going to be shown by Best and Company, Fifth Avenue store, which launched the Lilyan Tashman fashions and which believes Hollywood is more important to style right now than Paris . . . and, my goodness, do we agree with that . . . Young Douglas Fairbanks has sailed to rejoin his father in London . . . he was mighty disappointed not to play in his pal, Noel Coward's, "Design for Living" when it is made into a moom pitcher but pneumonia made that impossible . . . now the two Douglases may play together in one picture . . . it seems they have always wanted to do that . . . and speaking of "Design for Living" did you hear about the trick Ernst Lubitsch played on Miriam Hopkins question mark Miriam is going to play the woman in it and when Lubitsch sent her the script to read he put a note in it for King Vidor . . . Miriam goes with King right now, you know, but she used to be seen places with Mr. Lubitsch . . . stop . . . you've never in your life seen anything like the wigs and costumes the girls are wearing in "Footlight Parade" in which Warner's have poured all their stars . . . the costumes seem to be made of golden hair and not much of it exclamation point and it is surprising how many reasons for visiting Warners the Hollywood boys can find these days . . . however Busby Berkeley refuses to let any visitors on the set . . . and here we are with no more space, so that is all for this month stop.

An Open Letter to Mary Pickford

DEAR MARY,

Ever since the papers announced what all of us who are close to the movie industry have known for a long time was inevitable—that you and Doug were separating, ever since then, Mary, I have read nothing but reams and reams of pity for you. And it has made me so *mad!*

The general editorial attitude seems to be that you are a poor, crushed little woman—and nothing could be further from the truth.

I see no reason why loyalty and gallantry and fineness should inspire pity—and those are the qualities you have given to your marriage. Those are the things that have made it endure as long as it has, several years after the vividness of that great love you and Doug had known began fading.

Oh, I know what the whispers are, that Doug sent his brother a cable saying he wouldn't continue paying for the Pickfair maintenance; that just as that news reached you, the reporters got to you and because you naturally were so very hurt, you did what you haven't done for a long, long time, you discussed what was in your heart, what was going on behind that carefully preserved reticence of Pickfair. It was, of course, a great story. Unless it's a murder, nothing builds circulation for a newspaper better than the heartbreak confessions of a great celebrity. So the papers played it big. They tried to get at Doug in London but he wouldn't talk, and I understand that since publication of the story, he hasn't even sent you one word by cable, telephone or mail. Which is cruel, no matter what the feelings between you are. Which is very hard for any woman to take. But oh, Mary, think of this.

You are a great artist and you have a great, generous heart. Ever since you were a very little girl you have been bringing happiness.

You started without a single thing to help you. You had no money. You had practically no schooling. You had absolutely no help. But you climbed up and up and up. And climbing, you didn't forget your own people. You made your mother a millionaire. You did everything that was humanly possible to make life wonderful for your brother, Jack. You protected your sister, Lottie, who is so utterly unlike you and you adopted Lottie's daughter as your own.

The world called you "America's Sweetheart." Your pictures—your biggest, most successful pictures were all sweetness and laughter. Not sophisticated, certainly. Not what are called "critic's pictures." But pictures which brought laughter and joy to millions and millions of people, year after year. You were the little girl with the golden curls who didn't seem to grow up at all. I sometimes wonder if the cruelest thing that has ever happened to you wasn't the fact that you are so great an actress that even in private life people thought of you as that little girl and forgot you as a living person.

MARY, all of us who are privileged to know you—and I am so proud to be numbered among them—know how much you have loved, how much you still do love Doug. You were little more than sixteen when you married Owen Moore and I don't suppose that marriage touched you deeply. Things don't—at sixteen. But almost from the moment of your first meeting with Doug, you were deeply, terribly in love with him. I don't suppose that youngsters just beginning to go to pictures today and knowing you only as the lovely lady of Pickfair can conceive, that when that white flame of genuine love first touched you, you were as gay, as light-hearted as the giddiest sub-deb of today.

It's hard for them to realize that because as soon as you and Doug had secured your respective divorces and had married each other, you settled down, oh, definitely. There was your work. There was your prestige and your love was like a fortress against all harm so long as you were together. Your pictures made fortunes. So did Doug's and you and he became a symbol of married love. a living proof that romance doesn't necessarily die in matrimony.

Then Pickfair began happening to you both. The place which had started as your home became as time passed, a sort of Shrine. You and Doug who had been true actors, children of mood and impulse, became Personages. I've often thought how very thrilled you must have been. you, little Gladys Smith of Toronto, the first time you entertained a royal guest in your own home.

But even the novelty of Kings and Princesses can wear off—that is when one is growing up, Mary. And it's just that which makes me so mad!

Because all this terrible sob stuff going on about you now insinuates that it is Douglas who has grown up, and that you are still a little girl back in a studio, playing Hollywood. What they overlook is that it is still Douglas who is playing. it is Douglas who is dazzled with titles, who is doing the most childish trick of all, which is dodging real responsibility.

Do you remember, Mary, that cold day last spring when you were here in New York and we sat together in your New York hotel? It was raining and the early spring dusk was beginning to fall. And we talked of men and love as women almost always do when they get together, and you cried. and though no names were mentioned, I knew that you were crying over Doug. And I thought of Doug as I had seen him in Hollywood a few months before, so restless and so scornful of movies. That New Year's Eve party you gave for him told your friends more than a hundred newspaper headlines. Doug stalked through a few times, and was very charming, but he never was "in" the party. You had heard just that day that your brother, Jack, was dying in Paris, and there were such storms over the Atlantic that flying to him which you had desperately considered, was impossible, and you couldn't even get a telephone call through to him. But *you* kept up that night. *You* didn't weaken—because you had promised Doug a party and you wanted your friends to be happy.

It is exactly that same type of feeling that has made you preserve your marriage these last few years. You felt a divorce between you and Doug would hurt the motion picture industry, would reflect on the people you loved, and make millions of people who adored you both unhappy.

That's why, Mary, happiness is sure to come back to you—perhaps not the all-encompassing happiness of love—but good, workable happiness. It must come back because you have courage and faith and character.

But any way, Mary, I want you to know the great public to whom you have brought happiness is sending you its love.

Ruth Waterbury

Even on the night the separation news broke, Mary Pickford still remained the hostess of Hollywood and entertained at the Air Races. Opposite is Pickfair, the house that is now for sale

Marie Dressler as her best friend knows her—

by FRANCES MARION

famous author of "Min and Bill," "Emma," "The Champ," and the highest paid writer in Hollywood

Thirty years ago on the stage Marie Dressler was practicing the same rule for living she still practices—and what a fine rule it is!

MARIE DRESSLER stands in a pulpit. She has the burning zeal and the self-sacrificing courage of the old-time divines. Plus that is a broad understanding of the trials of her fellow-beings. The screen, to her, is no mere background for just an acting career. It is a great pulpit, and her congregation is far-flung to the ends of the earth.

By that I don't mean that Marie preaches the old fire-and-brimstone religion. Nor is she that not infrequently annoying person, the woman with a "mission." She's been far too busy holding out a helping hand to thousands of friends to have time for a "mission." She preaches the doctrine of courage. It has helped her to travel over roads of tragedy, down into swamps of despair that would daunt all but the greatest souls. Through her own courage she has helped countless others surmount the tribulations of a pretty confusing world.

"Keep your chin up," she has told her friends. It is more than a piece of good advice to her. It is nothing less than her First Commandment.

I have known Marie ever since the time when, as a very young and badly frightened cub reporter in San Francisco, I was sent out to interview her. It was my first assignment and I heard that stage stars were inclined sometimes to put on airs. Marie was at the height of her stage success then, and the road tour of "Tillie's Nightmare" had brought her to San Francisco. I was thrilled and awed at the same time. I entered her dressing room with my knees knocking together.

In a moment I was completely at ease. That marvelous friendship, which she is ready to lavish on the whole world, had been extended to me, the cub reporter. She began by asking me questions about myself. In fact, she interviewed me instead of my interviewing her.

When it was time to go, rain had swept in from the bay. The streets were torrents of water. I had no coat. Marie took one of hers from a hanger and offered it to me.

"Wear this home, child," she urged, "or you'll catch your death of cold."

At that time I weighed about ninety pounds. Marie was never a small woman, and you can imagine how I looked in my borrowed clothes. The warmth came from more than the coat, however. I had my first introduction to that great-hearted woman. I had needed encouragement badly that day. That was the beginning of our friendship, and for more than twenty years I have gone to Marie Dressler when my own courage seemed insufficient to meet the particular problem at hand. She has never failed me, just as she has never failed anyone who comes to her for help.

It isn't difficult to keep your chin up when you know Marie Dressler is by your side, so eager to share your burdens. She'd carry the troubles of the world on her shoulders if it were humanly possible.

What a great quality it is to have personal courage, but it is so much greater to be able to imbue others with your own courage. Marie has that God-given faculty. She is absolutely without thought of self. Her own troubles, and I know that she has had more than her share, are always forgotten when another must be helped. And in many cases her help has extended to people who needed it less than she, herself, did.

If Marie seems downcast for any reason, I know that it is a time to tell my troubles to her. Miraculously she forgets the things that have been bothering her. Someone needs cheering. Her own worries can wait for the tomorrow that may never come. On the other hand, when she is happy, I wouldn't dream of loading her down with my personal cross.

It has always been that way throughout her crowded, colorful life. Once she was faced with the loss of a loved one, but, nevertheless, she was at the theater that night. Torn by anguish as she was, she noticed a new chorus girl. The youngster looked frightened, and a lack of experience was evident to eyes even less discerning than Marie's.

She sat down and talked to the girl. The newcomer was from out of town, and she was homesick. Her make-up was inexpertly applied. Her tights were wrinkled. Marie took the girl to her own dressing room. She explained the tricks of make-up, and she showed her how to keep her tights from wrinkling. She offered the generous, warm friendship that many of us know so well and the new girl was given the encouragement she needed at that time. Her name was Frankie Bailey, and later she was to become the toast of New York as "the girl with the most beautiful legs."

Charles Chaplin is another who can tell you of Marie's help at a rather bleak period in his life.

It was the second time I met her. I had left San Francisco and was doing publicity in Hollywood. Mack Sennett was producing "Tillie's Punctured Romance," with Marie as the star. On the lot at the time was a little sad-faced English comedian, known to the screen fans only as "Looney." He was cast with Marie.

"THE boy is a wonder," she would insist. He's a great artist. He will become a great comedy star."

She never rested until his part was "fattened." She threw every opportunity his way in scenes they had together. That was the beginning of Charlie's spectacular rise to fame. In "Tillie's Punctured Romance" he received his first screen credit. She worked just as hard to advance the career of Mabel Normand, who was also in the cast. She was sure that the little unknown girl with the great eyes was marked for greatness.

When that picture was completed she returned to New York. It was there that we met again. And, as usual, Marie was ready to do me another good turn. I had gone to New York in the hopes of becoming a screen writer. Marie was to do a new "Tillie" picture, and she persuaded William A. Brady to give me a chance at writing it. An entire continent stretched between me and my California home. I was lonely and I was afraid.

I was in the midst of that story, worried and nervous over my big chance, when a telegram brought me the dreadful news that my sister had died in San Francisco. I had idolized her. She was one of the most beautiful girls in the city, and the person I loved most. That sudden, shocking news brought the world crashing about my ears. I had a complete nervous breakdown.

Miss Marion's story on Marie Dressler touches your heart as deeply as Marie Dressler's acting touches you—and it reveals what has made her the most beloved woman in the world today

Marie took me into her own home. She nursed me, sang to me, cheered me, and was at my bedside constantly. If it hadn't been for Marie I believe that I would not have lived.

It was years afterward that I learned that she herself was in terrible financial difficulties at the time, frantic with worry and not knowing where to turn. She had put all that aside to care for me, a struggling young writer! You can't forget things like that, but sometimes it is not easy to write of things that are so close to your heart.

She was with me, years later, when tragedy again touched my life. She had become a great friend of my husband, Fred Thomson. I remember her asking him why he had given up the pulpit for a motion picture career. And I remember her interest in his reply. Instead of reaching a few boys via the pulpit, now, through the screen, he could reach thousands. He could teach them the value of a strong, healthy body. If the body is strong and healthy, the mind will grow that way, too.

Marie nodded. "I believe in the screen, too," she said. "Give them ninety percent entertainment, and ten percent good, healthy propaganda."

She was with me during Fred's last illness.

"You've got to get well," she told him. "You've got to carry on."

"If I don't," he smiled at her, "you must do it for me."

And she has.

ONLY a few months ago, during her desperate illness, I went to call on her. Her physicians were deeply worried. Even if she recovered it would mean complete rest for a year.

"Send me Mrs.—," she pleaded, naming an acquaintance; "I know she isn't feeling well, and I just have to make her laugh."

The woman came, and Marie laughed and told funny stories, forgetting entirely that she was a dangerously sick woman. I believe that kindness did Marie more good than all the medicine in the world. You know that she didn't take that year's rest. It would take more than a few doctors to keep Marie away from her friends.

I actually believe that Marie became a comedienne with the definite intent to draw people away from their troubles.

The other day I read one of her fan letters. It came from a woman who said that she (*Continued on page* 84)

HOLLYWOOD HOW TO

By ALBERT

This Very Famous New Slant on

Two healthy kids on the sands of Malibu, Dorothy Jordan and Joel McCrea—and aren't they both sompin' to look at?

HOLLYWOOD motion picture contracts contain so many clauses and "whereases" and stipulations and the like, that it is a miracle any stenographers are still jobless and that paper companies ever go bankrupt.

But there is one contract clause—in a way the most important of all—that is left out. And I wonder why. For, to me, that unwritten clause is chockful of the biggest inducements to each and every stage star to "go Hollywood."

Glance over such a contract—if time is no object to you—and you will learn the proffered salary and its varied scalings, as well as the other inducements for signing it. But you won't find the far more vital clause which ought to be worded somewhat like this:

"Furthermore, the party of the second part shall be furnished, gratis, with the whole glorious OUTDOORS, and the pursuit of Health and Happiness, for the space of twelve months in each and every year."

No, I'm not trying to be funny. That unwritten clause means more than most of the rest of the contract put together. It gives a new zest to life and a really new code of morals.

Hollywood lives outdoors. Not for a few vacation weeks or months in summer, as do the rest of us, but from one end of the year to the other. It is the only place where a man or woman can do twelve consecutive months of hard work and at the same time enjoy twelve consecutive months of life in the open. The most poorly paid "extra" in Hollywood has an all-year ticket to earth and sea and sky. Sun tan does not need to be bought there by the bottle. But

Just a typical little gray home in the West—it may be only twelve rooms and a glittering swimming pool but it's home to Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay

TEACHES YOU LIVE

PAYSON TERHUNE

Author Gives You a the Film Colony

the amusing part of it is that Hollywood practically demands that its citizens should tan, should be healthy and beautiful. Otherwise they are not admitted into the inner ring of smart film society.

One hears and reads so much about Hollywood's alleged sins. The whole place seems to be a gaudy swirl of iniquity and wild dissipation. No scandal is too fantastically silly to tack a Hollywood label to.

We read of Blankley Blank, the matinée darling, lounging luxuriously in his hundred-thousand-dollar yacht, between pictures. As a matter of fact, Blankley Blank, far oftener, is standing, in undershirt and ragged trousers, in a disreputable old boat, far out to sea. He is gripping frantically a fishing rod at whose line's end a cow-sized tarpon is giving Blankley the fight of his life.

By the score, these "sybaritic" Hollywooders have joined the several world-known fishing clubs; clubs where prizes (of buttons, not of cash or cup) await the hardy fisherman whose catch is of the required size and specie of gaminess.

One cannot loll back in a motion picture yacht, when he goes out to win the coveted club button. Big fighting fish are not caught in that way. The sea-battle calls for old boats, old clothes, primitive methods. It calls, most of all, for a man whose strength and endurance and nerve have been built up by the Outdoors.

Such men are plentiful and to spare, in the supposedly effete Hollywood colony. And they did not gain their physical perfection and Indian tan and steady eye and hand by drinking champagne all night and by months of wild dissipation.

Then there is Sophinisba Asterisk, the picture queen whose salary is so egregious it would nick a deep hole in the national deficit.

Her dear public know just how Sophinisba spends her leisure time. They visualize her drowsing away the hours in a perfumed Roman bath; then, swathed in a two-thousand-dollar Paris creation, reigning at a ten-thousand-dollar Lucullan banquet to the accompaniment of a super-costly Gypsy orchestra.

If they should chance to see a rough-clad little figure, tanned and with a swinging stride, tramping over her mountain ranch at dawn, with a swirl of dogs around her, it would give them a frightful jar to recognize her as the Cleopatra-like Sophinisba Asterisk. A porcelain beauty like Helen Twelvetrees goes camping every time she can get away from the studio. Claudette Colbert sailed around the world on a tramp steamer, with only slacks and a couple of sports dresses by way of wardrobe. The exotic brunette Ann Dvorak went on a similar journey with her husband, Leslie Fenton. Clara Bow, the "It" girl roughs it on a desert ranch, does her own cooking and rides like a wild Indian.

Some years ago, while I was out there in Hollywood for a few weeks, a star who was a close

(*Continued on page* 85)

Great-lover Gable off screen typifies what Mr. Terhune most admires in movie people

Crawford is an exotic gal in her films but when she gets home she's even a greater player—at tennis

Two Big Crack-Ups

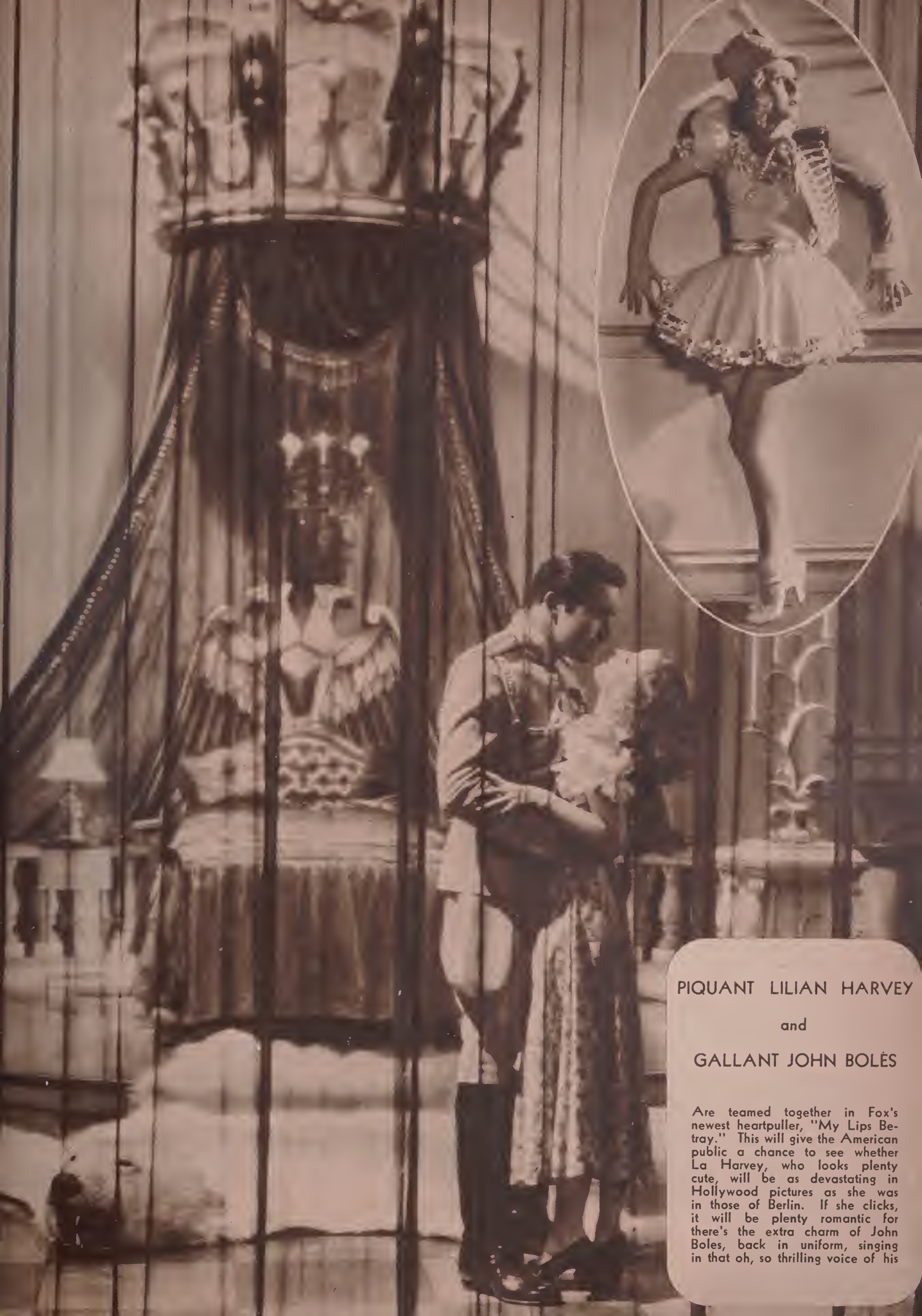
Snapped at the big moment by Movie Mirror's Exclusive Cameraman Hyman Fink

ABOVE is undoubtedly the last picture you'll see of Carole Lombard and William Powell together. Rumors that all was not well with that romance had been flying around associated with the usual denials. But two days before Carole left for Reno to establish residence for the divorce she and Bill went to the Ritz Theatre in Beverly Hills (where the swankiest previews are shown) arm in arm like this. It was at the entrance of the theatre that our cameraman caught them.

It's a shame divorce has captured Carole and Bill, for they are still such good friends and companions and they are both such good sports.

It was at the National Air Races, while the whole movie colony was watching terror-stricken, that Hoot Gibson flying with Ken Maynard cracked up. That's poor Hoot above being carried from the field. For a while his life was despaired of, then his career was despaired of. Now it looks as though both would be saved—but oh, what has happened to the Gibson-Eilers marriage? It looks as though that smashed too, for at Hoot's side constantly since the accident has been pretty June Gale. June insists it is only friendship and devotion that brings her there—but Sally Eilers, back in New York after her European vacation and looking very beautiful, too, is making no haste to return to Hollywood.

So Cupid nets more failures and we're becoming so old and cynical, nothing would surprise us now—not even the story that Garbo had eloped with all four of the Marx Brothers.



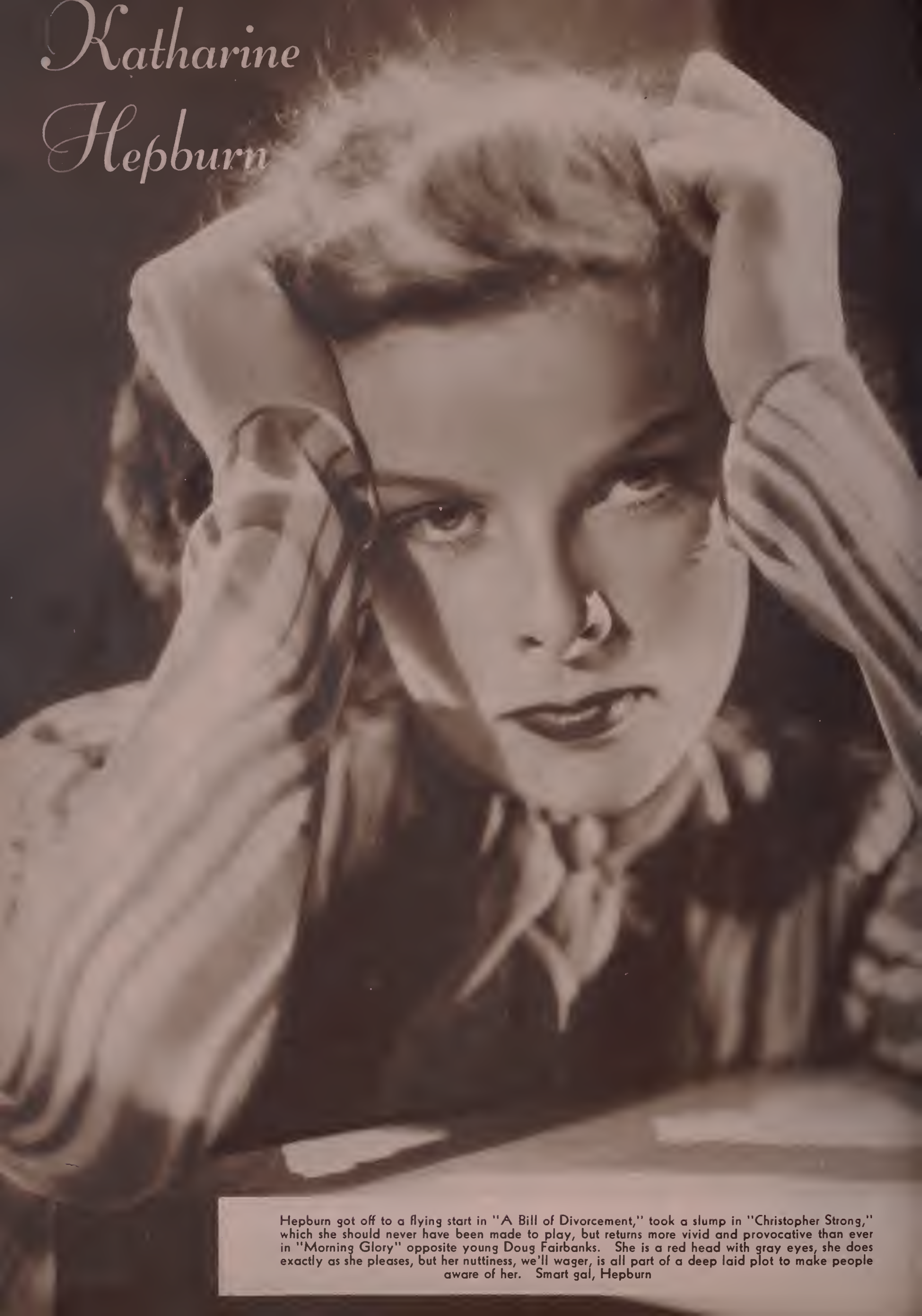
PIQUANT LILIAN HARVEY

and

GALLANT JOHN BOLES

Are teamed together in Fox's newest heartpuller, "My Lips Betray." This will give the American public a chance to see whether La Harvey, who looks plenty cute, will be as devastating in Hollywood pictures as she was in those of Berlin. If she clicks, it will be plenty romantic for there's the extra charm of John Boles, back in uniform, singing in that oh, so thrilling voice of his

Katharine Hepburn



Hepburn got off to a flying start in "A Bill of Divorcement," took a slump in "Christopher Strong," which she should never have been made to play, but returns more vivid and provocative than ever in "Morning Glory" opposite young Doug Fairbanks. She is a red head with gray eyes, she does exactly as she pleases, but her nuttiness, we'll wager, is all part of a deep laid plot to make people aware of her. Smart gal, Hepburn

Helen Hayes

Many people think she is the screen's greatest actress, yet little Helen Hayes threatens to give up her whole career to be a mother again. She's one of the happiest women you'll ever find—and the screen makes a tragedienne of her. She is married to Charlie MacArthur, the writer, and has a little daughter, Mary MacArthur who is the light of her life. You'll be seeing her next in Metro's all star "Night Flight"

ELISSA LANDI

She's just had a quarrel with Fox, who brought her to stardom. Hereafter Elissa will freelance. She has beauty, poise and talent, if she can ever get it really clicking in pictures. Her mother is an Australian Countess and she herself is the wife of an English barrister. Elissa is a recognized novelist, an accomplished pianist and a trained dancer. Currently she's gracing "I Loved You Wednesday"

KAY FRANCIS

She was born on Friday, the 13th and it didn't do a thing to her. Thrice wed, her present marriage is very happy. She is one of the few stellar brunettes. Her salary is like something you dream about—she was one of those stars Warners grabbed on their star-raid a few years ago—and though still Warners' you'll see her next in "Strange Rhapsody," on loan to M-G-M

Joe E. Brown

Joe Brown doesn't put on any airs. He certainly is no handsome dog. He doesn't surround himself with romantic whispers in order to be front-page news. He's a fine husband and a fond father. Doesn't sound like the stellar combination, does it? Just the same Joe is one of the big box office ten, which just goes to prove that the public appreciates and rewards the real McCoy

Gary Cooper

One of Paramount's "Best Bet" Stars

Illusive, unattainable Gary, six feet two and a half inches of strength and gentility with an added devastating boyish charm and a worldly sophistication. A hit straight from his first outstanding performance in "Wings" down to "Today We Live" not forgetting his memorable performance in "A Farewell to Arms." And they do say in Hollywood his finest picture will be his new "One Sunday Afternoon"

INSIDE STUFF

by

MIKE WALLACE

MOVIE MIRROR'S Cameraman went everywhere this month and did he see things! Down at Malibu he caught this bunch, Carmen Pantages, Gloria Shea and Bernie Toplitzki (they are Hollywood's most-in-love engaged couple), Lois Wilson and Johnny Tryon

Cupid's Diary

WEDDING DING-DONGS DEPT.

. . . As Movie Mirror predicted last month, they DID it! John Wayne (remember "The Big Trail"?), whose real name is Marion M. Morrison, said the I-do's with Josephine Saenz, 23-year-old daughter of the Dominican consul in Los Angeles, and occasional film-actress. There are pictures of them on Page 70 this issue.

. . . chalk up "No. 4—count 'em—4" for Lottie (that's Mary's sister) Pickford. In Pittsburgh, she said she'd married John W. Locke of that city. And Hollywood just cawn't figure it all out, because Lottie's divorce from No. 3 (he was Russ Gillard) won't be final for several months!

. . . by the time you read this, a lot of hearts will be busted, because Constance Cummings, one of the loveliest lasses of cinemaland, will be Mrs. Benn Levy. He's the playwright, and they're marrying in England, where Connie is making moom pitchas.

. . . after being married eleven years, they could only stand a half year or so of being divorced, so Dorothy Hall, lovely screen gal, remarried Neal Andrews, big business man, in Greenwich, Conn.

. . . even if Ann Harding won't, her mother will, so she did. She remarried. Widow of Col. Gately, Ann's army dad, she married Cellist Charles Frisbie, while Ann looked in at a church wedding.

IS-IT-ALL-OVER? DEPT.

. . . it IS all over between Oliver Babe Hardy and Mrs. Hardy. He sued for divorce, saying wifie (to whom he'd been married since 1921) wasn't at all what a good wife should be, what with drinking and staying out nights. My, my! Funny, isn't it, that Laurel and Hardy even offscreen have to team up. Laurel, you remember, popped into the divorce courts himself, only a month before Babe did. Well, they'll have each other, anyway . . .!

. . . no matter what you've read up to now, be sure Mae Murray can't just completely decide whether she'll really divorce Prince Mdivani, after all. Oh, yes—she sued. But she went just about that far once before. And she's wavering again (at least, as this is written) and may take him back.

. . . the Adolphe Menjous take different roads again. After eight months of reconciliation, they're headed in opposite directions again. Wifie Kathryn Carver says it's 100 percent final this time. But Adolphe admits to friends that he's got a torch.

. . . Mary Hay, who once was Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, and then became Mrs. David Bath, is going into circulation once again. She admits in New York, that it'll be divorce again, this fall. In Hollywood, Dick and his present wife are supremely happy.

Here's Jackie Cooper enjoying a plate of beans at the Beverly Hills Athletic Club. Jackie's recovering nicely from his appendicitis, thank you, and will be back on the screen soon with his pal, Wally Beery

Beautiful Doris Kenyon, widow of Milton Sills, weds "the boy she knew back home." He's Arthur Hopkins. That's 'Doris' mother and Dr. Harry Martin with the bridal couple

WILL-THEY-OR-WON'T-THEY? DEPT.

. . . in a month or so, now, Prince Lichtenstein (Lichtenstein is that cute little principality somewhere in Europe) will have a final divorce decree. And then, a lot of know-it-all's are saying, Ina Claire will become her Serene (oh, yeah?) Highness, the Princess! Imagine Ina going for that maemurray sort of thing! But anyway, a Prince ranks a marquis, so will or won't Connie be burned? And Jack Gilbert . . . !!!!

. . . don't pay any attention to it at all, because you can't believe a thing she says, but Lupe whispered to a friend or two that uh-huh, maybe she'd marry Johnny Weissmuller when his divorce from Bobbe Arnst is final. But by that time, she'll probably be madly in love with Mahatma Gandhi or somebody, and and have forgotten all about Johnny.

. . . maybe by the time you read this, maybe never, Mervyn (Director) Leroy will have married Doris Warner, daughter of Harry of the Warner Brothers. Doris used to be squired about Hollywood by handsome David Manners.

Illustrated with
MOVIE MIRROR
SNAPSHOTS
taken by
HYMAN FINK

How traffic snarls are created in Hollywood. Arthur Richman, the writer, and Stu Erwin, the clown, take two beautiful girls for a walk. The girls? No less than Kay Francis and June Collyer

. . . the minute Mary Brian returned to Hollywood from the east, to play in a picture, she flew to the hospital where Dick Powell lay ill. Some of their close friends say they WILL marry; others equally close swear there is nothing to it.

. . . Benita Hume's "fiance"—Jack Dunsee, British auto and plane racer, returns to Hollywood this fall, and Benita is as adither as any Englishly icy beauty can be.

. . . Claire Windsor, one-time silent star, still one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood, swaps kisses with Thomas (Asbestos Millionaire) Manville, Jr., and maybe it'll all be so hot that it'll end in matrimony. But then, asbestos *does* resist heat. And Claire is also being seen about New York with Jimmy Dunn, who almost married Maureen O'Sullivan.

HO-HUMS AND THAT-SORT-OF-THING DEPT.

. . . this Charlie Chaplin-Paulette Goddard business is getting soooo boresome! Latest development: at the theatre with Charlie; Paulette was wearing what any jeweler in the world would sell as a wedding ring. "Is that a wedding ring?" asked an acquaintance. "Sorry, but I can't tell you," she answered.

. . . somebody told the Paris reporters to ask Gloria Swanson if she was planning to divorce Michael Farmer. So they did, and of course, Gloria and Mike said it was all—ha-ha—too—ha-ha!—silly! "Why, married life," said Mike, "is swell. It makes you eat more, drink less, and smoke less." My, oh, my, oh, my, how interesting.

. . . June Knight, who used to go for Jimmy Dunn in a big way, is now going in a bigger way for Max Baer,

Wally Ford gave a stag party and did the boys turn out for it! Here's Wally with Vince Barnett, George Meeker, Jack La Rue and Billy Bakewell

Alan Dinehart and Mozelle Brittone went right ahead and took out their marriage license even though a breach of promise suit was filed against Alan

Here's a Hollywood couple who are so very happy together you never even hear about them! Bill Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian. That's Mrs. Al Rogel with them. She was Eva Gregory, remember?

who wins prize fights. They cooed at each other after Max had trimmed Schmeling, both said nothing positive when reporters asked about marriage, and then June came to California to make movies. And Schmeling hurried back to his own film beauty, Anny Ondra in Germany.

. . . looks like it's really all over this time between Buster Collier and Marie Prevost, long-distance-thatwayers. They're not going together any more. But by another month, they'll probably be at it again, so what?

. . . On one of Hollywood's biggest lots, the big-shot boss of the studio is all ajitter about one of his demure little starlets. So he won't allow any parts at all to be given to a good-looking actor who used to beau the gal around.

. . . Norma Talmadge and George Jessel, still declining to say anything about lo-hoving each other, sailed on a Canal liner from New York to California, picture-making bound.

WHOSE-WHO-IS-'OO? DEPT.

. . . Eleanor Holm doesn't seem to be Junior Laemmle's any more, because she's going places with Art Jarrett.

. . . even though estranged-wifie Sally Eilers sends him sweetie-pie messages from London, y'hardly ever see Hoot Gibson without June Gale.

. . . sometimes Johnny Farrow isn't with Maureen O'Sullivan, but most of the time he is. Yeah—still!

. . . it's still 'way over a hundred in the shade for George Raft and Marjorie King.

. . . George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill are still twosoming it.

. . . Estelle Taylor and Beeg Director Rowland Brown, seen out.

. . . likewise Alice White and John Warburton.

. . . still uh-huh on Miriam Hopkins and King Director Vidor.

. . . now that Claudia Morgan isn't a married woman any more, by the grace of the divorce mills, Russell Gleason is Russ-ing her.

. . . two ex's are interesting Hollywood lookers-on: Marion (ex-Mrs. Eddie Hillman) Nixon, and Lydell (ex-Mr. Janet Gaynor) Peck!

. . . you can sometimes see Anita Page, growing up and thinner out with Monroe Owsley.

. . . while cooled-off-wifie Sue Carol is being seen autoing with Ken Murray, Nick Stuart consoles himself by basking in Peggy Hopkins Joyce's glamor, or hotcha-ing it with Dorothy Lee. That is, when Dot isn't still carrying on that long-time Marshall Duffield business. Yes, it goes on and on . . .

Hollywood's "younger set"—and oh how hard it is to break into—features these gay young people—Bob Young, Una Merkel, Mrs. Young, Marcella Knapp and Jerry Asher, demon publicity man, all out for a wild evening's roller skating!

Big Boy Bancroft (and remember when he was very important on the screen) meets little bitsa Mary Carlisle (who is very up and coming)

Dorothea Wieck has dinner in a party that included Clive Brook and beautiful Adrienne Ames at the Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica

CAN-YOU-IMAGINE! DEPT.

. . . first person to meet Bruce Cabot when he got back from out-of-town work was Adrienne Ames, whose rich hubby is STILL not in Hollywood! And they did 'phone each other so much, long distance—Adrienne and Bruce, Adrienne and Hubby. Well, it's nice, or something, isn't it?

. . . after all that dither about Sally Blane and the Earl of Warwick Europing together, it seems that it's nothing of the sort, because Sally and Earlie haven't seen each other over there.

. . . BUT—talking of over there—what DO you think about Thelma Todd being seen swapping big-eyes with Dennis King in London? And in Hollywood, Thelma's hubby, Pasquale de Cicco, tells Walter Winchell soulfully

All over the place is our Mr Fink. First he snaps Spencer Tracy, June Collyer and Stu Erwin greeting band-leader Abe Lyman, while below he shows Jean Harlow, her own picture, and then dashes to Malibu to photograph Glenda Farrell, her son Tommy and one of her many suitors, Bob Reskin

that really, really, really, he and Thelma love each other so much. And can you figure these things out?

JUST IMAGINE THIS

The day after she returned to Hollywood, Garbo went swimming at Malibu. And nobody recognized her. And then, later that week, she went with Rouben Mamoulian to see a preview of Dietrich's picture "Song of Songs" at a theater near Hollywood. They sneaked into the back row, sat in the center of a group of ardent fans—and not a fan realized the Great One was nearby.

Buster Phelps is beginning to get interested in the facts of life. On a set, the other day, he asked grandmotherly May Robson where babies come from. May explained that when the stork saw nice folks and thought they'd be nice to babies, he brought them one.

"Oh, dear," said Buster; "I wish he'd seen my grandpa. I'd like to have been brought to my grandpa!"

Jack Oakie now has a white mess jacket, too, like the other hot-cha dressers in filmland. He'd arrived at the Cocoanut Grove one night in a gray suit, saw an acquaintance wearing one of the white jackets. Instantly, Jack decided he wanted it, harangued the acquaintance so pestiferously that the latter finally, to get rid of him, sold it to Jack for $20 cash. And there, on the floor, they swapped coats.

It's a battle over leading men between Janet Gaynor and Lilian Harvey.

It all began when Janet got Henry Garat (who'd been leading man for Lil in European films) as her lead in "Adorable."

Lilian had figured that she'd get first crack at Henry. When she found out that it was Janet who'd taken Henry right out from under her nose, the Harvey blew up. So learning that Lew Ayres was virtually the choice for top-spot opposite Gaynor in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," Lil raised a merry fuss, insisted that Lew was just the type for her own leading man in "My Weakness." *And got him!*

It's going to be too bad if the two gals decide on the same leading man, whoever he be, for their respective next films. The poor chap'll be torn limb from limb. . . . !

At the première of "Gold Diggers," in the intermission, a rather short girl stalked indignantly to the box office. "Change my seat or give me back my money," she demanded. "Why?" asked the clerk. "I'm sitting in back of Gary Cooper and I can't see a blankety-blank thing!"

Just as an item for the old-timers who loved the early-day silent comedies, it is reported that Joseph T. Rickard died recently. His film-name was "Kalla Pasha." Remember?

Right in the midst of the newspaper hullabaloo over both Mae Murray and Mary McCormic divorcing their respective Princes Mdivani, the latter visited the Fox lot, dropped in to see Will Rogers. So they talked about princes and divorces and Rogers asked then:

"Say, what you girls tryin' to do to these here now princes?—Gang up on 'em . . .?

Explaining her own divorce action to a friend, Mae Murray said, among other things:

"He tried to stifle me. He could never understand my love for the public and the public's love for me! * * I like to have people say 'there goes Mae Murray. Hello, Mae.' And almost invariably I hear them add: 'Isn't she gorgeous!' And that's one word that always made David mad. 'Your public,' he would sneer. . . ."

Film-hero-worship is international. Look what happened to Jose Mojica on his concert tour in Bulgaria: in Sofia, a society girl bribed the regular maid to let her carry Mojica's breakfast-tray up to his room. And when she did—and opened the door saw Mojica, her idol—she *fainted!*

When it comes to parties, make sure Hyman is there. At Emmanuel Cohen's party he caught Lubitsch, Wynne Gibson and Jack Oakie in one corner and Jimmy Gleason, Heather Angel, Warren William and Wally Ford in another. Read in "Inside Stuff" what this little scene between Bill Hart and Jay Whidden means

Mae West's been in jail again! Last time was when she and her cast were arrested in New York for presenting what New York police thought was a naughty-baddie play. This time, however, it was different. Mae had taken part in a one-reel movie made for advertising a Los Angeles deputy sheriff's barbecue—and in return, the deputies invited her to jail for dinner. "Just like old times," said Mae.

This business of getting prominent headliners to play themselves in movies!—first Peggy Hopkins Joyce, in "International House," played the rôle of Peggy Hopkins Joyce. And now Mary McCormic, grand opera singer, and one of the wives (or exwives) of one of the Mdivanis, will play the rôle of Mary McCormic in a Fox film.

And who is the so-popular one of the newer crowd of film-beauties who, because her long-time boy friend (once erroneously publicized as her husband) grew annoyed at the too-many swains who were rushing her, presented him with a chromium-plated white Packard and a regular allowance and told him to be satisfied and stop butting in on her life?

(*Continued on page* 68)

Eleven

by

JERRY MARTIN

GARBO talks!

Garbo walks—out!

And now Garbo thinks! What she thinks, she says. And what she says—goes! First, last and always.

Never in the history of Hollywood and most certainly, never in the screen life of the glamorous Greta, has a star been so wildly enthusiastic, as she is over her next production, "Queen Christina." Never has she taken the painstaking interest or exerted herself to see that the smallest detail shall be above reproach. Supervisors may dictate. Directors may suggest. Technicians may plan. But when it comes to the final word—Garbo talks!

When the elusive one sailed for her native shores, there were rumors of retirement—isolation on her personal island—marriage—almost any plausible story for her complete desertion of Hollywood. Regardless of the cause or reason, it was a known fact, Garbo was through with pictures—definitely!

On the day the *Annie Johnson* docked at Wilmington, California, Greta electrified the world by talking to reporters. It suddenly dawned on gullible Hollywood, that she wasn't through at all. She hadn't any intention of being through. Quite to the contrary.

The amount of research she brought back from Sweden, proved how many months she had been planning to bring her favorite character to the screen. Not only was her research endless, it was also intelligent. It showed a definite knowledge and understanding of the period and its people.

In fact, such a definite knowledge did she have, she refused to start the picture. Sets had to be made over. The architecture did not measure up to that in the catalogues, brought from the museums of Sweden. Historically, they were wrong. She would have none of them.

The story had been changed from the original. She ordered it changed back. The dialogue was wrong for people of that century. She even brought back photographs of weapons used at that time, costumes and different types of furniture.

Her interest may be partially explained by the very character of "Queen Christina" herself. Garbo is known to have expressed herself

Men- and Garbo

The Greatest Man Hunt in the History of Hollywood

Here's the first seven tested for the Garbo picture, starting at the bottom, Nelson Eddy, Lawrence Olivier, Victor Jory, Bruce Cabot, Franchot Tone, Riçardo Cortez, Ralph Bellamy

as being fascinated by this unruly woman. She shares the same viewpoint of this Queen, who believed in freedom and lived her life in accordance. A woman who masqueraded as a man most of the time and lived her life, unhampered by the conventionalities of sex. A woman whose every thought and movement, spelled freedom from the world.

Adrian, who is responsible for Garbo's clothes, has given himself entirely to their creation. One costume alone, she wears in court when she meets her Spanish lover, is costing $1800.00.

Says Adrian, "There is no fake or hurry about this special costume, as it is the most important in the picture. It is made exactly the same as it would have been made in the year of 1600. The workmanship is perfect. It is worthy of being worn by a Queen. Someday it should be in a museum.

"It is made of white velvet and embroidered in thousands and thousands of cut steel beads, square cut diamonds, and silver threads. Every bead is put on by hand. We had them sent by air mail from New York. Fifteen expert beaders have been working for six weeks on this one costume. It is going to be one of the most costly and spectacular ever shown on a screen."

The only time since her return, that Garbo has not been concentrating on her production, is the day an executive presented her with one of the sons of the late "Rin Tin Tin." When she saw the beautiful police dog, for once she forgot her shyness. She sat right down on the steps and hugged him to her heart. It is perhaps the only time since she became famous that Garbo forgot that people were watching her.

Of course there is the story of her new dressing room and its private stairway. There is also a gate, that separates this suite of rooms, from the hallway leading to the other part of the building. These rooms were occupied by John Barrymore who graciously bowed out for the glamorous Greta. Under the supervision of Adrian, they have been redecorated in a color scheme of vermilion and dove grey.

While sets were being built, dialogue being written and costumes being made—what was being done about a leading man? Every available actor in Hollywood, was literally bowing down to the Gods of the casting director and praying for a chance to make a test. There was a rivalry that caused actors to forfeit jobs in other studios or come rushing madly out from New York.

Every eligible name was suggested for the part. Two parts to be exact. A Swedish lover and a Spanish lover. Two distinct types which made the contest twice as exciting. Pictures were run in the private projection rooms of the studio, so Garbo could see the work of suggested actors. Long lists of names were compiled. Tests of actors made at other studios were brought over. And then the actual casting started.

Extreme effort was taken in the making of these tests. The actors were given days to prepare their lines. They were given hours to walk around the sound stage in their clothes, to lose the self-consciousness brought on by flowing capes, hip boots, dangling swords and wigs.

Most of them kicked against wearing a moustache and tiny goatees. When they got a flash of themselves wearing the long-haired wigs, they begged for moustaches—goatees—anything to add to their masculinity. Great detail was not paid to the costume, as special ones would be made for the lucky actors winning the rôles.

To establish the type of costume they would eventually use on the leading men, the studio sent to New York for Van Dyck and Velasquez portraits of people of that period. Two of the finest artists were called in and commissioned to design two costumes. Out of the four pictures, the costumes were to be established.

When the actual tests started, it was almost like a production. The finest sets were used. (*Continued on page 79*)

Too Many Kind

WHEN Jimmy Dunn broke down completely in that never-to-be-forgotten scene in "Bad Girl" and did emotional acting that made every lover of the Thespic art sit up and do some big notice taking, what he was really doing was crying his heart out for Helen Morgan—the only woman who would not be in love with him!

That scene in the doctor's office was tremendous. It shot Jimmy to stardom. Ballyhooed, touted to the skies, recognized as the greatest emotional actor amongst the youngsters, he was immediately shoved into a big contract and big parts.

And then something happened. "Bad Girl" was his one great triumph. And he hasn't touched it since.

But why? Certainly a kid who could make strong men and women break down, and weep had the stuff of which great acting is made. Certainly the director had not pulled any strings to turn on and off Jimmy's screen emotion. The boy had it—and it wasn't synthetic, either. Then why hasn't he held up? Why hasn't he gone on to better and better achievements instead of resting on those early laurels?

Few people know the story behind these questions and strangely colored by psychology as it is, it is something that has happened over and over again—maybe to boys that you know.

I said up there in the first paragraph that he was crying his heart out for Helen Morgan who wouldn't love him. That's why he acted as he did. That's why he wore the wings of genius in "Bad Girl." What Jimmy needs now is the chaos of unrequited love. What is wrong with his work now is that too many grand women care too much for him. And they've made life too easy for him. He doesn't have to feel deeply any more, since the women he knows seem to have banded together to keep him from being hurt.

AND now you must understand about Helen Morgan and Jimmy Dunn. He met her during the rehearsals of "Sweet Adeline." Liking the boy as she did, she gave him a remarkable brand of friendship. And women of Helen Morgan's type are capable of deep friendships. Sweet, generous, profligate, she was devoted to Jimmy but she would not marry him. She was not actually in love with him and deep within her wise woman's heart, she knew it was not marriage that Jimmy needed. Instead of terminating their association, however, she allowed him to keep her as a friend.

Jimmy was devastated when he arrived in Hollywood and it was while he was eating his heart out for Helen that he did "Bad Girl." You see, he needed just that stimulus. And he hasn't had it since. Helen made life difficult for him by refusing her complete love. The other women have made life so easy for Jimmy that there are no longer pent-up emotions for him to pour out before the camera.

It is natural that his mother should want to save her son from heartaches and hardships. Mrs. Dunn is a wonderful mother and a wonderful woman, but she paves the way too smoothly. She does too much thinking for him. He doesn't have to feel deeply when she is around. In the first place—she's a grand pal. Once he said—and the thought seemed suddenly to strike him like a blow from a prizefighter's fist—"It scares me to death to think that someday I'll lose Mom."

When Jimmy was in New York and his mother lived in New Rochelle, he didn't have enough money to send his laundry out to be done, and he had to look presentable when he went to ask for a part, so every week he sent his laundry up to his mother who washed and ironed it. If she had a dollar she gave Jimmy half. And if Jimmy had money he shared it with her.

Now, living in California with Jimmy, she sees to it that not one single worry crosses his path. And she does it so unobtrusively that Jimmy doesn't even have to think for himself. He has grown to depend upon her completely and no wonder—for Mrs. Dunn is a good, solid, substantial and intelligent woman.

ONE night Jimmy came home from the studio and had as neat a case of hysterics as any worn out actor has ever had. He had been working for forty days—and almost as many nights—on "Walking Down Broadway" and he was mentally and physically worn out. That day he had spent six hours standing in the rain for a scene. The constant monotony of it almost drove him crazy.

When he threw himself into the house he cried, "Mom, let's get out of here. Let's go back home. Back to New York. I can't stand the strain a minute longer."

His mother was quite calm. "All right. I'll start to pack now."

The effect was immediate. Her low voice, her placid acceptance snapped him into control. They talked it over and he decided to stay on, as was right for his career.

"You see," Jimmy will tell you, "No nagging, no fussing. She understands me."

When CLARK GABLE was a Smalltown PLAYBOY

by R. C. HARDY

You'll Find Out, Too, Interesting Facts About the Present Charming Mrs. Gable

RECENTLY Clark Gable has had a breakdown from overwork. Since success first came to him, more than two years ago in Hollywood, no actor has worked more steadily, more seriously or more consistently. For all his debonair manner and his flashing smile, he has shown himself a man in love with success, ambition, prestige and all the things that go with attainment.

Yet there was one period in his life when he was perhaps the most indolent, lotus-eating, irresponsible, happy-go-lucky actor that ever walked the boards of a stock company theater and yet managed to hold onto his job.

Fans of Houston, Texas, have an unusual memory of the great Gable whom they knew "when." For the months Clark Gable spent in Houston five years ago comprised a sort of "strange interlude" in his life—a last fling at carefree good times and an utter contempt for success, ambition and the movies.

A pose?—yes. But it was something deeper than that, too. A psychologist would doubtless call it "defense mechanism"—an attempt to submerge burning disappointment beneath a veneer of careless disregard for things that formerly had mattered intensely.

In the fall of 1928 Clark Gable descended upon Houston as the incorrigible second man of a fly-by-night stock troupe called the Palace Resident Company.

Clark came directly from Hollywood where for three years he had tried to buck the movie game. No luck. Aside from an occasional stage job (the most important one being the reporter's rôle opposite Nancy Carroll in "Chicago") and the intensive drilling and coaching he got from his first wife, Mrs. Josephine Dillon, to teach him the tricks of the trade, he might just as well have been a sewing machine salesman for all the nearer it got him to movie success.

For years he had studied and worked and practiced and toiled to be a good actor. And for what? Only to see others go ahead while he remained unnoticed in the background. From the cast of "Chicago," several players were given tests. Nancy Carroll even wrangled a long-term contract. Clark hadn't a look-in. When he finally asked for a test he was curtly told he "wasn't a screen type" or that his big ears marked the exit gate for him as far as pictures were concerned.

So, chucking the whole business, he fished for a stock engagement, landed the Houston job and waved Hollywood a bitter but defiant farewell.

"To hell with 'em," he declared, and then prepared to have a good time and enjoy life awhile.

There's no doubt that those days in Houston were happy days for Clark Gable. Perhaps happier and more contented than he had known in (*Continued on page* 80)

This is the Gable of 1928, happy-go-lucky, irresponsible, lotus-eating

The Film's
Forgotten Men

WHY do they rise so easily and why do they fall so hard? What is the mysterious power which picks a Hollywood actor out of oblivion and blazons his name across the sky overnight, or, if contrary-minded, plucks him abruptly from the heights and plunges him into an oblivion from which there is, apparently, no escape?

Nowhere in the world is the old saying "They never come back" so true as in the film capital. In any other city, in any other profession a second famous phrase, "A man may be down but he's never out," probably holds true. But not in Hollywood. What, then, is the mysterious Taboo which arises to prevent an honest comeback?

Hollywood is full of Forgotten Men who can't forget. In spite of every evidence that their cause is hopeless, they cling to the idea of retrieving their former triumphs. They believe, and perhaps truly so, that their public would welcome them back to the screen—but this belief is as hopeless as it is strong in their hearts where hope springs eternal at each ring of the telephone bell, at the postman's knock, at the sight of a telegram. A casual nod from a producer, the friendly wave of a hand from a director, and their spirit is revived beyond all reason. The old flame of hope, the easily aroused optimism, peculiar to the atmosphere of the film capital, flares up brightly again and for no real reason these men begin to think in millions, to talk loudly and confidently of plans—plans which, alas, will die in black despair as the poisonous miasma of oblivion creeps up again after the hour of unreasonable exhilaration. For the bitter truth is that *the only way a fallen star can crash the headlines is to die.*

When Fatty Arbuckle, who, after eleven years of terrific punishment for a wild party, at length signed a small picture contract which was to test out his remaining screen popularity, he drew headlines to be sure. But even the wording of these implied failure. "Come-

Two sides of the Hollywood seesaw. The big house is on palatial estate Charlie Ray owned when he made $3,500. Now he lives in a two-family flat back Try Ends As Fatty Arbuckle Dies." That's how they read, as if the Hollywood Taboo breathed failure to the failures, even in death. No one had cared much while he was making these pictures: no one but his close friends and the three women who had loved him, three women who at different periods of his life had struggled with him to win back the affection and respect of the public which Arbuckle loved more than the public loved him.

Of course in the case of Arbuckle there was a definite reason for defeat. Even the most fair-minded person must admit that the sordid scandal of Virginia Rappe's death, no matter what the actual merits of the case, was substantial grounds for suspension from the screen. Yet no one who watched Roscoe's struggle to make amends could help but admire and sympathize with him, and because of this he got further toward a comeback than any of Hollywood's other Forgotten Men. Arbuckle had strong friends in the Industry. They did all they could to help him and they pretty nearly succeeded.

But how about the fine actors of irreproachable character who now walk the Boulevard like ghosts, forgotten and unrecognized? Why should they be punished so terribly for no crime at all, except the crime of missing the breaks in some mysterious fashion? One runs into these tragedies at every corner, but only the impartial, outside observer will recognize them. To me, they are heartbreaking beyond words. I rage inwardly at the humiliations I see heaped upon some of our ex-stars, and rage, too, at the strange, stupid, pathetic tenacity with which they persist in exposing themselves to such treatment. It sometimes seems to me that if I were in their place, I'd leave Hollywood if I had to walk, to become a tramp—a stoker on a steamer—anything to get away to some place where, if unrecognized, I at least would not be pitied. Let me tell you a few of the scenes which have so wrung my heart with distress.

At a formal opening the floodlights were sweeping the crowded streets, the theatre lobby was decorated with flowers; fine cars drew up in slow, crowded procession to the brilliant doorway and famous stars stepped out on the red carpet, eagerly watched by the enthusiastic fans. When Clark Gable arrived, he was fairly mobbed by the autograph-hunters who swarmed around him, while in a far corner of the lobby behind the crowd,

(*Continued on page 76*)

The Story of Yesterday's Stars Who Now Beg for a Single Day's Work

by NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

Recently Bill Hart and Clark Gable attended the same opening with the most heartbreaking result for Bill Hart

Maurice Costello, the Angel of Heaven, in one of his early Vitagraph pictures, is now supported by his daughters

The Most Exciting NEWCOMER In Pictures

When Jean Parker was called for a film test, she said she couldn't come because she had a date to go hiking

Little Jean Parker is the Talk of the Studios

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

REMEMBER in "Rasputin and the Empress" the little Grand Duchess whom the mad monk attempted to hypnotize?

Remember the little peasant girl in "The Secret of Madame Blanche?"

Remember, in "What Price Innocence," the poor little girl who killed herself?

It's safe to say you do. Jean Parker isn't anyone you're likely to forget. She's pretty enough.

But that isn't it. Put her in a room with a dozen prettier girls and she'll be the one you'll see first, she'll be the one to whom your eyes will return, again and again.

It wasn't in the cards that Jean would be allowed to continue an obscure, little, school-girl living uneventfully with her family. Worrying them because she wasn't like their other children. Worried herself, if the truth is to be known, because she never had fit into the family pattern, because she was so different from the other people in her neighborhood that she had the terrifying, secret notion she might be just a little crazy.

"Summer vacations," she told me, sure of herself now, perched on the top of a big desk in the publicity department, swinging her pretty legs and regarding the tip of her sandal speculatively "my family used to get cross because I'd sit drawing all day, throwing away one sheet of paper after another in an effort to get a free curve to my lines."

Now at Metro it's different. At Metro, where with the permission of Jean's parents, they've taken her in hand to train her for the stardom they are convinced is ahead of her, they feel differently about her whims and caprices.

Jean is, in fact, the talk of the studios. One star after another has an amusing story to tell about her. Karen Morley's story characterizes her best of all. Karen and Jean worked together in "Gabriel Over the White House."

"And," says Karen "one morning I found Jean sitting on the studio steps, wearing the short blue skirt and sweater she wears in the picture, her hair a mop of brown curls, her school-books beside her, looking not one day over ten.

"'Hel-lo, Miss Mor-ley,'" she drawled childishly. 'I have to go over to Pasa-dena to sch-ool this after-noon . . . to take my exam-inations and see if I'm up with my class.'

"At that particular moment," laughs Karen "she was playing a ten year old girl and she was a ten year old girl.

"Several days later when I met her in the restaurant I scarcely knew her. She'd started work on 'Made on Broadway.' She was wearing a long black velvet gown and a small hat with an eye veil. She was very grown-up.

She thinks of the moon as God's fingernail. She worships at the shrine of beauty—but she snubs boys when they try to make dates

"'Hello, there!' I called to the dignified Jean. "She stopped, turned slowly in my direction, smiled slightly and said in a very re-fined voice 'Oh! Good morning, Karen!'

"Her rôle had changed. Her clothes had changed. And she had changed with them!"

Jean has what it takes. She's going somewhere. Rapidly too. Ask anyone on the Metro lot; provided you have the time to stand and hear their favorite story about her. She amuses all of them. And there are some stars, a little passé, whose eyes cloud with envy when they look at her.

No doubt about it, it simply wasn't in the cards that Jean be allowed to continue in obscurity for very long. . . .

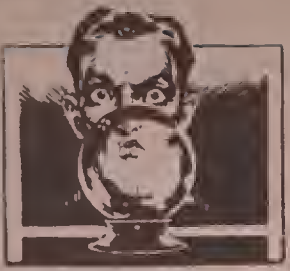
If she hadn't been discovered one way she'd have been discovered another way. And if it hadn't been the movies it would have been something else.

But it so happened that during the Olympic Games Jean, along with several other girls, was chosen to ride on that float which depicted the swimming and diving. In the end it was not found practical to include this float in the parade. However a picture of it with the eight attractive high-school girls on it appeared in a local paper. That was enough.

Ida Koverman, executive secretary to Louis B. Mayer, saw this picture as she glanced over her morning paper. But she was busy at the time so she put it aside, paid no attention to it. Then, late that afternoon, for no apparent reason, she remembered Jean . . . Jean standing on that float, her head cocked a little to one side. And the next morning it was the same way. She couldn't get Jean out of her mind. She was sitting at an important conference, considering a story about to be purchased, when suddenly she found herself remembering that little girl on the float again, remembering the dramatic planes of her lovely, young face, her large, deep eyes . . .

"See here," she thought to herself "if I remember that child the way I do—just glancing at a picture of her in the paper—she must have something, she must have screen possibilities."

The newspaper in which Mrs. Koverman had seen Jean's picture was resurrected from the office files. However, it was no help. The caption accompanying it did not give the girls' names. (*Continued on page* 88)



Confessions of Fortune

IN last month's Movie Mirror *"Dareos," the famous Hollywood fortune-teller-to-the-stars, told you of the beginnings of his amazing career in movieland, and of his part in the early days of the screen—of Valentino's death, of Thomas Ince's strange demise, of Pola Negri and Vilma Banky and other famous figures of the past. Now, in this second installment of his revelations, he tells you about some of the most glamorous figures of today——*

By "DAREOS"

as told to

HARRY LANG

NOW let's forget, for a while, the past and its figures and its tragedies (although I'll come back to them later, I have so many interesting things to tell), and take a merrier and brighter glance at some present-day personalities. For instance, Lilyan Tashman——

I'll *never* forget the first day she came to me. Why, I was almost blinded . . . ! Just the other day, I saw Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong." When Mae first barged across the screen in that truckload of scintillant gems, my mind subconsciously flashed back to a similar vision of glittering diamonds—to a day, eight or nine years ago. There I was, in my ocean beach office, opening the door to a chattering group of gorgeous girls. Brilliant in the midst of them glittered one—perhaps not quite so violently as Mae West in that picture—but glittering, nevertheless.

THAT girl, I was to learn was named Lilyan Tashman. She was in cinemaland, just out from New York and the Follies, storming the gates of movie fame. She wasn't Mrs. Edmund Lowe then. I believe someone else still was. But she knew Lowe; told me, soon, that she loved him. And there were two things she wanted above everything and anything else in the world—movie success, and Edmund Lowe.

Today, Lilyan is one of the most spectacularly outstanding women in Hollywood. Well, even then—before she'd become THE Tashman, she stood out sharp, clear, distinct from that group of girls she was with that day she first saw me. Even then, she knew the tricks of dressing to "be different." I've heard women criticize her—heard them say that spectacular dressing is not *good* dressing. BUT—it's grand advertising! And of all her jewels (she wore plenty that day!—there weren't bandits, then, at every street corner), I remember particularly one item. It was a diamond anklet. And it gave me a splendid excuse for not taking my eyes off her ankle all the while she sat across the little room from me. Yes, besides being a

"Never mind, dear," Paul Bern said. "Everything will be all right. Don't worry."

a Hollywood Teller

fortune teller, I'm a man. And with that ankle and that anklet—why, that was a perfect "double-feature bill," as we call them today.

Lilyan, then, was far more "natural" than she is today. Her bearing, demeanor, carriage, were all impressive, but seemed natural. Today she's added a decided touch of artificiality—professionally a good asset.

Well, she wanted to know what the future held for her.

She didn't ask, at first, about her heart. That came later. I told her, first that her career lay before her as bright as her diamonds. Then I said: "I see a man—a married man—I see the letter 'E'—do you know a man whose name begins with 'E' . . . ?"

She answered nothing. But her eyes glowed, to pale the diamonds. I went on: " . . . and I see a divorce ahead—divorce for him—and then again, marriage—for both of you—and happiness. . . ."

She spoke then. In a whisper. "Oh, I hope so."

"HE'S dark, very good-looking, well educated, and in the same profession as yours." I went on to tell her. "And you'll find long, long happiness together."

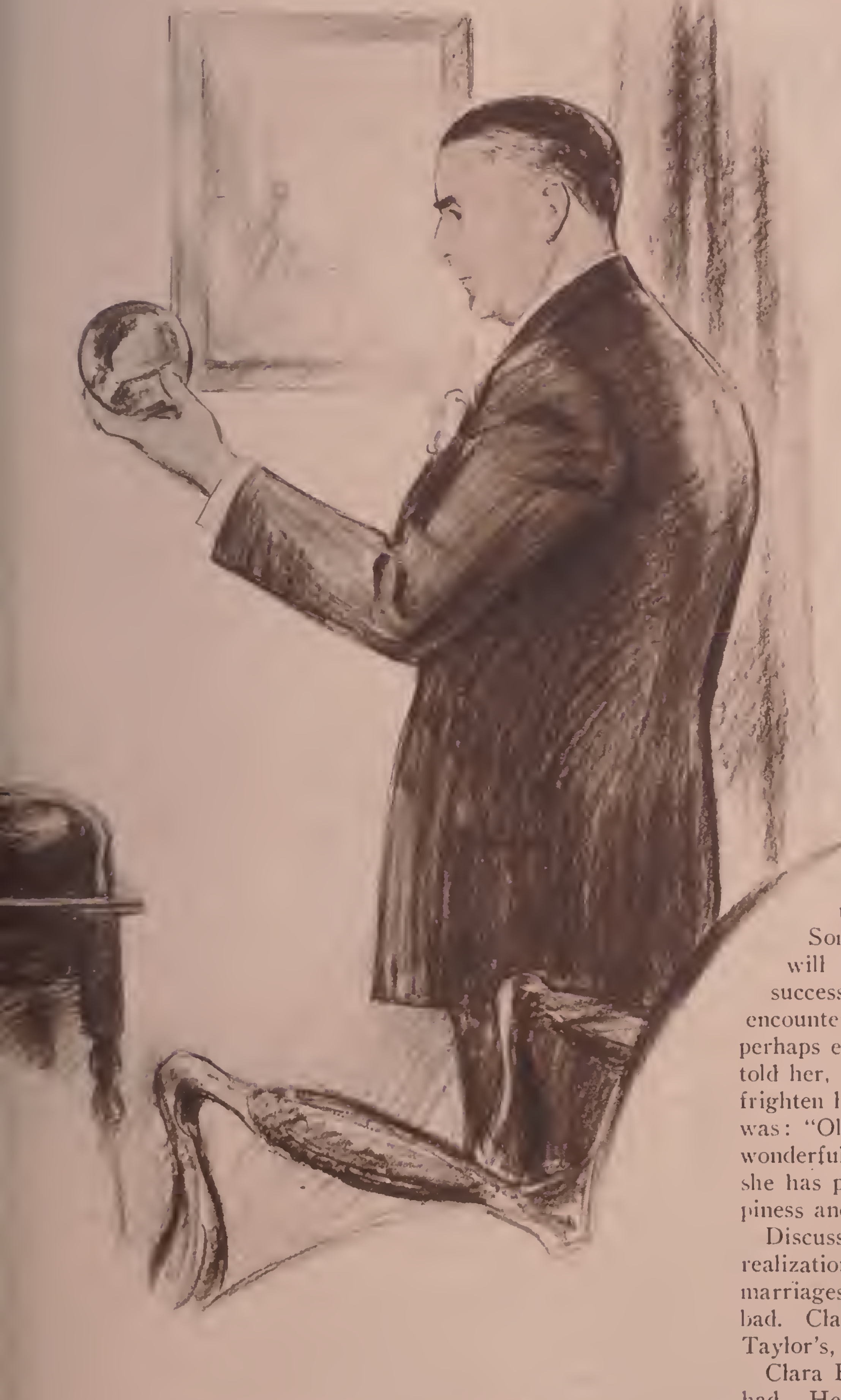
"I hope you're right," she said, in that throaty voice of hers. "And just for this, I'm going to bring you a lot of other clients." She did.

She still confers with me, today. I've warned her, recently about scandalous stories that would beset her, and told her to pay no attention to them. I know she can meet virtually any situation that may ever arise to threaten her. Lilyan Tashman is that rare creature—a person born with a male mind in a feminine body. The masculinity of her mind plus the intuitiveness of the feminine will give her the means to master anything she undertakes.

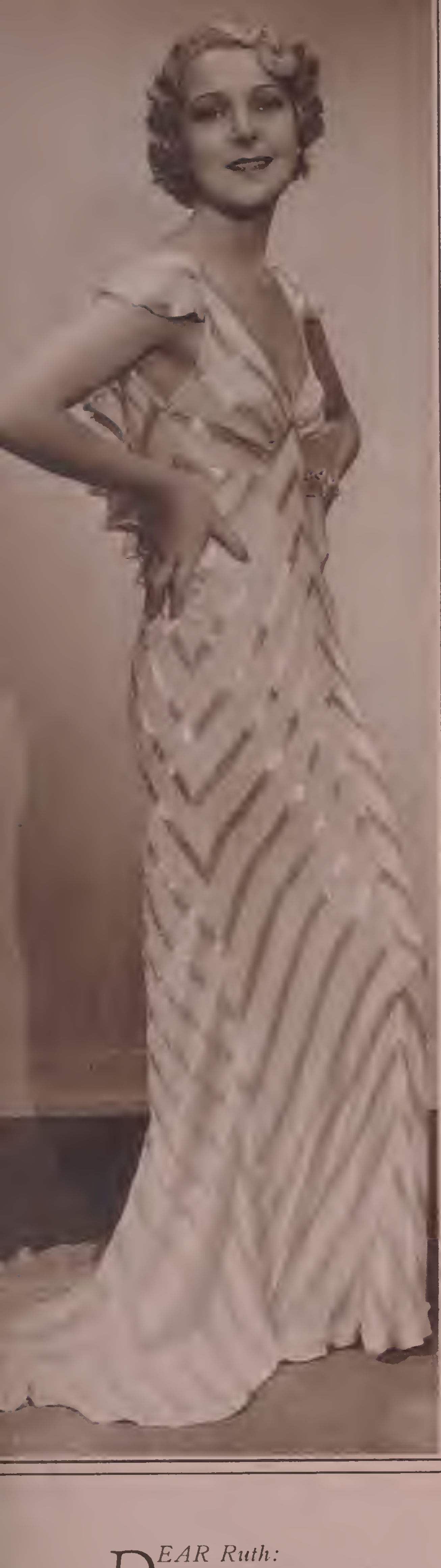
Some day—I make this here, as a prophecy—Lilyan will turn from the screen to the pen, and become a successful writer. But not until and unless she has encountered a dark hurdle—danger of serious injury, perhaps even death, in an aviation accident. I have already told her, personally, of that danger before her, but it didn't frighten her. She doesn't seem to know fear. All she said was: "Oh, go on—tell me more." She's one of the most wonderful women I've encountered. And in Edmund Lowe, she has picked as fine a husband as he has a wife! Happiness and success in great measure still lie before them.

Discussing, thus, the marriage of Lilyan and Ed brings the realization that I was on the "inside" of many Hollywood marriages—marriages that have turned out both good and bad. Clara Bow's, Jean Harlow's, Joan Crawford's, Estelle Taylor's, Ruth Chatterton's. . . .

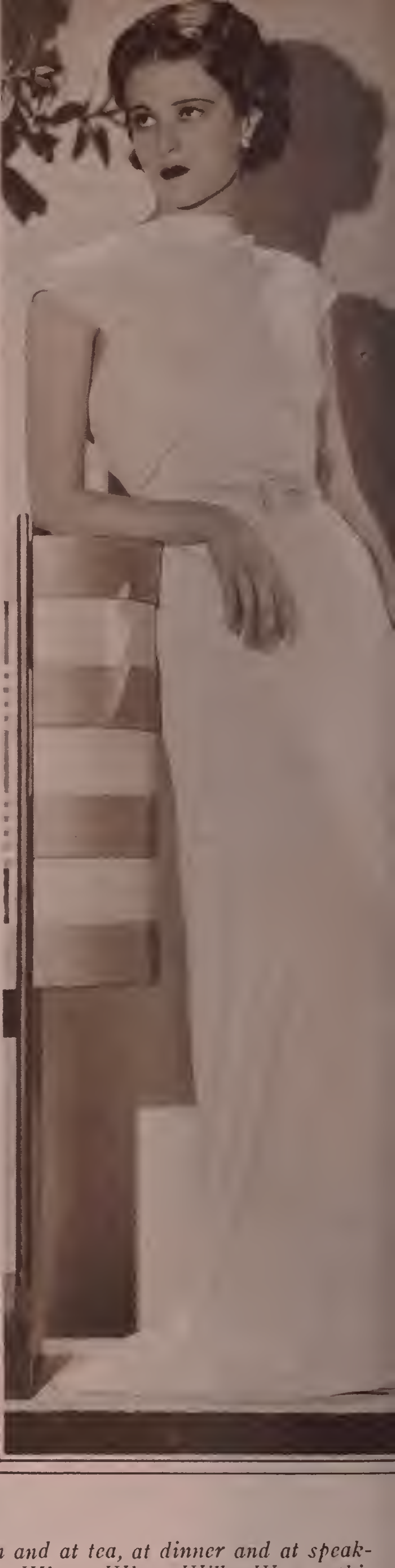
Clara Bow was one of the most interesting visitors I ever had. Her first call on me was in the days when she was a "big shot" at Paramount, in the silent days. She was one of a party, that day—and her escort was Gary Cooper. Gary waited in the anteroom while Clara came into my private office for her reading. I began: (*Continued on page 70*)



I said to Jean Harlow, "I see storm ahead of you. Your friendship with Paul Bern is fine and beautiful but it is written that that friendship will bring you great trouble."



FALL FORECAST OF FILM FASHIONS



Two important evening gowns described on Page 44

D*EAR Ruth:*

In the studio where he created the styles that swept the fashion world, Adrian told me what he's designing for Fall for Joan Crawford, Kay Francis, others. At Travis Banton's, I sipped cocktails and watched Carole Lombard, Adrienne Ames, Claudette Colbert model his latest designs for Fall. In Lilyan Tashman's own home, I gloried ecstatically at a private-for-me display of her Fall wardrobe.

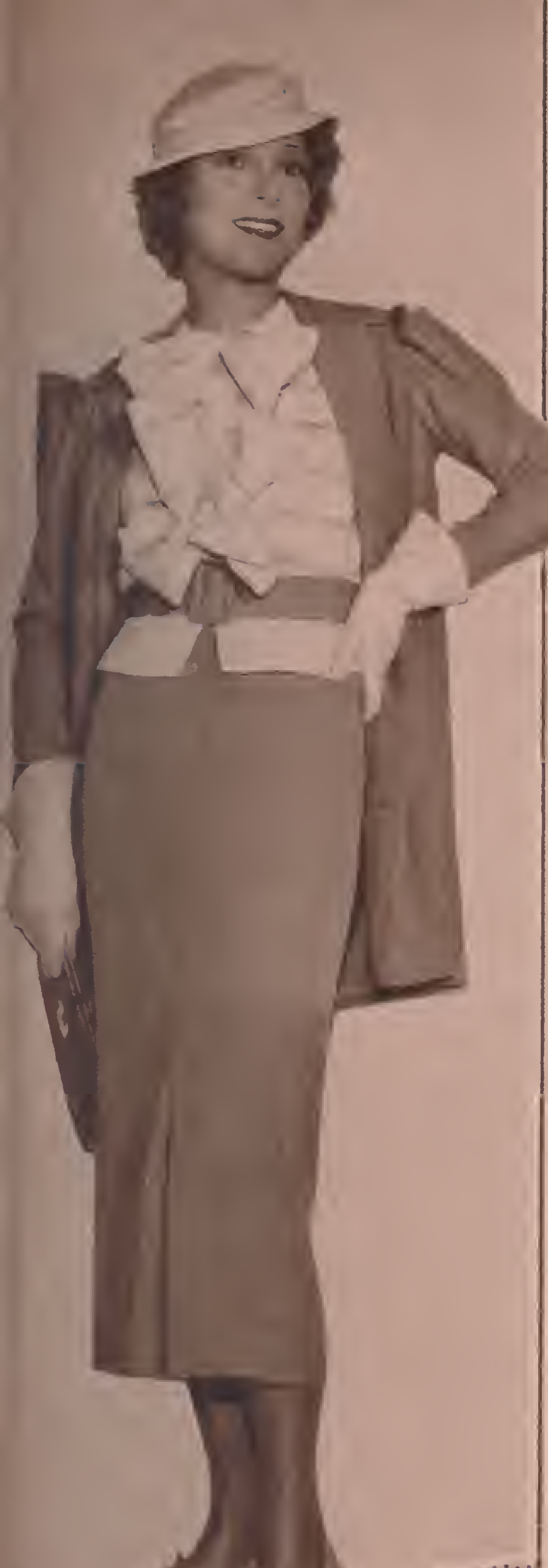
Like the Parisian "style-spies" who work in the shadows of the studios, I've pried into the Fall fashion plans of Bennett, Hepburn, the other glamorous ones. I've listened at lunch and at tea, at dinner and at speak-easy hour, about What Who Will Wear this Autumn . . .

In each motion picture studio, I've talked Fall 1933 Fashions with the designers whose creations, as pictured on the screen, set the pace for Paris, for the world's best dressers. In short, when you instructed me, weeks ago, to "get a Fall Fashion Forecast *from Hollywood for Movie Mirror,"* I went to work!

And here is my report.

Yours,

KAY.

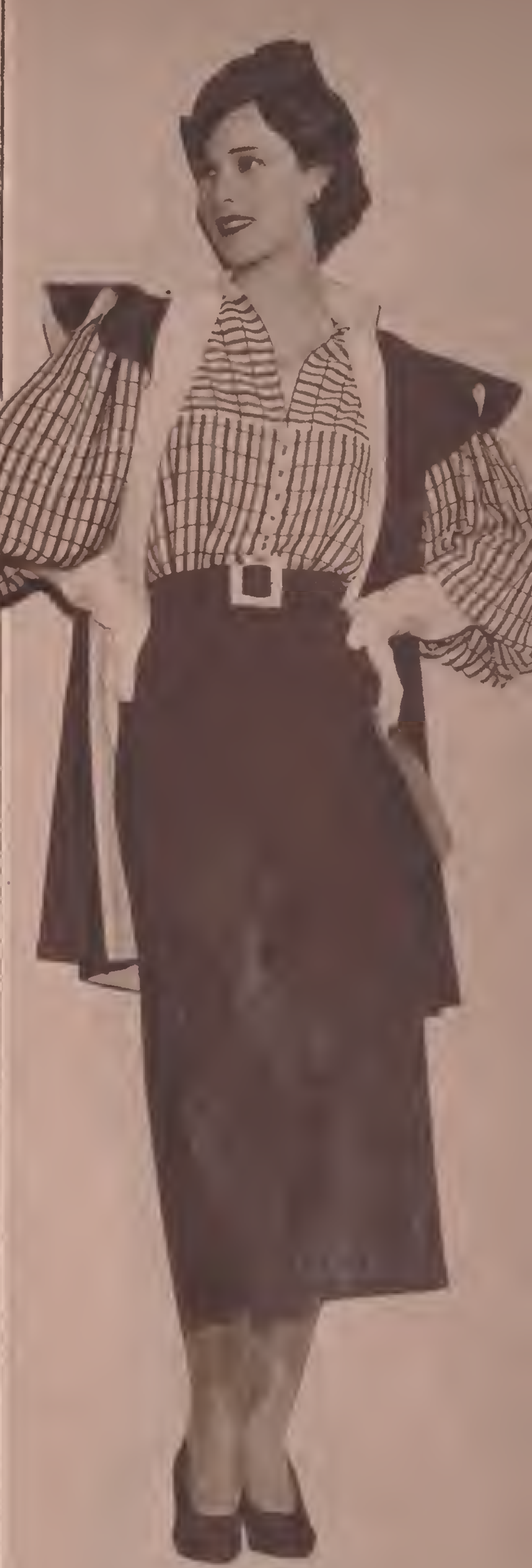


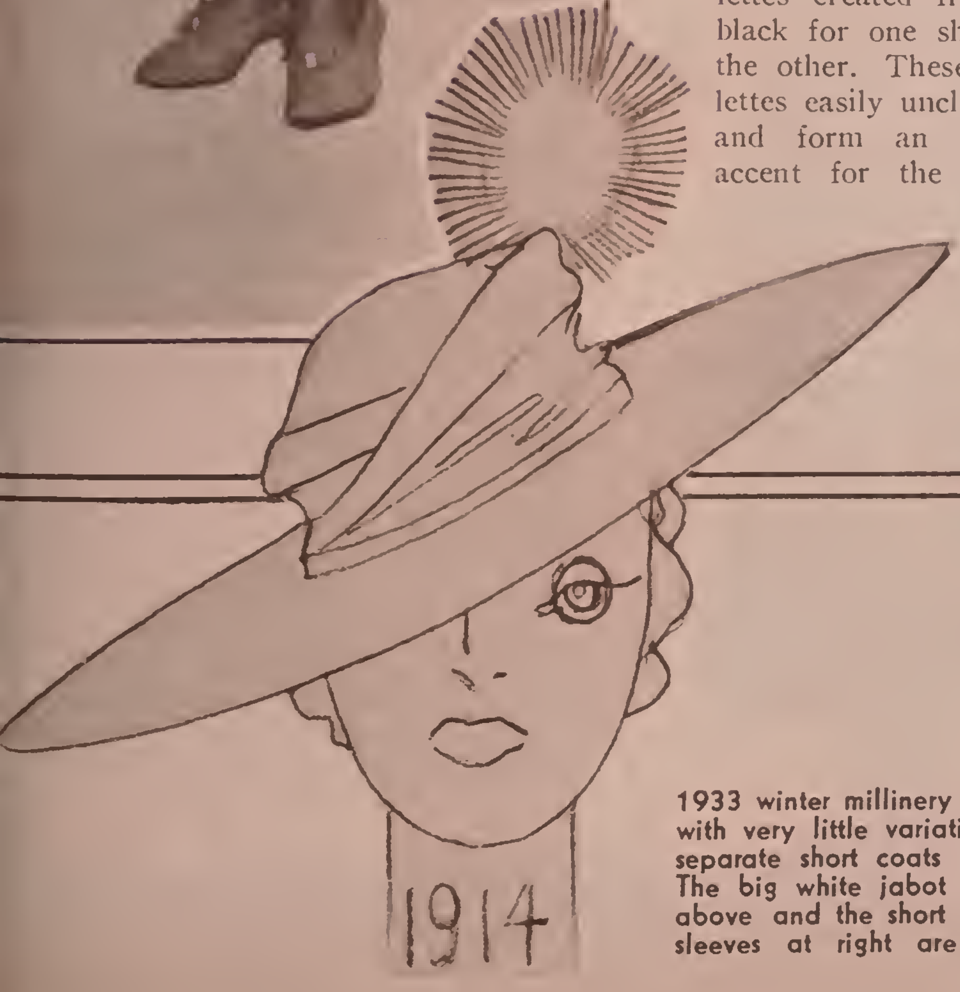
WHILE you feminine fans who get not only entertainment, but advance fashion-advice from the screen are anxiously wondering just what sort of "new deal" the Hollywood fashion dictators are planning, these very leaders are struggling to be true to the beloved highlights of the passing mode, without yielding to the least trace of stagnation in their styles for the coming Fall and Winter season.

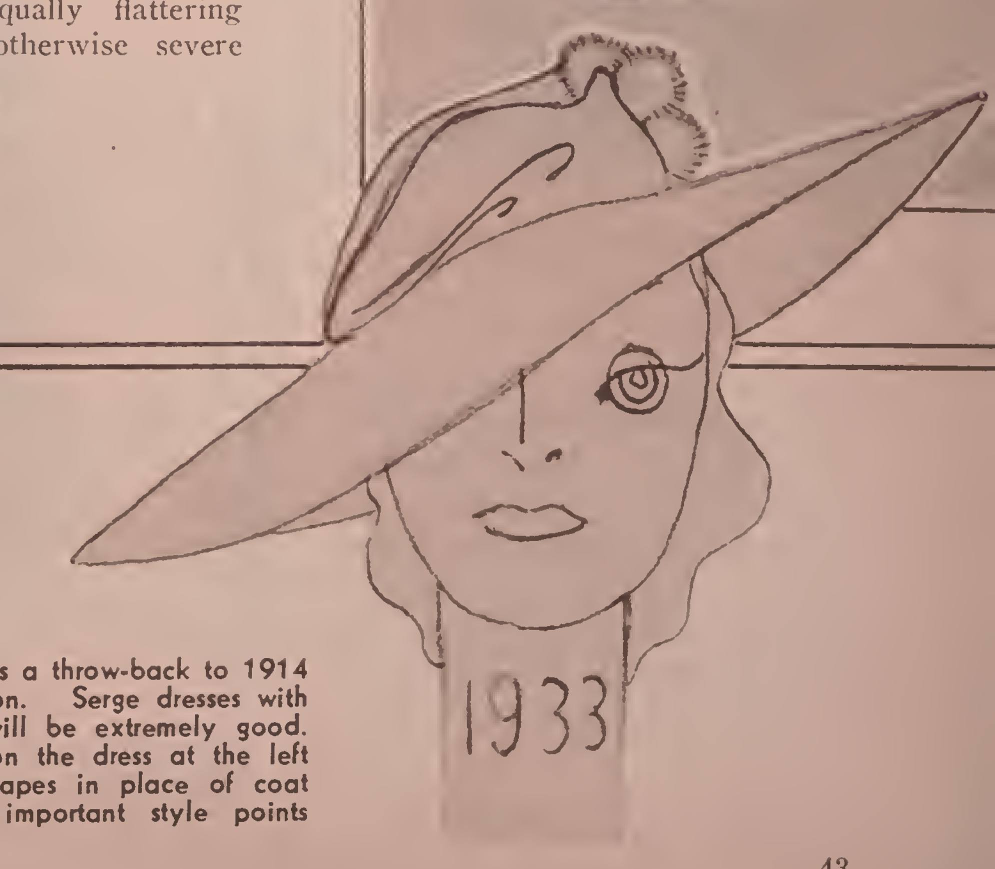
They are holding secret *tête-à-têtes,* these designers, with the famous stars who reign supreme in the cinema capital's *grande salons de style,* and the air is tense with the promise of a most exciting season. And so—

First of all, you may be reassured regarding your most precious sleeves. *For all Hollywood has agreed that the smart silhouette must continue to be delightfully top-heavy.* However, there will be slight deviations from the starchiness of summer sleeves. . . .

Adrian defines this by his decree: "broad sleeves are even better *for the hips* when they are dropped just off the shoulder." Travis Banton points to the tailored styles which will achieve fullness by intricacy in design, rather than by flocks of pleats, so frequently used in this summer's mode. Banton also emphasizes the necessity to consider for formal wear the sort of fullness which will either collapse softly under the wrap or detach to form a similar enhancement to the wrap itself. He executes this idea for Wynne Gibson in a stunning evening costume which boasts of huge floral epaulettes created from velvet petals, black for one shoulder, white for the other. These mammoth epaulettes easily unclip from the gown and form an equally flattering accent for the otherwise severe







1933 winter millinery is a throw-back to 1914 with very little variation. Serge dresses with separate short coats will be extremely good. The big white jabot on the dress at the left above and the short capes in place of coat sleeves at right are important style points

wrap that she will be wearing over the gown.

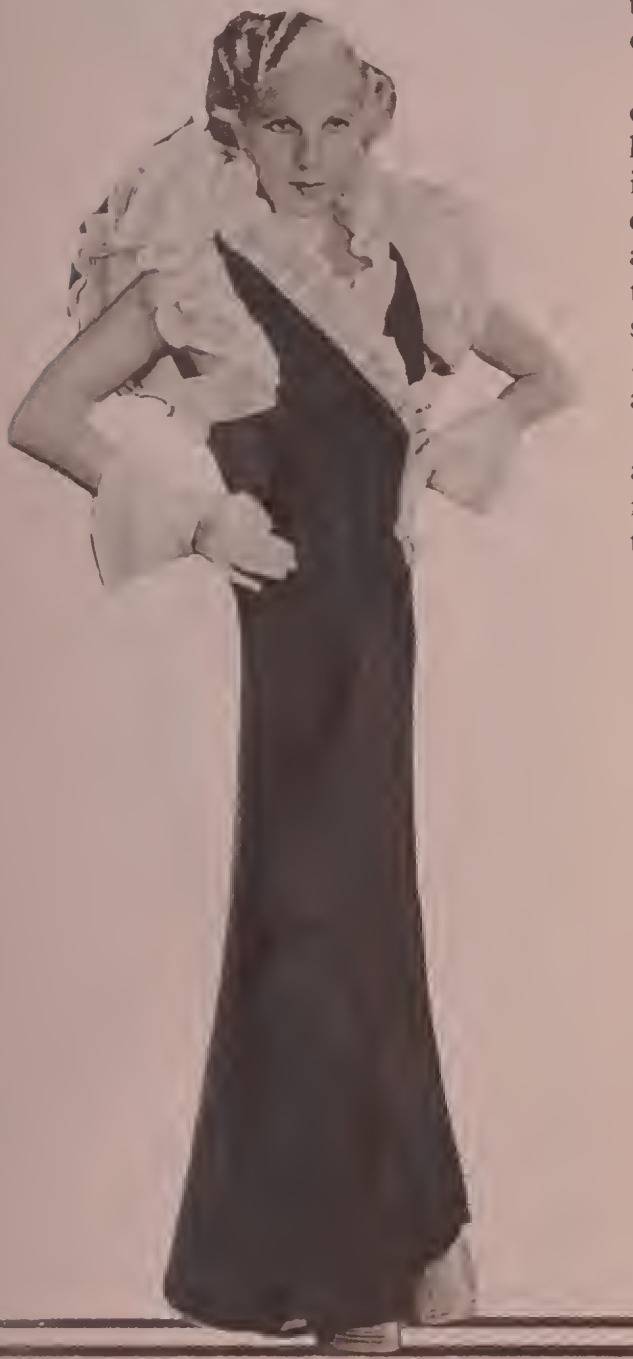
Milo Anderson, Hollywood's newest designer, rebels against fullness in the coat sleeves and scores a veritable grand slam in a unique creation for Joan Blondell. He refuses to puff the sleeves of her three-quarter length coat, but daringly slits it wide open so that the perky pleats of the frock's shoulder design may burst through. And as always results in Paris when one lone couturier goes obstinate, so happens in Hollywood with Milo's daring interpretation for Joan Blondell—an exclusive triumph!

Rita Kaufman defends the longer-armed stylish star by advocating occasional fullness at the wrist, but only as a complement to fullness higher up.

Lilyan Tashman shows a suddenly practical side of her exotic nature by making sure that whatever fullness her sleeves may favor, the sleeves of her fur coats will not hamper.

Constance Bennett, ever deceptive, asserts her eternal originality in contrasting lighter or brighter sleeves against a darker costume so that they seem even more massive than they really are. Clever Connie!

So much for sleeves, and on to the skirt mode which will allow the designers greater latitude this Fall. The only *definite* point seems to be an average street and daytime length of eleven inches from the floor. For evening, trains and trails of flattering variety will be welcomed back to the ranks of formal finery. Adrian has created a most interesting evening ensemble for Joan Crawford, giving it a mysterious dual nature. For active evening wear, such as dancing, the soft crêpe skirt just sweeps the floor while its sleeves are small and short. For the entrance and exit, however, a semi-coat of the same material covers these details, adding a flowing train and long sleeves.



Here and on the opposite page are three featured items in Lilyan Tashman's fall wardrobe. The above striking black crêpe dinner gown Miss Tashman designed herself. It has frills of pleated organdy outline the neckline and armholes and a petticoat effect is given by the glimpse of similar organdy frills at the hemline

Earl Luick and Walter Plunkett both favor the straight and narrow for daytime skirts, preferably with a few pleats. Luick's evening designs indicate the use of ruffles, low, so that they provide graceful fullness, while Plunkett plans to concentrate on back detail for his Radio Pictures creations. Among these he stresses flounces down the back of the skirt bursting into trains after reaching the floor, and godets starting at the smooth waistline in back and spreading into diaphanous trains. For Katharine Hepburn, however, there will be rich abundance of fabric but along the very severe lines which her personality demands. No ruffles or flounces for such as Hepburn!

Travis Banton has designed for Helen Vinson an evening gown which is a symphony in silver and white. High in front, with a very low back décolletage, this white crêpe sheath encrusted with rows of strass sweeps into a train. The extreme sophistication of this gown is in absolute contrast to the simple white innocence of Banton's gown for Elizabeth Young. Again the high front neckline follows a bias line to the waist in back but wide strips of white crêpe partially cover the youthful back décolletage. Both of these gowns required a bit of "managing" and tiny loops are provided under the train so that they may be safely suspended while dancing.

Rita Kaufman reminds us that fringed skirts are very much a part of the Fall program and Dame Fashion knows the untold allure which silken fringe supplies—as do the dancers on the sands at Waikiki!

Another outstanding item in Fall fashions is the blouse or jumper which Milady's suit demands. Travis Banton suggests lacy, frivolous sweaters with the heavy suit of tweed, and tailored satin or crêpe for the tailleur. The most exciting suit of all in the new mode, however, is the "six o'clock" or formal suit. Long, clinging crêpe skirts with widish belts which imprison sheer conceits of blouses will be decidedly fashionable. Richly befurred jackets with jewelled buttons may add to the formality of this entirely new costume for those important dates just between dark and daylight, to say nothing of those times when one's hostess says, "please don't dress" but one knows HE will be there to admire.

Lilyan Tashman is valiantly endorsing the real tailleur. She believes that its classic style value has not in the least been destroyed by the terrors of the "late lamented"

mannish era and that the true tailleur will seem even more beautiful than ever because of those atrocities which we have so recently endured. Therefore she is ordering several bona fide tailored blouses in off-white shades for her new Fall suit of mannish tweed with noble British lines. Incidentally, Miss Tashman also sponsors the Ascot scarf which gives a soft smart accent at the throat. This poor scarf, too, has been battle-scarred of late, and will rejoice in being worn correctly once again.

Adrian is extremely thrilled over the Fall coat program. He has done a stunning black velvet for Kay Francis, with a deep circular yoke, tailored high collar hugging the neck and a side fastening motif of a saucy little bow. The coat is very full and widely belted in self fabric at the normal waistline. Remember this when you come to my hat section, for there's a reason!

For Joan Crawford the artful Adrian has reproduced an 18th Century mannish coat (that period when men dared be very fancy with no misgivings whatsoever). He has used heavy corded silk with stiffened gauntlet cuffs and has lined the coat with soft crêpe. The feminine touch, of course, lies in the lining which contradicts the masculinity of the coat itself.

Earl Luick calls attention to the new legion length—seven-eighths. The length prevails throughout the mode for street wear. An interesting feature is the use of stiff lapels which are immediately tempered by soft jabots of pleated silks. Luick lays stress upon the longer evening coats which are not too all-enveloping. In fact, he decrees that the seven-eighths length is equally good for street, afternoon and evening.

Milo Anderson expertly reminds us that fur is strictly forbidden on tweeds in the new mode and may be used only in the most discreet manner for street wear. It is his belief that *for evening there is no such thing as too much fur,* providing it is of the social register class!

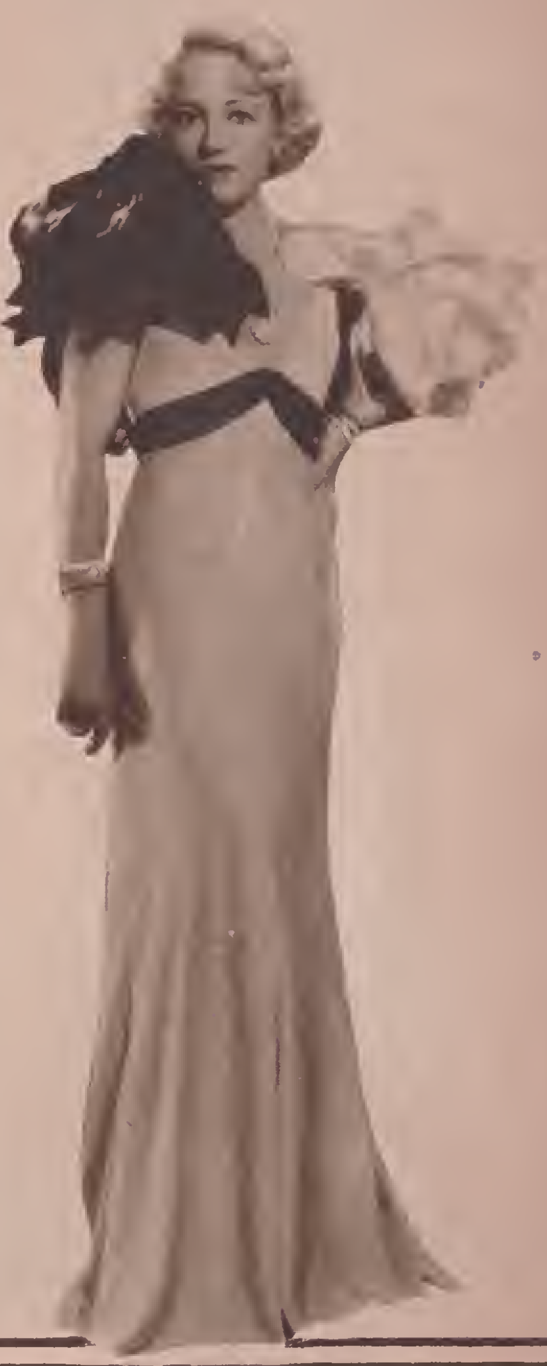
In Travis Banton's fall coat philosophy serge is featured for street coats. He prefers the coachman type of evening cloak with ample femininity supplied by the detachable boas and ruches already referred to. Banton also advocates a *revival of capes* which he claims are inevitable in this lavish, lady-like era. He has designed for Adrienne Ames an extravagant cape of chinchilla which is the perfect foil for the Grecian type of gown she covets for her personal Fall and Winter wardrobe. He suggests modest little capes of serge for street wear and velvet bordered with fur for evening. One of his designs includes a cunning hood which milady may depend upon to protect her coiffure from wintry blasts between car and canopy.

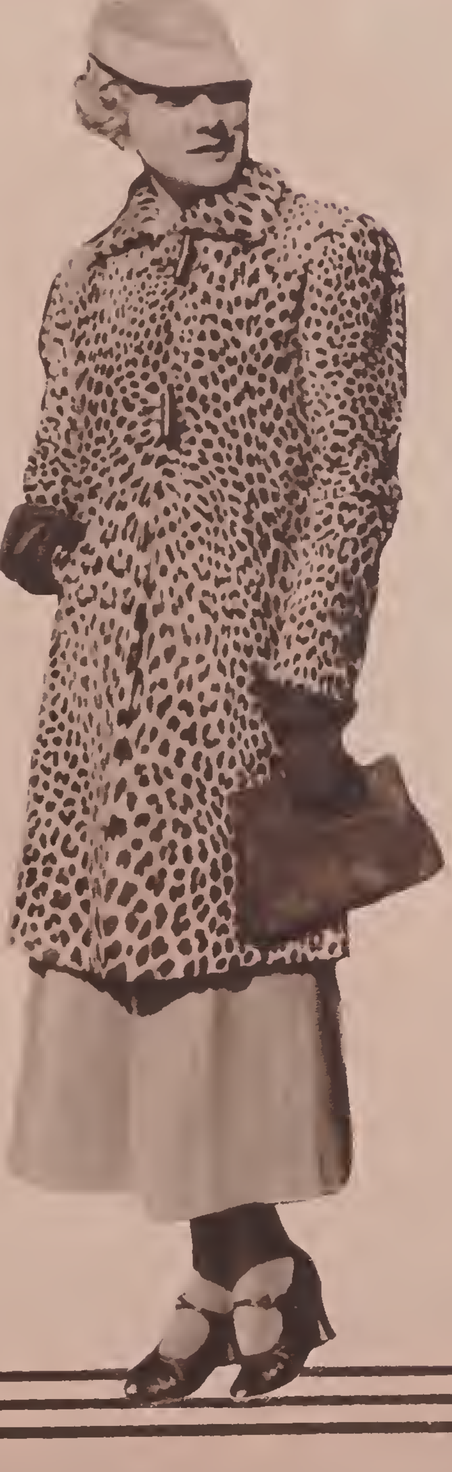
Lilyan Tashman is again momentarily practical in her preparation for the prematurely bleak days which even a California fall may not escape. She has a custom-made leopard skin coat of three-quarter length. This coat has the most divinely tailored lines ever yet inspired by such a wily animal as the leopard. This is a decidedly practical type of fur coat for a Hollywood star's daytime wardrobe, and is at its best when worn over sheer wool frocks of one or two-piece design, in plain light colors with the simplest sort of accessories.

Adrian refers to the hat he has designed for Kay Francis to wear with her new black velvet coat as "a crazy kind of hat." You may be sure that this model is symbolical of the Fall trend in millinery, so take careful note of its extreme style. A high crown with a large brim turned up all around, the line at the forehead very severe and completely covering the hair, even at the back makes this a surprising creation. Adrian shows marked preference for larger hats and wider brims with rather pointed high crowns. Velvet will be a popularly prevalent fabric for this type of Fall chapeau.

The 1933 millinery trend is, in fact an unexpected throw back to that of 1914, with understandable little variations.

Lilyan Tashman prescribes the good, old-fashioned hatter's velvet for broad brimmed hats, but endorses little comfortable models to wear with fur collared coats. She also mentions the interesting manipulations of flat and sheared furs which





Tashman believes the true tailleur is returning and she is featuring it in her suit of mannish tweed on Page 44 and in this leopard sport coat. Banton designed Wynne Gibson's gown, above, with huge epaulettes of velvet petals that may be detached from the gown if desired, and worn instead on an otherwise severe evening wrap

master-milliners will introduce more profusely as the season progresses.

Rita Kaufman finds interesting diversion in the subtle trimmings which new little feather fancies and metal assimilations of feathers will provide.

Walter Plunkett emphasizes the increasing variety of formal Fall dinner hats which are particularly important in the Hollywood evening wardrobe, both in and out of pictures. Diamond or rhinestone clips are almost a necessity as a correct highlight on these sheer transparencies of hats. But they're indispensable to the correctly garbed lady of fashion, in spite of their absurdness. *One seldom dines without a hat in Hollywood, except of course, on very formal occasions.*

Milo Anderson definitely plans hats fashioned from the fabric of the costume itself and announces that in his theory Fall hats increase in sizes as the hands of the clock turn around. The more formal the hour, the wider the brim, but they must be flatteringly floppy so that milady may even dance in comfort by turning the brim upward where it does not interfere with whatever her partner may chance to whisper.

Luick boldly predicts the return of the "Merry Widow" hats which may even bear the curly ostrich feather trimming, or a semblance of this treatment in ruches of maline or mousseline de soie. Little women must beware of these revivals, for only the most statuesque of all may attempt such trying styles as that gay period sponsored.

Old "Father Fall" will find a fascinating array of fabrics for his daytime fashions. Some of the old favorites, such as serge, will return in new resplendency while the sheer woolens of 1932 will simply assert new intricacies in weave, color and design. Satin will at last come into its own for morning, noon and night. There will be myriads of satin blouses for suits, mid-day frocks of satin and lustrous models for evening which will completely eclipse the elegance of any other satin season. Rita Kaufman applauds this forecast heartily, as will many smart women who appreciate the value of this soft, caressing fabric.

Luick calls attention to new laces, some of which are allowed to mold the silhouette sveltly through the combined forces of lace and elastic matelasse. Luick approves the fringed silks which are especially adaptable to the tall slender figure.

Milo Anderson considers crêpe roma a marvelous material for draped designs and believes that this will replace velvet in the approaching season. Travis Banton stresses metal and lamé fabrics for evening and for lounging pajamas because he knows the psychological reaction of woman to this fascinating fabric! There is perhaps nothing more flattering to the figure, nor more festive in effect than these shimmering sheaths.

Of course everyone approves the crinkly new velvets which will be especially popular combined with fur.

Lilyan Tashman proclaims crêpe for evening and accents a striking black crêpe dinner gown with lingerie trimmings. Personally designed by Miss Tashman, this gown has dainty frills of pleated organdy which are a delightful surprise used in this manner. At the hemline which brushes the floor, a petticoat effect is given by just a glimpse of similar organdy frills. Another of Miss Tashman's evening ensembles is of shimmering white satin, unadorned except for a double lei of white fox fur. This is detachable, of course, and forms part of her outside attire when her wrap is donned. Still another of the Tashman collection is a striking Carnegie model of brown lace. This is a two-timer which may be worn formally without the jacket as its decolletage is quite extreme. The little jacket has long tight sleeves with a cartwheel effect just below the shoulder and its tiny rhinestone buttons take the place of jewelry for semi-formal evening wear.

All-important is the subject of accessories. This season there will be numerous changes along this line, such as the preference for little rhinestone stars in the hair, instead of clips or brooches on the costume itself. Many Hollywood stars will follow Lilyan Tashman's idea of playing

Carole Lombard's gown and evening wrap, here shown, are described in Kathryn's letter on Page 62 of this issue. In the small sketch is shown a daring slit sleeve on a three quarter coat, cut to reveal the frock's shoulder pleats

star is not among the certain things of this life. Studios have an awfully nasty way of putting spokes in wheels. That's what happened to me. Or rather to Virginia. On the evening of our date she had been handed a new batch of dialogue for "Rafter Romance," and had to have it assimilated for an eight o'clock call the following morning.

"That means I've got to be home by eleven o'clock this evening," said Ginger. "I'll put in a couple of hours on the dialogue and try and get six hours sleep."

All of which called for a curtailment of plans for the evening. We were to have dinner, go to the theater, and drop in some place for supper and dancing. The latter was OUT now. We could never make all three.

Ginger and Our Reporter step into the Biltmore Hotel—and Right Straight into Camera Range!

On the very dot of seven I called for Ginger at her hillside home. It is one of those pleasant houses that hang precariously on the side of a cliff—but with a view clear to China—if your eyesight is that good. Ginger had returned from the studio just five minutes before, and she had expected to be through by five o'clock. I met Ginger's young and attractive mother. Mrs. Rogers, by the way, was dramatic critic on a Fort Worth newspaper. After launching her daughter on a successful stage and screen career she is now taking a hand in little theater activities in Hollywood. I also met Ginger's two pet pooches. I just can't leave them out of the story. One is a startling combination of Pekingese and Seelyham. The chassis is Seelyham, and the head is Pekingese. I give you my word, it is the eighth wonder of the world.

IT took Ginger just exactly twenty minutes to change from her costume in "Rafter Romance" to street clothes. That, I have discovered in a long and fairly dishonorable career, is pretty good time. I've known girls who couldn't do it in less than an hour without looking as if they had just got back from a fire sale.

Ginger came downstairs in a perky black dress with an even perkier touch of starched organdy about the throat. How did I know it was starched organdy? I asked.

"This is the second time I've been out in three weeks," Ginger complained. "I can't keep late hours and be at a studio at the crack of dawn. It isn't easy to kid the camera, you know."

We had dinner at the Biltmore, which is in downtown Los Angeles. Ginger said it was like going to another city. Somehow Hollywood people don't wander 'way downtown very often. If you know your Los Angeles you can understand that. The downtown business district is practically a sleeper jump from Hollywood Boulevard—even if it is all in the same city.

It was rather late by the time we arrived in the hotel dining room, and the place was practically empty. That I considered no piece of great luck. When you're with a girl like Ginger you've no objection to being seen by mobs and MOBS of people.

"I'm not a bit hungry," she began. "I had to eat Chinese candy in the picture this afternoon, and it spoiled my appetite." Candy does that sometimes.

She had to take that statement back before the dinner was over. We began with fruit cocktails, went into roast turkey and cranberry sauce, green beans, creamed spinach, mixed green salad and coffee. The only reason we passed up dessert was the fact that we'd already missed most of one act at the theater.

Hollywood girls do have good appetites—no matter what you read about all those fancy diets. Lilian Harvey did all right, too.

GINGER explained that she liked almost any kind of food, excepting fish. She doesn't mind them in the native state, but they're no treat to her on a platter. She always likes to have dinner out on Friday nights—that's fish night at her house. But can she throw a mean fishing pole! She's a crack deep-sea fisherman.

"I caught twelve flying fish over at Catalina last week-end," she boasted. "The other people on the party said they were awfully good to eat—if you don't mind choking to death on a bone. I, myself, had a soft-boiled egg."

Her extra-special favorite in the way of edibles is Chinese food. Not Chinese-Chinese food. She scorns the little cafés in the heart of Chinatown. She likes the American touch in Chinese cooking. If you're up on the subject you can understand the difference without much trouble.

By this time the waiter looked as if maybe he would like to go home, and I asked for the check. It was $6.30. You don't get cafeteria prices at the Biltmore. I thought a dollar tip was sufficient for the waiter. I still think so. Apparently he did, too, or maybe Biltmore waiters are just naturally polite.

(*Continued on page 77*)

He Paid $35,000 to Sing

Bing Crosby Paid That to Broadcast—but, oh, how They're Paying Him Now

By S. R. MOOK

IT COST Bing Crosby $35,000 to sing his first note over the radio and the two biggest broadcasting companies in the country were both bidding for his services at the time!

To fully appreciate that you've got to know a little about Bing. I first met him when he was singing in the Cocoanut Grove. A more irresponsible chap I've never met in my life. Songwriters may tell you "The Night Was Made For Luh-huh-huve" but as far as Bing was concerned it was made for fun. He used to go table-hopping between his numbers and at every table someone pressed a glass on him to keep him pepped up. As often as not when he left the Grove about one or two in the morning he'd keep right on getting pepped up. Frequently his pep reached such a pitch he failed to show up for work the next night.

Any where there was a crowd you'd find Bing. And he was unconsciously putting himself over. One Sunday afternoon three or four years ago Martha Sleeper gave a garden party. It was one of those clubby little affairs for a hundred or a hundred and fifty people. There were some pretty big shots there that day. Evelyn Herbert who had just scored in the New York production of "The New Moon"; Stanley Smith who was going big in "Sweetie" and "Honey"; Vernon Ricard whose phonograph records were selling like the proverbial hotcakes and divers others. They all obliged with solos.

Then a few people began clamoring for Bing to sing. He'd only been at the Grove a short time and was comparatively unknown. Outside of Los Angeles I don't believe he was known at all. But when Bing started singing the others were forgotten. The crowd wouldn't let him stop. He sang uninterruptedly for almost two solid hours.

There's no other star so gracious about singing at private entertainments as Bing. After he'd become internationally famous I remarked about it to Dixie Lee (his wife). She threw me a quizzical glance. "He loves to sing," she replied. "He can't wait until they ask him. If they didn't ask him he'd sing anyhow."

Speaking of his wife . . . when she and Bing first started running around together, Dixie was under contract to Fox. They were trying to build her up as the symbol of girlish innocence. Bing's reputation for carousing around was well known locally. They insisted she stop seeing him. When she defied them openly by marrying him, they released her from her contract.

She and Bing were ideally happy for a short time. Bing promised he'd only drink when he was with her so she could stop him before he'd had too much. He kept his word, too! When Dixie went to New York with Clara Bow to make "No Limit" Bing never touched a drop. One night while she was away he and I were at a dinner party at Sue Carol's. Everybody but Sue (who never touches a drop) and Bing were lapping up cocktails and highballs as fast as they could be poured. "Just another good drinker ruined by marriage," I grumbled when he remained firm in the face of my insistence. But he wouldn't weaken.

IT was after Dixie came home that rumors all was not well with them began to fly. I know now—and they know, too—what the trouble was, but I don't think either of them understood at the time. They're as undemonstrative a couple as you could find in a day's march. Each of them felt self-conscious and embarrassed about saying, "I love you." As a result of their repression each felt that possibly the other no longer cared. And, curiously enough, with all their separations they never quarreled. One would return home and find the other gone. Half the time the deserted one never knew what had happened.

There was a joke that went the rounds of Hollywood to the effect that the only time Bing opened his mouth while he was courting Dixie was when he sang. They'd sit for hours saying nothing. It's all changed now. Since they've learned to overcome their self-consciousness they're one of the most devoted couples out here.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. It was while he was working at the Grove, embroiled in his domestic difficulties that other things began to happen. The owner-manager of the hotel was paying him $200 a week and promising to put Bing at the head of his own orchestra so he'd have a chance to make some real dough. But the thing never got beyond the promising stage. Bing walked out.

Mack Sennett signed him for a series of shorts at $5,000 each. The Ambassador Hotel tried to stop him from working but failed.

Then Con Conrad who had been one of Fox's ace musical writers before the decline of the singing talkies, got him an offer from one of the two big broadcasting companies. Bing was not interested. He was the biggest favorite on the West Coast by that time, his friends were out here and he wanted to stay here. The company couldn't understand his refusal to go to New York. They thought the offer wasn't attractive enough so they upped the ante. Bing still refused. Another raise in the offer and still Bing declined to board a train.

IT'S funny what little things alter the course of our lives. Bing might still be singing in the Grove for $200 or $250 a week if Conrad hadn't accidentally thrown him into one of his rare fits of rage. In the orchestra at the Grove, playing second fiddle, was a chap named Russ Colombo. One of the nights Bing was off from work in search of pep—and a good time—Colombo used to sing Bing's numbers and, for a gag, he used to imitate Bing until it was hard to tell which was singing—unless you were there in person.

Failing to interest Bing in the broadcasting company's offer, Conrad approached him and asked him to buy his (Conrad's) car for $200 so he could take his secretary to New York with him. Bing gave him the money. Later he learned that instead of its being used for transportation for the secretary, it was to be used to defray Colombo's traveling expenses. Conrad was taking Russ to New York in the hope of selling him to the broadcasting company in place of Bing.

Bing burned—a beautiful lobster red. He took the next train to New York. And that was when the fun really started.

He learned there were more kinds of trouble in the big city than Pandora loosed from her famous box. The Ambassador Hotel brought suit against him. He was signed on a lifetime contract with a local attorney to whom he paid a retaining fee each year and who was supposed to look after any difficulties in which he might find himself involved. The attorney refused to handle the case against them.

The crooner had to settle with the Ambassador for $7500 —almost as much as they had paid him for his whole year's work. He was fed up with having an attorney. Bing couldn't sign a radio contract before he was free of the lawyer or he'd have had to pay the lawyer a percentage of his radio earnings. So it cost him $22,500 more to buy that freedom.

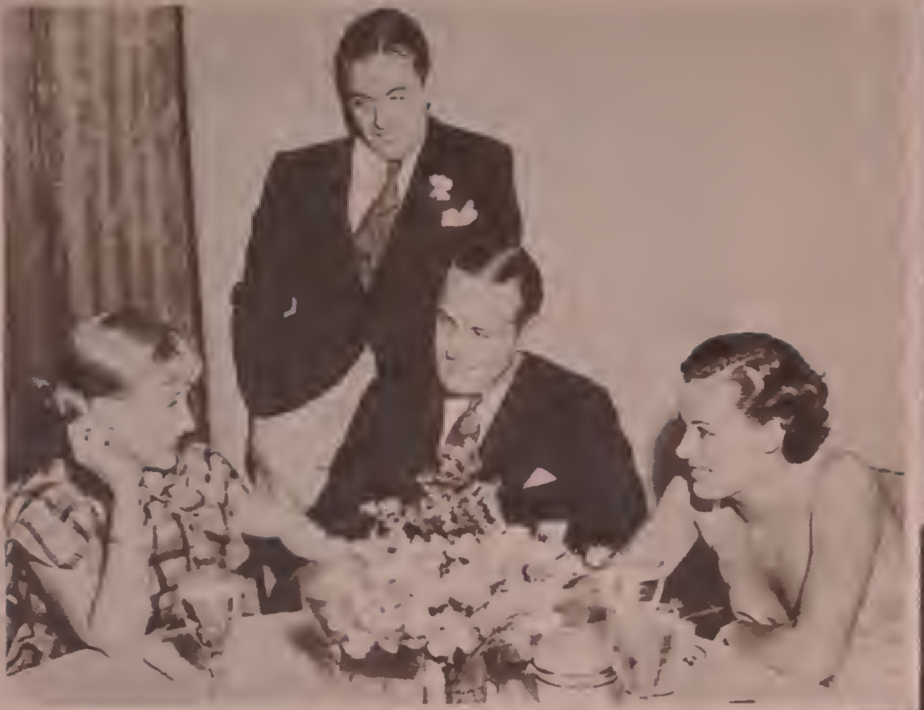
There was an agent in Hollywood who had signed Bing to a contract with the idea of getting him screen work—which never materialized. $1,750 more went to the agent before he would let go of the paper Bing had hopefully signed a couple of years previously.

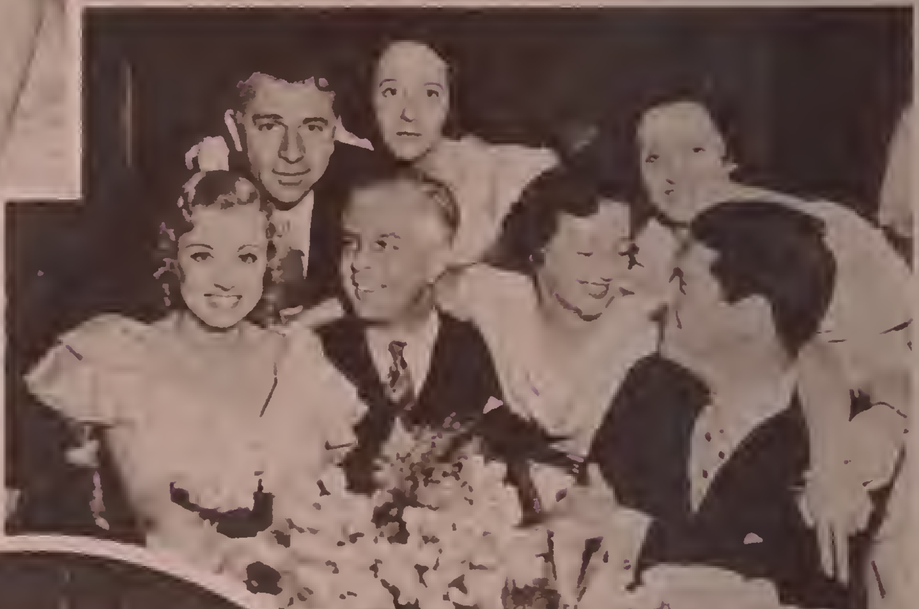
The musicians' union had forbidden any of their men to work with Bing or even on the same bill with him when he walked out of the Ambassador (*Continued on page 82*)

Bing gives the lowdown on life to our author, Dick Mook, who reveals the real Crosby in this amusing story

The Informal HOLLY

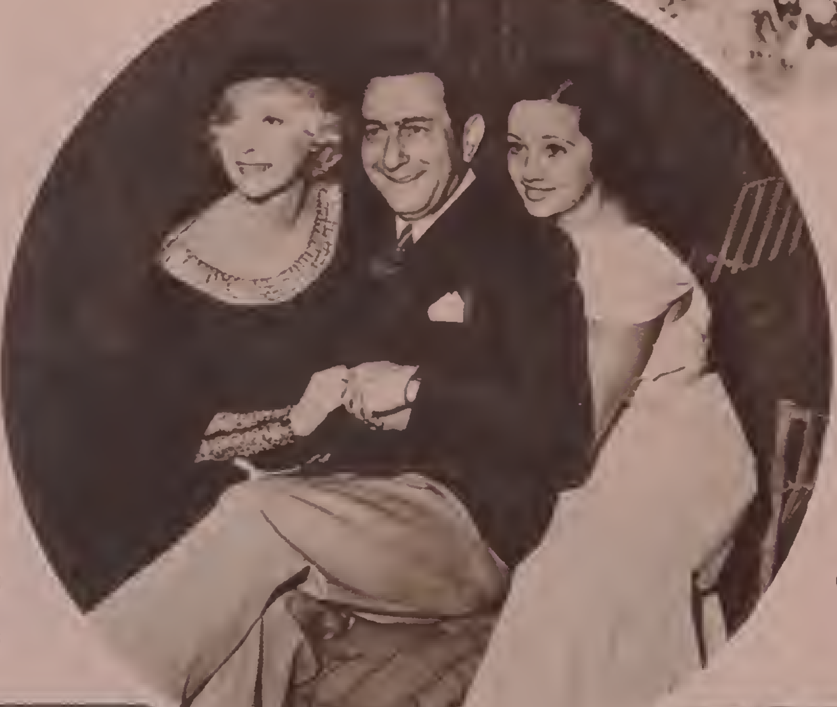
(Closeups of two big





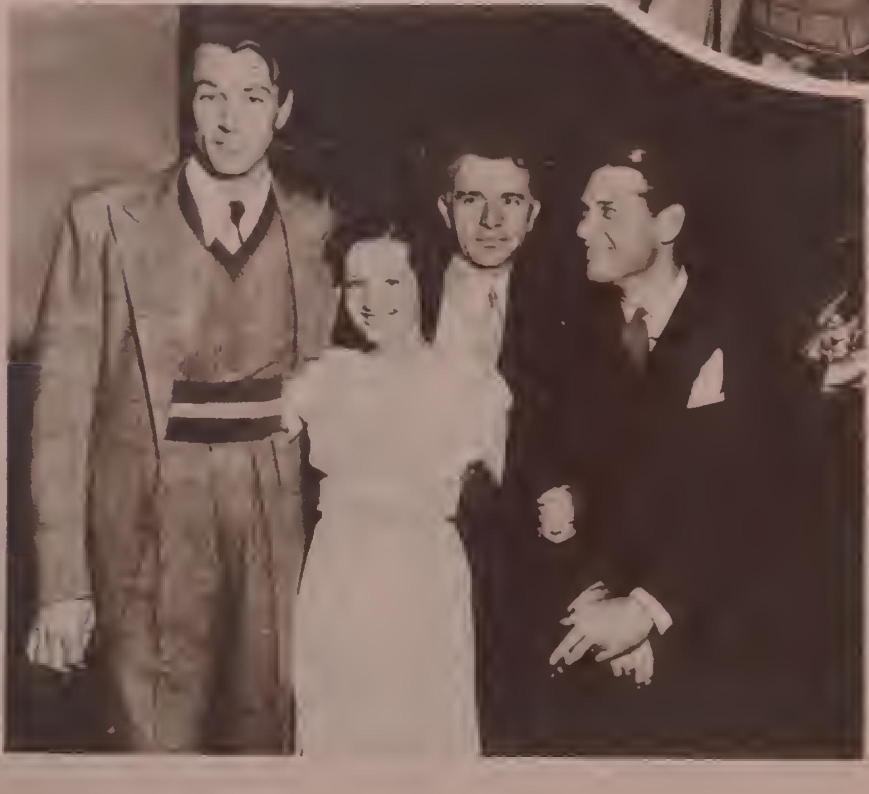
When Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles (Mr. and Mrs. to you) give a party, everybody goes, for they are among the finest hosts in Hollywood. In the group above are Genevieve Tobin, Arthur Jarrett, and Elinor Holm

When one director likes another, that's news. But Ernst Lubitsch always goes to the Ruggles' parties! And is he enjoying himself, between the tiny hostess and beautiful Helen Twelvetrees!

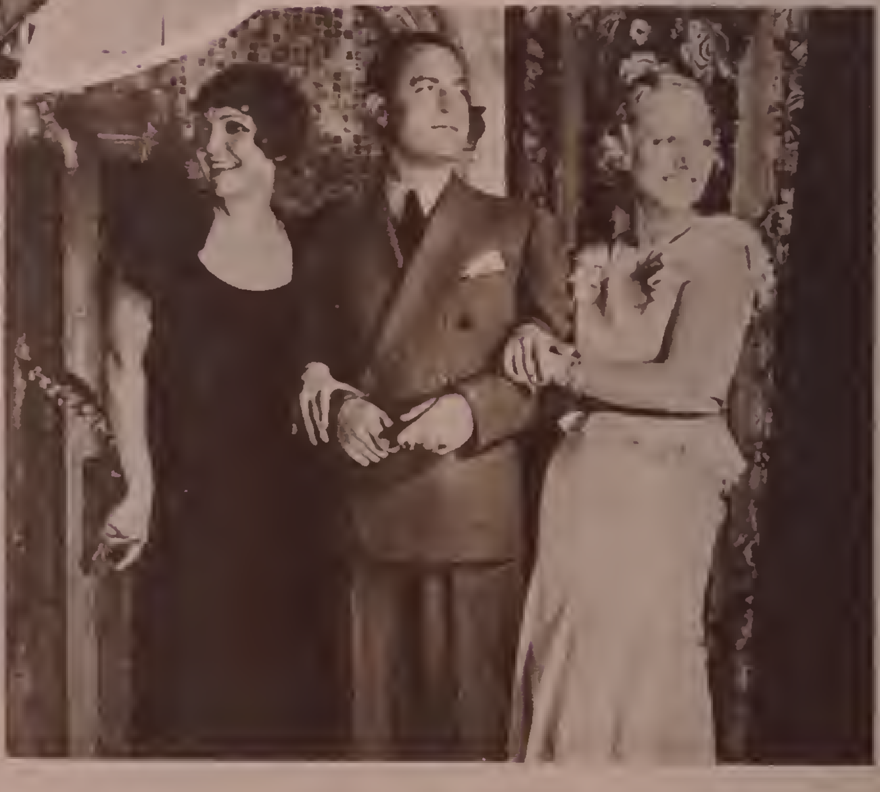


June Gale is seated next to Hoot Gibson; Arline Judge has her arm around Eddie Hillman. Between Hoot and June is the host himself, famous director Ruggles

Dick Arlen grins at the contrast between lanky Gary Cooper and little Arline, while Mr. Ruggles looks on contentedly



And what are Carmelita Geraghty, Chester Morris and Leila Hyams looking for? Maybe Leila's husband who is around the party somewhere



Side of WOOD

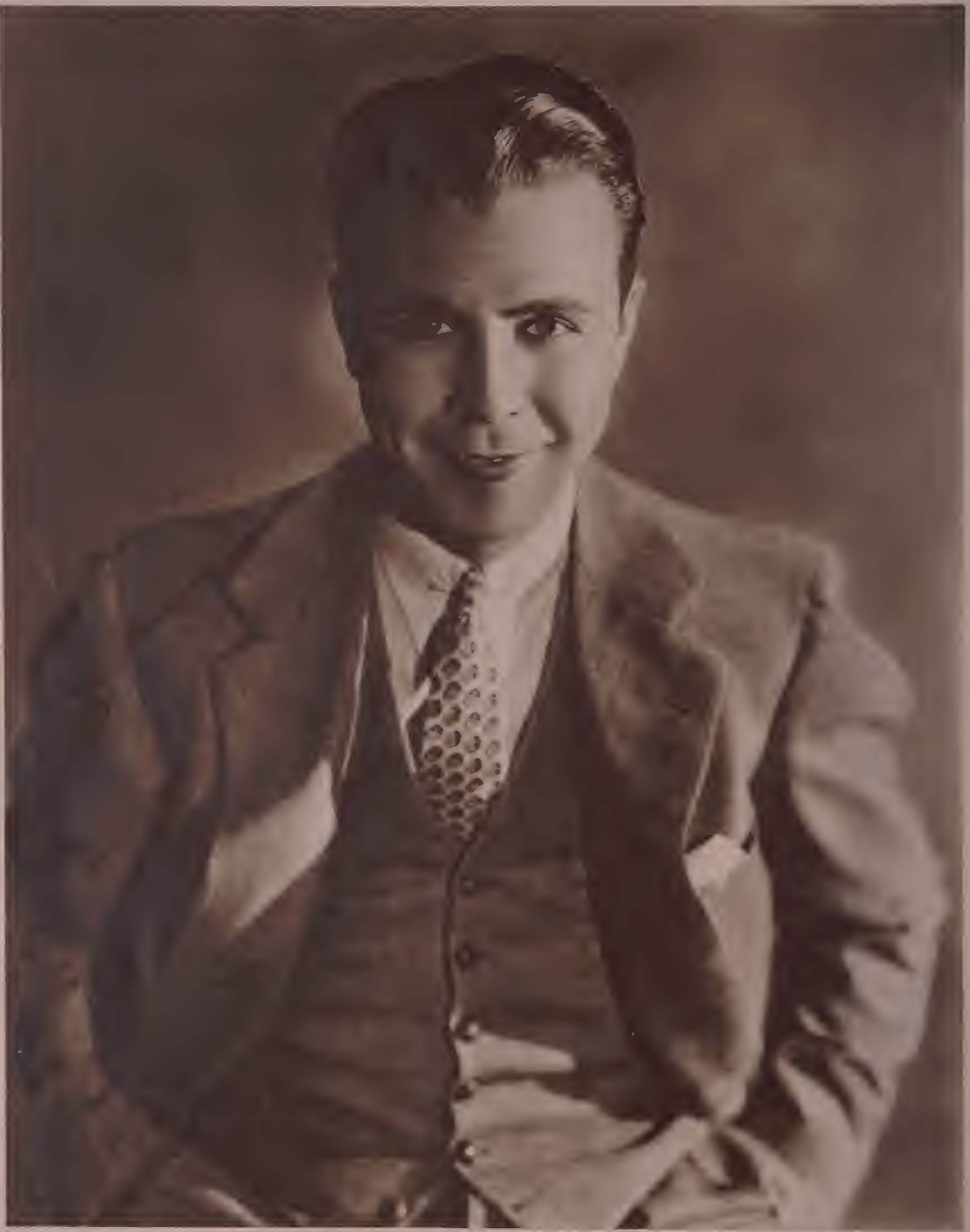
parties of the month)

Above are Anita Louise and Frankie Darro with Bob Armstrong, the "grown-up" pal of the Puppets, and here are Billy Janney, Gloria Stuart, Billy Bakewell and and a cute little Puppeteer we don't recognize clowning at supper

The Puppets is a club composed of the junior stars of Hollywood, and very exclusive they are, too. Recently when they had a Havana party they invited our Mr. Fink to photograph them. (He took the pictures just for you and us across the page also)

Little Helen Mack beams on Frankie Darro as the two of them play chuck-a-luck

Tom Brown and Anita Louise (watch that team, it looks like a romance), watch Patricia Ellis weep over Frankie Darro. Or maybe it's just the onions that are bringing tears to her eyes. Incidentally the stuff in those mugs is cider. Nothing stronger for the Puppets! They think of their careers first



DICK POWELL

"I'm Young and Healthy," crooned Dick Powell in "42nd Street" and the public promptly fell in love with him. He's a swell lad who started as a master of ceremonies in a Pittsburgh movie theatre. From there to a Warner Bros. contract was a mere skip. Dick lives very simply, has no expensive tastes and only one weakness, Mary Brian. Warners are waiting for him to get well enough to go into "The Footlight Parade"

WALLACE BEERY

He's a big guy, this Wallace Beery. Once he tamed elephants in a circus, recently he tamed M-G-M into one of the most expensive contracts it has ever drawn, but he can be tamed by a very little person, his adopted daughter, Carol Ann, aged less than four. Wally, who plays with them tough and hard-boiled on the screen—you'll be seeing him in "The Bowery"—is actually one of the kindliest, most beloved characters in moviedom

HELEN CHANDLER

She is one of the most distinctive personalities on the screen and hard to classify. On the Broadway stage she has ranged from the little girl in "The Wild Duck" to Ophelia in "Hamlet." She startled the screen world with her original performance in "Outward Bound," a lovely spiritual thing, but is now veering toward comedy in her latest, "Goodbye Again." She is married to Cyril Hume, the novelist, and expects to stay that way

NANCY CARROLL

Mrs. LaHiff's little daughter, Nancy—that Carroll is just a name that took her fancy—is a scrapper. But it gets her places. Ann Nichols started things for her by making her "Abie's Irish Rose." A film career followed automatically, for she's a wild Irish beauty, what with her red hair, her blue eyes and her pert little figure. She used to be married to Jack Kirkland. She's now married to Bolton Mallory. And "I Love That Man" for Paramount is her very latest opus

SHARON LYNN

They aren't sloe-eyed sirens, these four beauties, nor wide-eyed innocents but they are all up and coming and they're going places fast. The sultry Sharon Lynn is doing Paramount proud in "The Big Executive." Besides acting, Sharon goes in for designing in a big way. She does all her own clothes and even designed the diamond brooch she's here wearing

JOAN BENNETT

Another girl on strike from Fox is Joan, youngest of the Bennetts. Not so temperamental as Constance, she is more beautiful. She is very proud of her exquisite young daughter, Adrienne (Joan was a mother at eighteen) and of her talented writer-husband, Gene Markey. Joan is starting out her free-lance career as one of the "Little Women" at Radio. She will be "Amy" to Katharine Hepburn's "Jo"

Movies of

(Check✓ for good pictures. Double check✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss)

The Great Arliss is superb in this really worthwhile production, "Voltaire"

"No Marriage Ties" with Richard Dix and Elizabeth Allan packs a wallop at every turn

Leslie Howard, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Paul Lukas —Three splendid actors in one fine picture, "Captured"

MOVIEDOM offers a veritable grab bag this month of good things to see—so what will you have? For mental stimulation you simply can't afford to miss George Arliss in "Voltaire" (no ballyhoo necessary for that man,) or "Double Harness" with Ann Harding and William Powell; not to forget the *Lionel Barrymore with Miriam Hopkins in "The Stranger's Return." (Miriam does some beautiful acting here—it was King Vidor behind the megaphone.)*

Or, perhaps it's sophisticated comedy? In that case you must have "Goodbye Again" with Warren William and Joan Blondell.

For fine acting there's Marlene Dietrich (still glamorous and more human) in "Song of Songs" which is a good picture, although not startling; Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Paul Lukas (what a triumvirate!) in "Captured"; May Robson who steals all the honors in "Beggar's Holiday" and Edmund Lowe and Wynne Gibson in "Her Bodyguard."

You'll want to witness, too, the great comeback Richard Dix stages in "No Marriage Ties"!

The Power and the Glory (Lasky-Fox)

You'll See: *Spencer Tracy, Colleen Moore, Ralph Morgan, Sarah Padden, Helen Vinson, J. Farrell MacDonald, others.*

It's About: *Domestic tragedy; a man rises from nothing to great power; his wife commits suicide because of his love for another, and then the man himself faces tragedy.*

A picture that will cause endless talk. A picture that, to some of you will be a great theater experience, to others merely a clumsy and hard to understand lot of screenfare. That's not so much because of the story, but

the Month

by HARRY LANG

because of the way it's told. You see, instead of starting at the beginning and following through in consecutive fashion to the end, they've begun at the end—at death—and then cut back to show you the characters you've seen die—talking, moving, living.

It's not easy to follow. It's startling. Even shocking, some of you will call it. Maybe that's because of habit, maybe because of less explicable human reactions. Whichever, it nevertheless is so. If you can forget, in the powerful intensity of the story that's so told, its manner of telling, you'll know that you've seen a splendid bit of dramaturgy on the screen.

Acting honors?—Spencer Tracy takes them, easily. He began, more or less as a comedian; then a few directors realized here was a real actor, as this picture confirms. Other interest is in Colleen Moore's return. On her work, as on the story-telling, there'll be a clash. Some will hail her as a greater Colleen; others will say she shouldn't have tried the comeback.

Your Reviewer Says: You should see it if you care to know what's happening to and on the screen.

For Children: No.

"Arizona to Broadway" fails despite Joan Bennett and Jimmy Dunn

✓✓Good Bye Again (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Warren William, Joan Blondell, Hugh Herbert, Genevieve Tobin, Helen Chandler, Wallace Ford, Hobart Cavanaugh.*

It's About: *What transpires when an old flame famous and handsome goes on the remake for a famous and handsome author. And her hubby finds out.*

Right out from under the noses of Warren William and Joan Blondell, does Hugh Herbert steal top comedy honors in this laugh-fest! Hugh, heretofore sunk in film rôles that lasted only a few seconds, plays herein an oaf of a husband who is so dumb and yet so awkwardly cognizant that there are a lot of things going on that he *ought* to know about, that he splits your sides. When a comicker can get a roar of laughter merely by tipping his hat, he's FUNNY!

Hugh Herbert, Joan Blondell and Warren William make "Goodbye Again" naughty and very nice

Edmund Lowe and Wynne Gibson are together in "Her Bodyguard" and you'll want to see them

Joan Marsh and Raul Roulien are in "It's Great to Be Alive"—but it doesn't matter

The story is ultra-sophisticated, in the sense in which the term is now being used. That is, the story makes high comedy out of a wife's indiscretions and the other characters' variously amusing reactions to such things as philandering and hoodwinking hubby. You will laugh at much in this film. Occasionally you'll gasp. Some of you will think it goes a bit too far.

Pleasant discovery: that Warren William is a splendid comedian as well as a heavy screen lover. Gripping scene: Joan Blondell's work when she slaps the man she loves. Revelatory: Genevieve Tobin's clothes.

Your Reviewer Says: Unless you think marital deviations are very, *very* serious, you'll enjoy this comedy.

For Children: Baddie, baddie. . . . !

✓✓Voltaire (Warners)

You'll See: *George Arliss, Doris Kenyon, Alan Mowbray, Margaret Lindsay, Reginald Owen, Theodore Newton, others.*

It's About: *One episode from the relations of Voltaire, Louis XV, and Mme. Pompadour—and how Voltaire comes out on top.*

Back goes Arliss to the sort of rôle—costume-y and historically factual—that won him such acclaim in "Disraeli." And you'll love it! And right here's a tip: don't be scared away by the title. The picture's *not* hi-brow, not stodgy.

Instead, Arliss invests the character of Voltaire with a humanness—crotchety, bitingly satirical, brainily meddlesome though it be—that first challenges, then wins your interest. The story, briefly, tells how he bests the King's schemingly evil adviser by playing the King's favorite (Mme. Pompadour) to win a measure of justice for an abused girl. In the end, though, you foretaste the coming of the Revolution.

Of course, like most Arliss pictures, this one is all Arliss. Well, nearly all. What's left is divided, as honors go, between Alan Mowbray, and Reginald Owen. The women have so little to do—save wear gorgeous costumes.

Striking scene: Arliss, virtually on his deathbed, snaps back to full life as a brilliant new scheme presents itself to his brain.

Your Reviewer Says: Despite any antipathies you may have toward costume or historical stuff, please don't miss this.

For Children: Perfectly safe—and educational too.

✓✓No Marriage Ties (Radio)

You'll See: *Richard Dix, Elizabeth Allan, Doris Kenyon, Alan Dinehart, David Landau, Hobart Cavanaugh, Hilda Vaughn.*

It's About: *The tangled heart-life of a boozy newspaperman who becomes a big-shot advertising man.*

'Tis whispered that when he was at the apex of status as heart-breaker (offscreen), gals went so gaga over Richard Dix that they said they'd kill themselves if he didn't give in. Well, in this story, one does. But don't get that as the keynote of the yarn.

Instead, it's an extraordinary fast-moving, laugh-crammed, sparkling-dialogued tale of two loves—one the cameraderie (call it that) between the hero and the gal who takes care of him after speakeasy hours, and the other love between the big-shot ad-man and his rich client. Offsetting the likelihood that the triangle theme would make it heavy and morbid is some of the snappiest dialogue the screen has heard in a long time—blue-hot in spots, but for the most (*Continued on page 72*)

Marion Nixon and Buddy Rogers are so in love in "The Best of Enemies," but the picture is stolen from them

You'll see one of the best—and also one of the worst performances of the year in Dietrich's newest picture, "Song of Songs"

Letters of a MOVIE FAN in HOLLYWOOD

by KATHRYN

RUTH, DEAR—
You know that oft-quoted Modern Girl's improvement of the old adage, don't you?—

> "Early to bed, and early to rise,
> And you'll never meet any regular guys. . . !"

—well, honey, it was certainly brought home to me the other night. Because if I'd been a goodie-goodie and gone to bed early, instead of stepping out with that perfectly fascinating writer-friend of yours, I'd never have met the *regularest guy* I've met in a long time.

Who? Why, that SHE that you and I used to talk about and admire so much, back in li'l New York—*Carole Lombard* herself, of all people! And it was triply swell, dear, because since I've been writing these letters for you to run in Movie Mirror, I've had I-don't-know-how-many letters from girls who have wanted me to talk to Carole and find out ALL.

You see, it began by your writer-friend (oh yes, dear; he's still your friend, even if he *does* send me orchids now! And—*me-ow!*—I remember he only used to send you gardenias.) asking me if I'd like to see the Colony. Well, dear; I'd heard and heard about it. It's that place where they eat and dance and do other things—you know, with glasses and ice and tables and bits of pasteboard and cubes of ivory with dots on them and—well, you know. And ALL the snappiest and swankiest stars who are regular people go there. So no sooner had he asked me than I was around his neck saying yes, and when he'd gotten the lipstick off his cheek, we were stepping out of a taxi and walking right into the place. Imagine!

Well, darling (if you've read this far without hating me)—it was like stepping right into our old New York dreams of Hollywood-As-It's-Imagined. Lights, music, gayety, tinkles, laughter, perfume—and gorgeous women and darling, the MEN. . . ! Alice Joyce and her new hubby (and I hope I remember, before I end this letter, to tell you about the dress she wore), Kay Francis looking ravishing enough to tempt Gandhi, Nancy Carroll who is still the realization of a College Junior's dream, Helen Twelvetrees—and then in came Carole Lombard. With Hubby Bill Powell, of course.

Darling, it was as though, for a moment, Cecil DeMille had yelled "QUIET, EVERYBODY!" Because that's what happened—and then there was a gasp. And then every other woman in the place looked as though they'd like to kill Carole right there. Because she was stunning beyond words. And you'll DIE when I tell you the color combination she had on—

PINK AND RED. . . . ! ! !

Yes, Ruth de-*car;* I can just hear you right now, saying something about the stuff they sell out there must have affected my mind. But honey, I mean it. And if you think, as I used to, that pink-and-red simply can't be combined, then change your mind. It was lovely. The pink was a chiffon dress, which swept the floor. The shade was delicate; not that hit-you-in-the-solar-plexus pink. The red was a severely striking coat of velvet. Carole told me afterward—after I'd been introduced to her by your writer friend, who knows simply everybody and everyplace and every*THING*, dear!—that Travis Banton, Paramount's designer, had done it for her. My admiration for Banton went up three hundred degrees then and there.

Well, I'll stop gasping about the pink-and-red, and go on. It seems they were just dropping by on their way some place else (people gad from place to place in this town; never stay just at one for the evening), and were in a hurry. I was scared stiff (SCARED stiff, I said; not any other imputation of the word!) that Carole might drift out of my life again without my getting a chance to ask her one of the things you and the other girls who have written me asked me to ask her, so I blurted:

"Oh, I only wish I knew how you ALWAYS keep so utterly glamorous-

looking. . . . !" Well, your writer-friend winked at her, and she smiled at me and said: "I'll tell you, honey—come over to my dressing-room at Paramount tomorrow—and I'll tell you how we-girls can mix up a dash of nature and a dash of tricks, just like the man in the white coat mixed up that thing you've got in the glass there—and get the same sort of kick out of it." And then she and Bill hurried on, and I dithered so all the rest of the night—or evening, rather, *dar*-ling!—that your writer-friend rudely remarked that he'd be darned if he'd introduce me to any other stars, because it seemed to interfere so with the really important things in life.

So now, let's do like a movie, and throw in a sub-title:

THE NEXT DAY

There was I, knocking on a doorstep in front of a door marked "21." That's what Carole has put on her door. Know why?—because she says she wants to make her dressing room as popular as New York's "21"—and it is. People from all over the lot keep popping in on her, and although there's a shower in the apartment, Carole says she honestly doesn't dare to use it, because fun's fun but, and there's always Bill to think of.

"Sit down and we'll have tea," she caroled. (Pun intended, dear!) She was wearing a smart but not formal tea gown, in heavy crêpe. She sank back among the green and yellow cushions on a big, comfy couch—and was it a picture to label "Glamor"? The room might have been designed for her blonde coloring—*very* delicate green is the wall-tint, with the furniture of green and canary yellow.

(*Continued on page 92*)

Carole Lombard's Secrets of Beauty and Charm Revealed for You

Keeping Up With MYSELF . . .

by LEE TRACY

I FIRST saw the light in Atlanta, Ga., and my kid days were a hodge-podge recollection of Atlanta, Louisville, Kansas City and St. Louis. There in high school my troubles began. One high school put me out for draping a chair around a professor's neck. Another dropped me for forging my father's name to a red-ink report card. I thought it was all swell until my father put me to work in the railroad yards, ten hours a day at seventeen cents an hour. When I became sufficiently subdued, they sent me back to school—military school—in Alton, Ill.

I got along, entered Union College in Schenectady, and then the World War happened. I received the rank of Second Lieutenant but I never saw service abroad. After the Armistice, I decided to become an actor. I came to New York, bothered agents until one gave me a part to get rid of me, and I was started.

There was stock, there were road companies, vaudeville, anything that I could get. Finally I hit Broadway in "The Show-Off." I got better parts and finally was offered the lead in "The Roaring Forties." I didn't think much of the part of the play. It turned out to be "Broadway" and one of the biggest hits ever staged. I loved it. I loved Broadway. I thought I would never leave the place.

HOLLYWOOD to me had been just a place where the sun shone 365 days in the year—when the weather wasn't "unusual." The actors there got more publicity than was good for 'em. No more privacy than a dummy in Macy's store window. I had never thought of Hollywood in connection with myself. Somehow, even as a youngster, I hadn't been much of a movie fan. Oh, I liked the chapter drammers—"Perils of Pauline," and "The Million Dollar Mystery." I had never enthused over pictures since. Naturally I had a personal interest in the place when I heard that Universal had bought the picture rights to "Broadway."

It seemed that things were done in a great, big way out there. The size of the check that changed hands made my eyes stick out on stems. Almost enough to have bought New York from port to sta'board. And I thought I was making good money then.

I didn't have much hope of playing the rôle of the hoofer on the screen. Hollywood still liked its leading men to have good profiles and curly hair. I look in the mirror when I shave and I knew that I was no Ramon Novarro. Harry Reichenbach, who had forgotten more about publicity than anyone else will probably ever know, offered to get me a test. He was a good pal of mine. Well, I took the test, Hollywood must have swooned if they ever saw it. I almost did.

"Broadway" on the screen disappointed me. Somehow the feeling of that dingy, little night club had been lost, and with it a good portion of the drama. Not long ago I talked with Carl Laemmle, Jr., about it. He was interested in doing the picture again, without the big sets and the mobs. He wanted to know if I would be interested in playing my original rôle. I loved the rôle, of course. It was my first real success. I wonder, though, if the time is ripe for another "Broadway."

But I seem to be getting ahead of my story. During the last few weeks of "Broadway," Jed Harris handed me the script of a new play. Two newspapermen, Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht, had gotten together and written the damnedest, most bombastic play you've ever heard of. It was "The Front Page." I was crazy about it the minute I read it. I used to go home at night

Here's the pride of the Tracy clan coming back to New York for a visit after hitting Hollywood for a row of hits and rehearse the end of the first act in front of my mirror—just for the fun of it.

"Broadway" closed on a Saturday night. The next day we went into rehearsals on "The Front Page." It was another smash hit, as you know. It ran for a solid year in New York. If people were shocked the first time they saw it they came back again to see if they'd missed any cusswords. If you saw the play you haven't forgotten the rapid tempo of the thing. Dialogue was hurled at you like bullets out of a machine gun. I lost a pound and a half during every performance, and I was ready to drop when the curtain fell.

During that time Hollywood scouts were everywhere in New York. They even had to wear identification tags so they wouldn't sign up each other. Talkies were going strong, and in those first hectic days of the outlouds, anything could happen. There seemed to be an opinion that the stars of the silent screen, having been voiceless, couldn't possibly know how to talk. I liked the thought of some quick money, and I signed to do one picture—after the close of "The Front Page."

Summertime found me in Hollywood acting for Fox in "Big Time," with Mae Clarke. I was busy most of the time, and I didn't have much time to get sunburned at Malibu, or see what Mary Pickford looked like in person. As soon as that picture was finished I had to hotfoot it back to New York for a road tour of "The Front Page." I took time out, however, to sign a year's contract with Fox when that tour closed. It seemed like a good racket, trusting child that I was.

Many a Broadway smash goes "floppo" on the road. That's what happened to "The Front Page." We were too rough for cities outside of New York. Audiences seemed to collect themselves into one disapproving body and mutter tchk-tchk at all the (*Continued on page* 86)

One a real hick—myself at sixteen; the other a fake hick—Tracy playing the hoofer in "Broadway"—and very little difference between them. The lower one is the "Broadway" boy—who greatly influenced my life

speak for yourself

What do you think of pictures? Who is your favorite star? Why? What do you wish producers would do to make you go to the theatre more often? What's your favorite talkie of the month? Surely you've got ideas on these subjects and you can earn MONEY by expressing them. Movie Mirror awards seven prizes each month for the best letters—$20 first prize; $10 second; five prizes of $1 each. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address "Speak for Yourself," Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

$20 PRIZE LETTER

A Debunker of Publicity Stunts

While I appreciate the fact that publicity is necessary in keeping screen personalities before the public, I think a great many people, including myself, are becoming a bit weary of the ballyhoo methods which are employed to exploit certain stars. For instance, Katharine Hepburn's publicity agent is forever trying to impress the world at large with stories of Miss Hepburn's "so unique and utterly different" personality. We are told of her "individuality" and "charm"—which she expresses in one way by sitting on the sidewalk in front of the studio, dressed in patched overalls, while reading her fan mail. A trifle silly, I think, and all very unnecessary.

Then Dietrich's tuxedo and trousers. When are we going to hear the last of them? Of late, Gloria Stuart's press agent has popped up with "cute" stories about Gloria's "clever" and "amusing" hoydenish behaviour. How she upon finishing a meal, even when she is a guest at a dinner party, will wander away from the table and take a nap.

Why don't the publicity men try a "unique" stunt themselves and present the stars as intelligent, well-bred people, which in reality I am sure they are?

Ida Kacch, New Glarus, Wisconsin.

$10 LETTER

Would Bag the Old Gags

The movies would be a great deal better if they would dispense with their too often repeated gags and situations. For example:

Scenes in which a character is bragging about his strength and when he thumps his chest, begins to cough.

Scenes in which an actor or actress becomes attached to a skeleton and then is immeasurably frightened every time he or she looks around.

The news pictures in which they show a chimney or other high object falling down and then reverse the film to build it up again.

Scenes in which a female character beats a male character on the breast and cries: "You can't do it, I tell you! You can't do it!"

These and many others like them should be pensioned off.

Thomas Hogue, Painted Post, New York.

$1.00 LETTER

Passing the Buck

"Passing the buck" seems to be the favorite American pastime. Along comes the Motion Picture Research Council and says: "The movies teach children to do wrong." Grant that there is a little smut in the movies, but is there not an overwhelming amount of good? For every picture like "Red Dust" and "She Done Him Wrong," there are hundreds like the "The Man Who Played God," "Min and Bill," and "State Fair."

"The Man Who Played God" was a powerful sermon. Crime pictures usually have a moral to prove that crime doesn't pay.

So why attribute all evil to the movies?

Eva Cookey, Raleigh, N. C.

$1.00 LETTER

A Warning to Warners

In scanning the "Tips on Talkies" department of Movie Mirror. I came across this line, "Warners is putting a lot of faith in that Francis-Brent team, but this picture doesn't put them across."

That line illustrates a great movie truth, and this is it. Producers can't make successful screen teams—the fans do that. They often try to force certain combinations on us, but rarely succeed.

Oddly enough, in presenting a Francis-Brent team, two grand teams are being broken up. Kay Francis is best opposite William Powell, while George Brent is best opposite Ruth Chatterton. "The Keyhole" wasn't a hit with the fans. Probably that's the answer. Take the hint, Messrs. Warner Brothers!

Mrs. W. Clement, San Francisco, Cal.

$1.00 LETTER

A Tribute to Cabot

I have seen Bruce Cabot in only one picture, "King Kong" but already he is my favorite of all the men on the screen today. I went to see King Kong three times, just to see Cabot, which is something I would not do for any other player I have ever seen. He is neither an ugly, common looking brute, a colorless nonentity, nor a mama's pretty boy, but is good-looking, with lots of personality, manly and a capable actor. With good rôles, he should become a great success. Please give us more of Bruce Cabot!

Marian White,
Lexington, Ky.

Ruby Keeler is a very up and coming young starlet, judging by your letters. Dietrich is somewhat on your nerves. Lots of you catch amusing mistakes that producers allow to creep into pictures. Your eyes are keener than theirs are. Bruce Cabot looks like a comer along the male line. You want more musicals but you are off horror films. The battle still rages about your favorites. What ideas have you got about movies? Why not write some in to Movie Mirror and win a prize?

$1.00 LETTER

Movies Are Far Reaching

What do the "talkies" of today mean to the isolated child in the far corners of this United States of America? No one knows until they have been so isolated. Here in the heart of the "Rockies," at the "end of the trail" this is the only medium we have of keeping in contact with what is going on in the world today. True, we have our radios, but they do not imprint on the child mind what is brought to them through the medium of the "talkies." My children can find no greater advantage, no greater asset to their education than through the movies.

Long live the "talkies" so that the children in the far off places will continue to enjoy the benefits thereof!

Mrs. Frank Paul, Driggs, Idaho.

$1.00 LETTER

Are the Stakes High?

Here's a tip, folks—choose your own pictures. Don't let your friends influence you with their criticisms or recommendations. You probably would not like a girl-friend they picked out for you—or a tie they would select. Everyone's taste differs from the next person's—so find out for yourself—by reading Movie Mirror for reviews on the shows—they are always correct and concise—and, naturally, you can tell, from them, whether the show is a comedy or a drama, a musical or a horror picture. Then, pick your picture according to your mood—and you won't see any pictures you'll regret. Want to bet on that?

Dorothy Kiess, Los Angeles, Calif.

For and Against Foreign Talent

I am boosting foreign pictures and stars. It seems as if our pictures do not have those gay and sparkling touches that you find in foreign pictures. The beautiful Alps fitted in with the deep rich voice of the hero in "Be Mine Tonight." "Zwei Herzen in ¾ Takt," "Congress Dances," "Maedchen in Uniform," and "M"—all thrilled me. Very few of our stars are as vivacious or as alluring. I await eagerly those pictures of the lovely imports, Lilian Harvey and Dorothy Wieck.

C. Richard Jacob, Lawrence, Kansas.

I wish to voice a sentiment which is growing steadier all the time among my friends and myself—"Why not give more Americans a 'break' in pictures?"

Is this glorious land of ours so devoid of feminine charm and beauty, so lacking in virile, able men who can act, that we must be constantly searching for and importing new faces from foreign lands?

They come—their arrival emblazoned across the press of the country—Lil Dagover, Marie Alba, Mona Maris, Baclanova, Gwili Andre, among the women to play the feminine leads against an honest-to-goodness American lad. Or the foreign male stars of the type of Henry Garat must be imported to play with such a 100 per cent American actress as Janet Gaynor.

The movies have had a campaign — BUY AMERICAN!

Can't something be done about giving us a few, wholly American casts?

Grace E. Kohler,
Philadelphia, Pa.

A Foreigner's Favorites

First of all I like to say, I like American pictures very much, and I think pictures made in Hollywood like some years ago with the name "Rivalen" and the other "The General" (Buster Keaton) I will always remember as the best I have seen.

My favorite lady was years ago and today, too, Gloria Swanson. Why can we not get a picture from Gloria anymore? We in Germany love action, it is true, and so she was the best.

My favorite players are Wallace Beery, Claudette Colbert (very beautiful), Dolores Del Rio, Marie Dressler, Douglas Fairbanks, Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, William Haines, Dorothy Jordan, Buster Keaton, Victor McLaglen, Robert Montgomery, Anita Page, Lewis Stone, Gloria Swanson, Lawrence Tibbett and Norma Shearer.

Heinz Biesenbach, Munich, Germany.

An American's Preference

I pronounce "Maedchen in Uniform" the most perfect picture that has ever graced the American screen. What poignant drama, what sensitive charm, what superb characterization—I am inarticulate! No cinema out of Hollywood has ever approached "Maedchen in Uniform" in sincerity and emotional depth.

(Continued on page 75)

(*Continued from page 29*)

Back and front of Lilyan Tashman's newest beach outfit—black linen that wraps across the waistline in back (and not much else)!

Hollywood girls work even at breakfast. Beauteous Loretta Young studies her newest rôle while she drinks her morning coffee at the Beverly Hills Athletic Club

Tom Brown's most embarrassing moment since he entered movies:

He opened a letter from abroad. Out fell a small photo, and a letter. Without looking at the picture, he read the letter. It was in feminine handwriting, raved about how handsome and nice Tom was, and concluded: "—and I am sending you a photo of myself, and wish you would send me a similar one of yourself." Then Tom looked at the picture.

It was of a beautiful—but nude—girl!

Tom threw it away and hasn't stopped blushing since.

What fan-mail largely consists of:

Check of one day's mail received by Marie Dressler showed that in it were asserted requests for money totalling $12,000!

Both Helen Hayes and Frank (Director) Borzage are sufficiently Hollywood-wise to know what gossip can and does do. So, when they went out together to the Cocoanut Grove, they preceded the excursion by Helen cabling Hubby Charlie MacArthur in London and Borzage telephoning his wife in Honolulu that they were going to do it.

And then said: "NOW let 'em gossip!"

Most indefatigable traveller in Hollywood is George O'Brien. Half-way through every picture, he gets impatient for the end, so he can indulge his itching soles. Hardly back from a European jaunt, he is now planning his next "little" trip, as he calls it—to the Argentine first, thence to India, then up through the Orient, and back to Hollywood via the Pacific. Explaining his wandering-yen, he says: "At 17, I enlisted in the navy to 'see the world,' but they never showed it to me."

Hollywood stick-to-it-and-succeed story:

When they made "The Kid From Spain," they tested many girls. One, Jane Hamilton, fell ill, but with that grit that makes ambitious kids go on and on, insisted on going through dance routines until she fainted, was taken to a hospital with penumonia. Her life was despaired of, but she pulled through. Her biggest regret was that she didn't get the job.

Now they're casting a new Cantor picture, "Roman Scandals." On the lot, there's a stringent rule that no girl that was used in the former picture shall be hired for this. BUT—the story of Jane Hamilton was called to the big-shots' attention. And (yes, once in a while Hollywood does things like this:) they called her. When she came in, she was so wan from her illness that they said they could never use her.

BUT—hope is a tonic. And now Jane Hamilton, so buoyed up by her stroke of luck, has been hired as one of the dancing girls in Cantor's next movie.

At Paramount, they told Richard (Papa of Connie and Joan and Barbara) Bennett that they had a rôle for him. "It's a man 97 years old; can you do it?" "Sure," said Dick; "just call the makeupman, and he'll only have to take ten years off me."

To our own Demon Photographer, Hyman Fink, Lilyan Tashman is forever grateful. It seems that a dear friend, long time ago, gave Lil two cute wire-haired pups. Soon after, one was run over, killed. Lil doubled the affection she showered on the other. Then, one Sunday, the second was missing. It was at Malibu, and in an hour, Lil had ALL Malibu searching.

It was Fink, who was there shooting pictures of stars for you to see in Movie Mirror, who finally found the pup, gleefully gnawing a bone in a far-away lot. Fink says Lil was so glad she kissed him. The pup.

Toluca Lake residents are snooty about whom they'll let join their colony. They heard Jack Oakie was planning to buy a lot there and build a house.

Next week, the whole countryside blossomed with signs:

POISON OAKIE!

Two movie celebrities can depend at least on a living. Billy Bakewell, for one, gets a $5 bill every week in the mail, with no identification of the sender. And Carole Lombard gets $1 weekly, the same way. Both turn the cash over to the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

Because she forgot her private telephone number, and couldn't get it from the information operator, Margaret Lindsay had to call Warner Baxter and ask him what it was!

Interesting tale about June Knight (who, currently, is all hot and bothered over Max Baer the prize fighter):

Long ago, she had a violent young-girl crush on a boy who looked like Neil Hamilton. So she used to cut pictures of Neil out of the fan magazines and papers, keep them, pretend they were pictures of her sweetie.

BUT—she never met Neil himself until her recent return to Hollywood, when she learned that Neil was to be her leading man in Universal's "Lilies of Broadway."

Newest Hollywoodite to go big-house is Warner Baxter. He's contracted for a $200,000 mansion in ritzy Bel-Air, near Beverly Hills. With a private theater, swim pool, tennis court and playroom. And because he wants to eat his Christmas dinner there, he has a clause in the building contract that unless it's finished by then, the contractor has to forfeit a fat sum of money!

Billie Burke apparently doesn't think a woman has to look old to play mother rôles on the screen. Did you see "Dinner at Eight?" As Madge Evans' mother, she looked SO young . . .! Then Radio called her for tests to play the mother in "Little Women." But when they wanted to make her look old, instead of young, Billie Burke turned the rôle down. The deciding item was that they wanted to give her a double chin.

Isn't Russell Gleason the cut up! He's making a silhouette of Claudia Morgan, whom he goes places with

The Hollywood Assistance League put on a fashion show for charity. Lona Andre, Gloria Stuart and Elinor Holm modeled

Jack Oakie, having bought himself a new car (it's a Ford) can't resist punning: "In a small coupe, tour company but three's a crowd!"

Positively appalling state of ignorance, as displayed by a California game warden:

When Clark Gable went hunting recently, he applied at a small backwoods game-warden's hut for a hunting license. Suspicious that a non-resident was trying to put something over (they're forbidden to hunt in California except under certain conditions), the warden wanted to know all about Gable; finally refused to issue the license, made Gable trek back to civilization to go through formalities.

Later, a person who'd been watching went to the warden and said: "Say, that was Clark Gable you had in there."

The warden looked at Gable's application blank, said:

"By gosh, that's the name he give here. But who is Clark Gable?"

"Swell suit," commented Dick Arlen to Jack Oakie, as Oakie, in a conspicuously neat new suit, strutted the Paramount lot.

"Yeah," grinned Oakie, "one of Dietrich's old ones."

Dubbed today "the hermit of windy hill," Bill Hart astounded Hollywood a few nights ago by attending the opening of the summer-dance room of the Miramar Hotel, Hollywood seashore play-spot. "Is Bill coming out of the shell? Is Bill going social?" gasped amazed cinemaland. The answer is no. Reason for Bill's appearance at the nite-club: for a long time, Bill's invalid sister lived at the Miramar Hotel. Often, Jay Whidden, hotel orchestra leader, would take some of his band to her rooms to play for her. Bill Hart never forgot the kind gesture. So when Jay Whidden asked Bill to attend his summer dance opening, Bill, whose social life otherwise is confined to rare visits to the homes of Chevalier, Marion Davies, Will Rogers, said "Yes."

And next day, a Hollywood gossip-columnist reported that "Bill Hart was dancing at the Miramar with a beautiful mysterious blonde." Said "b.m.b." was the wife of one of the men in Bill's party.

Distinct novelty in movies is a two-reeler you'll see under the title of "Strings." It tells the old "triangle story" with the tragedy ending. But the feature that makes it extraordinary is that the camera plays the rôle of the husband—and so you, in the audience, are living that rôle, seeing what transpires through the camera lens. You even occasionally see your own knees, hands, feet as though your eyes were the lens.

Annoyed were many beautiful movie stars when Dr. Frank Schleichter, head of a California chiropodists association, publicly stated that "women of fifty years ago had much more beautiful legs than modern women!" Most stars burst out in indignant replies. Not so Mae West. Mae shrugged her shoulders, dismissed it with: "Maybe Herr Schleichter was more interested in legs fifty years ago than he is now."

(*Continued on page* 89)

Confessions of a Hollywood Fortune Teller

(*Continued from page* 41)

"I don't see a very long life for you. . . ."

I looked at her, expecting to see her blanche, cower, as so many do when they hear that. Instead she straightened, and her eyes flamed as she cried:

"I don't *want* to live long!" She tossed that wild shock of hair. "I don't care about it—one way or the other. I'm none too happy—I'm persecuted from every side. Nasty gossip, talk talk talk! Why *should* I care whether I live long or not? My mother—died young—too!"

"Forget it!" I cut in, sharply, a bit startled at this sudden vehement outburst from this young girl with so much ahead to live for. "Maybe you feel that way now—BUT, I see before you such happiness as you don't believe, now, can exist for you. I see far ahead of you a happy marriage—with a man who is now a total stranger to you. No—you won't ever marry the man you're with today. In fact, every man you know today will disappear from your plans, and a new fine man will come in and fill your life.

"But—in the meantime, scandal! Scandal with a married man. . . ."

Even as you and I the expensive, exclusive ladies of Hollywood sometimes get exactly the same dresses. Above you see the Countess di Frasso (surrounded by handsome Gary Cooper and famous columnist Luella Parsons), wearing the duplicate of the gown which Miss Joan Crawford, below with Franchot Tone, is wearing. And what do you bet but that the girls were that angry?

SHE laughed at that. I don't know whether it was because she just didn't care or whether she thought such scandal was impossible. But I wonder if she remembered, later, when she was in that mess with a Texas married man. Remember?

She didn't seem to show much interest in her career. I told her she'd fly high, then crash, then come back again. But it seemed to go in one of those pretty Bow ears and out the other. There's in her none of that intensity of career-determination that marks so many others in the ranks of the film beauties. She'll make more movies, but she honestly doesn't want to. I know that. I told her her public would virtually force her back to the screen—and she only sighed. Clara Bow would be happiest of all if she could be let alone out there on her ranch, with her husband, Rex Bell—and a baby! To achieve greatest happiness, Clara Bow needs a baby of her own.

Rex Bell came to see me, in the long-ago, too. He didn't tell me so at the time, but I learned later that Clara had sent him to me. And that it was in Clara's own car that he drove to my office. Nor did I know who he was then — only that he seemed a nice young man.

"I'm thinking of marriage," he said, coming to the point at once, when I'd admitted him. "What do you see for me?"

"Happiness," I told him.

"That's fine," he said, matter-of-factly, "I may as well tell you — my name's Rex Bell. It's Clara Bow I'm in love with."

I repeated, "You'll be happy. You'll each be a fine balance for the other. But you should have a family." I hope they follow my advice—but it's only hope, for seek as I do, I cannot find in the stars any indication that the stork has a date with the Rex Bells, for some time to come. But happiness still stretches clean before them.

Happiness!—odd, how some marriages achieve it, while others—well, there's poor Jean Harlow.

I met Jean first before Paul Bern came into her life, when she was still married to that Chicago lad. She visited me one day—not with any specific questions, but just to "go see a fortune teller" as so many of you do. I remember telling her then that divorce lay before her, but that it would lead to no substitute happiness. And then she stepped out of my office—and I supposed that she'd be just another of the many who pass in and out of my door for one time. But I was wrong.

One Sunday afternoon, my private home phone rang. On the other end was my secretary at my office. "Paul Bern just called," was the message. "I gave him your private number. He'll call you there." I'd hardly hung up when it rang, and Bern was on the wire. "Can I see you? I've a friend I want you to meet," he said. I told him to come on. I remember it was a rainy afternoon—grey and dismal and ominous with dark clouds and uneasiness.

When he came into my office (I'd gone to meet him), Jean Harlow was with him. I remembered her at once, told her so. "I've read you before." She merely said "Yes." Bern introduced her by name, and I took her into my office.

"Make no decisive move this year," I

said. “See those clouds out there?—*I see other clouds hanging over you, just as dark and ominous. I see storm ahead for you. Your friendship with Paul Bern is fine and beautiful—I know him and admire him. But I must tell you that it is written that that friendship will bring you great trouble.*”

She trembled. Bern had come in, heard what I said. He put his arm across her shoulders—the gesture of a lover, and at the same time, of a father. “*Never mind, dear,*” *he tried to soothe her.* “*Everything will be all right. Please—don't worry.*” *She seemed so young; he so much older.*

We talked. I learned they were planning to marry. Hurt me as it did, I could not but tell them that while it might be happy while it lasted, their marriage was doomed to end in early disaster. They asked me what manner of disaster, and I told them I could not clearly see. They made no comment. When they left, Paul turned at the door, and said: “Goodbye.” It was his last good-bye to me. I never saw him again. I was invited, later, to their wedding reception. But I *could* not go.

WHAT now lies ahead for Jean, I cannot tell. But I do see, by the signs, that she was born to trouble. And to always find worry in her heart. Now, a marriage lies before her again—and quite soon. But I fear from what I see that it will not bring the happiness she seeks and seeks and seeks. . . .

Now let me turn to another couple you all know—Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks Junior. Their marriage is over.

(Editor's Note: At the time this story was given, Joan and Doug were married; had not yet separated and divorced.)

Their marriage was predestined. By their signs, there was an undeniable law of attraction between them. Having met, it was inevitable they would marry. But—how shall I say it?—that marriage was ever a *non-marriage*. It is a difficult thing to put into words. Although they loved, although they went through a marriage ceremony, yet the state that developed was a negation of everything we customarily understand by the word “marriage.” Happiness?—oh, yes, they had it for a while, but it was the happiness of lovers regardless of marriage. As husband and wife, there could be no happiness for them.

Joan first came to me before she was *la Crawford*. When she was just Lucille LeSeuer, the dancer. We became friends. I visited at her home now and then. One Christmas she gave me a beautiful wallet. I still have it. She was interested intensively in both career and love. Of admirers, she had many. Paul Bern was crazy about her. I told her that success attended her career, but varied experiences lay at her heart.

It was before their marriage that Doug, too, came to see me. It was when he was planning to marry Joan. I told him he'd never wed her. “You're wrong. It'd break my heart if I didn't,” he said, fiercely. “Well then,” I said, “it will require a great effort on your part to avert unhappiness. I do not know if that effort is within your power.” He smiled. I've never seen him since.

“I'm going to prophecy now—about Joan and Doug:

For Joan. She faces a period of unrest, both professionally and in her heart affairs. Several loves lie before her. She must be cautious, both in those and in her career. If she is not careful, she will find herself hurtling down a toboggan so fast that it will dizzy her. If she marries the man concerning whom she will first consider matrimony again, it will be bad, because it will lead to the same unhappiness as now attends her.

For Doug. He will find romance with a dark haired, dark-eyed girl, who is one of triplets! She is now very young. He knows her—but as yet, their acquaintance has not been publicized. However, there is also a combination of signs which hints that he may wed abroad. If he does, it will mean disaster to follow.

Well, let's leave Doug and Joan and go on to another marriage—but a happier one. It was in 1929, I believe—anyway, shortly before she became Mrs. Irving Thalberg—that Norma Shearer came to see me.

She looked like a schoolgirl, and sweet beyond my words to tell. She asked me, with simple naivete: “What do you see for me?”

“You'll become very very famous,” I said. Her face glowed.

“—and you'll marry—”

The smile that beamed on her face as I spoke those words, the sparkle that leaped into her eyes, showed me that that was what she'd really come to me about. So I told her more.

“YOU'LL marry a prominent man, of another faith than your own,” my voice told. “There will be opposition—because of the religious angle, and also because there will be a feeling that a girl of social prominence should be a preferable bride. But you will marry—and be very happy. And you will have children—yes, there will be more than one. . . .”

“You think I'll *really* be happy?” she whispered.

“Indeed,” I said; “Ideally happy.”

“That's what I wanted to know. Because I'm so in love! I wanted to know if you could tell me that you see happiness.”

But into her happiness, that which I saw brought some shadow. I told her that her husband's health would be affected; that she would have to give him all the kind love and care of a happy wife to help him to health and keep him there; and that *the shadow of widowhood hovered over her marriage*. I still fear that; it is in the future. And if it comes to Norma Shearer—widowhood—there will be *no future marriage*.

Her career? *Beyond three years, it will not be,* is my prophecy. It ends there—sharply, blankly. That is all I can say.

Marriages. Marriages. Marriages!—the more I write of those I know about, the more I think of. There's Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes—

It was Forbes who, of those two, came to me first. And it was not with his wife, but with Renee Adoree that he visited my office. He and Ruth were at a period of virtual estrangement at the time. And Ralph and Renee had, in the language of the continent, been “seen places together.” Well, my office was one of the places they came to, together. . . . It was really Renee's visit. He escorted her. She came to ask about her career. I told her it could be bright, if her health survived. But that the probabilities were that illness and death would cheat her of her stardom.

“Well,” she said, pathetically, “I don't really *want* stardom, anyway. . . .”

Then Ralph came into my office, and Renee waited outside. I didn't know him then—who he was. But as he sat down opposite me, I saw very clearly, and spoke:

“You think you're going to get a divorce,” I began, “but you're mistaken. You'll go back to your wife. And you'll never be free until *she* makes up her mind to *let* you go.”

He laughed. “You're mistaken, Mr. Dareos,” he said. “I'm going to be free.”

Before a year had passed, Ralph Forbes again came to me. During that visit, he said:

“When I left your office and walked down the stairs to the street that night, I was bitter about you. Was sure you were just a fake, shooting in the dark. But it's happened—as you said.” He told me then that he and Ruth Chatterton, his wife, were happily together again. I told him that she'd help him in his career, be a fine influence for him, “but in the end, *she* will free *you* and let you go on in your own way. *But that day will be just too bad for you.* You and she should stay and work together. Together, you have great potentialities, and she has a great love for you. But I know that you, born under the sign of Libra, are indifferent to Home and Marriage. *You'll marry again, after you leave Ruth Chatterton.* But you'll be unhappy.”

It was quite a while afterwards that I met Ruth. I told her that I'd read for Forbes. She told me that she was deeply in love with him (they were still married, at that time) and she told me, in so many words, that she did not intend to lose him—*as long as she felt as she did* about him.

Her present marriage? I cannot say. Her marriage to George Brent has the possibilities of happiness. But there are other factors. . . .

Of her career, I told her fine things were still ahead of her, and that her greater success lay ahead on the stage. That is still true.

Space for this chapter of my memory-book is getting short—but, as long as we're still on marriages, I want to give you one more insight into a current Hollywood marriage that you may want to watch—

It was at a party at Luella Parson's home that I met Carole Lombard. We talked. It wasn't a real “reading”—but I did tell her that some trouble, some disaster, lay before her if she were not careful. I did not specify *marriage*—yet quickly she said: “Oh, no—that can't be so. I'm going to make a *success* of *my* marriage!” Later that night, I met Powell. He was jovial, but uninquisitive. He *asked* me nothing about the *future*—but told me something about the *present:* He let me know he was very much in love. But much more with his wife than his career, if it ever came to a showdown. You know what has happened to them now and I will tell you more next month.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 61*)

part, fairly cleanly funny. Dix romps hilariously through the rôle of the ginny newsman who gets fired, only to become nationally famous as sloganeer. Elizabeth Allan, newcomer, is lovely and lovable. Doris Kenyon is as beautiful as ever.

Your Reviewer Says: As movies go, this ranks pretty well up.

For Children: Only for those that understand more than they should.

✓✓Storm at Daybreak (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Kay Francis, Nils Asther, Phillips Holmes, Walter Huston, Eugene Pallette, C. Henry Gordon, Louise Closser Hale, Jean Parker, others.*

It's About: *That "eternal triangle," culminating in a husband's sacrifice to bring his wife and her lover to happiness—set against a background of the world war in mid-Europe.*

Too often, it seems, it is forgotten that a *picture story* must have pictorial-beauty and story-force to warrant its being. Here is such a filmplay.

The story finds its characters in Austria-Hungary as the War begins. There is the mayor and his wife and a Hungarian officer. That is the triangle. How that triangle moves through the dark days that beset the Austro-Hungarian people as the rest of the world, through the turmoil of post-Armistice developments, and to a soul-twisting climax, makes one of the most gripping screen-tales you'll see this year. To its excellence contribute many factors —sincerity of portrayals by brilliant actors, and "realness" of lines, rather than staginess.

More beautiful than ever is Kay Krancis, herein particularly smartly photographed. One of those "bit" scenes that steal the picture is played by Phillips Holmes.

Your Reviewer Says: If you want drama that moves, and moves you deeply at the same time, here is one.

For Children: No.

✓✓ Berkeley Square (Lasky-Fox)

You'll See: *Leslie Howard, Heather Angel, Valerie Taylor, Irene Browne, Colin Keithe-Johnson, Alan Mowbray, Beryl Mercer, Betty Lawford, David Torrence, Juliette Compton, others.*

It's About: *"The story of two lovers who made even time stand still . . ."*

That line telling what the story's about is lifted from Movie Mirror's July issue, where you must have read the fictionization of this picture. Now, it was a foregone conclusion while the story was being filmed at Fox that it was going to be a fine screenplay. That was because Leslie Howard, from whom "Berkeley Square" simply cannot be dissociated ever since his brilliant portrayal on the stage, is the man in the picture.

But not even the most hopeful on the Fox lot dared envision the loveliness and the fineness that is the picture as you'll see it on the screen. This reviewer would not be at all surprised to find it ranking No. 1 among 1933's best pictures.

Not an easy tale to convey to any audience, nevertheless the story of "Berkeley Square" is made not only understandable, not only interesting, but utterly entrancing—and almost solely through Howard's grand work. And that is not meant to detract from performances by Heather Angel, Valerie Taylor, Irene Browne, and the less-important characters.

Your Reviewer Says: "Berkeley Square" is a picture not to be missed by any screen fan.

For Children: It'd be unfair to them, because it'd be beyond their grasp.

It's Great to Be Alive (Fox)

You'll See: *Raul Roulien, Gloria Stuart, Edna Mae Oliver, Herbert Mundin, Dorothy Burgess, a lot of gals.*

It's About: *What happens when, after a scourge kills all the men in the world, one last male is found on an ocean isle.*

Raul Roulien is that chap who, because he made such a hit in Spanish versions abroad, Fox decided to star in an English-language talkie. This is it. Raul may be a wow abroad, but—well, anyway, he's pretty; oh, so pretty. And he makes faces. And he sings. But why they ever cast him as the last MAN in the world is one of those Hollywood mysteries!

The idea in this plot is a sure-thing for laughs. Long ago, there was a silent version, and it was funny. This new version, with talk and music and chorus stuff, is funny, too, in spots. But not one-tenth as funny as it should have been. And because we've seen much better chorus-work, and heard much better songs, the net summation of this picture is: one of those things that didn't click.

Laugh-sequences: Roulien and Mundin, tight, negotiating a flight of stairs; Edna May Oliver, she-doctor, heading a scientific congress to decide how to save the men.

Your Reviewer Says: Unless you've got nothing else to do, don't bother with this one.

For Children: It makes them laugh the way you don't like to hear youngsters laugh.

✓✓ Beggars' Holiday (Columbia)

You'll See: *May Robson, Warren William, Glenda Farrell, Guy Kibbee, Jean Parker, Ned Sparks, Barry Norton, Hobart Bosworth, Nat Pendleton, others.*

It's About: *Mother-love; how a blowsy old apple-selling woman tells her daughter, in a convent abroad, that she's rich and in society—and makes good on the fib!*

Here's a film-play that's full of what theatermen call "hokum." To you, that means superb entertainment, for it'll play a marimba selection right along the whole emotional gamut from riproaring belly-laughs to unashamed tear-shedding! More movie entertainment like this, and you won't be asking "what's wrong with the movies?"

The story is of Apple Annie, and her underworld pals. Annie is keeping a daughter abroad, in luxury and ignorance of her mother's true status. When the daughter makes a surprise visit with her Spanish grandee fiancé, Annie's pals stage a great society spectacle, and get away with it, to the everlasting warmth of Annie's heart and the assurance of her daughter's happiness. In the telling of that tale, you'll revel!

To May Robson, great old trouper, goes a rousing cheer for a performance that makes the picture all hers! And if anybody thinks Marie Dressler is unchallenged queen of her field, they'd better see May in this. Warren William and Ned Sparks give great shows, while little Jean Parker, high school girl, works like a screen veteran. Watch *her!*

Great sob scene: Annie gets the letter telling that her daughter is on the way to visit her. Huge laugh sequence: the underworld mugs trying to act like society folk.

Your Reviewer Says: For all-around entertainment, here's a film you'll find hard to beat.

For Children: Quite all right.

✓The Stranger's Return (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Lionel Barrymore, Miriam Hopkins, Franchot Tone, Stuart Erwin, Beulah Bondi, Grant Mitchell, others.*

It's About: *The nuances of life and love on a big farm in the midwest.*

This one starts splendidly—but slows up like a fat boy in a 440-yard run before the finish. Nevertheless, it's packed full of beautiful character-acting, and if that sort of thing makes up for lack of story punch in your eyes, then you'll find this an engrossing movie.

Incidentally, it may interest you to watch Miriam Hopkins' performance. Because, you see, it was during this picture that she and King Vidor, who directs it, began the romance that's got all Hollywood buzzing now. Maybe that accounts for Miriam's beautiful work as the city gal with the farm mind.

Outstanding performance, though, is Lionel Barrymore's portrayal of the crabby old farmer, under whose hard-shelled exterior beats the w.k. heart of gold. And Franchot Tone and Stu Erwin, too, turn in sweet jobs!

Memorable: some of the farm scenes, which for sheer photographic beauty are stunning. Delightful: much of the dialogue between Lionel Barrymore and Miriam Hopkins.

Your Reviewer Says: Not for the hey-nonny-nonny movie-seekers, but for admirers of grand acting, it'll please.

For Children: Much too draggy to interest them.

✓Captured (Warners)

You'll See: *Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Margaret Lindsay, Paul Lukas, Arthur Hohl, Robert Barratt, others.*

It's About: *Two British officers in a German prison camp—and one loves the other's wife.*

Love and hate, jealousy and friendship, against an unrelieved background of the bitterest there is in war. That's what this picture is—and it's an hour of grim, fierce drama that sears. It's a good picture; it might have been great, save for implausibilities and creaking dramatic tricks that approach, now and then, sadly close to being ludicrous.

Leslie Howard is in a prison camp—

been there two years, after six days of heaven with his bride before going to the front. Then comes to the same camp his best friend, who in the meantime has won the wife's love. Not until the friend has escaped does Howard learn. Then, by fate, he is able to force the return of the fugitive for a half hour of climactic drama that runs one's emotions ragged.

Howard's performance is truly magnificent—even in the final sequences that overtax the imagination. Doug Junior, hard put to it by Howard, comes through with a splendid piece of work. Margaret Lindsay has but three scenes. That's good.

Terrific drama: the scene where Howard, from a letter, learns his friend has loved his wife. Startling laugh: the sequence where under white flags the battling lines swap a war prisoner, bandy jokes and fags, return to kill each other.

Your Reviewer Says: Too bad the overdose of hokum could not have been left out, to make this an honest to goodness grand show.

For Children: No; it's purely adult fare.

✓Double Harness (Radio)

You'll See: *Ann Harding, William Powell, Lillian Bond, Lucille Brown, Henry Stephenson, George Meeker, Reginald Owen, others.*

It's About: *A gal who believes in matrimony only on a business basis, and a man who doesn't believe in it at all, get married perforce. What happens between then and the happy ending makes the tale.*

Here's another Ann Harding picture of the "Holiday," type—but NOT reaching the same peaks that that previous success did. Nonetheless, you enjoyers of adult entertainment will find "Double Harness," a see-worthy and think-worthy film, even if you don't stand up and cheer about it.

Ann plays a girl who believes matrimony must be based on the wife's value to the husband in a purely business and economic sense. She sets out to prove her theory by trapping a man into marriage—a man who's "agin" the institution on general principles. When he learns he's been tricked, he's more anti-matrimony than ever. But in the end, Ann and love and circumstances bring them to a happy landing.

The picture is largely dialogue and situations, with comparatively little action and no excitement. Ann and Powell turn in neat performances, Ann's particularly being about the best job she's done in a half dozen movies, Lillian Bond is seductively interesting, while Reg Owen peddles the laughs via a butler rôle.

Your Reviewer Says: Grown-ups who like movies that appeal more to the mind than to the emotions will enjoy this.

For children: Nay, nay. Much too adult for them.

✓Mama Loves Papa (Paramount)

You'll See: *Charley Ruggles, Mary Boland, Lilyan Tashman, George Barbier, Walter Catlett, Morgan Wallace, others.*

It's About: *A meek little nincompoop becomes playground commissioner because a big political boss wants to use him for some crooked work. But meekie stands up, throws a wrench into the works.*

Thanks almost entirely to Charley Ruggles' sweet sense of how to make people laugh, this unimportant little movie becomes a peach of a laugh-show. In such places where the entire job doesn't rest on Ruggles' shoulders, Mary Boland comes through as a dumb cluck of a wife, and Lilyan Tashman scores as a decidedly lilyantashmanny dame.

The story of how the little fellow, learning the big shots' playground equipment hurts the kiddies, upsets the crooked political apple-cart, makes plenty of fun. Besides the action, there are lines that pack laughs, too. Some of them are a bit—uh—you know.

Your Reviewer Says: For an hour or so of innocuous laughter, this will do.

Miriam Hopkins stops to buy a copy of Liberty as she leaves the Paramount studios

For Children: For the most part, all right; although there are a few lines they may laugh at, when you think they oughtn't!

✓Her Bodyguard (Paramount)

You'll See: *Wynne Gibson, Edmund Lowe, Edward Arnold, Johnny Hines, Marjorie White, Alan Dinehart, others.*

It's About: *An actress who hires a bodyguard because both the producer and the backer of the show are "on the make!"—and what happens then.*

Unexpectedly good is this picture—as so many pictures are that don't have "big names" in the cast. Herein, Wynne Gibson, Eddie Lowe, Johnny Hines and the others—none of them super-super-super stars, turn in a show that'll give you every cent of your box-office money's worth of amusement.

And on top of a story that'd stand alone, just as a filmplay, Paramount has thrown in some backstage stuff and some song-and-chorus numbers that will delight musical-fans.

Wynne Gibson's performance as the musical comedy star shows that the screen can stand plenty more of her than it's had. And Eddie Lowe as the bodyguard turns in one of his best performances in a long time. Surprise of the show however is the emergence from obscurity of Johnny Hines, with a howlingly funny rôle as a usually-tight press agent.

Great number: The Duncan Sisters take-off by Wynne Gibson and Marjorie White.

Your Reviewer Says: It's fast-moving entertainment, swell hot-weather film fare.

For Children: For the older ones, oke.

✓Mary Stevens M.D. (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Kay Francis, Lyle Talbot, Glenda Farrell, Thelma Todd, Una O'Connor, Hobart Cavanaugh, Christian Rub.*

It's About: *Two doctors, a man and a woman, who receive their M.D.'s at the same time and start practicing—one ambitious to work up a successful career, the other ambitious for success, preferably without work.*

Another picture in which so much happens that you have to sit down and figure out the story after it is all over. So much attention has been given to atmospheric detail that the result is just a series of good and bad episodes. The whole story stops while elaborate scenes are shown to tell you time has passed, the children of the clinic love Dr. Stevens, etc.

Kay Francis, as Dr. Stevens, is lost

for a while but finds herself in some grand scenes before the end—particularly the scene in which she realizes she is unable to save her own child. Glenda Farrell, as usual, just about walks off with the picture in her rôle of wise-cracking nurse.

Swell bit: Harold Huber's acting in the first scene of the picture, which strangely enough, might just as well have been omitted as far as the *story* is concerned.

Your Reviewer Says: If you are a Kay Francis fan, be sure to see the last half of the picture, if you're not—don't bother.

For Children: Too much hospital, dying and what have you.

Song of Songs (Paramount)

You'll See: *Marlene Dietrich, Brian Aherne, Lionel Atwill, Alison Skipworth, Hardie Albright, Helen Freeman.*

It's About: *An artist's model who falls overpoweringly in love with the artist, the artist who fears love will destroy his career, the lecherous baron who wants the model and gets her.*

Here's Marlene's first away from Joe von Sternberg—and the picture which Rouben Mamoulian directed so well, in Garbo's estimation, that Garbo insisted on having him as her director. For the first item, say this: that it's a rather new Dietrich, a Dietrich less grotesque, more human, than Von's was. For the latter—well, not even Mamoulian's splendid direction can do much with a play as old-fashioned and creaky as this romance of two men and a woman.

As for Brian Aherne, the sculptor: remember that he refused to give any interviews, etc., in Hollywood until he could learn what the reaction was to this, his screen debut. He was probably smarter than he knew. Either he hasn't the "heat" that 1933 demands of a screen lover, or he just didn't "feel" the rôle. He doesn't make you believe him.

Atwill, always good in a bad-man rôle, comes through again as the Hussar officer who wants what he wants and has his way of getting it.

Palpitating scenes: Those in the studio, when the model, having finally brought herself to pose in the nude, falls in love with the sculptor. Gorgeous beauty: the scenes in the country.

Your Reviewer Says: Not a great picture, but a good one.

For Children: 'Way over their heads. At least, it should be.

Dangerous Crossroads (Columbia)

You'll See: *Chic Sale, Preston Foster, Diane Sinclair, Jackie Searle, Frank Albertson.*

It's About: *A chicsalish locomotive engineer who shows a gang of newfangled gangsters that he isn't dead yet by a long shot, by cracky!*

Do you need to know anything more about the general idea of this than that it's Chic Sale, in his crack-voiced old man make-up, playing the rôle of a locomotive driver who foils a crowd of crooks in the most approvedly melodramatic manner?

There's nothing sophisticated in it. Not even as sophisticated as the ads Chic wrote for that little chocolate tablet. (That is, if that fits in with your definition of sophisticated!) But it's entertainment of a fast-moving, cackleworthy kind, with a lot of old reliable drama and thunder and villains and heroes and chase and right-triumphs-over-evil.

Your Reviewer Says: If you're tired of ultra-modern films and would like a taste of good old-fashioned stuff, here it is.

For Children: They'll whoop with glee.

✓The Best of Enemies (Fox)

You'll See: *Buddy Rogers, Marion Nixon, Frank Morgan, Joseph Cawthorne, Greta Nissen.*

It's About: *Two old-timers argue about beer, get in the way of their children's romancing.*

Although Buddy Rogers and Marion Nixon are supposed to be the "leads" in this, the story is really about Morgan and Cawthorne. Without them, their characterizations, their comedy, it'd be as flat as a glass of beer eight hours after pouring.

Nevertheless, even such first-rate laugh-stuff as that supplied by the two old-timers has to have relief once in a while, so Buddy Rogers is attractive and bursts into music now and then, while Marion Nixon as the girl he loves, looks sweet. And somewhere in the story, Greta Nissen sexes her way in for a bit of superheated vamping.

Your Reviewer Says: For a dose of unsophisticated low-down comedy that never quite goes to the extreme of slapstick, this will amuse you.

For Children: All right.

Arizona to Broadway (Fox)

You'll See: *Jimmy Dunn, Joan Bennett, Sammy Cohen, Earle Foxe, Herbert Mundin, Theodor von Eltz, J. Carroll Naish.*

It's About: *Seeking one gang of crooks who've trimmed her, a li'l gal falls into the hands of another gang—but this time love saves her. Ah me . . .!*

You might call this cinematic hash. It rambles through wild-west stuff, carnival stuff, big-town racketeering, musical comedy and even low (and how!) slapstick. Long time ago, when the story was in preparation at Fox, there was talk of Will Rogers playing the lead. Later, it was heard he'd turned the rôle down. No wonder.

Outside of being rather weak as a story to start with, the thing has been ill cast—excepting, maybe, Sammy Cohen, whose humor fits perfectly. Anyway, some call it humor.

Your Reviewer Says: Save for a few isolated spots, this'll leave you cold.

For Children: Not with *those* gags!

The Fiddlin' Buckaroo (Universal)

You'll See: *Ken Maynard and Tarzan, his horse, Gloria Shea, Fred Kohler, others.*

It's About: *Posing as a bandit, the government agent foils the villains, saves the gal.*

This one is all-Maynard. Besides having a big hand in the writing of it (although the script is credited to someone else); Ken directed it, stars in it, even plays the fiddle and does some wild-west crooning. Wonder if he knows any tricks with matches?

It's just the usual formula western, with the thrills so obvious and so orthodox that anybody over the mental age of 6, or maybe 7, gets a laugh out of them. But even so, it's swell entertainment. Believe Your Reviewer, if you feel thoroughly "fed up" on screenfare, some night, just drop into one of these little theaters where they put on a western, and have yourself a swell time!

Amazing developments: After a fierce fist fight with the villain, Maynard emerges spotless and not even a single hair mussed up! And in the chase, his every bullet gets its man, but nary a villain's bullet touches him.

Your Reviewer Says: Like going back to 1910.

For Children: They'll yell like Comanches, and have a swell time.

✓Disgraced (Paramount)

You'll See: *Helen Twelvetrees, Bruce Cabot, Adrienne Ames, William Harrigan, Ken Murray.*

It's About: *The old story—working girl (in this case a mannikin), rich young man, poor-but-honest suitor, and police captain father.*

Here's the old story, dressed up with new models from a fashionable gown shop, with lonely beach houses and the inevitable storm. But in spite of this, it's good entertainment with some real heart punches in the father-and-daughter scenes.

You'll like William Harrigan. He quite steals the picture as the police captain father who would—and does—anything to protect his daughter.

Of interest to women: A black taffeta evening gown with ruffled train and large white taffeta puffed sleeves; striking wool plaid sports dress with plain coat lined with the plaid, and a hat to match. Both worn by Helen Twelvetrees.

Good scene: The last shot that fades out with Harrigan pleading with YOU as the jury.

Query: Does Adrienne Ames think she is Joan Crawford?

Your Reviewer Says: If you like to see an old friend with some new ideas—don't miss this.

For Children: A bit too sex-spicy.

Man of the Forest (Paramount)

You'll See: *Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Noah Beery, Harry Carey, Buster Crabbe, Vince Barnett, Blanche Friderici.*

It's About: *Wild west stuff over disputed water rights, with the usual villains, heroes, plus comedy wild animals.*

Here's a western that runs so much to comedy, it's hard to tell whether it's a laugh-film or a thriller. Lots of animals—a mule, some pet mountain lions, and Vince Barnett—furnish most of the comedy. Randy Scott and Verna Hillie, another of those "'panther gals," furnish the love interest. And Noah Beery (hisssssssss!) is the villyun!

What more do you want in a western? Oh, yes—scenery and good photography. Well, Cameraman Ben Reynolds and Mother Nature collaborated on that, and it's swell.

Your Reviewer Says: For western-movie lovers, it's a cinch.

For Children: WHOOOOO-PEEEEE!

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 67)

Gentle Dorothy Wieck's classical beauty haunts one for months and her unassuming grace makes Garbo, Bennett and Crawford et al. appear rather gauche.

Hertha Thiel gives a profoundly moving performance that is beyond imagination. By comparison, the posturing winsomeness of a Gaynor or a Nixon appear absurd.

"Girls in Uniform" is the first, and probably the last picture to leave one with a real sense of the tragic beauty of adolescence, without being maudlin.

Franklin H. Kennedy, Chicago, Ill.

Tones Down for Franchot

As an ardent admirer of Clark Gable, I write this in his defence, but cannot see where he needs it!

Gable has no "mother complex" as Laura Babb of Richmond, Va., described it—and his eyes are O. K. A person does not have to be a neurotic old maid to enjoy Gable. In fact, I am probably not two-thirds as old as Miss Babb. (Are you listening?) Miss Alice Anne Shue of Providence, R. I. will, I am sure, be interested to know that Franchot Tone doesn't even stand a chance of rating while we have Gable!

Anyone who does not appreciate Clark Gable is "off his nut."

Bonnie McKenzie,
Barium Springs, N. C.

A More Toneful Song

Have you ever been so impressed with a picture that it lingered for days in your subconscious memory? Such a picture was "Today We Live."

It was not a great picture in the sense of the word—the plot was poor—but the acting—that was the thing! Joan Crawford's performance in this picture was as incomparable as her own glorious self—something to remember afterwards and cherish. But as good as La Crawford was her new leading man, Franchot Tone, who completely stole the whole show—and my heart! Take your Gable, Raft and all the rest of your raves, this blond-headed, nonchalant Tone is going to give them all a run for their laurels.

I may add that Robert Young, Gary Cooper and Roscoe Karns also did some swell acting.

Mrs. Lucille Broers, Galveston, Tex.

Marlene—With or Without Pants

"Is Marlene Dietrich's Career Over?" you asked in your July issue. I, for one, sincerely hope not.

Those of us who saw "Morocco"—how can we ever forget that willowy actress moving through that photographically beautiful picture? And in "Blonde Venus" the woman of the drooping eye-lashes who drifted among the dingy dives of southern wastrels.

We haven't seen enough of Marlene. We don't mind her adopting male attire for street wear. But why can't these Hollywood directors get together with her on some good stories and more of those French melodies sung in her husky way, and plenty of brimming smiles to halo her inimitable personality?

Wipe away your tears, Frau Dietrich, we want to be friends.

S. W. Alton, Newark, N. J.

Rants Against Pants

Marlene Dietrich has disgraced the rôle of motherhood by exploiting her young daughter for cheap publicity purposes. Her silly gesture of donning male attire was bad enough but when little Maria was made to look like a miniature carbon copy of her mother, I took time out to laugh. A charming child if allowed to be herself, but ridiculous in pants! Now mother love is the most powerful force in the world, but the most natural, so why should Dietrich have her seven-year-old daughter act as her shadow to convince the stupid (?) public that she loves her? There are plenty of celebrated young screen stars whose children are allowed the happy gamut of childish naturalness, but then they are fortunate enough to have sanely balanced parents. Cheap publicity is one thing and mother love is another.

Mrs. Doris Childers,
Miami Beach, Florida.

Here's a cute touch to a sports' dress as illustrated by Mimi Jordan, Fox Films pretty blonde. Through the buttonhole of her white linen coat Mimi ties a great polka-dotted summer handkerchief of red and white polka-dotted linen.

Then Skirts Will Have to Go to Press

What will the movie magazines have to write about if Marlene Dietrich should become so enamored of her feminine clothes and feminine ways in "The Song of Songs" that she no longer cares to wear men's pants?

Mary Belle Walley, Butler, N. J.

A Study in Nomenclature

What a funny world this would be if—
Clark was an el instead of a Gable,
Janet was a loser instead of a Gaynor.
Norma was a clipper instead of a Shearer,
Estelle was a baker instead of a Taylor.
Fredric was a fox trot instead of a March,
Heather was a devil instead of an Angel.
Billie was a crow instead of a Dove,
George was a sailboat instead of a Raft.
James was raw instead of Dunn,
William was a blacksmith instead of a Baker,
Lola was a street instead of a Lane,
Michael was a mailman instead of a Farmer,
Marilyn was a baker instead of a Miller,
Nils was a rose instead of an Asther.

Helen A. Caswell, Portsmouth, N. H.

What Movies Mirror

Petty comment is often voiced about the movies and its principals, but as a whole I think that the movies are the greatest educational medium that we have today. The movies act as a great reflecting mirror, giving life with its joys and sorrows as we live it.

Robert A. Simmang, Ph. G.
San Antonio, Texas.

Novelty Needed

Moving picture executives view with dismay the small attendance at their movie theatres, and cry out that something must be done to retrieve the millions of movie-goers who now remain at home.

In their slavish devotion to the god of imitation they have copied every original idea over and over again until it has been worn threadbare. If by accident a distinctive personality succeeds in creating a following the entire world is combed by rival studios in an attempt to secure a duplicate of the original. Should a new idea get into a moving picture itself and happen to meet with popular approval, we suddenly discover that there are about forty similar versions ready to be foisted on weary audiences all over the land. Have the executives forgotten that the first axiom of a showman's creed is: Variety?

If Hollywood could be made to see the wisdom of utilizing its vast resources of

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The Film's Forgotten Men

(*Continued from page 37*)

unnoticed, unrecognized apparently by anyone save myself, stood William S. Hart, "the lonely man of the hills." He was beautifully dressed, for he is a rich man. And yet he is one of the poorest men in Hollywood, for he still hungers dreadfully for the fame that has left him. Yet, here he stood alone, neglected in the very spot where once he would have held the center of attraction. His face is lined with tragedy and he is held to the scene of his former triumphs by that mysterious almost evil power which is peculiar to Hollywood—that dreadful SOMETHING which will not, apparently, let a man go about any other business in peace and forgetfulness. Bill Hart never leaves his house without instructing his servants where he can be reached if a call comes from the studios—a call which never comes: since Bill is on "the black list" for political reasons and no power, apparently, can overcome this rating.

A MAN friend of mine needed to raise some money the other day and in the little memorandum book he has carried for years appeared the name of King Baggott, the one-time famous star and director. The record showed that my friend had at one time loaned Baggott two hundred dollars, and just on the off-chance that the old gentleman might be able to repay him in part, my friend went to the hotel where Baggott lives. As we entered the lobby, the stately figure of the actor emerged from the elevator and walked down the corridor. A bell-hop ran after him and shook hands with the man, and my heart warmed as I thought to myself that here was evidence a great man was not, after all, wholly forgotten. Then my friend asked Mr. Baggott what the chances were of a small repayment on the ancient loan, and with a little smile King (Oh, bitter irony of the name!) opened the hand the bell-hop had just shaken. In it lay a crumpled dollar bill. Need I tell more, except perhaps that a few short years ago Baggott's salary was $2,000 a week? Now, in the last two months, he had worked just one day as an extra at $5.00. Baggott's chief crime, so far as I can make out, is that he made his success before the advent of sound.

The Army of the Forgotten is vast. Think of William Desmond, a handsome Irishman who had such a way with the women, a daredevil lover who was as popular in his day and line as Chauncey Olcott himself, but who is now glad to get a part in a cheap stage production and whose name has sunk from the front of great theatres to the marquee of some small-time movie house, where he is billed as a vaudeville attraction. Yet I can personally recall Bill Desmond haughtily walking off a big-time studio lot for no better reason than that a certain lady in the company had rejected his love-making—and leaving twelve hundred dollars in due salary behind him without a second thought!

There is Wallace MacDonald, a one-time four-figure star who is now lucky if he can earn a two-figure check. He was in "Forty-Second Street" but I doubt if you recognized him. And Maurice Costello. What a romantic figure he was while his name drew millions at the box-office! Now the humble Hollywood cottage he occupies so inconspicuously is supported by his daughters, Helene (who was Mrs. Lowell Sherman) and Dolores, Jack Barrymore's wife. How the handsome Maurice endures it no one knows but himself and he will not tell. With the super-heroic brand of Hollywood bravery in the face of defeat, he will smile and declare, "Things are great, thanks!" and tell you fantastically splendid plans for the immediate future.

Even more brilliant are the plans of the indomitable Roy D'Arcy, whose dazzling smile and abundant vitality made him the most famous and beguiling "heavy" the screen has ever known. Remember him with Mae Murray in "The Merry Widow?" Roy still smiles with incredible gay bravery. He has a thousand schemes up his sleeve for a new climb to the top, and they are really many of them truly original and worthy of consideration. But Roy, too, is on "the black list" because of political reasons and is eagerly willing to do a bit now and then in any picture which offers, always hoping to make so good that the studios will be forced to call him back.

I could cry—indeed I *have* cried into a very damp handkerchief at the useless, hopeless bravery of these men. Mahlon Hamilton, Neal Hart, Paul Panzer: oh, the list goes on and on!

Peter B. Kyne—one of the finest, most popular writers in America—has written a most humorous article on his Hollywood writing experiences. You must read it. It's in next month's Movie Mirror, on sale August 5th

"From the cases in our files," says Conrad Nagel, who is president of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, "we could duplicate the cast, complete, of more than a few of the great successes of the silent days!"

One such name stands out, I think, more than most of the others and is deserving of serious consideration because this particular Forgotten Man is trying as earnestly and actively to stage a comeback as was Fatty Arbuckle at the time of his unfortunate death. In a community where last week is a long time ago, Charlie Ray has been forgotten by the very producers who, a short five years past, fought to sign him up. To his contemporaries he is a beloved memory to the fans of today, he is a great tradition. And it is a bitter truth that while the man himself is eager to offer the screen all the development in his art which the years must have given him—somehow it can't be done!

"I don't suppose," Charlie told me recently, "that many people are ruined by trying to improve themselves. But that's just about what happened to me. When my own picture company failed financially, I realized what sound was some day going to mean to the screen and I wanted to be prepared for it. So I deliberately left Hollywood and joined a small theatrical stock company. Of course it was a comedown from a weekly salary of $3,500, but I didn't care because I thought I was building a sound foundation for my future—no pun intended!"

No pun—and no joke, in fact there has been nothing funny about Charlie's attempt to come back to a public which, I honestly believe, would still welcome him. Few actors have been as well loved as Ray, and there has never at any time been a breath of scandal against his name. His statement to me is a true one. The man left Hollywood to try and become a better actor. Perhaps he has succeeded. But the quick oblivion, which falls upon those who for any reason absent themselves from the silver screen over a period of time, is in danger of engulfing him and unless something is done quickly, he too will join those ghostly ranks of the famous but forgotten who haunt the sunlit shadows of the dusty Boulevard.

Even now, Ray and his wife (who has stood by him through all the bitterness of the adversities they have encountered) live in a little apartment in a nondescript building on one of the obscure streets of Los Angeles—not even in Hollywood. The house, the apartment, is like thousands of others; certainly not in one whit reminiscent of the lovely Beverly Hills home, with its trees, its sweep of driveway, its far-flung grounds, where Charles Ray lived when he was THE Charles Ray. And he told me, too, of the times during his last years of battle, when he and his wife were down to one single dollar—the dollar Lawrence Tibbett gave him as a bet that one day, Charles Ray would sing in pictures. They never spent it.

TODAY, Charles Ray is a tired man. His face is the face of a man who is old more with defeat than with years. It is only when that smile that you used to love flashes across his face that the lines vanish, and for the duration of the smile, you are looking at the lovable clodhopper of his early screen days. But he rarely smiles—and so, few people recognize him, and he walks the Boulevards, from agents' office to casting office, another Forgotten Man of Hollywood.

One Forgotten Man recently crashed the headlines with a Death Notice. The heart of the nation is tender now with sympathy for the unending battle made by Roscoe Arbuckle to lift himself from the morass of oblivion into which fate had plunged him. The public knows now how he fought to come back. They know how decently he lived, how courageous he was in the face of tremendous odds. They are familiar with the tenacity and patience with which he sought to offer a talent in which he himself still believed. If the recalling of this one Forgotten Man to the public mind can help some of the others who are no less deserving, his long fight will have been well worth while, and even though death came on the eve of triumph, Roscoe Arbuckle will not have fought and died in vain.

I Date Ginger Rogers

(*Continued from page* 49)

Another fifty cents got back into circulation when I tipped the doorman for keeping an eye on my car. I had anchored it in a "No Parking" zone.

The first three scenes of "Music In The Air" belonged to history by the time we arrived at the theater. Sixth row center, aisle seats. I had gone to ticket brokers in order to get close enough to smell the grease paint. Tickets and broker's fee came to $6.50. Not bad for a musical comedy—particularly if you're used to New York sky-high prices.

Ginger's eyes brightened when she got to the theater. The stage still has glamor for her. She likes pictures, but someday, she hopes to join again the footlight parade.

She laughed when she told me of a gushing lady who rushed up to her following a performance of "Girl Crazy," her last New York play. The lady, a complete stranger to Ginger, had raved about loving to feel the PULL of her audience.

"I agreed with her," smiled Ginger, "even if I didn't know exactly what she was talking about. I think, perhaps, that she meant the PULSE of her audience—but there was no way of knowing for sure."

At 10:40 there was still quite a bit of "Music In The Air." If Ginger were to be home by eleven we'd have to leave without finding out if the ingenue and the juvenile finally patched up their love difficulties. We'd both seen enough musical comedies to hazard a pretty good guess, however.

DRIVING back to her home she pointed out a short cut that ran between hills, under bridges, and over truck gardens. I felt like a trail-blazer, and the Busby sense of direction has always been a bit vague. It did cut off ten minutes of the drive—but I wasn't interested in cutting off ten minutes. The longest way around is the sweetest way home was the way I felt about it.

Ginger talked about her work, telling how much she enjoyed an opportunity at characterization in "42nd Street." That was one of her favorite rôles.

"When I signed to do that picture I was afraid that I wouldn't have a chance—not with all those stars in the cast. Well, there was quite a bit of me that landed on the cutting-room floor, but there was still enough left to make a showing."

Now that musical pictures are again in the ascendancy she does not wish to become too firmly identified with them. She remembers what happened to other singing and dancing stars when tuneful pictures did a nose-dive into oblivion two years ago.

She named me her favorite stars, and I'd tell you, too, only it would be easier for you to read the contract lists at all the studios. She likes everybody from Baby LeRoy to Mae West. And she hopes Mae brings back the Gay Nineties. She's heard that those were the good, old days.

Of course you've heard that Ginger and Lew Ayres are looking heart and flowers at each other. Well, it was probably lucky for me that Lew was in New York, taking his first look at the tall buildings. He just wanted to see the town on this first trip, ride in the subway and go up in the Empire State Building and look down.

"He didn't even want to take a dinner coat," said Ginger. "He must have had a big thrill in New York, anyway. When I talked to him over the telephone he told me that he had been in the Empire State Building the day it was struck by lightning."

"Is this serious between you two," I wanted to know. It was none of my business, but one of the things that a fan magazine writer doesn't hang back about asking, anyway.

No, it's NOT Jimmy Cagney. It's Bill Cagney. Oh, of course, he's Jimmy's brother, just starting in pictures for RKO and hoping to make good like his brother did, and if Hollywood can't tell one from the other, is it any wonder?

"Oh, dear," sighed Ginger, plaintively, with an et tu, Brute expression. "EVERYBODY asks me that."

"Then you should have a good answer by now," I replied.

"Well, how's this?" she began. "I think Lew is a very sweet boy, but we're just friends—JUST good friends."

"I've heard it before," I complained.

"And it's still good," said Ginger, firmly.

If you're interested, however, I've got it figured out by percentage. Ninety percent of the girls who say "we're just good friends" are three steps ahead of an engagement—and know it. So stand by for future developments.

At ten minutes past eleven Ginger was on her own doorstep, still being apologetic about leaving the theater before the final curtain.

"If you find out how it all ends, please let me know," she said.

I was invited to come back another time, but I'll bet Lew would be there. Not that I don't like Lew, you understand, BUT—

The whole evening set me back $14.50. Not too scandalously extravagant for an evening's entertainment—if you don't do it too often. But I'm sure Ginger would have had just as good a time dropping in at a Chop Suey parlor, with a movie to top it off. She's that kind of a girl.

A date with Ginger is WORTH a depleted bankroll. Even if she DID have to be home by eleven.

But that's the way it is in wild Hollywood. There's more freedom in Siwash.

Next Month Our Mr. Busby Dates Glenda Farrell, not in the lavish, doggy style he dated Miss Ginger Rogers, but in just the kind of style that you'd think a girl like Glenda would like. In fact, Glenda picked the time and place—and did they have fun? Well, read about it.

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 75)

brains and money to instill something novel in each of its productions there is no doubt that the public would eagerly swarm back into the theatres.

Robert J. Bernard, Baltimore, Md.

Something New Under the Sun

Who says there's nothing new under the sun? That Hollywood is blasé; all sham and tinsel? I found something new. No, you've guessed wrong. It was not a job. I've discovered the most marvelous unaffected personality on the screen, who believes in being just himself.

It's Baby LeRoy, that chubby adorable infant who pilfered "A Bedtime Story" from Chevalier, Twelvetrees, and even Edward Everett Horton.

If you didn't laugh until you forgot your rheumatism when you saw Baby LeRoy asleep in Chevalier's bed, then you might just as well jump into the lake right now instead of waiting to see if you can live through the depression.

Mrs. Joe Miller, Charlotte, N. C.

What, No Gardenias?

It occurs to a certain fan that Joan Crawford has lost something, perhaps it's dignity with her too public adoration of the insipid Mr. Tone. Just why Metro, the wisest of the studios, should make the mistake of ballyhooing the nondescript personality and merely adequate ability of Mr. Tone, into stardom, is puzzling. And a whole wad of scallions to the gentleman himself for apparently attempting to ride to glory clutching a woman's skirts.

M. L. Browne, Pontiac, Mich.

Joan Crawford Acrostic

J ust a few lines to let you know who
I think is the
O nly great star in he movie
heaven
A n artist so magnetic, graceful and
charming, that
N o one can approach her.

C ould there be anyone who did not
like her in
R ain?
A ny one who did not love her in that
beautifully depicted
W ar story, "Today We Live"?
F or she is my ideal woman; long live
the Princess!
O r should I say, "long live the Queen!"
R ight you are! You
D o know who I'm talking about!
You must!

Edward J. Levy, New Orleans, La.

Love 'em and Leave 'em Be

We call this the modern age, and gleefully thumb our fingers at the old Victorian fads.

But will someone please tell me what's modern about lumping all actors and actresses together in a class by themselves, regarding them as creatures apart from normal life—persons to be stared at, laughed at, gossiped about, and mentioned only in the same breath with champagne, fabulous wealth and naughty parties?

They work not only for their own happiness but for others, and it doesn't matter whether they're tired, frightened, hurt or miserable.

What right have we fans performing our small duties to criticize and dictate to those who are performing far greater ones? My motto is "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em Be."

Evelin Cirofia, New York, N. Y.

Dissenting Britons

After seeing Barbara Fletcher's letter in your July issue, I cannot refrain from expressing my utter amazement that a countrywoman of mine, and incidentally of Leslie Howard's, fails to appreciate the subtle artistry of that superb actor. It is illogical that the stars, writers, producers, etc., should all have made such a mistake as to clamor for the services of a man who "gives nothing" in his performances.

Leslie Howard is second to none in his profession, and is exceedingly popular here, and as a representative Englishman in the film colony, we can be proud of him.

Alison Speeden, Los Angeles, Calif.

Philadelphia Favors and Flays

I thought you might be interested to know the movie favorites here. In a Popularity Poll taken by the *Philadelphia Record,* the votes were as follows:

Actresses	Actors
1. Janet Gaynor	1. Warner Baxter
2. Greta Garbo	2. Clark Gable
3. Marie Dressler	3. Fredric March
4. Norma Shearer	4. John Barrymore

Sally Eilers, Elissa Landi, Helen Hayes, Joan Crawford were among the leading vote-getters.

Leslie Howard, Maurice Chevalier, Robert Montgomery and George Arliss also were among the favorites.

Silvie Wynne, Philadelphia, Pa.

Why don't some of our leading talkie companies depend a little more on their research departments for accurate detail when filming a "special," and less on meaningless ballyhoo? And, too, they should refrain from ridiculing large cities—like Philadelphia.

For example, the lilting "42nd Street" was practically spoiled for me by the wisecracking of some of the leading characters. You heard:

"Philadelphia, 'P. U.'!"

"Of all the cities in the United States, you *would* pick Philadelphia!"

"We open at the Arch Street Theatre." (The Arch Street Theatre is a most disreputable stone pile, and no first-rate theatrical company would perform there, despite the fact that it bears a hallowed name, having belonged to the Barrymore family. But we have so *many* beautiful theatres!)

"Lay off" the "cackles" producers, if you want the box-offices of BIG towns to yodel merry tunes!

Maurice Jacobs, Philadelphia, Pa.

An Answer to a Maiden's Questionnaire

What Actor has stood the test of years?

What Actor is honestly, really handsome?

What Actor makes poor rôles look like something really great?

What Actor has such a sweet, persuasive, romantic speaking voice, with such a compelling accent in it?

What Actor has sung any song from ditties to opera on the screen?

What Actor has had two of the most coveted rôles on the screen?

What Actor has taken us out of the humdrum, monotonous life into the realms of heart-quickening romances, old, new and oriental?

What Actor seems to be perpetually young, impulsive, and lovable?

Ramon Novarro, of course; he's the answer to them all.

Frances Louise Dowlin, Frazer, Pa.

Gosh! Another Answer!

If George Brent isn't the answer to any woman's prayer, there something faulty in her make-up, I fear. Before his first picture, "The Rich are Always With Us," was over, I was literally counting my fingers, I was so crazy about him—and I haven't quit counting 'em yet! His smile—his build—his hair—his voice—ye gods! Wotta man! Wotta actor! Wotta lover! And wotta lucky Ruth Chatterton!

D. M., Los Angeles, Calif.

Can't See Garbo?

I can't see how anyone can be the great actress Garbo is supposed to be, and have so many brickbats thrown at her. Personally, I can't see her at all. I don't like her long hair, her lack of grace and her general make-up. I don't like that mysterious, fluttering, nervous way she has, and her extreme offishness—queerness I should call it. Nor does she act with depth of feeling. I never saw any actress take death, murder, etc., so casually.

I fail to see her greatness. Her work leaves me as cold as she herself does, and I'm an awful crybaby at the movies.

Anna Robinson, Tucson, Ariz.

Now Look What You Started, Elizabeth L.!

As a constant reader of your magazine, I take the liberty to say that I am astonished at your printing such insulting remarks as those of Elizabeth L. on Greta Garbo, an actress who is admired by millions of fans.

I am one of many that are glad to have a picture of the lovely Greta Garbo to look forward to. May this brilliant and peerless actress remain with us for a long time.

Anna Flici, Portchester, N. Y.

Eleven Men and Garbo

(Continued from page 31)

Trick lighting effects were employed. Aside from being good actors, they had to qualify for a well turned leg. It established a precedent in pictures whereupon the shapeliness of a man's legs, hung the fate of his career.

Bruce Cabot made the first test, that of the Spanish lover. He was rushed from the sound stage of another studio, to do the job.

Franchot Tone was next on the list and tested for both rôles. For the Swedish lover he wore a blonde wig. For the Spanish lover, he wore a black wig, with black goatee and moustache. The second costume proved to be a little tight. When Franchot kneeled before the Queen, he was barely able to reach the floor. But his test was so convincing, it brought tears to the eyes of everyone on the set.

Ricardo Cortez (who received top billing over Garbo, in her first picture "The Torrent"), came third. Ricardo had all the physical appeal and fire of a Spanish lover of 1600—or any other period for that matter. His test was dramatic and full of emotion.

Nelson Eddy, the celebrated baritone, recently signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, was another who tested for both rôles. For several days in advance, he would get into the costume and wear it around the studio. In spite of the fact that he has never appeared before the camera, he seemed less nervous than the more seasoned actors. In between shots, he would sit on the side lines of the set and sing at the top of his voice. Perhaps this was his method, of singing away his worries.

Eddy's second test was made with Ralph Bellamy. The two men did a scene, when the two lovers in the picture meet. At first they both wore moustaches and goatees. When they met on the set, they decided they looked too much like a vaudeville team. One goatee was eliminated. Bellamy went to a great deal of trouble for his costume. He made several visits to the costume house for fittings. He offered to pay for alterations and special wig, to give himself every opportunity of winning the coveted rôle.

Victor Jory was brought to the studio late at night. He had been working up to the very moment of the test. A costume from the studio wardrobe just happened to fit him. But the wig made him look like a witch! It was too late to get another. As a last resort, he made the test without a wig. His own hair was curled as much as possible, to look the part. During the first "take" his sword almost tripped the leading lady.

Of course Garbo was not on the set. But that didn't mean she wasn't unaware of what was going on. Marcia Ralston (wife of crooner Phil Harris), stood in and read the lines. The psychology of saying words that would eventually be said in the throaty Garbo tones, influenced her. Subconsciously she would adopt a Garbo mannerism, read a line, or make a gesture, so familiar to the fans of the famous Swede.

The situation began to look desperate. One quiet woman was controlling the fate of half of Hollywood's males, an amusing reversal of the usual Hollywood situation where one man may rule a hundred women. Paul Cavanaugh was sent for and tested. He was followed by Ralph Bushman, Francis X. Bushman's handsome young son. The great Greta remained unmoved.

They made a test of Onslow Stevens—Stevens, Cabot, Riccy Cortez, Jory are very much the same type. Mr. Stevens had no luck. They tested, of all people, Frank Morgan, thinking they might make the man's rôle an older one. A very fine actor, Mr. Morgan, but Miss Garbo was not satisfied.

Lil Tashman gave the finest Fourth of July party—everything red, white and blue from the house to the candies. Here's Lilyan with Arthur Jarrett and Kay Francis and alongside here is Lionel Barrymore at the same party, watching the fireworks

For days fate hung in the balance. Telephones of the actors were within hand's reach any hour of the day or night. Lines were kept clear. Home life in Hollywood, became popular. Mental pictures of Garbo smothered in film, caused many a sleepless night. Thought of her sitting in the projection room—slowly shaking her head and saying "No-o-o, I dun't like heem," caused days of creeping torture.

And then one day the picture was cast! Not a Cabot, nor a Cortez, an Eddy, a Jory or a Bellamy. Not even a man who had made a test for the rôle. Not even a man in this country!

A print of the "The Yellow Ticket" and "Westward Passage" was shown to Garbo. This time she did not shake her head and say, "No-o." Trans-Atlantic cables were put to work, negotiations were completed.

Laurence Olivier, who had appeared in the above mentioned pictures and recently with Gloria Swanson in "Perfect Understanding," was given the leading rôle of Spanish lover to Greta Garbo. Franchot Tone was chosen for the other.

In the meantime over in England Laurence Olivier couldn't believe the news, and he didn't know whether it was good or not. Definitely, he didn't want a long term contract. He was an Englishman. He had been lonely for his native country while in Hollywood, and now, upon his return he and the delightful Jill Esmond, who is Mrs. Olivier had bought themselves a house, right on the Thames. But the chance to play with Garbo! After all, that is every leading man's dream!

And what Garbo wants, she gets. The cables became more insistent. The Oliviers capitulated. They sailed for America. Only one thing worried them. For a long, long time their favorite dog had been trying to have pups, and always without luck. When they left London the dog was trying again.

On the day they landed in New York they got a radiogram. Everything was dandy. Mother and the eight puppies were doing well!

Laurence says he thinks it's an augury that the Garbo production will be the greatest ever!

When Gable Was a Play-Boy

more contented than he had known in many years or may ever know again—what with the responsibilities of fame and fortune resting heavily on him now. Having done with ambition, he was content merely to have a job that provided enough money to have fun. He wouldn't work. He refused to memorize his lines and ad-libbed until the rest of the cast was in a frenzy. He was frequently late for rehearsals and later still sometimes for performances.

Undoubtedly he would have been fired on countless occasions if that ingratiating smile and some native histrionic talent hadn't made him the box office magnet of the struggling little company.

He got by purely on personality rather than acting ability. He refused to exert himself in the semi-tropical climate of Houston to rise to any dramatic heights. He ignored critics' suggestions or thrusts—and they were legion. It seemed that in his defiance at the hand Fate had dealt him, he actually refused to make an effort to improve his work. Instead, he concentrated on golfing, dancing, planning midnight suppers and after-theater parties for the rest of the cast until the whole company had difficulty avoiding a social-butterfly existence sufficiently to attend to the little matter of putting on a new play each week. But the company adored him.

DURING this period in Clark Gable's life, he even refused to go to the cinema palaces of Houston which now emblazon his name across their marquees.

Other members of the company were screen-struck. In those hectic days of 1929 when word issued from Hollywood of the dearth of talkie talent and that studio portals were open to anyone who could speak lines without lisping, several of the players were saving their salaries toward a Hollywood fling.

"Nerts," Clark would advise them cynically. "You're wasting your time. They're not in the theater business out there; they're in the packing business—canning the highest quality HAM!"

Stanley Smith, the pretty boy who later sang with Nancy Carroll in "Honey" and in "Follow the Leader" was the juvenile lead of the Houston company.

Stanley and Clark were close friends and constant companions. Young Smith was intensely ambitious and studied his rôles prodigiously. It must have been pretty disheartening to work and rehearse as he did and then have dilettante Gable walk off with the plaudits of the audience when he had hardly opened the script.

But Stanley had his inning with the critics and even the theater men who, while they gave stellar billing to the matinee idol, insisted that Smith's hard work and perseverance would "get him somewhere" while Gable would idle away his life in small-town stock companies.

However, those critics or anyone else who knew the stock-company Gable of four years ago, could hardly foresee that he would suddenly develop into Miss America's Big Moment. After all, a mug who runs around town in golf knickers and sweat shirt, perennially needing a shave, isn't the conventional idea of a nation's great lover, however much the local gals like him.

Clark first came to the Houston company

(*Continued from page 35*)

as second-man, playing villains with mustachios. The leading man of the company held that lofty rank by virtue of his position as husband of the star. But one night early in the season, curtain time arrived and Friend Husband was A. W. O. L. An enterprising stage hand eventually discovered him in a distant spot sleeping peacefully. It looked for awhile as if the customers would have to be given rain checks, until the second man came forward with an idea.

"Don't call off the show," he spurred the wilting company. "I'll go on in the lead."

"But Clark, you don't know the lines!" wailed the frantic starlet.

"What the hell—I don't know my own, but we've been playing three nights. Let's keep the kale and give 'em a show."

And ladies and gentlemen, a show was given!

The play was "Anna Christie." I wouldn't vouch for how much O'Neill the customers saw and heard that night, but they did see an embryonic movie star make his début as a sailor hero with hair on his chest.

After that, it was easy. He got the job for good and ad-libbed his way through the season to the good-natured distress of the company and the perfect delight of the matinee ladies.

Houston was a happy place for Clark in more ways than one. It was there he met his present wife.

Much has been made in Hollywood of the variance in ages of these two—Mrs. Gable is about twelve years older than Clark. But Hollywood shouldn't be so surprised; it's not as if such a difference-in-ages romance were new. Look at Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer; and Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli; and Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.; and Thelma Todd and her 23-year-old husband. But down in Houston—were they surprised?

TEXAS, with its wide-open-spaces-where-men-are-men traditions, still clings to the ideal of great big he-mans and itsy-bitsy girl as the perfect pair. And were those Houston debbies and flappers burned when Clark, the handsomest actor to visit those parts in two decades, ignored them as if they were knots on a log and evinced an enthusiastic preference for the type who had LIVED.

As you know, that's a habit of Clark's. His first wife was about a dozen years older than he. His other friends in Houston were about that age too.

This is Clark's second marriage; it is Mrs. Clark's fourth. Her name is Ria. She lived in Houston most of her life where, during the ups and downs of her matrimonial career, she was variously a modest housewife and mother, a dazzling social leader and a clerk in a jewelry shop.

Clark Gable has no corner on sex-appeal in his family. Ria Prentiss-Lucas-Langham-Gable has glamour and charm in no small measure. She has culture and fascination and worldly-wise tolerance born of life and experience that makes the quasi-sophistication of some of our leading starlets appear strangely half-baked at best. She isn't beautiful, but she has much more charm than her pictures often indicate.

She was first Mrs. William Prentiss many years ago, and little is remembered of this first early marriage among Houstonians. As Mrs. George Lucas, next, she was wealthy and socially prominent—a gracious hostess and a charming guest. Because her third marriage to A. D. Langham was short-lived, she is still generally known and referred to in Houston as Mrs. Lucas. All three husbands were business men in the Texas city.

That stepdaughter and stepson of Clark's are offspring of this second marriage and not the Langham union, as is generally surmised by Hollywood, which apparently hasn't heard of the other marriages. Georgianna, 20, is the girl, Alfred, 12, is the boy. There's also a 30-year-old son by the Prentiss union but he doesn't live in Hollywood.

BEFORE Clark and Mrs. Langham met, there was a young ingenue in the company named Helen Brooks who Clark seemed interested in, and newspaper columnists chattered of impending romance. Then there was a Houston business woman, a red-haired widow, also much older than Clark, who was frequently squired about the town's night spots by the popular actor. Then there was a débutante of the town's smart set and a daughter of the town's swankiest tailor who were all aflutter over young Clark.

But all that was before he met the lovely Mrs. Langham. Then a long shiny roadster began picking him up after performances and rehearsals. They golfed together, danced together, lunched together and dined together. Mrs. Langham never joined the after-theater parties backstage or other gatherings of Clark's actor-friends. After their meeting, Gable was seen less with the theater crowd and more with the smart social set of the city and Clark had eyes only for Mrs. Langham.

Clark and Ria Langham were not married in Houston. At that time he was still married to Mrs. Dillon and it was a year after he left Houston, and Mrs. Dillon obtained a divorce in California, that Mrs. Langham joined him in New York where Clark was playing on the stage and they were quietly married. A year later in California they were married again in a second ceremony when some question of decree dates arose.

After the Houston stock season closed, Clark, with other members of the company, went on to New York and here the ambition which had spurred him toward achievement for years and then become dormant in Texas, returned doubly strong. There he once more became anxious and determined for success. And this time success came.

Regardless of the fact that the Houston season did not materially further his career, in reality it provided a balancer that young Gable needed. A year of fun and irresponsible play-acting was good for him after the years of too serious work and study toward a faraway goal. It renewed his perspective, taught him how to play again after too many years of all work and no play, and gave him a second wind for his climb to success.

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$35,000 to Sing

(*Continued from page* 51)

it cost several hundred dollars more to get that straightened out.

Attorney's fees and court costs ran the total slightly beyond the staggering figure of $35,000 before he was in a position to sign the radio contracts that had been offered him.

And then, just when everything seemed jake and he was ready to start broadcasting, the excitement settled in his throat and he got laryngitis!

To be bromidic, it's a long lane that has no end and eventually Bing went on the air. The rest is history. That first year I doubt there was a bigger radio attraction in the country. For twenty-one weeks he made a little over $7,000 a week.

Like Richard Arlen, he has no business sense whatever. He spends money like a sailor in port. Also, like Arlen, he realizes it and turns a substantial part of his earnings over to Jack O'Melveny, his present attorney and business adviser. He has already salted away enough to insure his being able to live in comfort the rest of his life if he never makes another dime.

Another Hollywood romance. Our roving photographer catches Randolph Scott and pretty Vivian Gaye, who is Sari Maritza's manager but pretty enough to be a star herself, as they enter the theatre together. It looks serious between these two

Fame has taken its toll of Bing—as it has of everyone else I know out here. I used to envy him his happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care nature. Nothing worried him. If he had a pocketful of money it was swell. If he was broke it didn't matter—tomorrow was another day. That's all changed now. He worries and frets over everything—although most people don't realize it.

For a really big star he has less of the star about him than anyone I know. A more simple, unassuming fellow it would be hard to find. It's a thorn in Dixie's side that she can never get him to dress up when company's coming. "The devil with that sort of thing," says Bing. "The main thing at a dinner table is to get the food down the gullet."

He spends a fortune on clothes and usually looks as if he had been pulled out of a scrap bag. Knowing his penchant for buying clothes and the predilection most players have for changing costumes frequently, I once asked Bing, "How often do you change your clothes during a day?"

Bing surveyed me with a surprised air. "I dress in the morning and change at night when I put on my pajamas. Why," proudly displaying a buff colored overcoat, reddish brown cap, gray trousers, green sweater, blue shirt, red muffler, and blue and yellow striped socks, "I'm liable to wear this complete ensemble the way it is for three days." What's more, he did!

He's color blind as a bat and black and white are the only colors he can distinguish.

He's up at the crack of day—never later than seven thirty—no matter what time he retires. He shoots a mean game of golf—usually in the seventies or low eighties.

He's a graduate of Gonzaga College and has a fit if you say you've never heard of it. He'll use mouth-filling phrases such as "As is my wont" and other high-flown figures of speech in one breath and in the next he'll split infinitives and crack out with "I learned him" without batting an eyelash.

Dixie says he really loves grammar and that his lapses are the result of the muggs he associates with in New York.

HE does exactly as he pleases and those who don't like it can lump it. When he gets sleepy it makes no difference where he is or who is present, he goes to sleep. No polite efforts at being entertaining when he's bored. Recently a crowd of us were up at his home. About ten o'clock Bing rose, looked at us and smiled. "Well, goodnight, group, have a good time," quoth Mr. Crosby. He gave Dixie a goodnight kiss. "Carry on, wifie," he admonished her and exited.

At present he and Dixie are renting Sue Carol's sixty thousand dollar home. The night the Arlen baby was born we were all there because it was close to the hospital. After the baby arrived and we learned Joby was all right we started celebrating. Sue left about twelve o'clock. Bing promptly flopped on the purple velvet divan in the living room. "Thank Heaven, Sue's gone," he remarked. "Now I can put my feet up here."

His humor is dry and constant. Arlen says Bing is the only person he knows who can top Jack Oakie's wisecracks.

The two things I admire most about him are his loyalty and sincerity. If you're his friend you can't do any wrong. His sincerity manifests itself in that he doesn't bother with people he doesn't like. Where most people try to be affable to everyone, Bing sits in silence with a slight sneer on his face when an uncongenial person is around him. If he doesn't like you you darned soon know it.

"College Humor" is released and a riot and, for the first time since the days of Geraldine Farrar, we have a singer who can act. I don't believe it's a far-fetched prediction to say that in another year he'll be as popular on the screen as he is on the radio. And *that* will be going some!

Too Many Kind Women

(*Continued from page 33*)

Molly, too—thought that was an engagement ring and rumors of an approaching marriage began to fly.

That scared Jimmy. Why, Molly was just his friend. Gee, he liked her a lot and liked to go around with her, but it would be bad for him at the box office to get married. Jimmy didn't want to get married so when things got too close to reality he turned to Maureen O'Sullivan.

He met Maureen at a birthday party. She liked him right away. All the girls like Jimmy's pleasant, ingratiating manner.

The day after their meeting he and Maureen went to the races at Ascot Speedway and they discovered that both liked to dance and swim and watch polo matches—so history repeated itself and Jimmy's friendship with Maureen was almost exactly like the one with Molly.

Jimmy's mother liked Maureen and the three of them often had dinner together either at Jimmy's house or Maureen's. For a year they dated with no one but each other—Maureen making no demands upon Jimmy and keeping her deep feeling for him to herself.

But where was the soul torment that Helen Morgan had inspired? That was gone and with it was gone Jimmy's screen emotion. He made pictures—one right after another, but he could not top "Bad Girl."

Hollywood thinks that Maureen was madly in love with Jimmy and that she is not now in love with Johnnie Farrow who escorts her to the smart places.

At the end of his year with Maureen, Jimmy began to think, "I'm twenty-eight. I can wait. Maureen is only twenty-one. If I gave her a chance to meet someone else, she might fall in love and marry."

They just stopped going together. And Maureen—after a few high words in the accepted Irish manner—Maureen just stepped out of the picture.

So another woman who cared deeply for Jimmy just broke off with him without giving him any heartaches or deep emotions to bury. Life went on evenly again, with his mother as a buffer between him and unpleasantness.

Recently in New York Jimmy was seen taking Claire Windsor to the late spots. Claire won't be demanding, either. She certainly wasn't with Bert Lytell to whom she was once married.

What these women seem to feel is that Jimmy needs protection from pain. But Jimmy really needs to be badly hurt to touch again the heights he touched in "Bad Girl." What he needs is another Helen Morgan—a woman who makes her own bargains.

On his way to New York he stopped by Chicago to see her and as he talks of her a strange light comes into his eyes.

"She's one of the grandest women in the world," he says. "My admiration for Helen, both as a woman and as an actress, is so great I can't begin to tell about it." But it was so long ago that he loved her. And he can't go on feeding from the crumbs from that table.

That magnificent actor won't be a magnificent actor again until life touches him deeply once more and all those very grand women stop being so nice to him!

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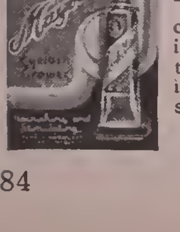

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MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Marie Dressler As Her Best Friend Knows Her

(*Continued from page* 13)

had lost everything, had resolved to give up the struggle, was contemplating suicide, when she saw one of Marie's pictures.

"You have given me the courage to carry on," she wrote. "Seeing you has taught me to go ahead and win."

That is just one of the many, many letters that come to Marie from all over the world. People who do not know her, who have only seen her on the screen, have drawn new strength from the inexhaustible fund of courage which is hers.

Her career, her whole life, illustrates the meaning of that courage—the ability to keep her chin up when misfortune stands at every turn in the road.

At the outbreak of the war she left the stage, she sold her home, and used the money to pay her expenses as she toured the country selling Liberty Bonds. She sold ninety million dollars worth, but when the war was over, she was broke. She spent her own fortune, without hesitation, to be of service to her country.

SHE was broke and there seemed no place to turn. Fashions in entertainment had changed. After those grim years of war there was a universal cry for youth. Stage doors were closed to tried-and-true troupers. She thought of opening a hotel for Americans in Europe. She thought of going into the real estate business. She thought of a hundred things. But she didn't give up.

All of this time I kept insisting that she belonged in pictures, but she didn't seem to think that her type of comedy belonged on the new screen. I talked to studio executives until I was black in the face. Finally when I wrote "The Callahans and the Murphys" I literally wrote Marie into the picture. Irving Thalberg read it and let me have my own way.

"Come at once," I wired her.

That was all. If I had told her it was for a picture she might not have come. There were undoubtedly a dozen people who "needed" her in New York. With that wire she probably thought that I was on my deathbed. Out she rushed, because she believed I needed her.

I thought she was magnificent in that picture. It started the team of Marie Dressler and Polly Moran. She rented a little cottage and with her faithful maid, Mamie, who had shared all of her troubles for fifteen years, settled down.

Her troubles should have been at an end. Peaceful times should have been at hand. But fate seems to have taken a special delight in delivering a knockout blow when she was about to get the "breaks."

"The Callahans and the Murphys" promised to be a box office hit. Then, Irish societies the country over began showering the studio with protests. To this day I don't understand why.

Marie's high hopes were cast to the ground. Other picture jobs were not forthcoming. She kept smiling. Besides, she was busy helping an unfortunate, out-of-work actress. Her own troubles could wait. There was SOME place for her in the world.

A small comedy rôle came up. She took it. She took any rôle that came along. She worked in a Hollywood theater in "The Swan." She who had made fabulous salaries worked for as little as seventy-five dollars a week during this time. But, you can be assured, any job that Marie Dressler took received her utmost attention.

Other and better rôles began to come her way again. She did her famous stage "drunk" in "Dangerous Females," and it was sensationally successful.

Then came "Anna Christie"—and the rest is history. How hard some of us worked to get Marie that rôle! There were executives who believed that this blowsy old harridan of the waterfront was beyond the range of Marie's capabilities. If Lon Chaney had lived, he would have been on our side. He believed that she was more than a great comedienne—that she was the greatest character woman who ever lived.

"Min and Bill" came after that, and Marie was given the Motion Picture Academy award for the best performance of the year. I shall never forget the rousing, thrilling tribute she received from her fellow-players when the award was made. No jealousy there. Who could be jealous of the great-hearted Marie?

"Emma" was given the gold award in London this year. (That story I wrote from a real life character—a woman who made me think of Marie.)

IT didn't seem that anything unfortunate could happen to Marie again. This time SURELY everything would be all right. Then came that terrible illness. A less courageous woman would not have recovered.

But during that illness, she was far more concerned over the family of a studio electrician who was ill and out of a job, than over her own troubles. During the year that she was supposed to have complete rest, she made two pictures. Again I say another woman couldn't have done it, but Marie knows that her code of courage is practical—can be put to use.

Griefs of the past she obliterates.

"Why, I can't remember what is gone," she says. "I don't want to remember it. I don't like to look back. There's where people err. I want to look only ahead."

She lives up to this. A certain actress, whom she had befriended for years, had proved to be a false friend. I can't tell you the details. Marie simply put this woman out of her mind, closed the doors of memory so completely that she almost forgot how her one-time friend looked.

"I'm really terribly sorry for her," she explained, "but something is gone now—something that made her my friend. I have forgotten her. That way I cannot experience any return of disillusionment."

She believes that all our troubles are created in our own thoughts.

"I don't know why," she once remarked *"people so enjoy their own troubles."*

Her own troubles don't worry her, but she is always willing to shoulder the troubles of others. Ready to give everything she owns to those she loves.

Hollywood Teaches You How to Live

(*Continued from page* 15)

friend of mine had a month's vacation. He vanished from the public eye.

Then started the lurid rumors. He had eloped with a Hungarian countess. He had gone to a secret den in San Francisco; there to remain steeped in opium and liquor until the end of his vacation time should bring him back, shaky and ghastly, to his duties. There were half a dozen other rumors, all of them as horrifying as these.

I happened to be one of the very few people who actually knew what had become of him. This, because he had invited me to go along, as his guest.

He had made for a mine cabin in the Sierras, with a grouchy local guide; to hunt bear, single-handed, and to fish.

Of late, Hollywood has varied its former outdoor amusements of yachting and riding and ranching and tennis and golf, etc., by undersea sports. Here is the idea, as Cecil DeMille described it to me.

Clad only in bathing trunks, and with a short knife at the belt, the diver would don a specially-made helmet of clear glass. To this a tube was attached, through which air was to be pumped from an apparatus in a boat. Then he was lowered several fathoms, to the bed of the ocean.

Breathing with entire ease and followed from above by the boat, he could walk for miles, at a fairly brisk pace and without effort; along the valleys and ridges and through the sea-weed groves. As DeMille said:

"It is a new world, down there; a wonder world. And never yet have I had to draw my knife or give the distress signal. Even the biggest and fiercest fish take no special notice of me. It's as though they were saying: 'We're all members together of this Undersea Club. As long as that human lets us alone, we'll do the same to him.'"

That was how Cecil was spending his scant leisure hours; while the public pictured him strolling lazily through his big marble mansion and thinking of new ways to spend his fortune.

That is how hundreds of other supposedly sybaritic Hollywooders spend their spare time. Not necessarily at the bottom of the sea; but doing hard ranch work, fishing, piloting their own airships, romping with their dogs.

Think it over, and you will see these people never could keep their looks and their physical fitness and vigor, by wallowing, day and night, in a sink of million-dollar dissipation and laziness. And what comes out of it all, for you and me?

Just this. That the "body beautiful" cult of Hollywood brings health and beauty and zest to the world. That from a society where beauty predominates, art will result. That while Hollywood has wealth, it finds its happiness in things that are to be had for the taking—I mean Hollywood teaches us not to spend our time in perpetual dollar chasing, but to give ourselves the happiness of just lying on the grass or the sand, in between our hours of work, and of inviting our souls.

And that is an important thing to learn.

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See for yourself

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Keeping Up With Myself

(*Continued from page 65*)

bad words. We weren't equipped to change our bill overnight into "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" so that road tour was brief. I was on my way back to Hollywood much sooner than I expected.

My welcome into the Promised Land wasn't any too enthusiastic this time. It seems that pictures starring stage people weren't exactly causing stampedes at the box office. The small towns still wanted Janet Gaynor and Joan Crawford—not that I blame them. Fox undoubtedly wished that Lee Tracy was somewhere in the interior of China—and unable to find his way out. But here I was—and what to do about it.

Fox didn't know, and I didn't either. We just tried to outsit each other. I was going to collect on that contract, and I wasn't going to do a thing that would provide a loophole for a cancellation. So I just sat around my apartment in the Knickerbocker Hotel and looked at the pictures on the wall. Occasionally I walked down Hollywood Boulevard and counted the peroxide blondes. Paul Muni was my partner in distress. He wasn't wanted either. We used to sit and sit and SIT, and wonder what they were doing back in God's Country right then.

During that forty weeks I played bits in two pictures. I played Charlie Farrell's bad influence in "Liliom." The rôle had been called "The Sparrow" on the stage, but it was "The Buzzard" in pictures. Changing the size of the bird had nothing to do with the importance of the rôle. I also played a bit in "Born Reckless." When that forty weeks was up I headed right back to New York. Fox and I were both glad. I was gladdest. I'd collected forty weeks salary for nothing but a rest cure.

I played a brief New York season of twelve weeks in "Oh, Promise Me," and ten weeks in "Louder Please." Then Warners made me an offer to come back to the coast for a picture. It was sort of a shock to me. Maybe Fox hadn't told Warners what a white elephant I was. But I went back, and as it happened, to stay. I arrived in town the day before the picture was to start with a toothbrush and a change of underwear. I'd forgotten that I would need a wardrobe for the picture. Thank God for friends. I started to work with a strange assortment of borrowed clothes. My friends were probably afraid to go out on the street for fear of getting sunburned.

The first picture was "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain," and I seemed to be getting somewhere. The rôle suited me, and the preview notices did a lot to soothe my injured feelings. I played a newspaper reporter—and three more reporters in a row were headed my direction.

DID I work during those days! Right from one picture to the next and never a day off. Seventy hours a week for thirteen weeks. Believe me, I know what those mules in the mine feel like. "Love Is A Racket" and then "Blessed Event." My doing that picture was an accident, as you undoubtedly know. James Cagney was supposed to do it, but Warners and he were having that historic dispute just then. I'm sorry there was difficulty, but it was a lucky spat for me. I wouldn't have to think twice to name that as my favorite of the pictures I've played. It wasn't an easy rôle either—and we made it in twenty-one days. The scene in the newspaper office, where I scare the pants off a gunman by telling him about the electric chair, ran two and one-half minutes. That's a long scene for the camera, and if you recall, a lot of rapid dialogue was packed in those minutes.

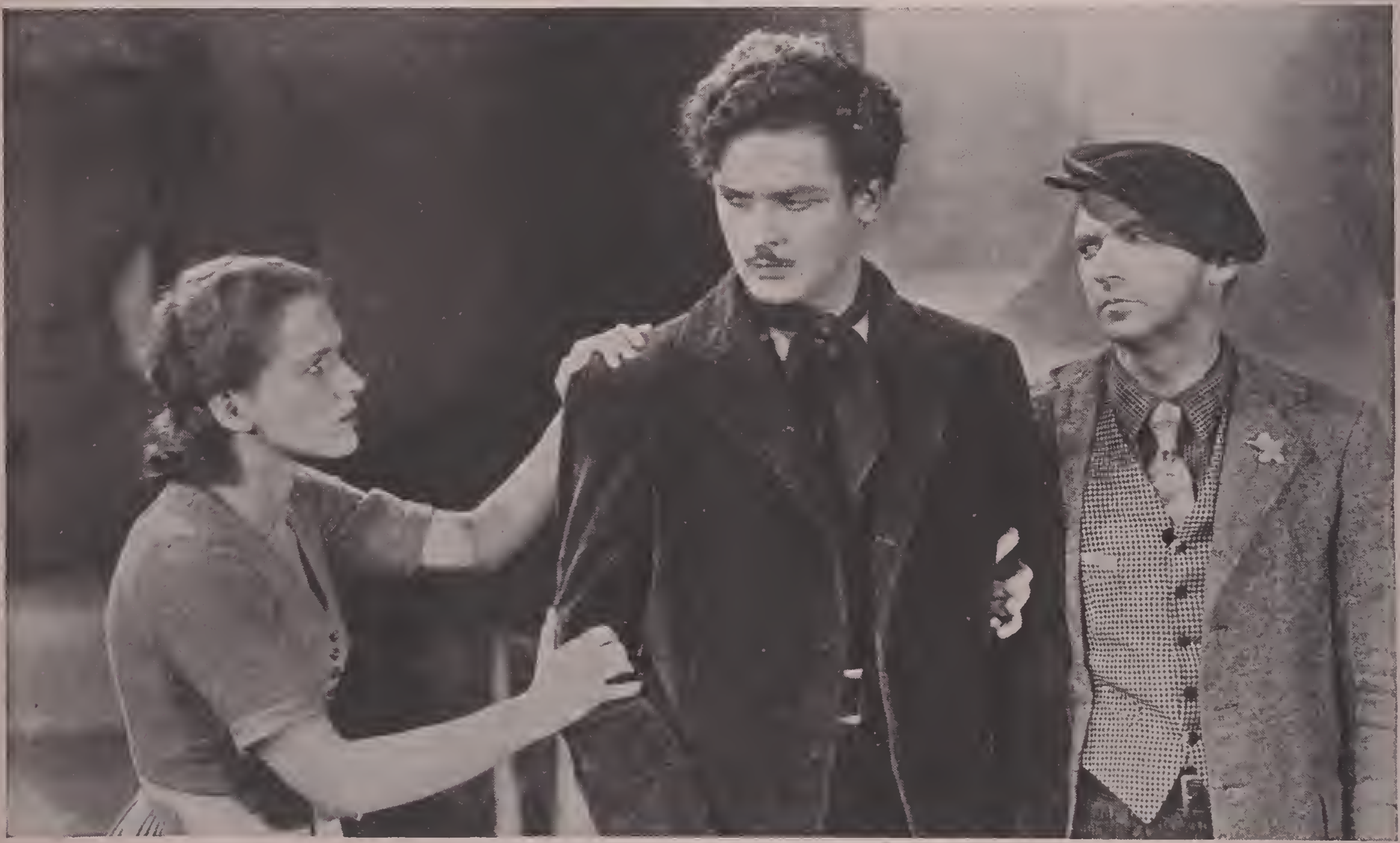
I hardly had time to take a deep breath after "Blessed Event" before I found I had a three years contract with Warners. Moreover, I found myself in the middle of "Dr. X." Well, four pictures in a row is a lot of medicine. I'm no Robot. I showed up late at the studio two or three mornings, and then the anvil chorus began. You'd think I was a wife-beater.

Rumors went around that I was a bad boy. That I was the town playboy. And, for all I know, maybe there were rumors that I had halitosis and fallen arches. I was late to the studio, yes. I was dog-tired, yes. I was drinking, no.

Why, I even heard that one man on the lot had said that I would show up if he'd send a case of Bourbon to my dressing room. Well, I never saw the whites of that bootlegger's eyes, or the color of his Bourbon.

I'm not trying to say that I wouldn't take a drink if I wanted one. I'd drink it in the middle of Sunset Boulevard if that's the way I felt about it. I suppose that's quite a bit different from a lot of people who vote dry and drink wet. I'm not a teetotaler, and I'm not a heavy drinking man. But I'd rather be called the latter any day than a hypocrite.

That was only the beginning of such talk. I was to hear plenty more of it in time to come. My contract was one of those mutual agreement things, and it was



That strange bearded person at the far right is Lee Tracy when he first started in pictures for Fox, and which experience he tells about in this story. The others are Charlie Farrell, who was the star, and Rose Hobart

easily ended. I hope with no terribly hard feelings on either side.

The whispering chorus started again when I went to work at Radio in "The Half Naked Truth." One day I didn't show up at all. I didn't feel so darned good. Don't tell me it wasn't the thing to do. I know it, and I'm sorry for it. But I didn't expect quite so much to-do. There couldn't have been more excitement if I'd tried to set the studio afire.

I was told that I would be sued for $11,000 that my irregularity had cost the company. I replied that they could sue, and I would be right in court to contest it if they did. Things went on this way for some time. In the end they kept half of my last week's paycheck. I have a document that states the other half will be paid to me when, and if, I return to do another picture. I guess I hadn't been so awfully bad, or they wouldn't want me to light again within a mile of the place.

The town had decided by this time that I was bad news. That I couldn't get another job—and if I did I couldn't hold it. I didn't feel that way about it, and fortunately, some other people didn't either. I went to Universal for "Private Jones," at twice the salary that Radio paid me. From there to Columbia for "Night Mayor" and "Washington Merry-Go Round." I was Johnny-on-the-spot, and there were no complaints at either studio. If there were I never heard of them. And you hear practically everything in Hollywood, whether you want to or not.

By this time I'd played around at several studios, skimmed the cream from the free-lance racket, and jockeyed my salary up to a place where I could talk contract. I signed my contract with M-G-M at twice the salary that was offered me originally. "Clear All Wires" was the first, "The Nuisance," the second and I never had more fun in my life than playing in "Dinner At Eight." It was just a bit, but I didn't mind with that cast. It was great meeting John Barrymore. I'd admired him for years. There are more pictures coming up, but first, I'm going back to New York for a vacation, and to visit mother in Pennsylvania.

What! You say I've gotta put some sex in this story? It's too bad but I can't do much about it. Anyway there's too darned much emphasis placed on sex in this town. It's the most sex-conscious place I've ever seen.

I said before that early in my career I made up my mind that he travels fastest who travels alone. In the early days of an actor's life he simply isn't able to support a wife. If I had married then I probably would still be playing in stock. I'd been afraid to give up that sure thing for the uncertainty of getting a break on Broadway. I would have ended my days playing butler rôles at $35 a week. And what kind of life would an actor's wife lead even if he were more successful? He would be away from her for months at a time, if he went on the road. If she went along she'd soon tire of one night stands, and doing her sleeping on trains. Then, too, I've seen a lot of supposedly happy marriages that were nothing but life sentences.

Oh, sure, I've had romances. I went with one girl for five years. At the end of five years she still wanted me to take her places on Sunday. And on Sunday I wanted to sleep.

Now that I'm in Hollywood where it is possible to have a home and lead a fairly settled life, I think I've passed the marrying age. I'd make a lousy husband anyway. When a man passes thirty he's pretty settled in his ways. He's no great break for any woman. I like to be alone. I've always been pretty sufficient unto myself. I eat and sleep where I want to, and when I want to. Likely as not I go without eating for a couple of days at a time. Imagine what the little woman would say when she had a hot dinner ready, and Tracy went to the fights, forgetting about the corned-bif and kebbege. Sure, I like to be alone. Why, I even get satisfaction out of talking to myself.

Naturally I don't like to think of being alone in later years, but I guess I can get along someway. You can always get a good book. Anyway, why worry about tomorrow? Your typical actor thinks there'll never be a tomorrow. Today is enough. That's why he doesn't save money unless he has some smart manager camping right on his tail.

This all probably sounds as if I were "agin" matrimony. Perish the thought. I honestly believe that it's a great thing—for others. There MUST be something to it. So many people are busting to try it.

So far I haven't "gone Hollywood"—haven't bought a Rolls Royce or a mansion with a plush-lined swimming pool. A two-room apartment is still all the space I need. I don't own a stick of furniture—not even a Pullman towel. If I don't like my neighbors I can move out while most folks are crating up the Chinaware. I've got a small coupé which gets me around places, and that's enough. I'd feel silly with a chauffeur and a limousine. The chauffeur would probably patronize me.

Maybe I just lack glamor—if you can tell me what it means.

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29x5.25	19	2.75	1.15	34x4½	2.95	1.15
30x5.25	20	2.75	1.15	30x5	3.25	1.35
31x5.25	21	2.95	1.15	33x5	3.25	1.45
28x5.50	18	2.95	1.15	35x5	3.50	1.55
29x5.50	19	2.95	1.15	All Other Sizes		
30x6.00	18	2.95	1.15			
31x6.00	19	2.95	1.15			
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The Most Exciting Newcomer in Pictures

(*Continued from page 39*)

They called the local newspaper and got the cameraman on the wire. He was confident he knew which girl Mrs. Koverman meant.

"I know her," he said, "I remember her well. A cute trick!

"I'll find out about her over at the school and call you back."

He did. And a few hours later Mrs. Koverman was sitting in the parlor of a modest little Pasadena house, making conversation with a stranger named Mrs. Green and waiting, none too patiently, for her daughter, Mae, to come home from school.

Mae arrived presently, swinging her books in their strap, her dark brown curls wind-blown. She didn't look seventeen years old at all. You'd have said she might be a Freshman, but a Senior, never.

She must have been surprised to find Ida Koverman sitting there. But she didn't show it. She was dramatizing herself in that moment as she dramatizes herself in every moment. She was every inch the school-girl coming home, greeting her mother's visitor, being very sweet and oh, so respectful.

JEAN is what she is at the moment. And, inherently dramatic, instinctively colorful and romantic, she makes every moment count.

"I'd like you to come over to Culver City Tuesday afternoon," Mrs. Koverman told Mae Green, "and take a screen test."

There was no doubt in her mind now that in this girl she had a potential star. Even while she spoke she was planning her career, thinking, "We'll have to change her name. Mae Green . . . That won't do, that won't do at all . . ."

"Tuesday . . ." said Mae. "Oh, I can't come Tuesday. Tuesday I'm going on a hike!"

"Aren't you interested in becoming an actress?" Mrs. Koverman asked.

"Yes, indeed," Mae said with a little smile. "I've always thought I'd be an actress . . ." (Not simply that she'd like to be an actress, mind you, but that she would be an actress!) ". . . when I finished school. But I've always thought I'd be a stage actress.

"I'm sorry I can't come Tuesday. On account of the hike. Wouldn't Wednesday do?"

And with Wednesday Ida Koverman had to be content.

The day I talked with Jean she had come from the portrait studio where she'd been having some publicity pictures taken. She was wearing a chartreuse organdy dress with deep ruffles about the bottom and the shoulders. It gave her a slight hour-glass figure which was charming. And in the back her violet sash was caught with a tremendous bunch of artificial violets.

I asked her about her ancestry, curious to know what mixed strains had produced her, given her her drama and her color.

"My father is French and Polish," she told me. Then she dropped her voice. "Really though our name isn't Green at all. It's Nijinsky. My grandfather called me to him when he was dying and told me.

"I don't know how we came to take the name of Green. There was some trouble, I think, when my grandfather left Poland.

"My mother is English." Again she hushed her voice. "And there are some in our family . . . well, there are some who insist one of our grandmothers was a squaw.

"That would make me French and Polish and English . . . and Indian!"

She rolled her eyes. She gestured with her pretty flexible hands. She was acting every minute. And, at the same time, she was being perfectly natural. For it is perfectly natural for Jean to act. She is true to what a wise young man I used to know called the authentic emotion of the moment.

We talked of her childhood.

"I used to say the crescent moon was God's finger-nail when I was a little girl," she announced. "Don't you think that was a beautiful thought?"

For Charles Brabin who directed her in "Rasputin and the Empress" her first picture, her admiration approaches worship.

We're running this picture, *not* to show you Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames together again, but to show you Adrienne's lovely idea for a summer wrap. It's pink ostrich feathers wrapped around her throat. Isn't that charming?

"I always shall be indebted to Mr. Brabin," she told me, tossing her brown mop of curls, her eyes very large, "for he taught me to worship at the shrine of beauty!"

And again, looking at me archly over a slightly elevated shoulder, she demanded to know if I didn't find this also a beautiful thought.

"Away from the studios, what do you do?" I asked, fascinated. Until an hour before when Jean had come into the publicity department I never had believed there was anyone like Harry Leon Wilson's "Merton of the Movies." Now I knew I had been wrong.

"Have you a boy friend?" I continued. "Do you go to parties?"

"Most parties I don't like," Jean said pensively. "People drink and it all gets ugly. The last party I went to I left early. And when we were out of the hotel I took a deep breath. It was good to be out under the moon and the stars, out in God's country again!"

"Isn't there a special boy?" I prodded.

"Well," she admitted, dropping her big hazel eyes and raising them again with a great fluttering of lashes, "there is a boy I like a great deal if that's what you mean. But he doesn't know I like him at all. He's the idol of our school, you see. And all the girls make such a fuss over him that I can't somehow."

We talked of motion pictures. Jean is ambitious to play parts like those Helen Hayes plays.

"Emotional parts," she said intensely. And I thought to myself. "If you play them they'll be emotional!"

Not since Clara Bow came into my office, an obscure little Brooklyn schoolgirl, eager to enter her photographs in a beauty contest, and I urged the judges to see her personally . . . not since I had a hand in choosing the name of Joan Crawford for a chorus girl named Lucille LeSeur have I met a new personality one half as colorful or promising as Jean.

Without a doubt Jean is going to be a great star. And a great actress. You can be the first without being the second even if you aren't likely to be the second without becoming the first. She has all the fire and emotion and all the facile moods of the famous Bernhardt, the histrionic Duse. And these are invaluable things in an actress which entirely too few of the Hollywood girls permit themselves these days. Our moving picture stars grow so careful and so wise, so reserved and so sane.

SO it is a relief to meet someone like Jean, someone so busy living the minute in which she finds herself and dramatizing the circumstances momentarily surrounding her that she has neither the time nor the inclination to be particularly careful or wise or reserved or sane.

I understand perfectly how Ida Koverman kept remembering Jean when her mind should have been on other things. Exactly the same thing happened to me. I was having luncheon with the screen's greatest lover, one of Hollywood's most glamorous girls was confiding in me about her love affair and I found myself thinking of Jean perched up on that desk, curving her young shoulders, throwing back her dramatic young head, saying, "Ah, Life is wonderful! Don't you think so?"

Jean will soon quit talking about worshipping at the shrine of beauty. She'll lose her youthful seriousness, her naïveté. She'll learn rapidly. She'll acquire a bright, smooth sophistication. But I doubt she'll lose her fire or emotion.

There's no need to tell you to keep your eye on the Parker kid. Once you've seen her I defy you to forget her.

I've seen them all. Some of the stars I love as friends.

But still I say Jean Parker is far and away the most exciting personality to be found in Hollywood today.

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page 69*)

In the lovely garden of her home, Miriam Hopkins sang a lullaby to her year-old adopted son, Michael, the other afternoon. As she finally tucked the tot in his crib, she noticed that sounds of work on a fountain, under construction in the garden nearby, had stopped. She looked, discovered the workman on the job had also gone fast asleep. "It was just your lullaby," he explained, when awakened; "I just couldn't help it."

You'll see the one-time famous hotcha team of Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle reunited on the screen in "After Office Hours," an independent production.

Gary Cooper has become an autograph-hound. He's collecting autographed pictures of his friends.

The debonair John Barrymore has developed into Hollywood's most doting papa. So much so that he and Dolores Costello will no longer go on those between-pictures jaunts of theirs unless they can take their two children along. Because their little son is not strong enough to have braved the rigors of an Alaskan yacht cruise Papa John had long been planning, the plans were cancelled, and the Barrymores went instead with their two children on a camping trip in the Yosemite land.

No matter how they trust doctors and nurses, the Barrymores will NOT leave their children.

Further step toward utter privacy: Greta Garbo's dressing room has been moved to the end of the dressing-room row, so she can have a private stairway direct to her auto-parking space.

Another "comeback" note:

Madge Bellamy will be seen soon as Buck Jones' leading lady in "Gordon of Ghost City."

It was at a New York theater not long ago. Paul Muni was in the audience. The word quickly got around. After the show, Muni emerged, found himself surrounded by bevies of girls, asking his autograph. It got so thick, Muni fled for refuge into the office of the theater manager. "Lemme hide here," he gasped. "What's the matter?" asked the manager. "I'm a Fugitive from a Jane Gang," explained Paul.

Says Sennett Comedian Grady Sutton: "If all the automobiles in the world were placed end to end—it'd only be Sunday afternoon."

"Hollywood's all right, but there's no Bohemianism there," complains Leslie Howard. Wild parties, unconventionalism, yes—but not the *real Bohemianism*, explains Leslie, that is exemplified in that camaraderie of artists gathered to discuss abstractions. "London has it Paris has it: New York has it—but not Hollywood," says Leslie. "Maybe it's because they think they can't afford to be seen talking with penniless thinkers. Hollywood's actors and actresses are too serious to be interesting. Not so much about their work as about themselves.

While riding with Wifie Clara Bow on their western ranch, Rex Bell was blinded when a piece of cactus from the horses' flying hooves struck his eye. For three days, he could not see. Clara nursed him.

One of the worst punsters in movieland is Roland "Whimsy" Young. He has a cat, named "Onyx." "Because," he explains, "it has kittens onyx-pectedly." The other day, his housekeeper phoned him at the studio that the cat had eaten the three goldfish. "Ah—Merger in the Zoo," quipped Roland.

In Bangkok, Siam, Paramount pictures are in dutch! Because billposters stuck movie ads on a Buddhist Temple wall, advertising the Paramount picture: "Merrily We Go to Hell."

Another foreign news note: In Hungary, they'll never see "Passport to Hell," "Almost Married" or Clara Bow's "Call Her Savage." Hungarian censors said the pictures were all "too sexy."

Knowing that process-servers were after her with a summons in an agents' suit to collect $15,000 commissions, Connie Bennett hired a colored guard on a bicycle to pedal around her home continually, follow her where she went, keep process-servers away. Then she went, one day, to an office building, and the colored guard couldn't get his bicycle into the elevator. And on the tenth floor, the process-servers popped out at her, served her with the papers! And was Bennett mad . . .!

Right on top of denials of her interest in Gilbert Roland while Hubby the Marquis was away in the far east, Connie Bennett read this item in a Hollywood trade paper: "Does Constance Bennett ride around Hollywood on the floor of Gilbert Roland's car for the sake of privacy—or because she's more comfy that way?" The item was in The Hollywood Reporter.

WILLIAM HAINES, the comedy star, is today the smartest interior decorator in Hollywood. He's done Joan Crawford's, Connie Bennett's, young Doug Fairbank's, Franchot Tone's, and many other houses. And he's done them not only with taste but with a laugh. You'll find many new touches for your own home, and many laughs in "Antics and Antiques" beginning in next month's MOVIE MIRROR. It's written by Harriet Parsons, which is another assurance that you'll want to read it.

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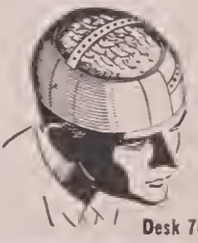

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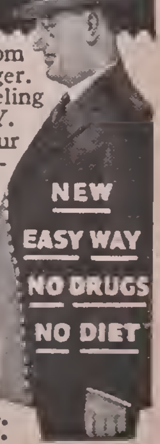

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Tips on Talkies

(*Continued from page 5*)

Montgomery and Madge Evans, with Bob turning in one sweet performance, believe you me. And then, to add to your pleasure, there's Jimmy Durante cracking through with some grand laughs. A s-w-e-l-l pitcha.

Heroes For Sale (First National)

A picture that turned sour in the making. Though Dick Barthelmess turns in an excellent performance as the war bird who uses dope to ease his pain, the story is nothing short of stupid. Nice performances by Robert Barratt as a communist, by Aline MacMahon and Loretta Young can't redeem this hash.

High Gear (Goldsmith)

Jimmy Murray, Joan Marsh and Jackie Searl in that trite old plot about a racing driver who loses his nerve but regains it just at the crucial moment and wins the race and the gal.

✓Hold Me Tight (Fox)

Though "Hold Me Tight" is an attempt to recapture the power and simplicity of "Bad Girl," it doesn't come anywhere near it as entertainment. However, it's a nice, homey story if you're not expecting too much. It's the story about a boy and girl (Jimmy Dunn and Sally Eilers, of course) who work in a department store, fall in love and get married. The story deals with what happens to them when Jimmy finds out he's lost his job. Also in the cast (very much in the cast, if you ask me) is Frank McHugh, who turns in a slick comedy performance.

✓✓Hold Your Man (M-G-M)

If you liked the team of Jean Harlow and Clark Gable in "Red Dust" (and who didn't?), you're bound to like this. For here they are together again in a hot-cha romance of a girl who isn't too scrupulous and a boy who isn't too honest. When a badger game they try goes wrong, the girl gets sent to reform school. But, of course, it all ends happily and snappily. Though Clark Gable's work is brilliant, Jean Harlow steals all the honors in this picture.

✓I Cover the Waterfront (United Artists)

Here against the always colorful background of the San Diego waterfront is told an always interesting story of a ship-news reporter who is trying to show a Chinese-smuggling skipper up for what he is, and who falls in love with the skipper's daughter. As the old smuggler, Ernest Torrence, who died shortly after he made the picture, delivered his last and greatest performance. Charming, too, is Claudette Colbert in a really meaty rôle. Her romance with Ben Lyon is one of the best screen-told love stories of the past few months. I like this picture, and I think you will, too.

I Love That Man (Paramount)

Rather weak stuff. All about a confidence man who wants to go straight for love but gets tangled up in crime again. It switches too suddenly from comedy to sob stuff. Though there's rather nice work by Edmund Lowe and Nancy Carroll, it doesn't save the picture from being just one of those things.

✓International House (Paramount)

Goofy nonsense hung on a screwy skeleton of a plot. The gags, lines and so on are built around the dozen or so celebrities Paramount hired for this picture. You'll meet Peggy Hopkins Joyce, W. C. Fields, Burns and Allen, Stoopnagle and Budd, Rudy Vallee, Cab Calloway and his orchestra, and so on. The picture doesn't make sense at all, at all, but it makes pretty swell nonsense.

✓Jennie Gerhardt (Paramount)

If you're in the mood for a good cry, take three handkerchiefs along and bawl to your heart's content at this. Women will find Dreiser's story of Jennie, to whom life brought nothing but unhappiness, unutterably tragic. There is hardly a ray of light or a moment of happiness in the whole picture. Sylvia Sidney seems to throw herself heart and soul into this rôle and she gives a great emotional performance. Nice work also by Donald Cook. Half of you will be wild over this; the other half will say that you don't go to the movies to see anything as tragic as this.

✓Kiss Before the Mirror (Universal)

An interesting picture, based on a rather far-fetched idea. A lawyer, defending a man who murdered an unfaithful wife, discovers his own wife is untrue. So what? He decides that if his client is acquitted he'll kill his own wife. Somewhere in the telling of the picture, the wallop is weakened, so that it all seems much ado about nothing. Though "Kiss Before the Mirror" has an interesting cast, including Paul Lukas, Nancy Carroll; Frank Morgan and Gloria Stuart, not all the players seem cast in the right rôles.

Laughing At Life (Mascot)

A fairly entertaining, rather torrid picture about the adventures of an engineer, Victor McLaglen, who simply has to have excitement and sex-citement in his life. He tries to get that excitement with gals like Conchita Montenegro, and it costs him his home life. So what?

Life of Jimmy Dolan, The (Warners)

Just another movie. Doug, Jr. seems jinxed in his choice of rôles lately. He plays a prize fighter who, for love of a good girl, decides to mend his evil ways. Loretta Young as the girl is so-so. Aline MacMahon is lost in a poor rôle.

Lilly Turner (First National)

This latest Ruth Chatterton picture about a country girl's tangled love-life is something of a disappointment, especially after "Frisco Jenny." The story's so sordid and weak that the performances of George Brent and Ruth Chatterton do nothing to redeem it.

✓✓Little Giant, The (Warners-First Nat'l)

Hey, hey and a couple of rah, rahs! Edward G. Robinson forgets all about the heavy melodrama and crashes through in one of the zippiest comedies you've seen in months. Come and see Edward G. Robinson as a big shot Chicago gangster who reforms. Come and see him as he crashes the 400. Watch him as society shoots him over the chutes-the-chutes and as people try to make a sucker out of him. What happens? Maybe you can guess; but still you'll have a lot of fun watching it happen.

✓Looking Forward (M-G-M)

A picture of beautiful performances. And why wouldn't it be, with Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone in the cast? Strange to say, grand as Lionel is, Lewis Stone gives an even more powerful performance. The story? A simple tale of what happens when the Depression affects the lives of two British families, one rich, one poor.

✓M (Foreign-made)

A powerful but gruesome story of how a syndicate of beggars and underworld characters trap a child-murderer. This is brilliantly acted and directed and will keep you breathless with suspense. Keep the children away. It's much too grisly a story for them.

Made on Broadway (M-G-M)

Just another picture that you can miss without shedding a tear. There's something rather cheap and hackneyed about the plot. In fact, the story's so feeble that even with a cast that includes Robert Montgomery, Sally Eilers and Madge Evans, it doesn't make the grade. Another tale about a gal with a past, a man who falls in love with her without knowing about her past, and the terrible shock he gets when he learns the truth. The ending is stupid.

✓✓Masquerader, The (Goldwyn - United Artists)

If this is Ronald Colman's last picture for Samuel Goldwyn, at least he's given us something to remember him by. He plays a dual rôle in this, and his performance and the whole picture leave a pleasant taste in your mouth. It's an adroit mixture of farce and melodrama, and you'll like it. Elissa Landi is the heart interest, and though she still seems pretty icy to this reviewer, she fits better into the rôle of an aristocratic young woman than into that of an exotic siren.

✓✓Mayor of Hell, The (Warners)

From James Cagney himself a boy in his teens named Frankie Darro steals this picture. Darro deserves the greatest praise for his wonderful performance as the tough mugg "mayor" of a reformatory. How you'll thrill to his performance! But don't forget this—Cagney himelf lets the boy play the juiciest sequences, willingly plays second fiddle to this marvelous performance. So give Cagney credit, too. Anyway, it's a grand action picture, and you'll be glad you paid your box-office money to see it.

✓Melody Cruise (Radio)

A naughty, rather amusing musical about a cheating hubby and his pal, who falls for a nice gal, Helen Mack. You'll howl with glee at the antics of Charles Ruggles, the darn fool, and one Chick Chandler, who practically steals the picture with his wisecracks. This picture marks the début of radio entertainer Phil Harris, but he doesn't set the world on fire in this.

✓Midnight Mary (M-G-M)

Not because the story's basically new, but because of brilliant direction and splendid work by Loretta Young, Ricardo Cortez and Franchot Tone, this picture makes the grade. Loretta is the girl who has gone wrong because of a series of bad breaks. Eventually true love, in the person of Franchot Tone, comes along. Such is her life that love eventually leads her to commit a murder! It may sound trite, but it has been handled so brilliantly that it will stir you.

✓Narrow Corner, The (Warners)

Nominally this stars Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Patricia Ellis is the big love interest. However, it's the splendid work of the supporting cast that makes this picture worth seeing. Particularly noteworthy are two people you've probably never heard of before, William Mong and Arthur Hohl, who are splendid as two old salts who try to outdo each other in telling tall tales. The story tells of two men in love with a girl, against a background of ocean life.

✓✓Nuisance, The (M-G-M)

A-1 entertainment for any movie-goer. In it Lee Tracy has a rôle that's right down his alley. He plays a crooked ambulance chaser who gyps public utilities by fake accident suits, until the traction company sends a good-looking girl detective to trip him up. The picture is jammed with twists, laughs, developments, gags. Whoopla! It's a hey, nonny, nonny and a hot cha cha sort of picture with Madge Evans, Lee Tracy and Charles Butterworth giving it the works.

Phantom Broadcast (Monogram)

A rather entertaining combination of a murder-mystery tale with a radio-movie, with Ralph Forbes turning in a brilliant performance as a crippled singer, and Vivienne Osborne as the feminine appeal.

Pick-Up (Paramount)

The story of a street pick-up that ends in respectable matrimony. Unfortunately, the characters are too unsympathetic to get under your skin. Little Sylvia Sidney struggles hard to make the girl she plays seem real and likeable, and George Raft does what he can with a character who's too weak to be interesting. As a result, you don't care what happens to any of the people in the story.

✓✓Picture Snatcher (Warners)

Get ready for a treat, picture fans. No matter who you are or where you are or what you like, here's one picture you're going to go for. And why? Why not, with James Cagney acting in this one like a house afire? Why not, with Alice White putting over a swell bit of business as a hard-boiled, wise-cracking sob sister? Why not, with an action story that moves at so fast a pace it'll hold you breathless? Why not, with a love story sandwiched in for good measure, with that exquisite young Patricia Ellis? If you don't get a delightful evening's entertainment out of this one, one of us ought to see a doctor.

✓✓Pilgrimage (Fox)

A splendid and brilliant piece of screen story-telling, with a powerful and different movie plot. It's the story of a farm mother who sends her son (Norman Foster) to the war to break up his romance with the girl he loves (Marian Nixon). Her son dies; the girl becomes a mother. The story of what happens when the mother visits her son's grave is one of those splendid human dramas that will leave you all tingly inside. Henrietta Crosman as the mother turns in a performance you'll long remember.

(*Continued on page 96*)

Toby Wing the Perfect Chorus Girl

(*Continued from page 34*)

It isn't wise to tax the heart too much in the beginning. But, goodness, how rope-skipping does keep away the excess freight.

After that she does a little setting-up number that is marvelous for abdominal muscles and the hips. She lies flat on her back, then raises her legs to a vertical position without bending the knees. She does it twenty times. That, too, she advises you to begin gradually. No more than twelve times at first.

Doubling up and rolling is also part of the morning's program.

"You'd be surprised," Toby comments, "how that discourages extra pounds from hanging around."

By that time she is ready for a shower and breakfast. Orange juice, a cooked fruit and dry toast. She never drinks coffee.

Her luncheon menu is a mixed green salad (an old Hollywood standby), grapefruit, or lemon juice and water, and a jello dessert. In the evening, and she likes an early dinner, she has meat and vegetables. She likes all vegetables, but thinks that it is fortunate that she likes potatoes least of all. She passes up heavy desserts. That is a heart-breaking concession to the figure. Toby is seventeen and loves chocolate eclairs, sundaes and bon bons.

She is not on a regular diet, but she does not wish to add any more pounds.

She likes outdoor sports, and is an excellent tennis player. She was the school tennis champion at Beverly Hills high school. She plays once or twice a week now, and not very long at a time. Tennis exercises the entire body, but too much of it develops rolls of muscles. She swims also, but for short distances. The swimming enthusiast develops big shoulders and chest. Fine for a man, but too much of it in a woman doesn't add to feminine contours.

Ballroom dancing, she believes, is splendid for grace and poise, and tap-dancing, if not overdone, is fine exercise.

"And at nine o'clock," she says, firmly, "during week nights I put out the light and go to bed. Sleep is most important of all. Friday and Saturday nights I dance, go to dinner parties or to the theater."

Perhaps with Mr. Chevalier. Or with Mr. Oakie. Or with Mr. Marx.

You can see that there is nothing about Toby to remind you of bygone chorus beauties who trained on lobster and champagne suppers at midnight. Toby doesn't drink or smoke. Of course no seventeen year-old girl SHOULD drink or smoke. But as Toby says, you'd be surprised.

I could never work up much enthusiasm for figures in my algebra classes, but it's surprising how much interest I can muster over Toby's figure. The statistics are really enchanting. Ankle, 7¾ inches; calf, 12½ inches; thigh, 20½ inches; hip, 34 inches; waist, 25 inches; bust, 33 inches; wrist, 5½ inches; neck, 12½ inches head, 22½ inches; height, 5 feet, 4½ inches; weight, 117 pounds. In other words, Toby is one-half inch taller than the Venus de Milo; her waist is 3½ inches smaller; bust is 1¾ inches smaller, and Venus measured two more inches about the hips, Venus, probably didn't know how to skip rope.

This latter day Venus came, and saw, and conquered. They say Chevalier saw her one day in the studio commissary, and was completely dazzled. After an introduction, Toby and her mother, were invited up to the Chevalier manse for dinner. On another evening they went dancing together. The columnists, one and all, took note of it. Appearing in public with that homme, Chevalier, is harmful to no screen girl. It's good for a whole paragraph in any column.

Of course you can understand why Harpo Marx was intrigued. Doesn't Harpo always chase blondes in his pictures? There is a blonde "stenog" rôle in the next Marx Brothers comedy that may fall to Toby. She rather covets the assignment—even if it isn't much of a rôle. I gather from that that Harpo not only likes to chase blondes—but that blondes also like to be chased by Harpo. I'm glad to have that point cleared up.

All the attention being paid Toby by the Hollywood males, must be a source of constant annoyance to Jack Oakie. It was through Jack that Toby started on a film career. It was Jack who introduced her to Charles Furthman, the writer. It was Furthman who introduced her to Mack Sennett. Sennett knows a beautiful girl with a beautiful figure when he sees one. In the whole history of the industry no one has been a more consistent picker of peaches. Toby played leading rôles in Sennett comedies, and was introduced to Samuel Goldwyn, on the lookout for beauties for "The Kid From Spain." It was clear sailing after that. Warners borrowed her for "42 Street," and now Paramount has given her a contract. And Toby is really very grateful to Jack Oakie.

There's good ancestry back of Toby Wing. Her father is Major Paul Wing, U. S. A., retired. Her grandfather was Captain John T. Thraves, who served under "Stonewall" Jackson in the Civil War. It was on his plantation, "Right Oaks," near Richmond, where she was born. Seven years ago the family moved to Beverly Hills from an Army post in Panama.

As a child, all of seven years ago, Toby had some slight experience in the studios. She appeared with Jackie Coogan in "A Child of Flanders," and with Wally Wales, as a child sister, in a series of Columbia westerns.

There were no parental objections to her adopting a motion picture career. Somehow that is usually a lacking quantity in Los Angeles and environs. The advantages of a successful cinematic career are too evident. There was, however, a slight protest from a Virginia relative. Toby's picture appeared in a newspaper in company with a prize fighter.

"I wasn't out with him," she explains, "but the cameraman wanted to take our pictures together."

And a newcomer in the screen fold learns very, very early in the game not to say "nay, nay" to cameramen.

Toby has poise and assurance, a lovely face and a perfect body. She also has a simple and effective health program.

And perhaps I shouldn't tell this, but a young New Yorker, still on the sunny side of twenty, really has the inside track with Toby.

"Here is the SECRET"
says
Mary Brian

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Letters from a Movie Fan in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 63*)

Starched voile ruffled curtains at the windows, with glazed chintz overdrapes—always in the delicate-green and canary-yellow motif. And Cecile Brunner roses in huge Dresden vases.

Honest, dear—maybe I seem to rave too much, but it's just so darned gorgeous! Why, if I had a dressing-room like that, they'd have to hire elephants to drag me out. And when tea was served, it made the picture complete. Served to us individually, with yellow-and-green service on those large trays that have collapsible legs (like Leon Erroll's). The maid brings in the trays, clicks the trick legs, and presto, there's a little tea table that's set up right beside you, wherever you are. And I'm telling that in detail because Carole explained:

"Bill and I have all our meals like this at home."

"What, no dining table!" I gasped, like the Lexington avenue hick I am. She explained that at home, she and Bill have big trays just like the little tea trays, and that their dinner is brought to them whereever they may happen to be, at dinner time, set up beside them, so they don't have to move. . . .!

"I just don't like to be called into a fussily formal dining room if I don't feel like it," she explained, simply enough. (So, darling, you might try it out at home with that card table I gave you two Christmases ago. Only look out for that one loose leg, or your delicatessen will be all over that rug that isn't paid for yet.)

And so there we sat, sipping tea, crunching cinnamon toast, and me asking a lot of your questions. And was she a honey!—answered everything, so darned squarely and decently that I love her for it.

I asked her about her hair, of course . . . —and learned that she doesn't approve of blondes who don't take time enough to be the sort of blondes gentlemen prefer. Because being a blonde may be nature's gift, but being a BUH-LONDE is what takes time. For instance, I almost collapsed when she says she has her hair washed twice a week! I gasped:

"But how can you keep it so beautiful—I thought—"

"Yes," she cut in; "you thought that too-much washing makes it 'dead' and stringy and all that." But to counteract that tendency, she uses oil—*lots* of oil everytime she shampoos it. Either pine oil or marrow oil, she told me.

"And what about these blondes who have that 'rusty' look?" I asked.

"Heat," she said.

"But I thought red-heads were supposed to be hotter," I simple-cracked. She was good enough to laugh, and explained: "I mean that too much of the hot-iron business makes blondes rusty." So I gather Carole's suggestion to blondes is to turn on the heat *elsewhere* than the hair. Or shouldn't I have said that, gam-ma?

I asked her about the skin they'd love to touch, and once again up popped that grand Hollywood dictum—SOAP AND WATER. Every time I ask a beauty how she keeps her skin that way, they chirp "soap and water" at me. I think Mr. Lux has them all convinced!

Nights, says Carole, she cleanses her skin with a good cleansing cream (there are many good ones, she says)—using two applications, and good ones. Not just the swipe-and-wipe method, honey. In the morning, she turns on the faucet and uses up the soap, and then, for a powder base, she *PATS* witch-hazel on her skin with absorbent cotton paddies. She uses plain witch-hazel, and uses it often at night as well as morning, too.

"Makes my skin feel so alive—and CLEAN," she says.

As to make-up—"Blondes, beware!" she warns. Not of all make-up, by any means. But of TOO MUCH. Only the slightest bit of rouge, for instance, became even a tiny bit too much gives a blonde that "hard" look that makes the pimple-faced man on the corner make a pass at her. And a nice blonde should be particular, says Carole, about who makes passes at her.

Incidentally, she suggests darker powder for day than for night, that's another purely blonde trick, she says. Also, for daytime, a quite light lipstick, with NO eye make-up.

She saw me looking at her eyebrows, and lashes.

"Yes, they're dyed," she said. "Not black, honey, but a dark brown. It makes a great difference. The

The happy couple being wed are John Wayne and Josephine Saenz, and the lovely bridesmaid is Loretta Young. We're showing you a full length picture of Loretta so you may see how utterly beautiful she looked

brown harmonizes with the blonde; the black clashes.

Evenings, she *does* use eye make-up. "Grey shadow over the lid," she explained, "but never any shadow under the eye." And at night, a darker shade of lipstick than by day.

"So you diet?" I glugged at her, through a bite of 'steenth piece of cinnamon toast.

"No," she said. "On the contrary, *my* trouble is to avoid getting *too thin*." Darling, imagine a girl with luck like that! Then she went on to explain her theory of the relation between weight and diet. She's not one of these cultists or faddists. Her idea is simplicity itself:

"IF I had to worry about weight, I wouldn't go to a dietician or an ologist or a this-ist or that-ist. I'd just *eat less*." She thinks we *all* eat too much.

Now darling, here's a shock. We did NOT talk much about clothes. I know you're reeling—I know you're sure I must be ill, or something. Well, the fact is, I was all ready to—but it seems they wanted Carole to make some moving pictures, and I'd already stayed so long. But I did get this out of her—

"I think every woman MUST look as smart as possible. . . ."

I interrupted: "Norma Shearer told me it's a duty an actress owes her fans."

"It's a duty *every* woman owes to *herself!*" Carole countered. "It makes for self-confidence and assurance, and those, in turn, make one smart and real and the sort of woman who is picked out of a crowd." And it isn't money that's needed to turn the trick—"it's clothes sense—don't let anyone tell you it can't be cultivated."

Oh—I remember—I was going to tell you about the gown Alice Joyce wore at the Colony. It was black crêpe, cut very severely high at the throat, with long, tight-fitting sleeves. As I looked at her, I wondered if she had something wrong with her skin, to cover it up so startlingly. And then, darling, she turned around. And there was simply a chiropractor's dream! —no back at all, and the V was cut right down to what is euphemistically called the waist, my dear.

And now before I close, I've a recipe for you. I was at a party the other evening, where they served what I thought were ice-cream sodas. Until I'd had a couple . . . and then I realized—well, then I asked the writer-friend of yours (odd, how he always seems to be around, isn't it honey?) how they were made—and he took me into the kitchen and showed me—

You take some juice of a couple of lemons. And the white of an egg. And about a "jigger" of cream—good thick cream. You put it into a shaker. Then you add two jiggers of a colorless fluid that comes in squat, square bottles which you telephone for to a number somebody has. Then you shake that all up *hard*. And you have two tall, tall glasses, with cracked ice and sugar to taste in them. And into each glass you pour half of the stuff that you've shaken up. And then you squirt the glass full with a siphon-bottle. And on a hot night!—well, honey—just ask that nice writer-friend of yours what it does to a party. . . .

Love,

KATHRYN

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It is not just luck that some succeed where others fail. There is a natural law that governs success and failure—the law of personality. A magnetic personality is the greatest single asset any human being can possess—much greater than riches, for riches can be lost never to be recovered, whereas men and women possessing personal magnetism in marked degree attain riches, happiness, popularity, power—everything worth striving for in this world. It is they who make the outstanding successes in their chosen fields, whatever they may be—the professions, radio, movies, politics, business, marriage.

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A few people are endowed by nature with powerful, charming personalities. They are indeed fortunate for to them success comes naturally if they apply themselves. But with the vast majority of people magnetic personality must be developed if they are to possess it. Many do acquire it to their everlasting benefit but for lack of definite instructions as to how to go about developing magnetic personalities, most people live out their lives without ever acquiring the golden key to success that lies latent in nearly every human breast waiting to unlock the door to fortune.

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In his masterly work entitled "Personal Magnetism" Theron Q. Dumont, acknowledged authority and writer on psychology and character as applied to success, analyses the entire subject, separates it into its component parts, lets you see how human character is formed, shows you how to remove the characteristics that are holding you back and points the way to developing those that will give you the charm and power over others that every man or woman needs to attain success.

A study of this splendid 229-page book may easily be the influence that will turn your footsteps, or those of son, daughter, husband, friend, whoever you give it to, from the densely crowded path of failure to the far less crowded, upward road to wealth, power and happiness! While they last only 98c, postage 11c.

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SHE BRAVES ASSASSINATION FOR LOVE'S SAKE!

Beautiful Magda Lupescu, the woman for whom a King sacrificed his throne which she later helped him to win back.

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Perhaps the only living woman in this dangerous position in the modern world. Intrigue, mystery, violence—even the momentary threat of brutal assassination—stalk constantly at her seductive shoulder. Millions of women voice their scorn for her. Others with a broader outlook are less bitter in their appraisal. Governments fear her.

Yet Magda Lupescu, flaming-haired beauty who may hold the peace of Europe in her fragile hands, braves everything willingly for the sake of companionship with her royal lover.

Carol is monarch of Roumania. Magda Lupescu, who can never share the throne, is ever near at hand to share his unofficial hours, while his Queen, Helen of Greece, lives in veritable exile—banished from the side of her regal spouse by a power more final than royal decree, the devastating power of a flame-haired woman's love.

What is the true story of this fantastic situation? How has this unswerving love survived ten years of intrigue and popular hatred? How have this King and a beautiful commoner continued their passionate companionship in defiance of obstacles that would break the hearts of an average couple? What manner of woman is Magda Lupescu, the sweetheart of a King?

You will find the whole remarkable story of this amazing love in a modern court revealed from a new viewpoint in True Story Magazine for September. It is a searchingly human story in which, without fear or favor, the royal romance of Roumania is held to the light that you may know one of the greatest love stories of the age in its entirety. Begin this epic of a regal romance today—you'll remember it always.

TRUE STORY

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION!

CLARK GABLE

THE TRUE STORY OF HIS ROMANTIC TEMPTATIONS

A close-up of Gable and Crawford in one of their romantic scenes.

CLARK GABLE—lover extraordinary on the screen—hero to a million feminine film fans—as romantic in private life as before the camera—but with a subtle difference! And surprisingly little understood by the public at that despite all the press agentry and ballyhoo. Who is the real Gable?

That is the purpose of "The True Story of Clark Gable's Romantic Temptations" in True Story Magazine, already acclaimed a smash hit, a super word picture. Seldom has a more searching story about a public character been told. Here is no publicity agents' build-up but an accurate, unbiased presentation of the true circumstances under which the great cavalier of Hollywood has loved and lost and learned to love again. It is a story for those who are interested in the real things of life, the things that make the world go 'round. It is a story that would grip your interest from beginning to end if you had never heard of Joan Crawford, Josephine Dillion, Pauline Frederick and the other Hollywood luminaries who grace its varied episodes, because it is sheer drama. But also because these famous names bring personalities to your mind you will find these revelations doubly interesting.

You can begin this unusual biography of an unusual film star today in True Story Magazine. Your copy is at the nearest news stand! Don't miss it!

Pages Torn from the Book of Life!

True Story Magazine depicts the tremendous dramas, the glamorous romances, the lilting comedies of everyday life. Not all of the people whose fascinating private lives are revealed in its pages are as well known as Clark Gable, as King Carol, as Joan Crawford or Magda Lupescu. But all of them are as entertainingly human, as subject to great emotional crises, as apt to err, to sacrifice, to repent, to forgive and to achieve as the men and women whose stories are brought to your attention in the preceding paragraphs.

True Story Magazine is the safety valve through which the pent-up emotions of countless men and women the world over are given expression. Each issue presents a series of stories so graphic, so completely filled with human interest that they may well be called pages torn from the book of life.

In the new September issue, in addition to the great romance of King Carol and Lupescu, and the revelation of Gable's romantic temptations, you will enjoy the stories titled "The Secret of His Silence," "My Amazing Protector," "Strange Slavery," "Because They Had Love," and "Kid Sister," and many other true stories and special departments. By all means get your copy today at the nearest news stand!

TRUE STORY

SEPTEMBER ISSUE—15¢ EVERYWHERE!

(*Continued from page 90*)

Private Detective 62 (Warners)
This picture doesn't do right by Bill Powell. It's one of those sordid, unpleasant plots about a crooked private detective who hates his own racket, and can you blame him? None of the characters are wholly likeable, not even the heroine, Margaret Lindsay. So what? Just another picture, and not such a good one at that.

☆

Professional Sweetheart (Radio)
You can't call this a gu-reat picture and yet it's plenty entertaining. It kids radioland like nobody's business. You see, Ginger Rogers plays the Purity Girl of the air who gets tired of her reputation and wants to be human. Along comes Norman Foster, a farm boy, and she goes for him, but it's no use, because he believes her reputation as a Purity Girl. In the end he converts her to the pure and simple life.

☆

✓**Reunion In Vienna** (M-G-M)
Beautifully mounted, photographed and directed as this is, I found it somewhat disappointing. Not that it isn't a fine picture. It is. But somehow in the screen-telling, it doesn't get across its daring, light-comedy situation the way it should. Perhaps that's partly because Diana Wynyard seems all wrong for the rôle she plays. When she's supposed to be most reckless and most abandoned, she still seems just a nice girl pretending at being wicked. John Barrymore makes much more of his rôle as a reckless, dashing, exiled archduke who comes back to Vienna to claim his former light o' love. You'll like this only if your tastes are extremely sophisticated.

☆

✓**Secrets** (United Artists)
This is certainly the best picture Mary Pickford has had in a long time. That's because it touches on fundamental human emotions. It's the story of a girl and a boy who love each other enough to pioneer in the West, and to live together through a lifetime filled with hardships and danger. Though he loves his wife, the man drifts into several affairs. How the wife faces the situation and triumphs over it is a story that will get you. Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard are charming as the lovers. Mary's work is particularly fine during the pioneer sequences.

☆

She Had to Say Yes (Warners)
Oh, forget it. Just another sexy story of the little lamb (Loretta Young this time) who trusted the wrong man, with the usual consequences. Regis Toomey and Lyle Talbot are the men.

☆

She Loved a Star (Columbia)
A sob story with Wally Ford as a big-time ball-player who is going blind but doesn't want to tell because he lo-hoves his work. When he makes mistakes, he's suspected of working with crooked gamblers. There's a lot of hokum about the gal who loves him (Barbara Kent) and the dying little child who calls for him (Dickie Moore). Happy ending to this one, but what of it?

☆

✓**Silver Cord, The** (Radio)
A powerful and poignant story of misdirected mother love. Three of the finest performances you've seen in a long time make this a picture you'll long remember. Magnificent are Laura Hope Crews as the selfish mother; Irene Dunne as her daughter-in-law, whose marriage she tries to break up; and Frances Dee (you never knew she could act like this!) as the girl whose engagement to one of her sons she does succeed in breaking up. This is a completely adult drama, which will be appreciated by discriminating moviegoers.

☆

Silk Express (Warners)
They tried to cram too much mystery, too much melodrama, too many thrills into this plot, and the result is a hash. Sometimes too much plot is worse than none at all! Neil Hamilton, Sheila Terry, Guy Kibbee and others take part in the melodramatic proceedings. The story? All about a big-shot silk importer who hires a special train for his silk, and how his rivals resort to everything to stop the train—wrecking, arson and murder—but don't succeed.

☆

Soldiers of the Storm (Columbia)
Regis Toomey, Anita Page and Barbara Weeks in a story of the border patrol, with love interest added. There's a lot of action in this, but a very weak story.

☆

Sphinx, The (Monogram)
For mystery hounds, here's a dish that'll be to their liking. The crux of the plot depends on twin brothers, one normal, the other deaf-and-dumb. The solution as to who committed the murder is revealed in a sequence full of suspense. The principal rôles are played by Lionel Atwill, Theodore Newton and Sheila Terry.

☆

Story of Temple Drake, The (Paramount)
William Faulkner's daring and powerful novel, "Sanctuary," has been made into an unpleasant melodrama which reeks with sex. After you've seen it you'll wonder, "Why did they make it in the first place?" The picture deals with a Southern coquette who likes to lead men on and what happens when she meets a man who takes what he wants. Miriam Hopkins, Jack LaRue and Florence Eldridge lavish splendid performances on this story, but the picture leaves a bad taste in your mouth. It fails as art and as entertainment both.

☆

Sunset Pass (Paramount)
As westerns go, this is above average, thanks to a good Zane Grey script and some nice acting by Tom Keene as a cowboy-detective who gets inside a cattle-stealing gang by posing as an escaped convict.

It's one of Hollywood's most blazing romances of the moment and maybe it's a marriage. They are William Wellman, the big-shot director, and little bit player, Dorothy Coonan, whom Warners have under contract. Director Wellman has just recently received his divorce from his fourth wife and if he and Dorothy aren't already married—the chatterers, including Mr. Winchell, think maybe it happened two months ago in Canada—they will be any day now

Thunder Over Mexico (Sol Lesser)
A cast of native Mexicans in a picture about Mexico's revolt against the old peonage system. There are moments of great beauty and moments of terrible horror, but certainly this is not what most of us would consider screen entertainment. Notable for its magnificent camerawork but that's about all.

☆

✓✓**Today We Live** (M-G-M)
This is a magnificent picture, but it doesn't give Joan Crawford much to do. She does that little magnificently, true; but the action of the picture revolves almost entirely around Gary Cooper, Robert Young and Franchot Tone. There are aviation war scenes that will make your heart do loops; there are love scenes that will tear you in pieces; and yet—you'll wish that they had given Joan a picture in which she dominated.

☆

✓**Tomorrow At Seven** (Radio)
If you like mystery stories, here's one that's a thriller, faster than most of them and with a real story to tell. The killer in this story warns his victims in advance by leaving a note marked "Tomorrow at 7" for them the day before the killings. You'll see Chester Morris, Frank McHugh, Grant Mitchell, Allen Jenkins.

☆

✓**Warrior's Husband, The** (Fox)
What happens when an army of beautiful Amazons meets an army of handsome men. The story is supposed to be about women in Homer's day. You'll like Elissa Landi, warmer, more human, less aloof than usual, and David Manners, so handsome you won't wonder that the young Amazon goes completely feminine when he's around.

☆

✓**White Sister** (M-G-M)
Remember "The White Sister" as a silent with Lilian Gish as the girl who took the veil because she thought her dashing soldier lover had died in the war? Now Clark Gable and Helen Hayes play the rôles, and you'll be amazed at the emotion they pack into that moth-eaten drama. The picture is a little too sweet, a little too sentimental, but just the same you'll find it hard to refrain from crying.

☆

✓✓**When Ladies Meet** (M-G-M)
Here is another stage success glorified by the screen. It's the story of a woman, Myrna Loy, who falls headlong in love with a man, Frank Morgan. She knows he's married, but she is on the point of yielding to him because she believes that he cares for her as much as she for him. Then, through a series of circumstances, she meets the man's wife, beautifully played by Ann Harding. It makes a fine, unusual screen story, with a different viewpoint than the usual claptrap.

☆

✓✓**Working Man** (Warners)
A picture of genuine charm. It gives George Arliss a chance to do all the things he does best. He gives a gr-rand performance, and golly, how you like the man! For an additional treat to the eye and ear, there's Bette Davis. The story's about a rich man who adopts his deceased business rival's family, and makes a swell job of it. Oh, you'll chuckle at this, and you'll laugh and you'll chortle and the picture will leave you with a lasting glow.

☆

✓✓**Zoo In Budapest** (Fox)
Noteworthy above everything else is the photography in "Zoo In Budapest." But besides that,, it has romance, it has beauty, it has a charming love story, and above all, it has excitement. One of the most thrilling sequences in any wild animal picture takes place in this one, when a zoo-full of wild animals escape, wreak havoc. You'll thrill! Gene Raymond and Loretta Young make charming lovers against the strange background of this story.

'THIS IS ONE PICTURE
YOU'VE JUST GOT TO SEE."

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No. 2 is our choice of them all. An exotic, new shade—brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC"

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RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

OCTOBER

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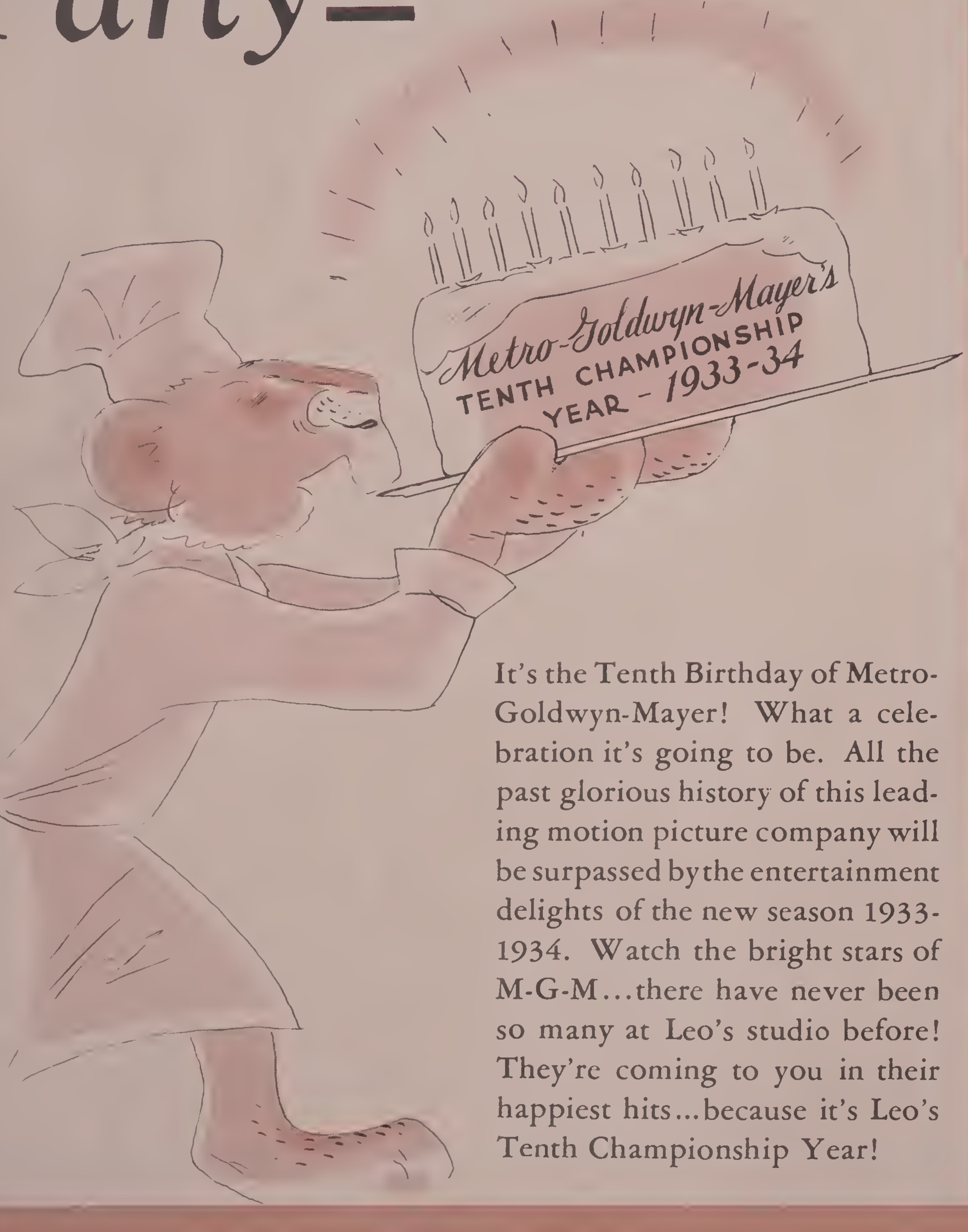
PETER B. KYNE tells HOW I MADE A MILLION IN MOVIES

YOU ARE INVITED *to* *Leo's Birthday Party*—



It's the Tenth Birthday of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! What a celebration it's going to be. All the past glorious history of this leading motion picture company will be surpassed by the entertainment delights of the new season 1933-1934. Watch the bright stars of M-G-M...there have never been so many at Leo's studio before! They're coming to you in their happiest hits...because it's Leo's Tenth Championship Year!

ALL THE HAPPY M-G-M STARS WILL BE THERE!

JOHN BARRYMORE
LIONEL BARRYMORE
WALLACE BEERY
JOAN CRAWFORD
MARION DAVIES
MARIE DRESSLER
JIMMY DURANTE
CLARK GABLE
GRETA GARBO
JEAN HARLOW
HELEN HAYES
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
RAMON NOVARRO
JACK PEARL
NORMA SHEARER
LEE TRACY
ED WYNN
Stan LAUREL-Oliver HARDY

And these other M-G-M personalities

Elizabeth Allan
Tad Alexander
Nils Asther
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Irene Cattell
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
Margaret Hamilton
Russell Hardie
Jean Hersholt
Phillips Holmes
Jean Howard
Walter Huston
Otto Kruger
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Willard Mack
Margaret McConnell
Una Merkel
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Franchot Tone
Lupe Velez
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

COMING TO DELIGHT YOU!

NIGHT FLIGHT (starring Clark Gable, Helen Hayes, John & Lionel Barrymore, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy)

★ ★ ★

JOAN CRAWFORD in "Dancing Lady" with Franchot Tone.

★ ★ ★

SHOW WORLD (starring Alice Brady, Frank Morgan, Jimmy Durante, Jackie Cooper, Madge Evans, Weber & Fields and many more).

DINNER at 8

From the Sam H. Harris stage play by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Produced by David O. Selznick. Directed by George Cukor

Filmed in Arctic Wilds—Bigger than "Trader Horn"

From the novel by Peter Freuchen. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

METRO Goldwyn MAYER

movie MIRROR

Filmland's Smartest Magazine

VOL. 4, NO. 5

Ruth Waterbury
Editor

OCTOBER, 1933

HOLLYWOOD REPRESENTATIVE ◆ HARRY LANG

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL ◆ ART DIRECTOR

THE GIRL ON OUR COVER

KATHARINE HEPBURN, from the time she was in pigtails, felt that life without acting wasn't life at all. She began her meteoric career in a Baltimore Stock Company four days after graduating Bryn Mawr. From there she hit Broadway and a row of bad plays, and finally one hit, "The Warrior's Husband" which won her a five-year contract with RKO. Her hair is red and her eyes are hazel. When not satisfied she walks out—but the directors always call her back. Causes as much stir as Garbo in the studio. Hates wearing shoes and wants to take them off in every emotional scene. Is very impulsive. Her amazing frankness has poor Hollywood nervously biting its fingernails. It's in the cards she'll go far. Besides, she's THAT smart. This caricature of her was done by Paderewski, and the cover portrait was painted by Milo Baine.

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"A Good Number!

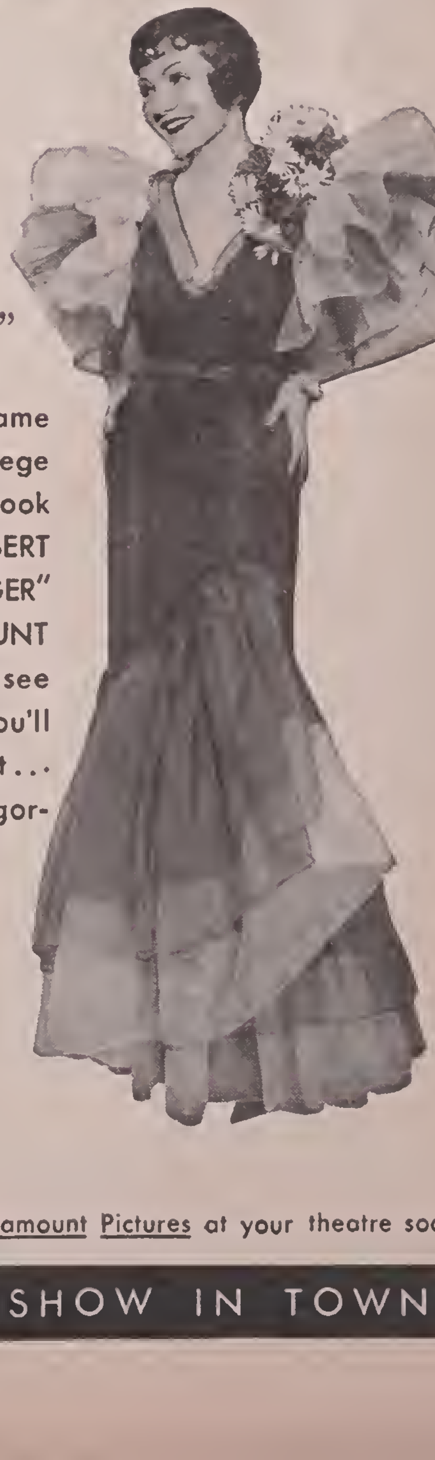
.... I should say, 'numbers'.... the best I have ever sung," says BING CROSBY, Paramount's latest star, of the songs he sings in "TOO MUCH HARMONY" in which he appears with Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Judith Allen and Harry Green. If you thought him fascinating in "College Humor" ... just listen to him in "TOO MUCH HARMONY."

Move your feet?

"NO!" says MAE WEST, speaking of the "Midway," the dance she does in her newest picture, "I'M NO ANGEL." "It's not a dance of the hands and feet, but a dance of the Midway. I throw discretion to the winds and my hips go North, South, East and West." Come up and see me, "I'M NO ANGEL."

He Pets!

GARY COOPER says it with pets instead of with flowers, for his pet gifts amount to a very large sum annually. In "ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON," he says it with something else in his slow caressing voice as he thrills FRANCES FULLER in a way that will thrill you.



"Boy, She's Stacked!"

The exclamation came from a visiting college youth as his eyes took in CLAUDETTE COLBERT on the "TORCH SINGER" set at the PARAMOUNT Studio. When you see "TORCH SINGER" you'll see what he meant... a stunning figure gorgeously gowned.

Watch for I'M NO ANGEL, TOO MUCH HARMONY, TORCH SINGER, ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON, all Paramount Pictures at your theatre soon.

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN

TIPS ON TALKIES

by DORA ALBERT

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

✓Adorable (Fox)
A whipped cream, bonbon sort of picture about a mythical kingdom, with Janet Gaynor as the princess charming who loves a lieutenant of the palace guard. Henry Garat as the lieutenant is perfectly charming, and Janet Gaynor lives up to the title of the picture. But there will be two very different fan reactions on this. Those who like whimsical pictures will say, "How cute!" There'll be another group of fans, though who'll say, "How silly!"

☆

Arizona To Broadway (Fox)
You can skip this one without missing much. It has story trouble to begin with. Imagine saddling two such troupers as Jimmy Dunn and Joan Bennett with a weak-kneed story about a gal who falls into the hands of crooks and how lo-hove saves her! You can't even let the children go to see this one. The gags are the kind you won't want them to hear.

☆

✓Baby Face (Warners)
Barbara Stanwyck's acting in this is grand, but the picture leaves you feeling as if you want to get under a good, clean shower. It's that sexy. Though it was remade by order of the Hays office because it was too hot to be passed by the censors, it still leaves nothing to the imagination. You'll wonder how it could have been any hotter in its original form when you see the current version. Barbara Stanwyck plays a young woman who rises in the world by using her power over men. George Brent is very likable in this, but it's Barbara Stanwyck's performance you'll remember.

☆

✓Bed of Roses (Radio)
Though the story of this is rather weak for a Connie Bennett picture, I want you to see it anyway to get a load of that kid named Pert Kelton. Does she steal the picture, does she! The story's that trite plot about a gal who seeks a bed of roses for herself and doesn't know what to do when she falls in love with a boy who thinks she's sweet and pure. It's redeemed, however, by some very bright dialogue, by the clever comedy of Pert Kelton and by some hot-cha love scenes between Connie Bennett and Joel McCrea.

☆

✓✓Bedtime Story, A (Paramount)
You'll howl with glee when you see that mischievous, adorable Baby Leroy. He steals the picture from Star Maurice Chevalier. This picture has the gay, human touch that leaves you with a sort of warm glow. It tells the story of what happens when a strange baby is left in the automobile of a gay Parisian bachelor, whose best friends suspect him of being the father of the baby. Of course, there's a love story, too, with Helen Twelvetrees and Adrienne Ames as Chevalier's two main leading ladies.

☆

✓✓Beggars' Holiday (Columbia)
Some call this hokum, but just the same it will get you. It's a marvelous story of a mother's sacrifice, with May Robson (and there's an actress for you) giving it the works. Also watch Jean Parker, the high school girl whose dramatic ability is the talk of Hollywood. This picture gives you everything, from laughs to tears. And when at the end you smile through your tears, you'll love it.

☆

✓✓Berkeley Square (Lasky-Fox)
Here is one of the finest and most unusual screen pictures you ever saw. It's not an easy story to understand, because it deals with a lover whose great love transcends time. Born in the twentieth century, he goes back to the eighteenth century to pledge eternal devotion to the girl he loves. The magnificent acting of Leslie Howard makes this picture tremendously effective. There is fine work also by the supporting cast, including Heather Angel, Valerie Taylor, and Betty Lawford.

☆

Best of Enemies, The (Fox)
Buddy Rogers, Marian Nixon, Frank Morgan, and Joseph Cawthorne in a moderately entertaining comedy about two old-timers who get in the way of their children's romancing. The highlight of the picture is the laugh-stuff supplied by Frank Morgan and Joseph Cawthorne.

☆

✓Captured (Warners)
A drama of love and hate and jealousy, against the background of a German prison camp. The story tells of two British officers in the prison camp, one of whom has won the love of the other's wife. Leslie Howard and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., give the story what it takes! Margaret Lindsay is the girl, but, fortunately, she hasn't much to do. There are scenes of terrific drama in this. The picture might have reached real greatness if it were not for an overdose of hokum in some of the scenes.

☆

Cheating Blondes (Equitable)
A picture that's just so-so, with Thelma Todd appearing in a dual rôle. She plays a cabaret girl and also her twin sister who's suspected of murder. Rolf Harolde is the cruel reporter who tries to pin the crime on her because she told him no.

✓Circus Queen Murder (Columbia)
Are you a murder mystery fan? If you are you'll find suspense and thrills in this story about the murder of a bee-ootiful circus performer. The picture is another of the adventures of Detective Thatcher Colt, suavely played by Adolphe Menjou. Greta Nissen is the circus trapeze artist who gets murdered.

☆

Dangerous Crossroads (Columbia)
There's a sameness about Chic Sale's characterizations that makes pictures in which he appears

(*Continued on page* 6)

PERSONALLY RECOMMENDED

✓✓When Ladies Meet
Because it gets at your emotions. Because Ann Harding gives one of the grandest performances I've seen her deliver in ages. Because the dialogue is clever, intelligent and civilized.

✓✓ Mayor of Hell
A fast-moving, entertaining melodrama of life in a boys' reform school. It's interesting all the way through, although I was amazed to find that the picture ran on for a half hour before Star James Cagney appeared on the scene.

Also

✓✓Bedtime Story
✓✓Gold Diggers of 1933
✓✓Hell Below
✓✓Hold Your Man
✓✓The Little Giant
✓✓The Masquerader
✓✓The Nuisance

On the other hand, I was disappointed in Looking Forward

I'll admit it's an intelligent drama and Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore give fine performances, but the picture's a lot of talk, talk, talk and those English accents get in my hair.

I LOVED A WOMAN . . . SO DID MANY MEN!"

Together...the mighty Robinson and the divine Francis... because at last the screen has found a story big enough for both —a heart drama that hits like the shock of worlds colliding! Everything you'd expect to happen when the screen's woman of fire wraps her arms around the screen's man of thunder!

The story of an all-consuming passion . . . crashing all barriers! . . . Defying all conventions! . . . Sweeping a man and woman on to the desperate destiny of those who play against the rules!

EDW. G. ROBINSON

surpassing even his great triumphs of the past in

"I Loved a Woman"

A First National Picture with a cast of stars including

KAY FRANCIS

Genevieve Tobin . . . J. Farrel MacDonald . . . Henry Kolker . . . Robert Barrat . . . George Blackwood . . . Directed by Alfred E. Green

Another WARNER BROS. Hit . . . Coming to your theatre soon . . . .

(Continued from page 4)

a little monotonous. That's true here. Chic Sale plays a locomotive engineer who shows a gang of newfangled gangsters that he's smarter than they are. Preston Foster, Diane Sinclair and Frank Albertson are in the supporting cast.

☆

✓Dinner At Eight (M-G-M)
Imagine Marie Dressler, John and Lionel Barrymore, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, Madge Evans, Karen Morley, Phillips Holmes and Lee Tracy all in one picture. Though worth seeing for its all-star cast, "Dinner At Eight" isn't as grand a picture as you'd expect from that cast. Some of the performances (notably Marie Dressler's and Jean Harlow's) are splendid, but a few of them let you down. The story's about a group of people gathered together by hostess Billie Burke for her dinner and the hidden dramas in the lives of these people.

☆

✓Disgraced (Paramount)
The old story of the working girl manikin who has to choose between a rich young man and a poor but honest suitor. It carries a few added heart-throbs, however, in the scenes between the father and daughter (William Harrigan and Helen Twelvetrees). Helen wears the latest, trickiest models. The men are Bruce Cabot and Ken Murray.

☆

✓Double Harness (Radio)
Ann Harding as a girl who deliberately traps a man into marriage, and what comes of it all. Ann and William Powell work splendidly together, Ann particularly turning in one of the best jobs she's done lately. The picture moves slowly but entertainingly to a happy ending.

☆

Emergency Call (Radio)
Gang and racketeer stuff, mixed-up with the story of what goes on inside a big emergency hospital. The picture deals with the conflict between the bad, bad gangsters and the fine, noble hospital lads. In spite of competent performances by Bill Boyd, Bill Gargan and Wynne Gibson, the whole thing is too obvious to be laudworthy entertainment.

☆

Fiddlin' Buckaroo, The (Universal)
The usual formula Western, with Ken Maynard and his horse Tarzan the whole show. Ken plays a government agent who poses as a bandit to foil the villains and save the gal, Gloria Shea.

☆

Flying Devils (Radio)
There have been so many fine aviation pictures that this story of a daredevil flying circus troupe isn't anything novel or out of the ordinary. Eric Linden falls in love with daredevil Ralph Bellamy's wife. The husband, for revenge, plans to kill Eric Linden and make it look like an accident in an air stunt. Arline Judge and June Brewster are the women in the story.

☆

✓✓Gold Diggers of 1933 (Warners)
You adored "42nd Street," didn't you? Well, here's something similar. It has catchy tunes, beautiful chorines, backstage and chorus girl romance stuff. There are some wonderful spectacles in this, including a stunning Shadow Waltz number. The story's about a boy from a Boston family (Dick Powell) who falls in love with chorus girl, Ruby Keeler. His brother and his lawyer rush to New York to make him behave, and are taken for a sleigh ride by two chorus girls, Joan Blondell and Aline MacMahon. For sheer entertainment, this will make your evening, and you'll go out humming some of the song hits.

☆

✓✓Goodbye Again (Warners)
An ultra-sophisticated comedy which makes fun of such things as a wife's indiscretions. And does it so cleverly, you'll enjoy it thoroughly unless you're prudish. Swell as Joan Blondell is as the indiscreet wife and Warren William as the heavy lover (and you'll be surprised at what a grand comedian he is), the show is stolen from these two by Hugh Herbert in a laugh-worthy performance as the dumb cluck of a husband.

☆

✓✓Hell Below (M-G-M)
How M-G-M can turn them out! This proves it all over again, as if any proof were needed. You'll thrill to this story of life on the navy's submarines. The terrifically exciting action scenes are the main thing, but just the same you'll get a grand kick out of the romance between Bob Montgomery and Madge Evans, with Bob turning in one sweet performance, believe you me. And then, to add to your pleasure, there's Jimmy Durante crackling through with some grand laughs. A s-w-e-l-l pitcha.

✓Her Bodyguard (Paramount)
A better-than-you'd-expect program picture, with Wynne Gibson, Eddie Lowe and Johnny Hines

The Lionel Barrymores recently celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary by giving a little party in their charming home newly decorated by Billy Haines. The very best Hollywoodians were there, my dear. Above Helen Hayes, Lionel Barrymore, Mrs. Barrymore (she was Irene Fenwick of stage fame) and Gary Cooper

Another angle on the Barrymore party. The ever-present Mr. Cooper again, accompanied by the Countess di Frasso, as usual, the host, and little Miss Dorothy Jordan (whose new husband Merian Cooper was there, too)

turning on a show that'll give you plenty of entertainment. As a musical comedy star who hires a bodyguard to protect her from the advances of the producer and backer of the show, Wynne Gibson proves that she has what it takes. Best laugh of the picture, however, is furnished by Johnny Hines, screamingly funny in his rôle as a press agent who's usually pretty well tanked.

At the left is Assistant-Manager Stanley of the Santa Monica Miramar Hotel, the lad with whom Mae Murray is most often seen lately. At the right is Winfield Sheehan, Fox executive, who currently goes places with Janet Gaynor

☆

Heroes For Sale (First National)

A picture that turned sour in the making. Though Dick Barthelmess turns in an excellent performance as the war bird who uses dope to ease his pain, the story is nothing short of stupid. Nice performances by Robert Barratt as a communist, by Aline MacMahon and Loretta Young can't redeem this hash.

☆

High Gear (Goldsmith)

Jimmy Murray, Joan Marsh and Jackie Searl in that trite old plot about a racing driver who loses his nerve but regains it just at the crucial moment and wins the race and the gal.

☆

✓**Hold Me Tight** (Fox)

Though "Hold Me Tight" is an attempt to recapture the power and simplicity of "Bad Girl," it doesn't come anywhere near it as entertainment. However, it's a nice, homey story if you're not expecting too much. It's the story about a boy and girl (Jimmy Dunn and Sally Eilers, of course) who work in a department store, fall in love and get married. The story deals with what happens to them when Jimmy finds out he's lost his job. Also in the cast (very much in the cast, if you ask me) is Frank McHugh, who turns in a slick comedy performance.

☆

✓✓**Hold Your Man** (M-G-M)

If you liked the team of Jean Harlow and Clark Gable in "Red Dust" (and who didn't?), you're bound to like this. For here they are together again in a hot-cha romance of a girl who isn't too scrupulous and a boy who isn't too honest. When a badger game they try goes wrong, the girl gets sent to reform school. But, of course, it all ends happily and snappily. Though Clark Gable's work is brilliant, Jean Harlow steals all the honors in this picture.

☆

✓**I Cover the Waterfront** (United Artists)

Here against the always colorful background of the San Diego waterfront is told an always interesting story of a ship-news reporter who is trying to show a Chinese-smuggling skipper up for what he is, and who falls in love with the skipper's daughter. As the old smuggler, Ernest Torrence, who died shortly after he made the picture, delivered his last and greatest performance. Charming, too, is Claudette Colbert in a really meaty rôle. Her romance with Ben Lyon is one of the best screen-told love stories of the past few months. I like this picture, and I think you will, too.

☆

I Love That Man (Paramount)

Rather weak stuff. All about a confidence man who wants to go straight for love but gets tangled up in crime again. It switches too suddenly from comedy to sob stuff. Though there's rather nice work by Edmund Lowe and Nancy Carroll, it doesn't save the picture from being just one of those things.

☆

✓**International House** (Paramount)

Goofy nonsense hung on a screwy skeleton of a plot. The gags, lines and so on are built around the dozen or so celebrities Paramount hired for this picture. You'll meet Peggy Hopkins Joyce, W. C. Fields, Burns and Allen, Stoopnagle and Budd, Rudy Vallee, Cab Calloway and his orchestra, and so on. The picture doesn't make sense at all, but it makes pretty swell nonsense.

☆

It's Great To Be Alive (Fox)

The plot of this one is supposed to be sure-fire. It deals with what happens when only one man is left in the world, after all the others have been killed off by some kind of scourge. Raul Roulien, Gloria Stuart and Edna May Oliver work hard to put this one over, but it doesn't click. Instead of being funny, it's just silly.

☆

✓**Jennie Gerhardt** (Paramount)

If you're in the mood for a good cry, take handkerchiefs along and bawl to your heart's content at this. Women will find Dreiser's story of Jennie, to whom life brought nothing but unhappiness, utterably tragic. There is hardly a ray of light or a moment of happiness in the whole picture. Syl-

(*Continued on page 87*)

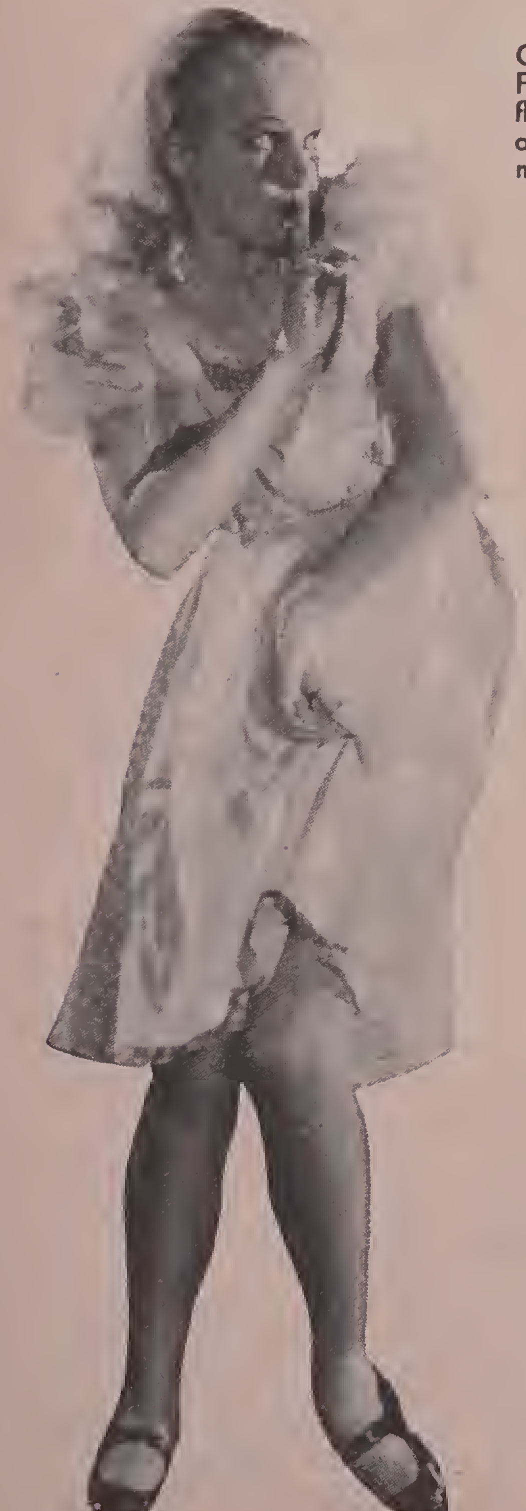
Isn't she cute and isn't she sweet? She's Will Rogers' little girl, Mary, the one who called herself Mary Howard, and you'll be seeing her in pictures for Fox. She calls herself Mary Rogers, now, since Papa approves of her career

HOT NEWS

By MARQUIS BUSBY

HOLLYWOOD—Last-Minute News as Movie Mirror goes to press: Kid Cupid continues to take some gosh-awful wallops in the Hollywood matrimonial arena . . . Sally (back from London) Eilers . . . and "Hoot" (plane wrecker) Gibson will be the next to tell the judge all about it though the definite date is not yet set . . . half an hour after Sal arrived in town she called on "Hoot" at his hospital . . . and presented him with "Smashup" . . . a wirehaired purp . . . later in the evening Sally gave the veddy snooty Colony Club the once over stop . . . next month maybe we can report a flock of romances . . . we're so-o-o tired of divorces stop.

Paramount is g-nashing its teeth over the Sylvia (mind of her own) Sidney's walkout powder on "The Way To Love" . . . Chevalier opry . . . studio says it will cost $100,000 to replace Sylvia at this late date . . . actress has just undergone a difficult operation for a throat ailment and says she is unable to work . . . Paramount replies that a transcontinental plane trip . . . with the national thermometer doing nip-ups around a hundred . . . is a funny place to recuperate . . . B. P. (producer) Schulberg and Sylvia's ma accompanied her to Noo Yawk . . . SUCH a knotty problem exclamation mark . . . now there is a new peril to shipping . . . Jack (cutup) Oakie is buying a boat . . . and Richard (dada now) Arlen and Gary Cooper say that Bing (Bang) Crosby may be a swell crooner but he's ousy-lay as a cook . . . Bing attempted to stir up a meal on Dick's yacht . . . they finally opened a can of salmon stop . . . poor Clark (pash papa) Gable no sooner lost a couple of bad tonsils than he had to shed a bothersome appendix . . . now he thinks the hospital might just as well put in a zipper stop . . . chatter from London says that Sally (Loretta's sis) Blane has walked off with Lily (Oo-oo, la-la) Damita's boy friend, Sidney Smith . . . now Sally, is that nice question mark.



Cute little June Vlasek, Fox's favorite baby star, flirts with an owl just for an October issue of this magazine (and for publicity!)

That famous kid party (for adults only) given by the noted Hollywood hostess apparently was NO kid party . . . even if the guests did wear rompers . . . there still seems to be considerable variance of opinion whether the w. k. executive FELL down the stairs or was assisted by an irate gent stop . . . at a party the other day Jean (Valentino's first) Acker met face to face with Natacha (Valentino's second) Rambova . . . atmosphere of cool politeness . . . Jean Acker returns to the leaping tintypes in "Torch Song" . . . also in the cast is Bobbe (Tarzan's ex-) Arnst . . . and DOES Bobbe know how to sell a torch song exclamation mark . . . we can hardly bear it in this hot weather . . . but we hear that Larry (song writer) Hart will name his new Beverly Hills manse "Itty Bitty" . . . well, it's HIS house double stop . . . two interested balcony spectators at the preview of Buster (lion man) Crabbe's Tarzan serial were Johnny (Tarzan, Sr.) Weissmuller and Lupe (caliente) Velez . . . they expressed no opinion . . . and Rod (long time no see) LaRocque returns to the American screen in an important rôle in Johnny's "Tarzan's Mate" . . . of all things exclamation mark . . . that busy boid, the stork, will pay a visit to the Robert (nice kids) Youngs around Santa Claus time stop . . . Paramount is sorry it even suggested that fans should think up a nickname for Mae (c'm'up) West . . . two scintillant suggestions are "The Sheba of Pash" and "The Billowy Belle of the Bowery" . . . why should Mae need a nickname . . . don't her actions speak louder than words question mark . . . studio changes in title are always SUCH fun . . . "Red Meat" has been renamed "I Love a Woman" . . . and Radio changed the title of Edith Wharton's "Age of Innocence" to "Without Sin" . . . bet they sat up all night over THAT one stop.

Okay, we know, the news is full of Hollywood divorces, but here are couples that are oh, so happy. Read the news about John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce in these columns

According to the Los Angeles County Assessor, Charles (old shoes) Chaplin has the colony's fattest pocketbook . . . his holdings were listed at $2,196,120 . . . Mary Pickford came next with $1,653,630 . . . some of the wealthiest stars are listed as corporations and the size of their fortunes were not revealed . . . but there are still a few millionaires left stop . . . Clara (cowboy's bride) Bow is down to 114 pounds . . . and begins work at once on "Hoopla" . . . 'tis a story of carnival life with a World's Fair background . . . you may remember it as "The Barker" . . . the World's Fair is an afterthought . . . or can you think of the Fair as an afterthought question mark . . . Jimmy (nose knows) Durante has discovered that it doesn't pay to spoof with the speed cops . . . the Schnozzola was caught doing sixty through a small town . . . "that's nothing," he told the cop, "just follow me out of town and I'll show you some speed" . . . the cop did and Jimmy did . . . Jimmy paid PUL-ENTY stop . . . Ruth (Oxford accent) Chatterton can and DOES sleep while the makeup man spreads on the greasepaint . . . or don't you care question mark . . . Ann (gone recluse) Harding certainly hot-footed it back from that isolated desert ranch when the thermometer boiled up to 132 stop . . . sign on theater marquee . . . "Mae West and Free Electric Refrigerator" . . . not a ba-ad combination exclamation mark . . . make way for a new songstress . . . Connie (Marquise) Bennett will warble a tune in "Without Glory" . . . "and Janet (little but oh, my) Gaynor will do very nicely, thank you, for the next four years . . . Fox has given her a fancy new contract until 1937 . . . by that time she will have been at one studio for ten years . . . meanwhile Janet is vacationing in the Wisconsin lake district . . . and will tour Canada, eastern seaboard states, and drop in on The Century of Progress enroute home . . . Hollywood still whispers that Janet and Winfield (Fox Executive) Sheehan are romantically inclined . . . but you should hear 'em deny it stop . . . Groucho (garrulous) Marx says the minute Harpo was born he opened his eyes, looked at the nurses and said "I'll take the blonde" stop . . . and the recently divorced male star is giving some bad advice to his girl friend . . . an up and coming personality . . . she's becoming as unpopular as the man by her ritzy attitude stop some more . . . not that it will do you the SLIGHTEST good . . . but for the first time Greta (non pareil) Garbo's telephone number is on the M-G-M roster . . . Greta went weekend yachting in Walter (producer) Wanger's party . . . purpose was to discuss story of "Queen Christina" . . . Rouben (director) Mamoulian went along . . . that's getting to be QUITE a friendship already . . . and Mamoulian also directs the picture . . . rumor has it that the Silent Swede has asked for a private entrance gate to M-G-M . . . well, Greta usually gets her way stop . . . you should see Mae West's impersonation of Mae (divorcing her prince) Murray exclamation mark.

Now that the tumult and the shouting has died down in the Walter (columnist) Winchell-Al (Ma-amy) Jolson exchange of fisticuffs . . . the well-publicized "Broadway Through a Keyhole" goes into production . . . Constance (newlywed) Cummings returns to the American screen in the leading femme rôle . . . also in the Winchell yarn, supposed to uncover a well known romance, are Stuart (comic) Erwin, Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Russ (rad-dio singer) Colombo stop . . . the best story of the month is accredited to Will (he tells 'em) Rogers at the Louis B. Mayer banquet for visiting governors . . . "I never expected to see the day when Louis B. Mayer would feed this many democrats," said Will stop . . . remember Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy (jolly) Mackaill in "Classmates" . . . Warners are reviving this old faithful romance for Ruby (mad at Winchell) Keeler and Dick (crooner) Powell . . . Ruby and Dick are batting high now as one of the screen's favorite co-starring duos stop.

Here are the Stu Erwins celebrating their third wedding anniversary at the Ambassador Hotel. They left the baby at home

No divorce rumors for the Dick Arlens. They are happier than ever since the advent of Richard Ralston Arlen, Junior

Two romances. Lupe Velez, who said she would never marry, will probably marry Johnny Weissmuller (shown here with orchestra leader Abe Lyman) any day now

Mary Brian, who goes with all the boys, is seen most persistently in Russell Gleason's company these evenings. Russ will tell the world and gladly how he feels about Mary

my voice is way down in my shoes," complains Connie stop . . . a pathetic thing happened on the set of "The World Changes" . . . an elaborate buffet table of food was spread in the center of the stage . . . an aged extra asked for just a piece of ham, saying he hadn't eaten in two days . . . Mervyn (director) LeRoy told the extras to help themselves . . . there wasn't a grease spot left in five minutes . . . new food had to be ordered before shooting could continue stop.

It's a seven pound-five ounce baby girl at the John (through with acting) Gilberts . . . a second daughter for Jack . . . Leatrice (Jack's ex-) Joy is the mother of the other lass . . . all the world knows John's desire to become a director . . . now here is his first job in that capacity and he doesn't get paid a cent for it . . . he will sit in on story conferences and watch the direction of Kenneth MacKenna in "Walls of Gold" . . . the former great screen lover hopes to get the director's slant in a way that was never possible when he worked before the camera stop . . . Mae (sexy) West was explaining the plot of "I'm No Angel" . . . "it's about a gal who climbs the ladder of success wrong by wrong" . . . goodness had nothing to do with it, dearie stop . . . won't be long now until Marlene (feminine again) Dietrich returns to film "The Czarina" . . . AND Joe (maybe we should say Josef) Von Sternberg will direct . . . the picture has been retitled "Her Regiment of Lovers" stop . . . accompanied by papa and mama Pomares, Anita (cutie) Page is saying hello to fans in eastern theaters stop some more . . . B. P. Schulberg advertised for real spies to serve as technical advisors in "Reunion" . . . thousands of answers came in . . . and now B. P. is convinced that there were more spies than soldiers during the war stop . . . Gene (doing okay) Raymond will play opposite Lilian (foreign import) Harvey in "Marionettes" . . . if it keeps on they might just as well close the broadcasting studios . . . now Ruth (swell singer) Etting has been handed a dandy long termer at RKO.

David (embonpoint) Hutton . . . Aimee (Sister) McPherson's warbling and estranged hubby . . . has made a short screen comedy . . . he sings "Say It Isn't So" when he receives that (by now) famous hoax telegram announcing the birth of a child to Sister Aimee . . . when David appeared on the stage of a Hollywood theater a young lady in the audience rose and showered him with eggs . . . his career seems to promise a great deal stop . . . it looks kinda serious between Lola (Lew Ayres' ex-) Lane and Lyle Talbot stop . . . it was a mighty short visit Lois (gone stage) Moran paid Hollywood . . . she was enroute back to New York for the new play, "Let 'Em Eat Cake" . . . a sequel to "Of Thee I Sing" . . . Douglass (Kent Douglass) Montgomery kept her THAT busy while she was here stop . . .

Apparently every feminine star must play at least one spy rôle . . . now it's Marion (mischievous) Davies . . . she will appear as a Civil War spy in Robert Chambers' "Operator 13" . . . first, however, comes the musical, "Going Hollywood" . . . Hollywood sees Marion as the undisputed queen of cinema society . . . now that Mary Pickford will sell Pickfair stop . . . William (director) Seiter told wifey Laura (dimples) La Plante not to bother writing from Europe unless she needed money . . . Laura took him at his word and all he heard was one cable . . . "send money at once" stop . . . Claude (new to films) Rains has lost eight pounds since starting to work on "The Invisible Man" . . . f'goodness sake, is he taking that title seriously question mark . . . when Lupe Velez had her birthday she did NOT give a party . . . "I won't give a birthday party," chortles Lupe, "until I am old woman and have to watch other people make whoopee" . . . betcha Lupe can chin herself on the chandelier when she's eighty stop . . . William S. (two-gun man) Hart is recuperating from an abdominal operation . . . it has been eight years now since this once prime favorite has faced a camera stop . . . maybe Tom (perennial) Mix didn't like retirement . . . he's planning to produce and star in outdoor drammers . . . he'll form a partnership with Zane (novelist) Grey . . . virulent germ that movie bug exclamation mark . . . Pola (smouldering)

Negri denies an engagement with Harold (Chicago) McCormick . . . but her secretary says there is "an understanding" . . . Pola expects to star on the New York stage this fall stop . . . and a disgruntled gent characterizes Hollywood as "The Island of Lost Souls—and Heels" . . . Hmm-mm exclamation mark . . . here's a new one for autograph seekers . . . someone has sent Cary (handsome) Grant the Jack of Hearts . . . requesting his signature on the card . . . idea is to have autographs for the entire deck . . . it will require considerable diplomacy to get a good name for the two of clubs . . . stars are THAT fussy about billing . . . and that's that for another month stop.

The very hottest news of the moment is that John Gilbert who was Greta Garbo's first choice for "Queen Christina" . . . has now got the part . . . what Garbo wants she gets . . . Lawrence (English import) Oliver was taken off and Gilbert signed on the dotted line . . . production began immediately . . . and now everybody (almost) is happy . . . stop . . . Equally as hot on the Metro grounds is the assignment of Clark Gable to play opposite Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady" . . . Franchot Tone is still in that one . . . will there be complications or will there be complications exclamation point . . . Though only a short time ago Jimmy Dunn was threatened with a breach of promise suit from June (stage) Knight they're now co-workers in the screen version of "Take a Chance" and so-o-o palsy-walsy too . . . Who would have thunked our own Doug Fairbanks, Jr. would tie up with the Jimmy and Betty Walker combine question mark . . . yet in far-flung Urop they make a constant three-some stop . . . Not long ago Bette Davis in forceful language told the world she didn't mind supporting husband Harmon O. Nelson, Jr. until he got on his feet . . . she had THAT much faith in him . . . but some say she's now looking Reno-way . . . is it because she got tired waiting . . . or didn't spouse Ham like the monicker of Mr. Davis question mark . . . From the looks of things the Claire Windsor-Charlie Rosenthal pash seems to have caught fire again . . . stop . . . Did you know that Ralph Morgan's grandfather was Commodore Hancock of Civil War fame or isn't that hot news . . . question mark . . . And now one of America's prize swimmers, Aileen Riegen, will prove her terpsichorian aptitude in Eddie Cantor's flicker "Roman Scandals" . . . she's a graduate of the School of the Ballet at the Metropolitan Opera if you pu-lease . . . A treat for the streets of Hollywood is to see the Great Garbo (like all the other Hollywood gals) in slacks and sweater . . . I swear this woman hermit is getting more human every day . . . stop . . . Just to say little Jean Parker is versatile is to say it very mildly . . . this little starlet is an accomplished artist besides being a perfectly swell little actress and a dancer too . . . right now every spare moment she gets she sketches the Metro stars which she expects to frame and hang in her new bedroom stop . . . Have you heard that Joan Crawford and Fred Astaire dance in a setting built entirely of cellophane in "Dancing Lady" . . . that ought to be a wow . . . that Max Baer is fighter . . . actor . . . and brilliant writer all in one question mark . . . that our favorite Helen Hayes has gone high-hat . . . her recently imported chapeau from gay Paree is a tight-fitting turban with a crown measuring twelve inches in height . . . question mark . . . stop . . . It's taken a long time but at last Judith (stage) Anderson has been signed by Daryl Zanuck for Twentieth Century . . . and is Judith excited exclamation point . . . Jack Oakie is always good for a laugh . . . now he says he wishes he was a business man so he could be a Tired Business Man but now wails Oakie . . . he's just plain TIRED stop . . . New York and Movie Mirror were happy to greet Mary (America's Sweetheart) Pickford on her arrival here . . . and it was a very PRETTY Mary with GREAT plans for the future exclamation point . . . She'll produce her own play and dispose of two stories she's written during her stay . . . stop . . . Is Bruce Cabot breathing easier now Adrienne Ames is legally separated from her spouse question mark . . . until next month . . . stop . . .

Two very quietly happy couples. Baby star June Clyde is very devoted to her handsome husband, Thornton Freeland

Everybody said the Dorothy Mackaill-Neil Miller marriage wouldn't last. It's actually one of the happiest in the film colony

HOW I MADE a million IN THE MOVIES

One of the World's Greatest Writers Here Proves He is Also One of the World's Best Salesmen

By PETER B. KYNE

I HAVE had some fifty-odd stories produced in motion pictures, and with the exception of perhaps six of these, I have sold all of them personally. Having dealt with many producers and tried to deal with many more, I have had adventures.

It was the lady editor for the old Eclair Company who first concluded my stories might have screen value. In 1914 she offered me seventy-five dollars for the picture rights to my novelette "The Parson of Panamint." If I hadn't started life as a salesman I would have wired her my acceptance. Instead I coldly declined her offer and she wrote back and scolded me and said that seventy-five dollars was a lot of money and, as a matter of fact, somewhat more than her company was paying authors of greater merit. Presently Mr. Louis Joseph Vance, who had started a motion picture company in Hollywood, wrote asking for a price on the same story. I made an offer of one thousand dollars and he accepted. I figured I had stung Louis, because he was an author and didn't know any better.

I waited a year for other enterprising producers to come to me offering me thousand-dollar checks. While I was studying fan magazines and wondering which company would prove the easiest victim, into San Francisco, my home town, dropped Al Kaufman, at that time in charge of productions for Mary Pickford.

Al Kaufman is one movie man I like, but I have it in for him just the same. He offered me seven thousand five hundred dollars for a story and I played poker. I raised the ante to ten thousand and stood pat and he let me take the pot. That was a low trick!

Next I locked horns with Sam Goldwyn, who was the business manager and part owner of the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Co., at that time.

I still get a thrill out of that memorable engagement with Sam Goldwyn. I intended to ask two thousand dollars for two stories. This price was purely arbitrary because I needed two thousand dollars to pay on my home. Sam had had experiences with other authors and had quickly had his way with them, so he did not wait to ask me what I wanted for my stories. He told me what he would give—two hundred and fifty dollars each. So I raised my sights to fifteen hundred each, in order to drop gracefully to my real price—and the war was on. We pretended to grow angry with each other, to be overwhelmed with disgust of each other; Sam got me by the lapel and tried to shake sense into me; I got him by two lapels and tried the same game. We said unkind things to each other—and finally I walked out of the conference. Sam let me get twenty feet down the hall, then pursued me and dragged me back into his office. "Now, be a business man," he pleaded, "and listen to reason."

We fought another hour. By this time I had dropped to twelve hundred and fifty per story and Sam had come up to seven hundred and fifty. Then, with a sort of *morituri te salutamus* air he said: "That's all. Take it or leave it." I said I'd leave it—and again walked out of the conference. At the door I paused about two seconds. Had I misjudged this man? I decided I had but this was no time to admit it. After all I could come back in the afternoon and get seven hundred and fifty each, so why not let the tail go with the hide for a few hours. I opened the door—and Sam yelled: "Come back." I demurred, so he came and dragged me back. He tried to tell me how good he was being to me and I, struggled to be on my way. Finally Sam sighed and said: "One thousand and that IS the absolute limit." Whereupon I leaped into his arms and he hugged me and when I went out with my check each felt that he had outgamed the other. I have always wanted to sell Sam Goldwyn stories ever since but Sam had gotten a little high-brow

The beautiful young actress looked at me, her eyes blazing with anger. "What do you mean by writing me such trash?" she demanded

since those halcyon days on the Lasky lot and tells me he wants something epochal. That's over my head.

A year later I dropped in on Jesse Lasky. The merger with Famous Players had been made. Louis Joseph Vance had retired and sold his assets to Famous-Players-Lasky, who had not as yet produced "The Parson of Panamint." I asked when I was going to get a production. Mr. Lasky said he feared they would never produce my stories, because they were western and *westerns had gone out of fashion completely.* This in 1915!

About that time all the picture companies discovered the old Goldwyn company had slipped something over on them. Not satisfied with importing a lot of foreign and New York authors they imported stars from the legitimate stage. So there was a mad scramble for stage stars and a certain company delayed too long and had to take what was left. At that they were rather lucky, for they contracted with a very fine actress the others had overlooked. One day I was on this company's lot and one of the owners sent for me, and unloaded a cargo of grief. It appeared that they had selected for her production a play which had failed in New York. It was too sexy for the lady and she had indignantly declined to play in it. "So," said the harassed executive, "you've got to write a story for her."

"What kind of story?" I asked.

"I don't know and I don't give a hoot, Peter," came the answer. "The only orders I have for you are to write a story that will make this actress happy and get her off strike. She's costly and her salary is still marching on."

I said I should have an interview with the lady and sound her out, so he telephoned her and made an engagement for me to take her to dinner that night. So we dined—and the lady was so eager to learn just what sort of story I had for her (I had none, as a matter of fact) that she stampeded me and before I could study her and realize that she was an actress of common sense and high intelligence, not to mention charm, I dug into my rag bag of a mind and began to manufacture one of the old tried and true—hero laid on the railroad tracks for the Twentieth Century to macerate him, will hid in the hollow tree—

She stopped me before I could really disgrace myself. She told me things kindly but forcibly and I said: "Oh, I was just trying to invent a motion picture story for you. I thought that was what was wanted. Now I'll give you a real story." She rewarded me with a smile and forgiveness and renewed interest, and I dug up a nebulous idea that had been rocketing around in my mind for years. It was the story of the love of a female convict in San Quentin Penitentiary for a male convict in the same uninteresting environment. Of course both were technically guilty but morally innocent—really fine folk who had gotten a bad break. Finally both were paroled on the same day and went down the road from the penitentiary together and across the bay to San Francisco and new hope and new life. The man got along fine in the real estate business but the girl continued to get bad breaks and finally the man saw there was but one way out. Marriage is a civil contract and a paroled convict is still a convict deprived of his civil rights, and, hence, unable to enter into a civil contract. Marriage by a paroled convict, if discovered, means back to the pen to complete the sentence. Nevertheless they were married. Of course the former cell-mate of the man turned up and began to blackmail him. However, my heroes are always spunky and never stand for blackmail, so in the end the parole officer was notified and this official wired the sheriff of the county to go get the man and woman and bring them in as parole violators. And what do you suppose this hard-boiled sheriff found when he went to make the pinch? Only a baby and a lovely domestic scene! So he pinched the blackmailer instead and flogged him and ran him out of town. Then he took the two parole violators in his car up to the state capitol, where the governor was a friend of his. The sheriff, by the way, was a political power in his district and the governor, he knew, would be glad to favor him. So when the sheriff told the sad story the good old governor cried and called them in and pardoned them and the parole officer got the Bronx cheer.

My victim was delighted with the story. At that it wasn't so bad, for I sold it as fiction subsequently to a national weekly magazine. However, there was one fly in the ointment. This actress had played the better part of a year in a Broadway melodrama in which she nightly killed a man with a thirty-two caliber pistol. I gathered that she had been a riot in this part and would like to repeat it in pictures, for she begged me to write in a part in the story wherein she could kill a man in defense of her honor. That was easy and I did it and my job was done. I had carried out orders. I had made her happy—and so was I.

I went back to my hotel and knocked out a running narrative of the story action in about four thousand words. The next day I returned to the

(*Continued on page* 74)

Why Powell and are

EDITOR'S NOTE: This story was written by William Powell's and Carole Lombard's closest friend, but because the material is so personal, the writer's identity may not be revealed. You may be assured, however, that every word of it is true and authentic

THIS is the second time it has happened to Bill Powell, that career has separated him from the woman he loved.

It first began happening, shortly after 1915, when he had married Aileen Wilson, a young stock company actress. They were very happy, those young William Powells. They didn't have much money and not the merest scrap of fame, but they were in love and the future looked very bright.

At least, it looked very bright when they were together. Only, a great deal of the time they were separated. Bill would get an engagement here, and Aileen would get one somewhere else. It couldn't be helped. The theatre was like that. They weren't in the position to pick and choose. They had to take the parts they could get.

Now absence may make the heart grow fonder, when it is a little absence very infrequently repeated. But in a bunch of absences, people grow apart. Bill and Aileen grew apart. Oh, they kept coming back together again and once they had a long vacation together and Aileen decided to have a baby—this was in the winter of 1924—and when the next spring came round, their son was born. Finally in 1929 they gave the marriage up for a bad job. There was a divorce and Bill Powell fell in love with Carole Lombard.

So much is written about Hollywood romances, about Hollywood grand passions, about Hollywood infatuations. But take it not only on the word of this writer who knows them well, but of all Hollywood, that the feeling Bill Powell had then for Carole Lombard was one of those devastating, searing loves such as happen but rarely, and almost never happen in the picture colony. He adored the girl. He showered her with flowers. He deluged her with gifts. He begged her, again and again, to marry him. Carole couldn't fail to respond to such a love. When they married, they were perfectly convinced they would live happily ever after.

Beautiful, young Carole is called "the squarest shooter in Hollywood." But the best of her life still lies before her. Her career is just beginning. This is how she will look in "Brief Moment" for Columbia Pictures

Lombard SEPARATING

But recently, this happened:

Carole Lombard was packing for her trip to Reno.

Big tears were running down her lovely cheeks, making a mess of her mascara and makeup. She didn't care.

Bill Powell was crying, too. He was helping her pack. Tears were rolling down his own cheeks, just as unreserved and as unashamed as Carole's. He didn't care either. As he helped his wife pack for the trip that was to end in their divorce, they were calling each other "darling" and "sweetheart" and "lover"—and they were meaning it . . . !

Next day they kissed each other goodbye, these two lovers. And Carole sped to Reno, to establish her legally-required residence.

SHE found herself a rustic cottage on the shores of Lake Tahoe, nestling in the High Sierras, on the California-Nevada state line. That's why they call the place "Calneva." There Carole established her six-weeks home, with only her mother for companion.

But night after night, during the weeks she's been there, the telephone in Carole's cottage has jingled. And Carole, expecting the call, would be there, ready to lift the receiver.

On the other end—yes, of course—Bill Powell. And for long, long minutes—even for more than an hour, some nights—Bill and Carole spoke love-talk to each other over 400 miles of telephone wire, and damn the expense.

They spoke expensive-by-the-minute love talk, this couple who were parted to satisfy the law's demands for the preparation of the divorce action that will come, any day now as you read this, in that white-pillared court house on Reno's main street, where so many film couples before the Powells have been sundered.

And when that divorce is granted, Carole will hurry back to Hollywood—and Bill Powell! The law will be satisfied, for, in addition to having lived in Nevada six weeks as required, Carole has purchased a plot of ground there to build a summer home for herself, making her actually as well as merely technically a resident of the state.

But she'll hurry back, nevertheless, to Hollywood—to Bill Powell whom she still loves, and to the career that makes marriage an impossibility for the lovers.

And Carole and Bill, together again but unmarried, will then hope to find the happiness that was denied them as man-and-wife. And they'll go on laughing, as they do now over those 400 telephone miles, (*Continued on page 70*)

The newest picture of Bill Powell since the announcement of the Lombard-Powell separation. Do you see how he has changed? He is rich and successful. He is making a strange experiment now in a hope to hold Carole's love

"YOU CAN'T JUDGE HIM BY ORDINARY STANDARDS . . . . *HE WAS TOO BIG*"

. . . AND THIS PICTURE IS *TOO BIG* TO JUDGE BY ORDINARY STANDARDS

That's why an entirely new method of screen production had to be devised to tell it. Drama so amazingly unusual, so powerful that present day methods were inadequate to bring it to the screen. Presented in NARRATAGE — talking pictures' newest wonder — forever revolutionizing screen entertainment. Marking the biggest step forward since the introduction of sound and another great triumph for FOX FILM. Watch for your theatre's announcement of this sensational picture.

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

SPENCER TRACY • COLLEEN MOORE

RALPH MORGAN • HELEN VINSON

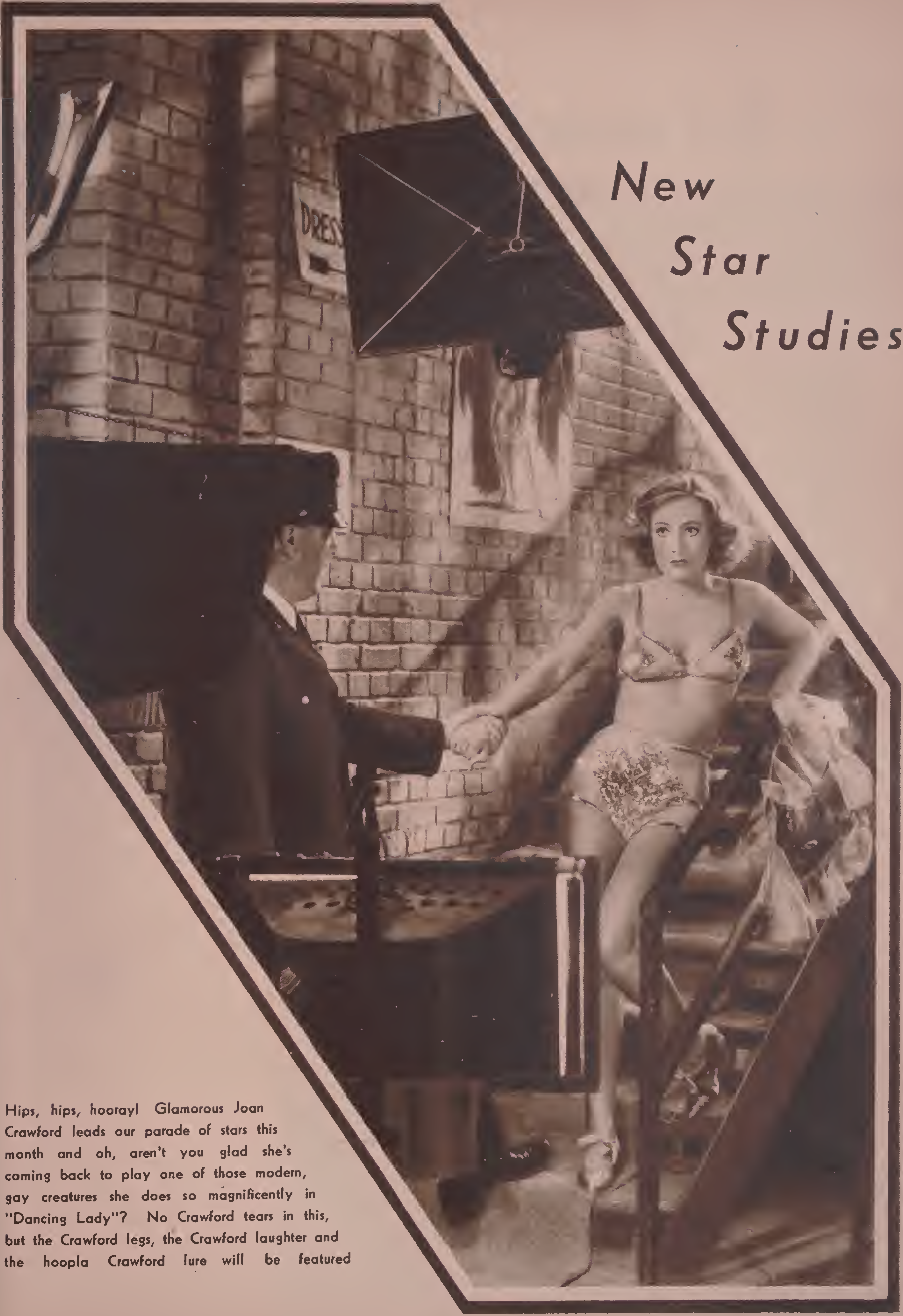
A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION

Directed by William K. Howard

Story by Preston Sturges

FOX

New Star Studies



Hips, hips, hooray! Glamorous Joan Crawford leads our parade of stars this month and oh, aren't you glad she's coming back to play one of those modern, gay creatures she does so magnificently in "Dancing Lady"? No Crawford tears in this, but the Crawford legs, the Crawford laughter and the hoopla Crawford lure will be featured

franchot tone

For all that twinkle in his eye, he's really a terrific high-brow. He's a Phi Beta Kappa, an Alpha Delta Phi and once was assistant head of the Romance (language) Department of Cornell University. Franchot (don't pronounce that final "t") is six feet tall, has brown hair and hazel eyes, and was born—of all places—at Niagara Falls, N. Y. His favorite sports are golf, swimming and tennis, and he says he adores the theatre, the movies, and Miss Joan Crawford. He's under contract to M-G-M

warner baxter

He first decided he wanted to go on the stage when he was ten. Didn't make it until long after he graduated from High School. Got his real start in a Dallas, Texas stock company after being an insurance salesman and a garage owner. Doesn't recommend either as good dramatic training. He loves pictures, the out-of-doors and his wife. Is most fussy about his salad dressings and thinks spanking aids digestion. Does not try that on his guests, however. Warner is one of Hollywood's most popular people, and Fox's pride and joy

PHILLIPS HOLMES

He comes from an old theatrical family so he didn't care a thing about becoming an actor. He just wanted to go on with his studies which he had pursued in Trinity College, England, Paris and Princeton University. But a talent-scout spotted him and that was that. Phil is one of the few successful blond leading men. There are rumors that he is married to Florence Rice, the very attractive daughter of the famous sports writer. Phil won't deny or confirm the reports. So far he's been a bachelor. He's under contract to M-G-M and his next picture is "Beauty for Sale"

JANET GAYNOR

She's five feet and weighs one hundred pounds and always insists upon putting on her right shoe first. She is so simple and unassuming that it is impossible to realize, upon meeting her, that she is one of the world's most famous people, a great actress, and a divorced woman. Has only one weakness which is dancing the hula in the moonlight at Hawaii. Loves music, pets and her work. Little Gaynor feels she has one of her finest pictures in the forthcoming "Paddy, the Next Best Thing"

HERBERT MARSHALL

He intended to be a conservative British business man, but he fell in love with acting, instead, and has been faithful to it ever since. He is so completely the embodiment of romance that he even lives up to it in real life. Little Edna Best, his wife, gave up her career in Hollywood because she couldn't be separated from him. Then Herbert gave up his engagements in filmland when Edna wanted to go back to London while their tiny daughter, Sarah, was born. They are both back in Hollywood now, however, and you'll be seeing this charming gentleman in "Four Frightened People" for Paramount

JAMES CAGNEY

He's as American as buckwheat cakes and as distinctive as a train whistle. His life reads like a Horatio Alger story, "From Package Wrapper to Movie Star." The screen Jimmy's tough English and rough-neck rôles are far removed from the real Jimmy who's soft-spoken, refined and definitely highbrow. Jimmy is five feet nine, red-headed, brown-eyed and Irish. Happily and quietly married. Every picture he has appeared in has been an outstanding hit. He enjoys speaking Yiddish with his pal, Jack Oakie. He rebels periodically but always stays under contract to Warner Bros., for whom his next is "Footlight Parade"

INSIDE STUFF

by GWYNNE

Well, really, this seems to be getting serious, this going-around - together of Cy Bartlett (ex-fiance of Alice White's) and Boots Mallory. They do make a nice looking couple, don't they?

IT was our own cameraman, Hyman Fink, who set up his camera in the dining room of the Miramar Hotel at Santa Monica to take a shot of Al Jolson and Wifie Ruby Keeler dining together. Bristling, Al held up a hand, demanded:

"Look here, my man—is it customary for first-class hotels to allow photographers to bother guests at their dinner!!"

Unabashed, Cameraman Fink smiled at Jolson, replied:

"Not usually, Mister Jolson—but when a popular and famous and world-renowned and important personage like yourself is the subject, the hotel is kind enough . . ."

Over Al's face spread a great smile. Proudly he sat down, smiled for our Fink. And Hyman got the picture.

Hiring extras for Noel Coward's "Design for Living," Director Ernst Lubitsch wanted to be sure they knew the theme of the play.

"Do you," he asked one of the beauties, "know anything about polyandry?"

"Oh," she oh-ed, "you mean Lona Andre's sister, Polly?"

P. S.—She didn't get the job.

Our eyes popped when, strolling on the United Artists lot, we espied little (not so little anymore!) Jackie Cooper standing around with a lighted cigarette in his hand. But Jackie hasn't "gone hoodlum"—he was using the weed in a scene for "The Bowery" in which he plays a kid who is plenty tough. And Jackie, being a modern lad, gave the ciggy to his watching Momma when the scene was finished.

Tallulah Bankhead flew back to Hollywood last month and at one of the airports a gushing mother rushed up to her with a youngster in tow. "Oh, Miss Bankhead," she beamed, "I want you to meet my little boy. He's studying French, German, Latin and Algebra!"

"Darling!" exclaimed Talu, with her delicious wit, "DO speak to me in Algebra!" (!)

Do you remember when you saw Mahlon Hamilton as one of THE screen stars of the silents? Or are you younger than that? Anyway, you can see him again in Mae West's next movie. ONLY—he'll be playing just a tiny "bit" rôle . . . !

El Brendel, when he hasn't anything else to do, thinks up wisecracks. Here's his latest. "I know a feller who doesn't think of anything but himself. And even then he isn't thinking of anything."

About four times a year, you read this sort of item in the Los Angeles newspapers . . .

This time her name was Marjorie Rose Williams. Her home was in Leadville, Colorado. Back there, somebody'd told her: "You are so beautiful, you ought to go to Hollywood and crash the movies."

She took it seriously, did Marjorie Rose. Went to Hollywood, with her savings. That was three months ago. Did she crash?

Just the other day, they found Marjorie Rose in a hidden nook in a North Hollywood park. She'd sent a bullet crashing through her dreams.

"H'm—another one, eh?" was what an old Hollywood police sergeant said, when he took the report.

Ann Harding evidently doesn't need a business manager—not after the elegant deal she has just made for herself. Her new contract with Radio gives her twelve and a half per cent of the gross moneys taken in on her pictures, and guarantees her sixty thousand dollars per picture!

The depression must be over. Jack Gilbert invested a quarter of a million dollars (count 'em) in the stock market in one week! And director Robert Leonard cleaned up almost as much as that in ONE day!

Crack: At a small dinner party someone happened to mention that the team of Olsen and Johnson (they made some pictures for Warners last year) were being featured in a Broadway musical show.

"Who are Olsen and Johnson?" asked Joan Bennett.

"They're the pair you hate next after Wheeler and Woolsey!" answered a famous male star who was present.

When Radio releases "Flying Down To Rio," they can bill it as a Hollywood relativity feature. Because in it are Gilbert Roland's brother, Buster Keaton's sister, Jack LaRue's cousin, Don Alvarado's brother . . . !

Illustrated
with Photographs
Taken by
HYMAN FINK

Lupe Velez may be Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller by now—or she may just be missing him. You see, while Lupe was playing in a Broadway musical, Johnny was seen about constantly with a young non-professional and he seemed very smitten. Of course, when Lupe got back to Hollywood she took "immediate possession" of Johnny, who, we'll admit, seemed to like that too. But our spies report that even though he feared the little Mexican's fiery temper, he just couldn't tear himself away from the other gal completely, so he phoned her every night for an exchange of sweet nothings. You see, the "other girl" really did CARE! And Johnny couldn't make up his mind! Lupe, laden with jewels these days, is crazee about heem too. So swim, boys, swim!

It was at a swanky gathering and a producer's wife, noted for being over-dressed, over-marcelled and over-jewelled, was making her entrance. "Hmm, mmm," hmmmmed Lilyan Tashman to her companion, "there's Mrs. W. and she only has one dress on—she usually wears four!"

Randolph Scott and Thelma Diehl (Randy is not going with Vivian Gaye these days) arrive at Estelle Taylor's party to be greeted by this black cat sign. But it doesn't scare them!

Jack Oakie was driving to the studio the other morning, when a sudden swerve caused his car to overturn. And there were a Doctor and a wrecking car within the block behind him! The Doc took care of Jack—and the wrecker took his car! How's that for service?

Eddie Cantor sticks up for his race at every opportunity. And so, the other evening in the midst of an after-dinner speech by Eddie, an auto outside began blaring, drowned out the words. Eddie threw up his hands, rolled the eyes, moaned—

"Can you imagine!—that feller Hitler, he's *every*where!"

Even Mae West was moved to comment by Hollywood's recent orgy of divorces and marital bustups. Philosophized Mae: "Men are easy to get but hard to keep. It takes a better woman to keep the man she's got, these days, than to go out and get a lot of new fellows. Every man seems potentially in circulation. Almost any woman can fascinate any man she desires—but can she hold him? It's easy to get married, but hard to stay that way."

You read, in September's Movie Mirror, how Bing Crosby paid $35,000 to sing. Well, he's cashing in now—he's just signed a contract with Paramount, giving him $200,000 for three pictures, plus permission to take a $50,000 rôle at M-G-M in a new Marion Davies picture!

Colleen Moore has rented her great big and beautiful home in Bel Air to the David Selznicks and has gone to New York to be with her husband, the very blonde Al Scott. Scott had been "dabbling in stocks" while in California, and when Colleen was making "Power and the Glory" at Fox, he decided to go east and try his luck on Wall Street. And what luck he has had! Scott has already cleaned up a small fortune, just by guessing right—and he's still going strong. Colleen's picture breaks haven't been just what she expected, and besides she wants to be with Al. So she'll remain in the East indefinitely.

OUR NOMINATION for the best marquee sign of the month:

MAE WEST
and
Free Electric Refrigerators

Adrienne Ames, discussed as Joan Crawford's foremost imitator, has out-done Joan in sun-tan. Adrienne's tan is several shades darker than Joan's, and easily the darkest in Hollywood.

All the film socialites helped the Lionel Barrymores make their tenth wedding anniversary party a huge success. (There are photographs of it up in the front of this issue.) It was a huge party too—over a hundred guests. Some dined indoors—others were seated around the lovely garden which was strung with lanterns. Mrs. Jack Gilbert (more beautiful than ever) was listing names for the expected Gilbert heir; Tallulah Bankhead spent the evening telling Sam Goldwyn funny stories; Kay Francis wore a backless gown that showed her swell sun-tan; Freddie March appeared in one of those white mess-jackets over his Tux—and took a lot of kidding. (The Hollywood gals think those white dinner-coats are divine, but the husbands won't wear 'em.) Gary Cooper and Countess di Frasso (wearing a marvellous diamond and sapphire necklace) were there too. Also the Eddie Lowes, the Paul Lukases, the Raoul Walshes, Helen Hayes, the Merian Coopers (Dorothy Jordan), Billy Haines, the Gene Markeys (Joan Bennett) and many more. Most of the picture folks met the John Hay Whitneys for the first time at the Barrymore party. "Jock" is the young and prominent society man from New York who has invested millions in the new Technicolor process and is now in the picture business up to his neck. Dolores del Rio and Joel McCrea are already working in a picture using this process, at the Radio studios, and they are most enthusiastic about the beauty of the color.

Now don't go thinking only the Fairbanks go with royalty. Mr. Clark Gable attends the polo matches with the Baroness Von Romberg, which is worth being a Baroness for any day, we say

That's Katie Hepburn, the girl wonder, flirting with her director, George Cukor, at luncheon. Katie's bangs are for "Little Women"

Fashion note of the season supplied by Miss Joan Crawford, than whom no gal is smarter, a black satin dress with a long black and white striped satin coat, which has big puffed sleeves and an ascot tie

When Thelma Todd and her husband, Pat de Cicco, walked into the Cocoanut Grove (at the Ambassador Hotel) the other night, Abe Lyman, whose band is playing there, and who was once engaged to the blonde Todd, had them strike up, "Somebody Stole My Gal" . . . and was her face red?

Sally Eilers is back in Hollywood from her London sojourn. Don't know whether she'll go through with her divorce from Hoot Gibson or not. While in New York, Sally turned down a chance to make a thousand dollars just by talking over the Radio for a few minutes, to have lunch with William Rhinelander Stewart, big social shot. She was THAT impressed. Sally called up Hoot from New York too. He was in the hospital at the time, but she didn't say anything about coming "home." Hoot rolled over and called up June Gale who has been more than a GREAT COMFORT to him since Sally decided to go out of his life.

Sheila Terry (Warner Brothers player) has been "doubling up." Sheila has been going places with Monroe (good-looking villun) Owsley—but she dashes home every eve at midnight to get that long-distance telephone call from Vincent Lopez, who is toiling in Chicago!

Tallulah Bankhead pulled one of the most beautiful "boners" on record the night she got back to Hollywood. She and a party of friends were at the now-famous Colony Club (a swanky guzzling and gaming club) when she espied a director friend of hers whose separation from his wife had been announced in the papers a week before, but had been denied by them. Talu rushed up to him and cried, "My dear—! I'm SO glad you've LEFT her!" and proceeded to congratulate him further. Everyone turned purple! All but Tallulah—she hadn't seen a newspaper for five days!

Jackie Colt, young son of Ethel Barrymore, didn't do so well with his fling at the movies, but he has scored a sensation on the New York stage, playing the leading part in "Little Ole Boy." Ethel is proud—but very broke, though a recently signed Radio (air) contract, may help some.

Guess Georgie Raft hasn't the only pair of "snake-hips" in Hollywood. At a swimming party at the David Selznicks one Sunday afternoon, Gary Cooper decided to take a dip in the pool—but he hadn't brought a suit. And not one pair of trunks that he tried to borrow from the males around the place, would stay on long enough for him to make a public appearance. He finally wore a pair of tennis shorts belonging to the slim hostess herself—he had to!

When Peggy Fears was in Hollywood last year with her husband, A. C. Blumenthal, M-G-M made a test of her that was so good they wanted to sign her pronto. But "Blumey" (theatrical producer and very rich) put his foot down. Then Peggy became the only female producer of shows in New York, got mixed up in a marriage war and hit the front pages for months. Then she came back to Hollywood and you can bet you'll "be seein' her." She had offers from five producers on her first night in town, for, besides being a screen bet herself, the gal has a million dollars worth of publicity behind her.

Wonder how the recent marriage of a blonde film actress (the widow of a famous star) will pan out. She is supposed to have married a multi-millionaire business man, but from what we gather, she will have a rude awakening when the rent comes due. The fellow has lots of charm and bandies about a lot of big names—but the "names" never heard of him, we find. His place of business remains a mystery too, and it looks like the groom is so much hooey! Too bad—the lady surely deserves a better break!

The Clive Brooks pulled a cute stunt just to surprise their pal Ronald Colman who was in New York. They invited a lot of their friends (who were also friends of Colman's) to their home and then had them spend the entire evening making victrola records of their own greetings, impromptu speeches or wot have you. Then they carefully wrapped the records and mailed 'em pronto to Ronnie!

The Jock (Millionaire) Whitneys gave themselves a huge party at the Colony Club in Hollywood and of course, lots of movie stars and also a few "private people" were there. The party lasted until dawn and then had what is SUPPOSED to be a typical Hollywood wind-up. Five of the guests jumped into the swimming pool of a hotel nearby in full evening regalia—clothes, gowns, jewels and everything! BUT two of the jumper-inners were Pasadena socialites, one was a debutante from Santa Barbara, and two were New Yorkers! It must be the rank outsiders who furnish that wild Hollywood atmosphere! Among the guests were the John Monk Saunders (Fay Wray), Tallulah Bankhead, the Lionel Barrymores, the David Selznicks, Lydia Macy, Robert Benchley, famous humorist, Randolph Scott, Gary Cooper, Countess di Frasso, King Vidor, Dolores del Rio and many more.

When Ruth Etting, ex-Ziegfeld (*Continued on page 85*)

'Nother fashion note — Ginger Rogers has her name embroidered on the pocket of her fur jacket. Betcha Lew Ayres would have recognized Ginger anyhow!

Ho-hum say Thelma Todd and Pat de Cicco her husband to those divorce rumors. This is the happy way they spent their first wedding anniversary, dancing gaily at the Ambassador

A big little girl and a big little man and both of them winners—Mae (Hollywood upset) West and Adolph (Paramount) Zukor going places together

There's one picture of Estelle Taylor's party on Page 25 and here's another below with Estelle herself gathered near the fine food with Johnny Moschio, Director Rowland Brown (read about that romance on these pages) and beautiful Benita Hume

(Right) Joe Shapiro, candy vendor at the M-G-M studio doorway for years, is selling chocolate, to Hedda Hopper and Martha Sleeper while Hedda's tall son looks on approvingly

Who said Marie Dressler was very ill? Look at the old dear, beaming away, happy and healthy, at the Miramar hotel

Black-Eye-For-Cupid Dept.

Is Li'l Danny Cupid's eye black? Is his face red? Is he sore where he got all those kicks this month?—

. . . Kathryn Carver takes it into open court at last and says she'll be darned if she wants to be Mrs. Adolphe Menjou any longer! "Extreme inhuman treatment," she complains, on fourteen pages of legal paper. Says he flew into rages, called her naughty names, nagged her, harassed her, tormented her. So she wants a divorce, plus large amounts of money for alimony, counsel fees, and so on. To which Adolphe responds that as far as he's concerned, she can have her old divorce!

. . . Aileen Pringle (don't you remember when Elinor Glyn nominated her the first "IT Girl" of the screen?) filed another divorce suit against Charles McKenzie Pringle, son of Jamaica's chief privy councilor. Aileen got a Mexican divorce from hubby some time ago, but because it didn't "take" in Jamaica, she filed another suit there to make it kosher. Trouble between them: he didn't like Hollywood and movies, and she doesn't like Jamaica and privy councilling.

. . . and the Richard Dix's—you know about them, of course. They just couldn't make a go of matrimony, so they're divorcing.

. . to see if they couldn't straighten out their difficulties, blonde Gloria Stuart and Hubby Blair Gordon Newell, sculptor, have agreed to live apart for a while. And Gloria *doesn't* think it's funny when, after she explains her husband is a *sculptor*, you ask funnily, "Oh, a chiseller, huh?"

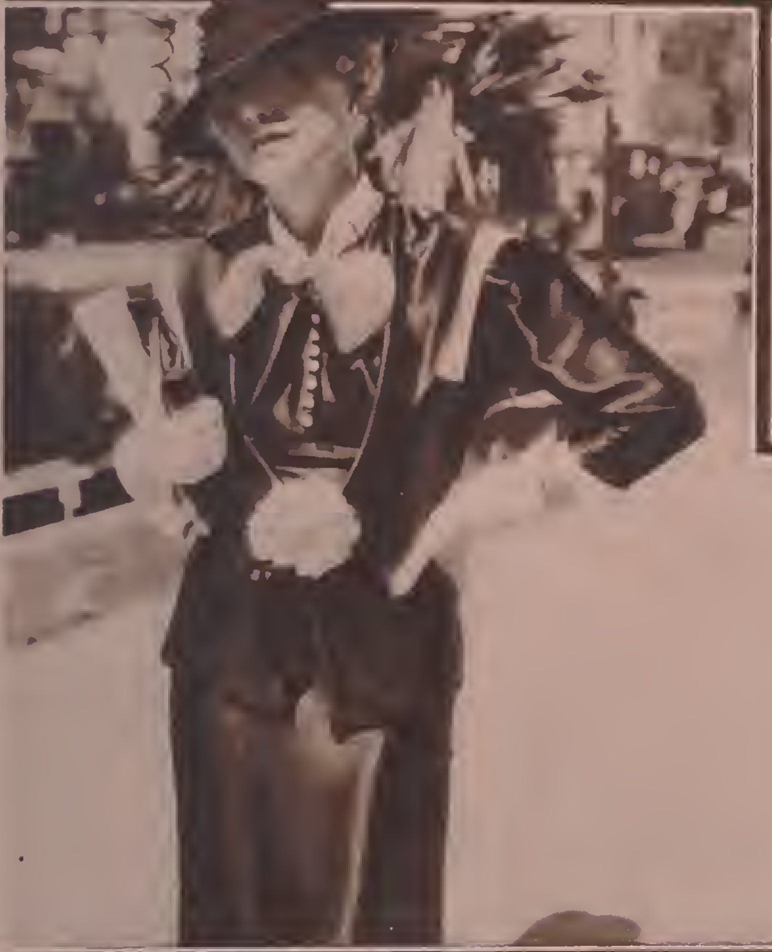
Cupid's

By HARRY

. . . Judith Allen, who was revealed as the wife of Gus Sonnenberg, champion wrestler, only after she'd finished playing the lead in Cecil DeMille's "This Day and Age," admits that she's going to divorce, Wrestling Gus right away. "I hate to lose the little girl," says Gus, "but we can't make a go of marriage with me working all around the country, like professional wrestlers have to."

. . . Zita Johann admits that she and Hubby John Hauss-

Li'l Alice White reads Filmland's Smartest Magazine (pardon us) while her new boy friend, John Warburton, looks on interestedly (and why not?)



Lil Tashman's fall fashion hint: A one-piece dress of shiny black satin, with tiny white satin collar and cuffs topped by a separate satin jacket with three quarter length sleeves.

Harold Lloyd has a new gag in his swimming pool—provides the guests with diving helmets so they can walk under water! Cute? The guests are Major Ernst Udet (in the pool) and Lt. Tito Falconi

Diary

LANG

man, a New York broker, have agreed to call it quits. "It's difficult to say why," she says, and there you are.

. . . Sally Eilers sends presents and messages to hubby Hoot Gibson, still hospitalized from his recent airplane crash, but at the same time, insists that there'll be a divorce sooner or later. And Hoot consoles himself very charmingly with June Gale, lovely actress who's always at his hospital bedside.

. . . because she's sure she can be a movie actress, and movie actressing doesn't mix with matrimony. Janet Sheppard (her papa is the Texas senator who fathered the 18th Amendment, too) had annulled her marriage to rich realty broker W. A. Graves of New York, who didn't feel enthusiastic about wifie wanting to stay in Hollywood.

. . . the Miriam Hopkins-King Vidor romance is cold. Miriam likes to go places and do things. King likes to sit and admire his purse strings. "Fun's fun, but," said Miriam.

Rice-And-Old-Shoes Dept.

. . . Frank McHugh, one of the darnedest fools on the screen, took it seriously for a change, and married Dorothy McIsaacs, stage actress. And they're going to honeymoon in a home at Toluca Lake.

. . . Movie Mirror told you so last month!—and now George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill are Mr. and Mrs. And isn't it sweet that, just as their romance started when they played together in a western movie long ago, their married life'll start together the same way—for Marguerite and George will have the leads in "Frontier Marshal."

. . . Director William Wellman, who so far just couldn't stay married even though he's tried it several times before, is going to try, try again. This time he's picked Dorothy Coonan, one of the Warner dance beauties, to be the newest Mrs. Wellman. But not until he's got a final from the most recent Mrs. who was Marjorie Crawford, aviatrix.

. . . Marjorie Beebe, who's had pies thrown at her and elephants fall on her and all sorts (*Continued on page 68*)

The Three

Straight from the Feed Box, from
Seldom Told, Comes this Story
Can't Play with Three Very

by Evelyn

HENRI GARAT may have thrilled you with his romantic singing and his continental love making to Janet Gaynor in "Adorable." *But you will never see him in a picture with Lilian Harvey.*

William Gargan may be all the world to his folks and kind to dumb animals. *But you can have him . . . Joan Crawford won't!*

Jack La Rue may be causing you, and George Raft, a few sleepless nights with his hotter-than-cha sex appeal. *But you'll never see him in a Mae West picture if Mae sees him first!*

Consider the Messrs. Garat, Gargan and La Rue . . . gentlemen all . . . nice guys . . . excellent actors . . . two of them model husbands and the third (La Rue) admittedly a "family man" right on the verge of importing his mamma and three, or is it six, sisters to share his fame in Hollywood. Yet these excellent thespians and model citizens have been *banned* from the pictures of Lilian Harvey, Joan Crawford and Mae West, respectively.

It is not a studio ban. The quarrel is not with executives or directors. It is the charming ladies, themselves, who have turned professional "thumbs down" and noses up at three of Hollywood's outstanding screen lovers of the moment!

Not for some time have the natives been so intrigued as they are by the "inside stories" of *why* Lilian Harvey put

What Joan Crawford says goes—and one of the things she has made go is William Gargan. The reason is very amusing

Banned Lovers

the Stories that are Whispered but Concerning Three Men Who Just Leading Ladies—and Why

Conroy

her small dancing foot down so stampily when Garat (now in Europe) was suggested as the leading man for her new picture "Marionettes." *Why* Joan Crawford threatened to do a walk out on "Dancing Lady" if William Gargan was assigned a supporting rôle with her in that film. *Why* Mae West actually snorted a refusal when Jack LaRue was candidated for the "heavy" lover in "I'm No Angel."

We might say the reasons were very simple . . . if they were. But the truth is the reasons are anything else but! They're personal . . . they're peevish . . . they're private. One of the great lovers is banned because he can't keep his mouth shut about how "wildly in love" he is with the star in question. Another is blacklisted because he had equal difficulty restraining himself from commenting on the lack of acting ability of the second peeved lady.

With Lilian Harvey and Henri Garat it is a combination of personal, and private disagreements!

It is said the private falling out between the two European stars of musical comedy began, not in Hollywood, but in Europe where disagreements have been very popular of late. Though it is impossible to get a word out of Lilian, or her manager about the cause of the original dispute, Hollywood hears tell two radically varying stories. One is that Lilian and Henri so thoroughly enjoyed one another's company during the filming of "Congress Dances" that Willy Fritsch (Lilian's fiance . . . some still insist, her *husband*) became

There's war between women over Henri Garat. Lilian Harvey is one of the ladies. The other? You'd be surprised so jealous Lilian was forced into ignoring Garat to appease the man she loves. Another angle, so opposed that it's funny, is that the handsome lover and the charming ingenue were in a constant state of warfare throughout the making of "Congress Dances" as to which one was really the star and main attraction of that highly successful picture! Now, you can pay your money and take your choice of the two gossip yarns but whatever it was that opened the wound in Europe, it was *not* healed during the time Garat was supporting Lilian's greatest American competition Janet Gay-

Jack La Rue. He doesn't care that everybody knows how he feels about Mae West. But West—well, read and see

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Janet had even leading man,
Henri Garat to mal

If you think dainty Lilian was oblivious to what was going on, you sadly misjudge the little lady. Her picture with John Boles "My Lips Betray" was many weeks in arrears of the release date of "Adorable." Imagine her surprise to read advance reviews (by reporters who had not caught "Congress Dances" due to its rather limited release in this country) hinting that Lilian, who had originated much of this musical comedy froth, *was "reminiscent" of Janet Gaynor in "Adorable."*

Maybe you can get Lilian's point of view (and it must be a rather hot point of view, by the way) when the studio suggested Henri Garat "Janet's leading man" for her new picture "Marionettes!" After all, enough is enough, even for Lilian who has the Hollywood reputation of having the nicest disposition in stellar circles!

Far less complicated are Joan Crawford's reasons for not having William Gargan in her new movie, "Dancing Lady." It seems that Joan's feelings are just plain hurt. And when such a glamorous lady as Joan is suffering from hurt feelings it is not the common practice to turn the other cheek.

It all started way back there when Bill supported Joan in "Rain," playing the lusty Marine to her rain-soaked Sadie Thompson. Joan wasn't at all happy on that picture because, as she once remarked to Constance Bennett "everyone" from Milestone, the director on down through the "props" seemed to dislike her. Somewhere along there, Mr. Gargan must have been included.

Maybe Joan was right. Anyway, several months later Gargan was being interviewed by a Hollywood reporter who was anxious to get his opinions concerning the "acting ability" of various ladies he had appeared opposite on the screen. Now, me, I didn't see (*Continued on page* 83)

LITTLE WOMEN

A Book Comes to Life

Now here's a picture that should be different and it took plenty of courage on RKO's part to make it. But probably every little girl in America has read it sometime in the process of her growing up, this "Little Women" by Louisa May Alcott. RKO is shooting it right in period, with the old-fashioned dresses and all, but such a fine cast! Do you remember (above) the Hallowe'en party the girls gave and (below) their quarrel on Christmas morning? "Little Women" should be well worth watching for

Meg, Jo, Beth, Amy

the four little women—played by Katharine Hepburn, Frances Dee, Jean Parker and Joan Bennett

The famous author of "Millie" makes Hollywood a Bachelor's dream of Paradise

The LONELY Beautie

CLAUDETTE COLBERT put the problem of Hollywood's man-power (or, rather, lack of man-power) into a few words very neatly the other day.

During a chat with two other girls, Claudette said:

"Hollywood is where a girl, when she feels that certain undeniable hunger for an understanding man, has to do one of two things—hop the first train to New York, or take a cold bath."

Now, that remark can be construed in two ways. Either Claudette was taking a Primo-Carneran crack at the quality of Hollywood males, or she was lamenting the scarcity of men there. I, personally, prefer to believe the latter.

Of course you may assume, offhand, that it's because I am a male, and currently a Hollywood male at that, and full of the so-called masculine egotism, that I take it for granted Claudette was discussing our quantity, rather than quality. Well, you're entitled to your beliefs, and let's check it off at that. But even so, the fact remains that Hollywood, more than any other town in the world, must be called The City of Too Few Men—

—or The City of Lonely Beauties.

Imagine ten thousand beautiful girls (I'm not kidding, I tell you!), every one of them a knockout, sitting at home evenings or consoling themselves with hen-parties because they can't find men to go places and do things.

It sounds like a bachelor's dream of Paradise, doesn't it? At the same time, it's Hollywood.

MADGE EVANS

DONALD HEND

Imagine beauties like Joan Marsh, Mary Carlisle, Ann Harding, Myrna Loy all alone!

f HOLLYWOOD

One sees them everywhere—walking down the Boulevard, arm-in-arm; or a swanky car flashes by, with an adorable blonde at the wheel, all alone; in the dance-places at night, dancing with each other, these lonely beauties, because there aren't enough men to go around. Or one doesn't see them because they're in lonely apartments, reading, listening to the radio, hoping for a phone-call that never comes.

It's a fact that more lonesome beauty goes unheeded in this picture town than in any other place of its size in the world, bar none. And to a Hollywood newcomer, as I was, that fact is both evident and amazing.

It has been told countless times that one may see more beautiful women to the square block in Hollywood than in any other place. It's equally true—and far less frequently mentioned—that you can see more lonely, unescorted beauties here than anywhere else. And as a result—well, here's one facet of the situation:

I copy this, verbatim, from the PERSONAL column of the Los Angeles Sunday Examiner:

"REFINED, handsome young man, unincumbered, will act as escort, companion, driver, to lonely young woman. Box——."

That is only one of many such ads which you may read in the PERSONAL columns of the Los Angeles papers, quite regularly. And here is another aspect of the same circumstance:

The Hollywood-Knickerbocker Hotel, one of the better dine-and-dance spots in Hollywood, has had to provide men-for-hire

ERSON CLARKE

WYNNE GIBSON

as companions for its feminine guests.

They have luncheon-dansants there, and it is at these affairs that lonely young women, unable to find a companion of their own to take them to eat and dance, have to pay so much per dance to these professionally agreeable, paid-to-be-charming males! Naturally I know that there is nothing new about gigolos. But about these Hollywood professional beaux, there are two items that are decidedly different. One is that they refuse to allow themselves to be called gigolos. No; they have served formal notice that they are to be termed social attendants. The other point of difference is that, whereas almost everywhere else in the world the dance gigolos are hired quite exclusively by fat-and-forty women; in Hollywood, they are hired and paid by beautiful blondes, gorgeous young brunettes, vivid red-heads who anywhere else could easily have their pick of men who'd be glad to do all the paying themselves.

In the restaurant at the RKO-Radio studios, where I am currently writing for pictures, I brought the subject of Hollywood's lonely beauties up the other day. One of our party was Fred Schussler, the studio's casting director and a veteran who has seen the beauty flood beating against the unimpressed Hollywood shores for more than a decade.

"The answer," said Fred, "is simple."

"So? Well, then, what's the answer to a beautiful girl going unwanted anywhere in the world, Hollywood or elsewhere?" I asked.

"Arithmetic," said Fred.

The proof that Hollywood is pretty manless—our cameraman, Fink, roamed about town and caught these datings on top. Toby and Pat Wing and Myrna Kennedy share Jimmy McLarnin, the pugilist; in the circle and at left beautiful extra girls and bit players play all by themselves, and at right even stellar Marion Nixon divides writer Rian James' attentions with Mrs. Richy Craig, Jr.

"Thanks for the riddles, but what are the facts?"

"Simply this, Clarke. For every man who comes to Hollywood, *three* girls come here to crash movies! There's your answer."

Another voice cut in—a young fellow who works in the casting office.

"And it's not only Schussler's arithmetic, but human nature, too, that goes to explain it," he said.

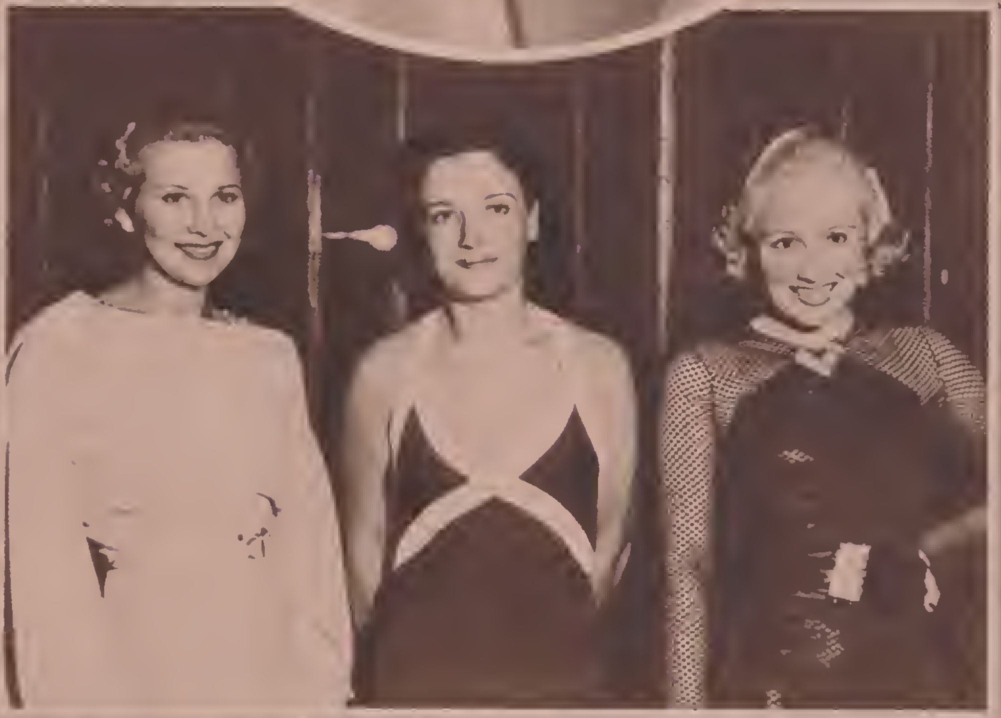
"Meaning what?"

"Well, y'know the old story about the chap who was hired to work in a candy store, don't you? The day he came to work, the boss told him he'd get $6 a week, and all the candy he wanted. So he ate about three pounds of candy the first day. And after that, all he ever wanted from then on was six bucks, and the candy could go to blazes!"

"And that," grinned Fred Schussler, "is why you told that little red-head that asked you, this morning, what you were going to do tonight, that you'd rather play with your radio, huh?"

"Exactly," said the assistant. And he wasn't fooling. He meant it. And that's why there are so many lonely beauties in Hollywood. Supply and demand. Back in New York, or London, or Crossroads Center, where beautiful women are comparatively in the minority, the unattached men break their necks trying to date them up. But in Hollywood, where any decent, reasonably unhomely man can have ten beautiful girls for the asking, they'd rather do something else. Human nature—the casting assistant was right.

Read how the Hollywood girls ganged up on Miriam Hopkins—(center) when she tried to dance with King Vidor, and surrounding Miriam you see eight beautiful girls and only one man, orchestra leader, Jay Whidden. And when the girls are so famous as Mae Clarke, so beautiful as Gloria Shea, Jayne Shattuck, Barbara Barondess and Lya Lys — well, isn't movietown crazy?



Of course, that three-to-one preponderance of young women to men, as Schussler stated, is an illuminating figure. It accounts for that figure of ten-thousand lonely beauties very simply, when one applies mathematics to the total of some 20,000 persons making a battle for a living in movieland. It means that for every girl lucky enough to find and keep a boy friend, two are left who must struggle along without one until they can chisel a male away from some other blonde.

And it's not easy for them. It's even more difficult than appears on the surface. Because one must keep in mind that these beautiful Hollywood wallflowers-perforce are not the sort accustomed to male neglect.

Back home where they came from, the very beauty that led them to Hollywood and movies was the beauty that made them popular, sought after by the hometown swains. They were used to being courted by not merely one, but many young fellows. They were taken out everywhere, every night if they wished. They never had to hire dance partners back home; their trouble was finding enough dances to go around among all the young males who demanded one. In fact, they were being cut in on at every dance, back home.

In Hollywood, the chances are they'd find some other girl cutting in on them!—taking their boy away for the rest of the dance. The "stag-line" in Hollywood is the "doe-line." And if you think I'm fooling, again, I'll tell you right now as a fact that at a dance in one of the most famous places in Hollywood, not so many nights ago, two film girls kept cutting in on Miriam Hopkins and taking King Vidor away from her so much Miriam didn't like it at all! And the fact that the other two girls — Arline Judge and Jobyna Arlen, if you must know—were doing it "all in fun" does not change the fact that if there'd been enough male partners to keep Arline and Joby busy dancing, they wouldn't have had the chance or the time or the inclination to cut in on Miriam!

But as I was saying, the very fact that they weren't used to it back home, makes being a wallflower pretty tough for these lonely Hollywood beauties.

In one of the more popular restaurants, I was dining with a Hollywood-wise friend one afternoon. The girl who served us was utterly stunning.

"Why isn't she in pictures, instead of waiting on table?" was asked.

"That's what she'd like to know," he said. "I know her. Back in her schooldays, she was president of her sorority, and a campus favorite for whom the seniors battled. She came to Hollywood on a dare, certain she could make a go of it in pictures. After three months of trying in vain to get extra work, she reached the point where she either had to get work of any kind, or send home for money. Because she was the kind who wouldn't do the latter, she's here today. . . .

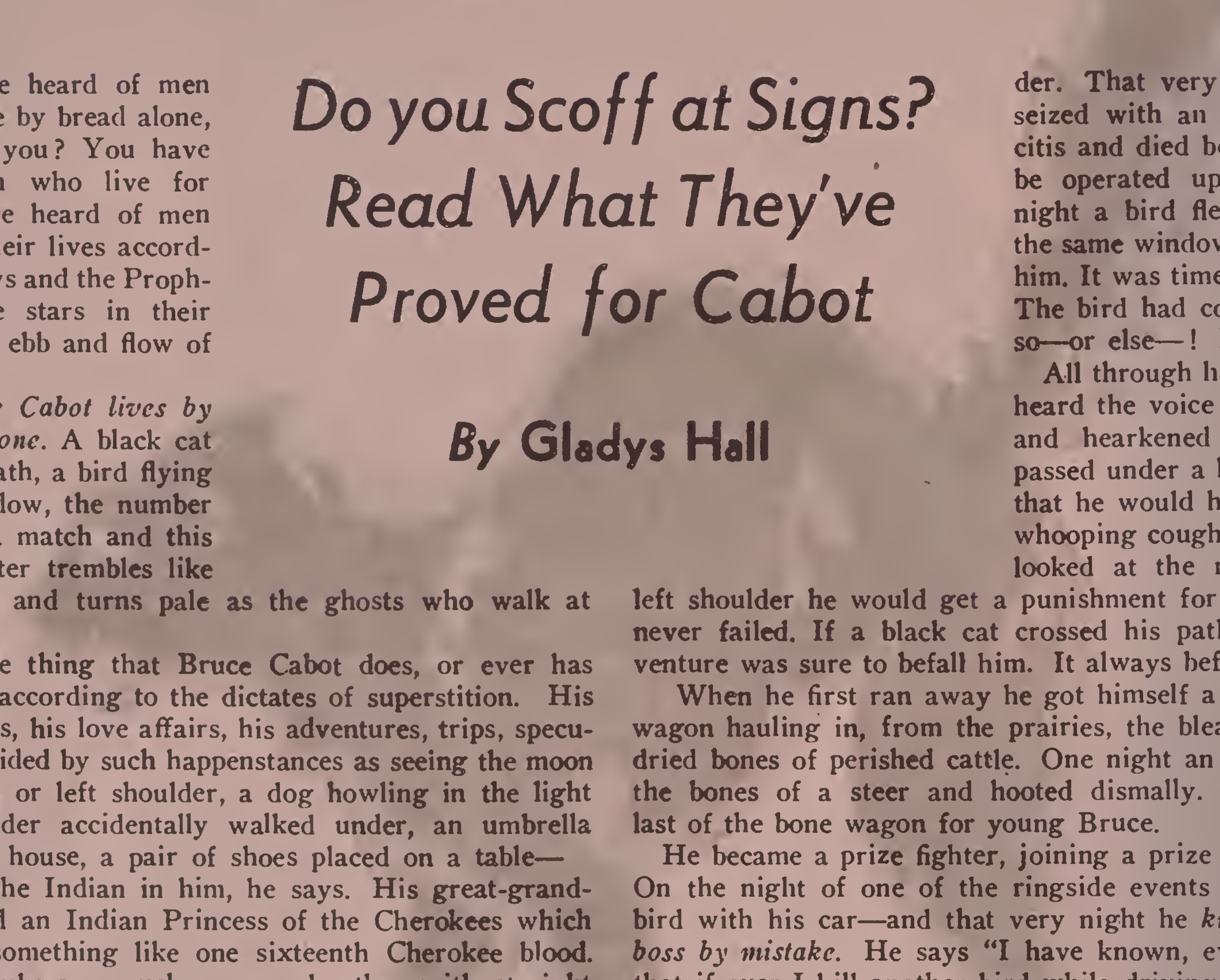
The girl brought us our coffee. My friend spoke to her. "I was just telling Mr. Clarke, here, your story," he said, with that open frankness that is so characteristic of Hollywood. She smiled.

"It's really not so bad, here," she said. "At least, I get to exchange words now and then with the big shots I used to gaze at with such awe. And I escape the loneliness that used to get me down! I even have a date now and then —something I never did when I (*Continued on page 72*)

He Lives by . . . Superstition

Do you Scoff at Signs? Read What They've Proved for Cabot

By Gladys Hall



YOU have heard of men who live by bread alone, haven't you? You have heard of men who live for love; you have heard of men who govern their lives according to the Laws and the Prophets or by the stars in their courses or the ebb and flow of the tides—

Well, *Bruce Cabot lives by superstition alone.* A black cat crossing his path, a bird flying in at the window, the number 13, three on a match and this husky six footer trembles like an aspen leaf and turns pale as the ghosts who walk at Whitsuntide.

Every single thing that Bruce Cabot does, or ever has done, is done according to the dictates of superstition. His business affairs, his love affairs, his adventures, trips, speculations are decided by such happenstances as seeing the moon over his right or left shoulder, a dog howling in the light of day, a ladder accidentally walked under, an umbrella opened in the house, a pair of shoes placed on a table—

It may be the Indian in him, he says. His great-grandfather married an Indian Princess of the Cherokees which gives Bruce something like one sixteenth Cherokee blood. And he remembers, vaguely, a grandmother with straight black hair and coal black eyes who peopled his nursery in New Mexico with legends of white birds flying on the black breasts of the thunder, black birds winging along the white arms of the lightning. He remembers tales of totem poles and tabus, of men who read the lips of the rain and the secrets of seeds growing and who could hear the slithering footsteps of Death—

Bruce was born with the almost extinct gold spoon in his mouth. He could have been a socialite with a soft job in his Uncle's Bank in Paris—and his Uncle a partner in the House of Morgan! He refused the job because it was first offered to him on the 13th of the month. Lives there a man who believes in superstition more than this? That he would refuse a job with the House of Morgan because of it?

He attended the various Universities of Swanee, Tennessee, Mexico and the University of Tours, France. He left each Hall of Learning at the command of superstition. A bird flew in the window of his rooms at Swanee. A black cat skulked in the dormitory of Tennessee. A dog howled in the daytime and a chap died in Tours—and each time one of these omens occurred young Cabot packed up and departed without further ado. He hears the Voices when they speak, he says—

He saw the moon over his right shoulder one night in Monte Carlo. He went to the Casino forthwith knowing that he would break the bank—*and did.*

He ran away from home when he was fifteen. Because, one summer night, a bird flew into the window of his old nursery. His old nurse was sitting there with him, at the time. She was, he says, a stalwart healthy woman who might have lived to be a hundred without occasioning wonder. That very night she was seized with an acute appendicitis and died before she could be operated upon. The next night a bird flew in again, at the same window. That decided him. It was time for him to go. The bird had come to tell him so—or else—! He beat it.

All through his childhood he heard the voice of superstition and hearkened to it. If he passed under a ladder he knew that he would have measles or whooping cough. He did. If he looked at the moon over his left shoulder he would get a punishment for something. It never failed. If a black cat crossed his path some misadventure was sure to befall him. It always befell.

When he first ran away he got himself a job on a bone wagon hauling in, from the prairies, the bleached and sun-dried bones of perished cattle. One night an owl rose from the bones of a steer and hooted dismally. That was the last of the bone wagon for young Bruce.

He became a prize fighter, joining a prize fighter's camp. On the night of one of the ringside events he ran over a bird with his car—and that very night he *knocked out the boss by mistake.* He says "I have known, ever since then, that if ever I kill another bird while driving my car it will mean that I am going, by some accidental means, to *kill a man.* I'd drive my bus up a telegraph pole rather than kill a bird."

From the prize fighting camp young Cabot became a seaman on tramp schooners, he worked at surveying, he worked in the oil fields, in the wholesale printing business, selling real estate, bicycled through Europe at which time, on a 13th, he was offered the job in his Uncle's Bank. And every one of those jobs was terminated at the voice of superstition. Something happened to make Bruce know that he must be on his way—

He came to Hollywood with the idea of opening a Night Club in connection with the then famous Embassy Club. While he was waiting for the opportunity to develop he acted as bouncer in a café famed for its violations of the Volstead Act.

He said "One night, at a small party, I met Dareos. I knew that he was Hollywood's most famous soothsayer. Oddly enough I've never gone to clairvoyants, never have had my palm read nor my horoscope nor even the many bumps on my head. I've never felt that I needed to. I can chart my course by superstitions which are free to all. But this night I met Dareos and he looked at me straight in the eye, never having met me before nor even heard of me and he said, 'Young man, within six weeks you will have a contract with a major studio. You will be started on your picture career.'

"I should have been able to laugh that off. Without my belief in superstitions I would have laughed. I'd never even had a screen test made. Whatever Hollywood may mean to other people it did NOT mean movies to me. I'd never even thought of such a thing for myself. No one had ever mentioned it to me. No one could look less or act less like a movie actor than I, God knows. In all the knocking about I'd done, the various jobs I'd held, the one thing that had never occurred to me was just this.

"But when Dareos said that to me—*I knew.* I didn't do a damn thing about it. I knew that I didn't have to, that it wasn't up to me. I didn't try, then, to meet producers or casting directors. I never went near a studio. *The dark and subterranean laws by which I live would work for me, I knew.* I was neither elated nor the reverse. I never feel any great enthusiasm about what I do or do not do. Nor any great regret. These things are not in my hands. They depend—" he laughed—"on a black cat, the angle of the moon, the month of the year—

"Four weeks from the night I met Dareos, David Selznick then Vice President of Radio Pictures came into my night club. He signed me to a contract then and there, *on sight.* I signed the contract without a question or a protest. I didn't worry about whether I would be good, or not. I was simply obeying the rather simple laws that govern me."

If this contract had happened to Bruce during the month of April, however, he would have turned it down. April is his unlucky month. During the thirty days of April, Bruce hibernates. He will do absolutely nothing. He will not start a picture nor a love affair. He will not sign any important papers, buy any stock, go on any trip or attend any public affair. As much as it is possible to do so he suspends all of the processes of living. He says, "I was born on April 20th. That doesn't kill the fact that the month is tabu for me. My father died on April 12th. I lost all of the money I had in the world in the month of April 1929 and 1930. I fell in love with a girl out here (I believe that it was Loretta Young—Bruce *was* in love with her) in April and it came to no good end and hurt me like the devil. It was during the month of April, too, that I knocked out the boss in that boxing camp. It was during the month of April, every single time, that things happened at the Universities to send me hiking.

"Oh, I live by 'em, all right. The Dix picture, 'The Great Jasper,' was my first big break in pictures. I wore a certain tie while we were shooting. It got me buffaloed and I added it to my list of superstitions. *I've never been without it since.* I wear it somewhere on my person. When we were making 'Annapolis' and I was in uniform I wore it tied around my neck *under* the uniform. I do the same with it now in 'Ann Vickers' unless I can wear it legitimately—and then I do.

"I always wear a rabbit's foot and I also have one attached to my car keys.

"I wear two rings, a star sapphire (*Continued on page 73*)

Bruce Cabot, as fast a rising male star as there is in the whole Hollywood firmament, won't do a thing to help or hinder his career—and here he tells you why

Why Joel McCREA and Frances DE are in LOVE

by KAY WHITE

JOEL McCREA and Frances Dee are in love.

That has Hollywood all agog.

Not because it is so surprising that a man should be in love with beautiful, young, talented Frances. Or that a woman should be in love with Adonis Joel. So many women have been. So many men have hopelessly courted Frances.

But that either one of them should be in love at all! That is what has Hollywood twittering.

One look at them when they are together, one word from either of them when they speak about one another is enough to convince you that the miracle has happened to them. For they blush and they stammer, they make constant excuses to be alone together, they sigh, and do all those silly, lovely things which lovers do, ever and always.

Now anywhere else it would be the most natural thing that two young people like Joel and Frances should be in love. In fact, no one would think anything about it. But in Hollywood—well, for one thing the whole world thinks about it. And for another thing, they are both very sophisticated young people when it comes to emotions. In a town like Hollywood, a boy like Joel is the subject of constant adoration by the most attractive women who have everything to offer. Little Dee, though she is very beautiful and very charming is scarcely to be compared in glamour to many of the stellar ladies who have flirted with Joel. Furthermore it is good business for Joel to be free and unattached. It's good business for young Miss Dee not to be engaged.

JOEL had definitely said, several times, that he didn't expect to marry for years, but that when he did it would not be an actress.

Frances had given out several interviews in which she stated actors were far from being her ideal of manhood.

But Joel McCrea, the actor, and Frances Dee, the actress are contemplating matrimony.

What happened?

Love. Just love, which has upset many fine plans and many big statements before this in the hearts of many other ambitious youngsters the whole world over.

It really began about a year ago to these two. Joel fell in love with Frances that long ago but he didn't really go to work at dating her until midsummer, because he had learned there was "a somebody else" in Dee's heart and he wouldn't chisel.

Joel met Frances first when they were taking some publicity stills at the beach. Much as the two of them had been around Hollywood, their paths had never crossed before.

"Right then and there I thought Frances was grand," says Joel. "I thought about her after we separated that day and I felt plenty blue when I heard

there was somebody else. I had admired her screen work tremendously ever since 'An American Tragedy,' and then that day at the beach I discovered I liked her even more in person. That 'somebody else' meant 'hands off' to me as far as seeing Frances off screen but I began pestering the studio executives to get her to play the lead opposite me in one of my pictures. But studios are funny that way. They thought I didn't know what I was talking about. They never did anything about getting Frances for a picture with me until we began work on 'The Silver Cord.'

"She was still going with that other chap, which bothered me because, working with her, I liked her more than I wanted to let myself. Outside of our work on the set together, I didn't get much chance to see her. But about two months ago I found out the other guy was out of the running. It was oke for me to ask her to go out with me—and well, it's grand to have someone who likes to do the same things you do in the same way."

"Lovers have said *that* before," I pointed out.

Joel grinned. "Oh, I know, but honestly, she likes to do things that aren't a bit e
sort of thing I'd never b
until I knew her, such a
and playing tennis and s
light."

"What are your pla
honeymoon and such?"

"We haven't any pl
want to talk too much
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and then two or thr
going so well, when
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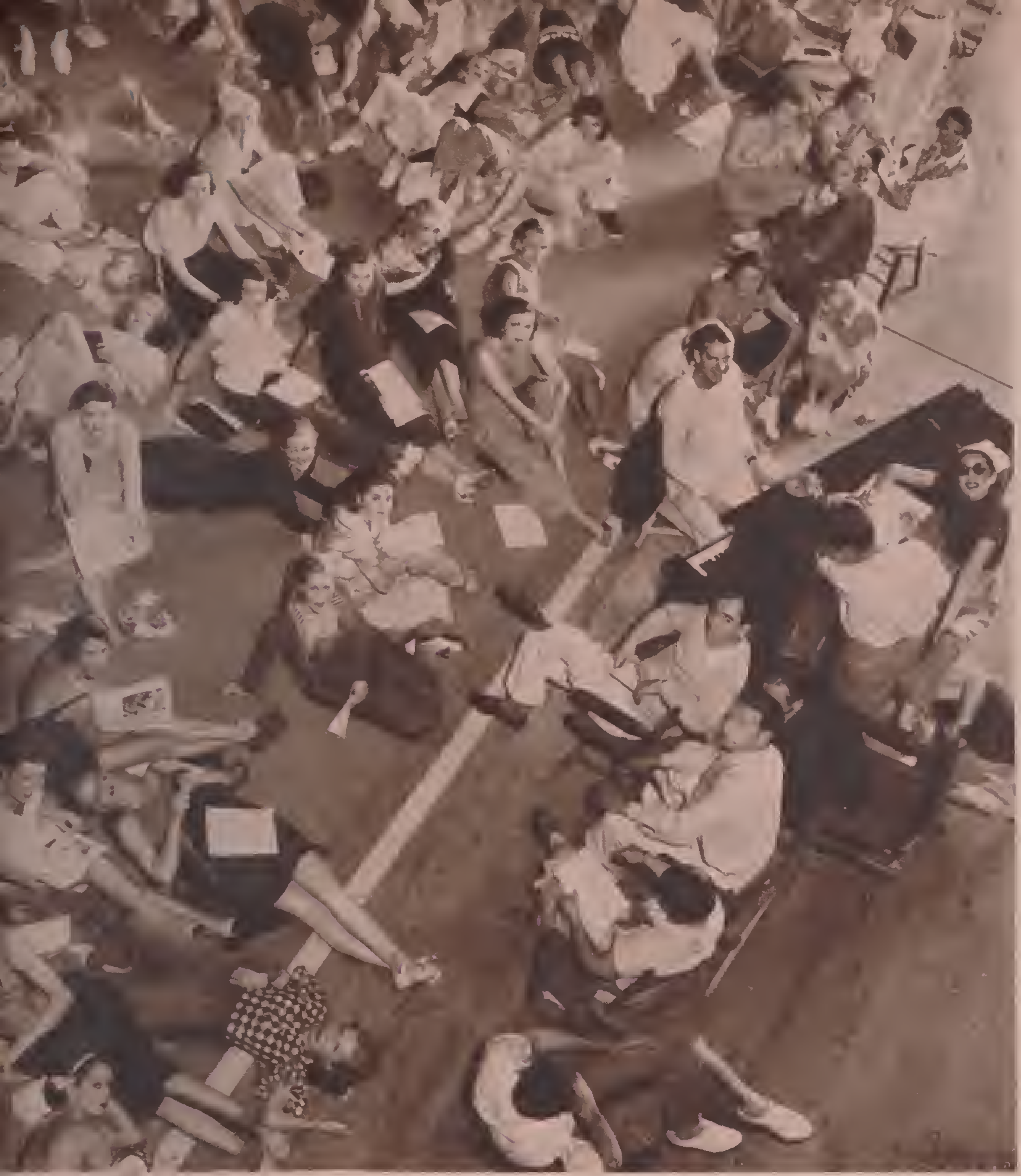
torture them. Not tha
and his handsome, br

"Tell me about Fra
of the other glamorou

Here they are, Hollywood's most - in - love - couple - of - the-month, big Joel himself, at left, Joel and Frances together on the RKO lot, and Frances, the wonder girl who won the hard-to-get McCrea

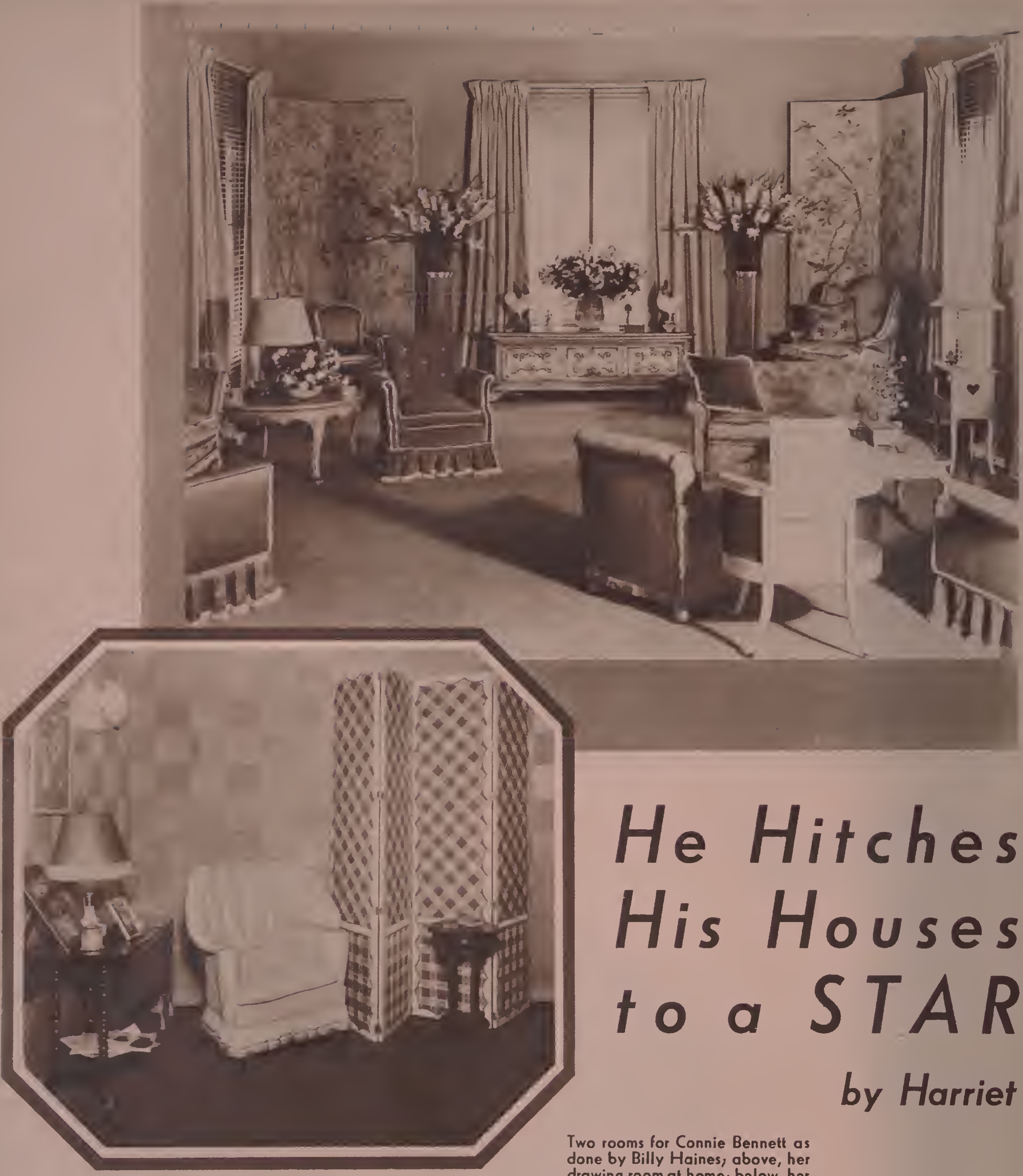
old enough to have had time to think things out for herself. At the same time, she's young, young enough to be grand fun and a marvelous companion." (*Continued on page* 90)

★ FOOTLIGHT



"42nd Street," "Gold Diggers of 1933" and now "Footlight Parade" and each of them getting bigger and more splendiferous and gorgeouser than the others. That's what Warners are up to when they make musical comedies. "Footlight Parade" has an all star cast, too, and what supports! Jimmy Cagney, Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell are the leads, plus girls and girls and girls. The big moment will be a water ballet, the most exciting costumes, gold and black wigs (look over in the upper corner opposite). Alongside here you see a typical rehearsal scene and that black-haired chap in white ducks next to the piano is Busby Berkeley, the most talented dance director in movieland.

★ ★ ★ PARADE ★



He Hitches His Houses to a STAR

by Harriet

Two rooms for Connie Bennett as done by Billy Haines; above, her drawing room at home; below, her studio dressing room

WHEN decorator Bill Haines wants to put a prospective customer in an expansive mood he can bring his comedy talents into play, tell a couple of funny stories, make some of his famous wisecracks—and there you are. Or if a client gets temperamental Bill can just say "Listen, you so-and-so!" because like as not it's a fellow star and an old friend. Bill has not only met all of his clients socially, but most of them he knows more than casually. And that gives him the edge on others in his profession.

Bill, as you probably know, owns a very swanky interior decorator's shop and has made a great success designing and furnishing homes for Hollywood's elite. In the past three years he has succeeded in commercializing the talent which has made his own home one of the most admired in the film colony. And Bill, mind you, is a unique figure in the interior decorating profession, for he is still under contract to M-G-M and is ranked among that studio's stars.

Among the famous Haines clients are Joan Crawford, Connie Bennett, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Franchot Tone, Claudette Colbert, Leila Hyams, George Cukor and Lionel Barrymore. An enviable list, you'll admit. And if you want to be interested and amused just get Bill started talking about his theories and telling yarns about his clients.

One of my pet stories is Bill's account of how he came to redecorate Joan Crawford's house. Joan and Bill were talk-

You can Learn About Decorating—and About Your Movie Favorites' Taste—from William Haines + + +

Parsons

Decorator Haines did Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s new bachelor home—and what a story there is about that big chair near the piano!

ing one day. Said Bill, "Joan, I think you should do your house over to suit your personality. It isn't you, now." Joan looked interested, listened to some of Bill's ideas—and there the matter ended. Six months later he received an urgent telephone call. "Bill, honey," came the pleading Crawford voice, "could you come out right away and give me some advice? You're sure it's no trouble? Now don't let me put you out." Bill finally managed to convince her that she was not disrupting his entire life and hopped in his car.

Arriving at the Crawford menage he found the front of the house fairly swarming with painters. The dogs, hitched to a clothesline, were racing madly up and down. Inside, the house suggested a cross between a grade A earthquake and the corner of Broadway and 42nd Street at high noon. Everything was piled in the center of the living room and the butler was falling over the debris. Out of the chaos emerged Joan, slightly distrait. "Bill," she said, "I'm doing the house over. You've got to help me."

After a brief discussion Bill hastened out in search of samples and returned fairly dripping with materials of all colors and textures. They retired to the garden seeking a peaceful spot to talk things over. Six awning men, according to Bill, were noisily taking things down and putting things up. Three small children were aiding the commotion with lung and limb. (The chauffeur's wife was in the hos-

Above and below, more angles of Connie Bennett's dressing room; in the center, Bill with his best friend and finest customer, Joan Crawford

pital and Joan was taking care of the kids.) While Bill endeavored to get Joan's attention for two consecutive seconds a stream of delivery boys arrived with bassinets, shoes, diapers and other infant paraphernalia. Bill, his eyes by now somewhat glazed and his voice strangled, went determinedly on. He gave Joan a sales talk that made Cicero look like a clam. He painted a picture for her of a house ideally suited to the Crawford personality, going into colors, materials and decoration in great detail. He told how the fringe on the couch should be tawny and shaggy, like a sheep dog, or like Joan's own hair when it's tousled. At length, thoroughly exhausted, he saw a responsive gleam, a light of real appreciation, in Joan's eyes. "Bill," she said in hushed tones, "that's lovely. But, Bill," pleadingly, "couldn't I just have it in blue and white?"

Joan got her blue and white house—but that afternoon left scars on Bill's soul. As a matter of fact the two-color scheme of decoration has enjoyed great popularity in Hollywood and Bill was partially responsible for introducing it. Joan's house, although it isn't what he originally had in mind for her, is really smart. And he did manage to slip one pink room over on her—although even there the off colors are blue and white. "And," to quote Bill, "I sneak some black in on her once in a while."

The chief trouble Bill has with Joan is that she always wants things right away. She is so enthusiastic and intense over any new project that she expects it to spring into being as soon as it is discussed. When she and Bill had definitely agreed on the plans for her new drawing room, she begged, "Can't I have that by Saturday? I'm having some people in." It was then Wednesday.

"Darling," said Bill, "if I went to New York by plane and brought things back by foot and spit and air I couldn't get 'em here by Saturday." "But, Bill—what'll I do?" "You'll do," said decorator Haines firmly, "what you've been doing for six months." And of course, she did.

The feature of his work on Joan's house with which Bill is most satisfied is the manner in which he managed to paint out the heavy Spanish decorations. It is Bill's private opinion (in his own words) that all Spanish houses should be given back to the half breeds. The background of Joan's house had to be drowned out completely because "it looked like the tomb of the Capulets." Then there was the fireplace. The hearth, according to Bill, is the

(*Continued on page* 84)

MIMI JORDAN

Because this lovely blue-eyed English lass (pictured below) got tired of being demure, she clipped her blonde tresses and changed her name from Miriam to Mimi. Presto! She was the captivating lady shown above. ('Tis whispered the real reason for the change was to keep her fiancé in London guessing—she's THAT smart.) Mimi got her start in the theatre as a beauty contest winner. Admires Elissa Landi SO much . . . is very curious . . . would love to know everything, and does know lots of English nobility. . . . She once danced with Prince George. She's playing again with Warner Baxter in "He Knew His Women" a Fox production.

The Last Story She Ever Wrote

HELEN HAYES

by

Louise Closser Hale

On July 26th, Louise Closser Hale died in Hollywood, as a result of having been overcome by the heat while on a shopping tour. She was sixty years old, and while she had not been a member of the motion picture colony very long, no woman was more beloved among her fellow players. In her will she said, "If I live in the memory of my friends, I shall have lived long enough," and she left her small estate to nine actors' charities, and her two sisters.

She was not only a fine actress but a splendid writer, and characteristically enough, the last story she ever wrote was, not about herself, but about another actress, Helen Hayes. MOVIE MIRROR feels privileged to present the story herewith, just as Mrs. Hale wrote it, a few days before the end. In between its lines, it tells almost as many things about Mrs. Hale as it does about Helen Hayes—and all of them are the kind of things that makes life better for all of us.

"THERE'S a chiel amang us takin notes."

So said the old Scot, and so said a certain gray-haired actor, with whom I was playing in London a decade or so ago, of Helen Hayes. He had been with her in stock company when she was a little girl—down in Washington, I suppose it was—and he was of the opinion that she could have played all of the women's parts better than was being done by us at the time—and most of the men's rôles.

I didn't pay much attention to him. I didn't think she could have played the part I was essaying at the moment; that of an old German lady, and I kept thinking so for a long time. But now I know I was wrong. The terrible child could have done it then as easily as she could do it now.

A year passed and Helen Hayes came up to New York and I saw her in "Dear Brutus." I am happy to record that she didn't make much impression on me. Something very young and small was flitting about, a flitting that was highly satisfactory to the New York audience who took her to their hearts and, along with the stock company actor, began saying she could "play anything." I held out stubbornly. I was a fierce old creature in one of Eugene O'Neill's plays that winter and it irritated me to think that the New York public were ready to put her in my place as an interpreter of witches.

She broke me down, of course, in the end. But it was not from her acting—not at first. A tall, eager young man desirous of marrying her, gave a party in the front parlor of the place where he and I were boarding. He borrowed the back parlor, too, and from between the portieres would issue various entertainers, mostly awful, who would sing or dance, or engage in antics to make Helen love him the more. In the intervals he would go around wringing his hands and whispering: "The party's dying. And I so wanted it to go."

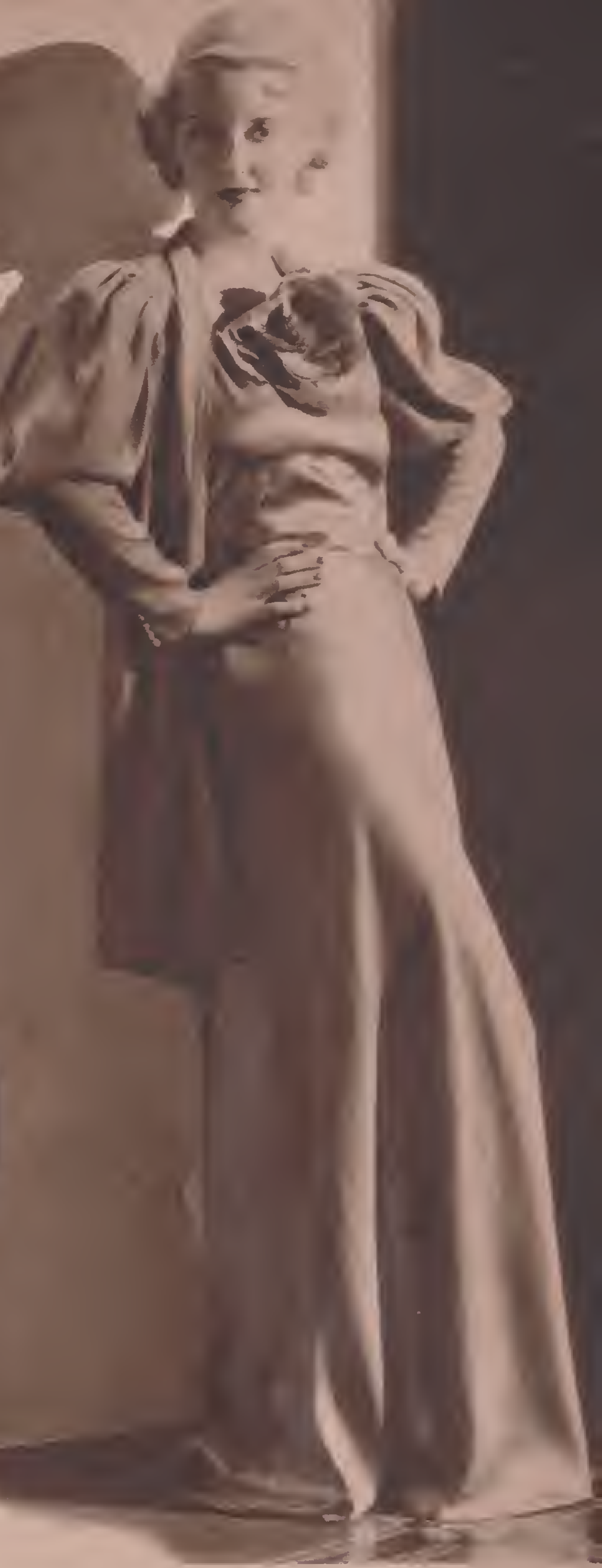
It was then I began to love Helen. She must have sensed his agony, for she took hold of that party and by some magic gave it breath. It was not by engaging in stunts, herself, but by her appreciation of them. We began to feel that that was an evening in a lifetime. It would not have been her small hands that added to the clamor of applause. It was the radiation from her face. And of course the whole world is sensible now of that. By the time an old Indian came through the arras and began a series of war-whoops the audience was ready to book him up for the Big Time —he seemed so what Helen and all the world would need for their hours of ease. She even silenced the landlady who objected to the war-whoops in Thirty-Eighth Street.

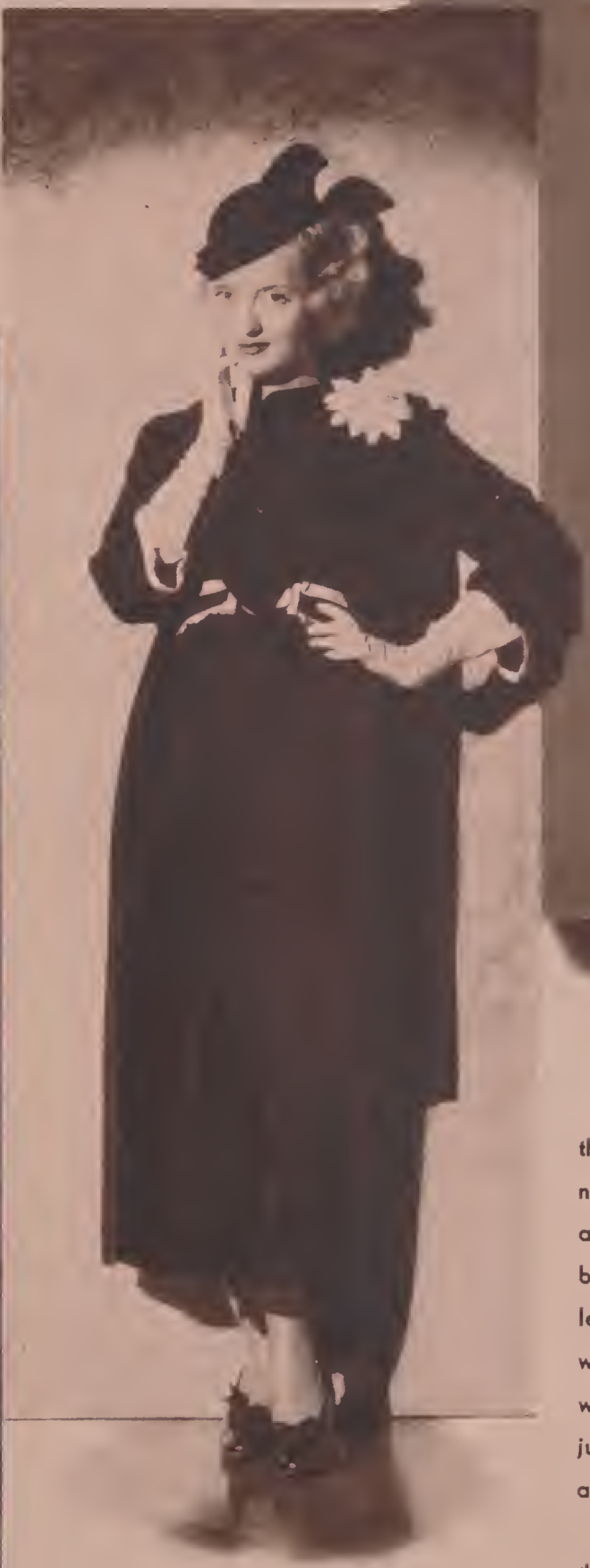
I suppose you are wondering if she accepted this young man, when, drunk with the success of his evening, he asked her to marry him. No, she didn't. She refused him a great many times, and I had to be the one to suffer for he would unload his grief on me. Perhaps I should have been a little more patient with him for he finally drank poison (which was pumped out), and became a leading man. I told Helen only yesterday while we were working on "Another Language" that I held her responsible for both rash acts, and she only giggled and replied that she heard he was coming out on a long term contract,

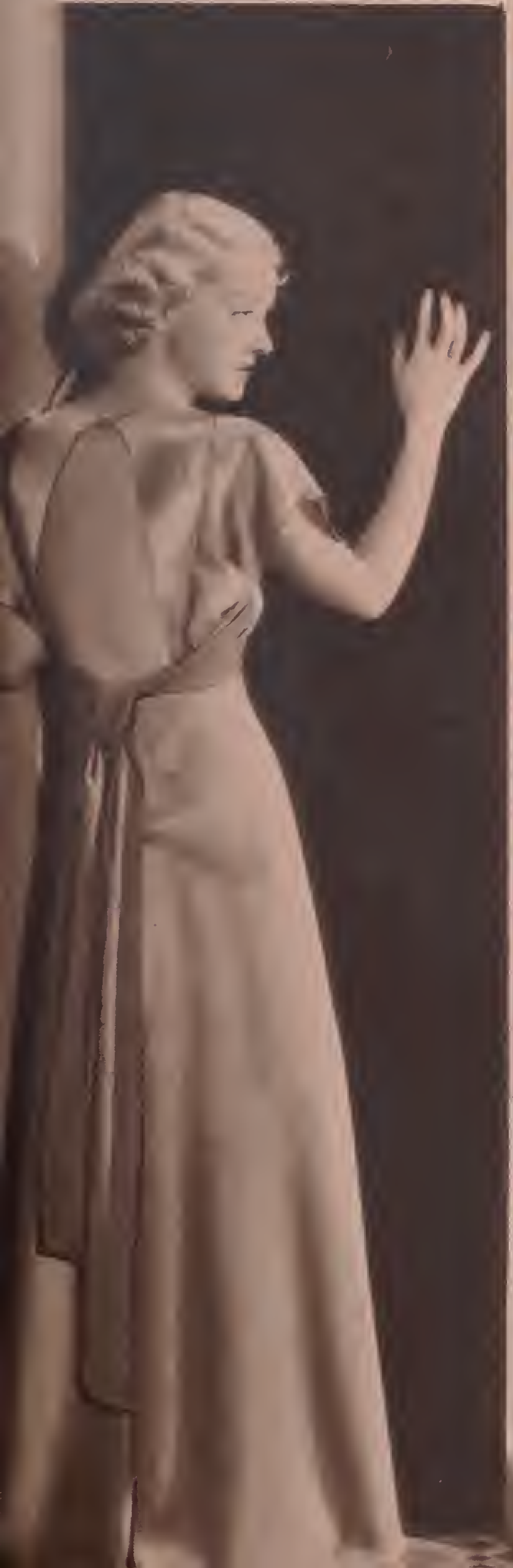
(*Continued on page 90*)

Night and Day with Bette Davis

Presenting advance fall models from the wardrobe of one of Hollywood's best-dressed starlets







Smart girls are all set for a double life this winter (a double clothes life) and none's smarter than Bette Davis. For afternoon wear she goes oh, so formal in a black velvet frock with a three quarter length swagger coat relieved by pleated white piqué on the belt and sleeves. The white piqué flower at the shoulder gives just the right touch and Bette tops this with a black stitched velvet chapeau.

In the evening—ahhhhhhhh! She wears the new shade of geranium in dull satin with a quaint coat of smooth crepe. At the lower left you see how tricky the gown is. Merely undo the little button at the neck, the shoulder pieces fold over, and what a startling decolleté is revealed!

Bob Montgomery has discovered one fundamental law for happiness between parents and children

Sylvia Sidney didn't have "mother trouble" —but oh, what a time she had with her father!

Clark Gable remembers his step - mother affectionately and for a most interesting reason

MOTHER TROUBLE

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

Every important Star has gone through it and they tell you how You can Avoid It

YOUR mother is your best friend . . .

That's a bromidiom. Because the truth of those words has caused them to be repeated again and again with an ever-recurring conviction of verity.

There comes a time, nevertheless, when many girls are inclined to doubt that this is true. Their mother is opposed to so many things they want to do. She so often seems to stand in their way. Sometimes she even appears an antagonist.

For it is difficult for a mother to accept that change in relationship which must come when a daughter is no longer a child, when a daughter reaches the age where she wants to make her own decisions, choose her own friends, and take her place in the adult world.

And at this same time it is particularly difficult for a daughter, feeling her new adult importance keenly, to be patient with the mother who tries to retain the old relationship, and it is an unusual daughter indeed who realizes that while she may be more up to the minute and better informed than her mother in some things there are other things learned only through the years, by experience.

These years of which I write present a trying adjustment. No doubt about it. They often witness quarrels. Intermittent. And incessant. And when these years aren't happily managed bitter misunderstanding and even estrangement can result.

In Hollywood there are mothers and daughters and mothers and sons between whom enviable friendship exists. How did they manage the trying years? In various ways, depending upon the particular difficulty they faced. But in every case they proved themselves reasonable, clear-thinking and intelligent individuals.

There's Bob Montgomery, for instance. Bob always manages to have a grand perspective about things. Besides he has a blessed gift for understanding. He sees the other fellow's side quite as clearly as he sees his own. More important still he has feeling for the other fellow's emotions. And he's too intelligent ever to expect an emotion to have anything to do with reason.

"It's a sense of possession that gets the relationship between parents and children all balled up," Bob said. "Mothers and fathers make the regrettable mistake of thinking of a son or daughter as their's. Their's in the possessive sense. Literally as their property. And sons and daughters make the regrettable mistake of thinking of their parents in a possessive sense.

"The sooner we discover that it's impossible to possess anyone, irregardless of what relationship exists, the better for all of us."

Bob leaned back to light his pipe. His dressing-room in which we sat is like him. Figures of polo ponies and hunting dogs are mounted on severe, onyx ash-trays. On the walls hang sporting prints. On Bob's efficient looking desk are new golf balls. A few of the important new books topple against one another on the modern table complementing his masculine looking sofa. It is, in every way, the room of a well-contained young man who keeps fit, physically and mentally.

"And," Bob went on after smoking reflectively for a bit "people with a mistaken sense of possession take advantage of one another. Unconsciously. They are lax about the courtesies and amenities they would never omit with strangers.

"Too often sons or daughters accept, as their right, anything and everything their parents do for them. Until it is advice or reproof that is offered. This they fling aside with an 'I'm old enough to manage my own affairs.'

"Grown sons or daughters are not obliged always to take their parents' advice, I should say, but they should at least listen to it respectfully and consider it without prejudice.

"And certainly it would help these difficult years of adjustment and all the other years too if parents and children would show each other the same courtesy, tact, and consideration they are so ready to show outsiders."

So, according to Bob, it is well to:

Avoid a sense of possession. And endeavor to be as tactful, courteous, and considerate at home as you are with friends and strangers.

I saw Sally Eilers at a party at the Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon beach house. We sat up at the bar, Sally and I, drinking deliciously cool drinks with the white of egg frothed on top of them. Sally looked fetching. She had on white slacks, a blue jacket with brass buttons, and a jaunty blue beret. And time and time again we were interrupted by the half dozen young men who wanted her to dance or play some game with them. So popular is this charming Sally!

"I'll never forget the night Billy Gilbert and I went to Sunset Inn," Sally told me, "and I arrived home at one o'clock. Twelve o'clock was my deadline! We'd had a rather grand evening. Billy, to my great delight, had presented me with his frat pin. I felt very grown up and alluring . . .

"You can imagine my chagrin then when we reached our house to discover my father on the porch, waiting. He told Billy to depart

The same method his mother used with him Freddie March is trying to use with his little daughter

Once Joan Crawford was in complete revolt against her mother but she changed because she discovered something about life

Never were mother and daughter closer than Mary and Mrs. Pickford. And yet there was one occasion —well, read and see

and not to come back. It was very humiliating!

"I was rebellious. I thought my life was ruined. And I determined never again to be so humiliated. So the next time I was late I insisted my beau put me in a cab at the corner and allow me to arrive home alone.

"My father was waiting that night too.

"'Where did you pick her up?' he demanded of the taxi driver.

"'At the corner,' the poor man told him, pocketing the money father gave him, getting out of the way as rapidly as possible.

"It was then I threatened to leave home."

Sally, let me explain, had a greater problem than most girls. When she was sixteen her parents were in the neighborhood of sixty, not one but really two generations removed.

Sally, however, never left home. She remained to face those years of readjustment, grasp something of her parents' point of view, and keep the bond between them and herself as great as it previously had been.

"I took careful stock of all the things my mother and father were constantly doing for me," she explained. "They had, I knew, on several occasions, made sacrifices that I might have whatever it was I wanted. All of which proved to me that they had my best interests at heart, even when we disagreed as to where my best interests lay.

"So I sought a compromise. If they wanted me to stay at home and it wasn't terribly important to me to go out with a certain boy, I stayed at home. This proved I wasn't headstrong, determined to have my own way at any cost. And mother and father immediately grew more lenient. The next time I asked permission to go somewhere or do something they were likely to give it.

"It was the old story of give and take. And give and take, if you should ask me," said Sally, "is a lesson no one can learn too soon."

Sally's young and gay. But Sally's also wise. For it is an exceedingly wise young woman who knows enough to . . .

Give in sometimes.

Carole Lombard and her mother also had their troubles.

"For one thing," Carole explained the day we sat talking on the sidelines of "The Eagle and the Hawk" set "mother opposed my smoking. Every time I'd light a cigarette we'd have the same argument.

"'It doesn't look nice,' mother would protest. 'You're too young. You just do it because you think it's smart.'

"That remark, of course, infuriated me.

"'I don't think it's smart at all,' I'd protest indignantly, 'Every girl I know smokes. You're old-fashioned, Mother!'

"Finally I determined to have the smoking question out, once and for all time. I asked mother to sit down and talk with me. I was not defiant or disagreeable. But I announced quietly that I was going to smoke. I explained that I preferred to smoke in front of her and not sneak my cigarettes, but that I couldn't do this if it was always going to cause an argument.

"Mother admits now that impressed with my honesty she determined to try to put her prejudice about girls smoking aside.

"Actually we became better friends after our little set-to than we ever had been before. We both understood the other better, I suppose."

And then, turning the beautiful star sapphire Bill Powell had given her to mark an anniversary on her slim finger, Carole made an excellent point. "To put it briefly," she said . . .

"You must be honest and establish trust."

Fred March came along, handsome in an officer's uniform.

"What are you two plotting?" he demanded.

"We're not plotting," I told him, "we're discussing what might be called the mother problem or the daughter problem . . . you know, that phase of differences which spring up between parents and children when a son or daughter grows up and wants to go his or her own way . . .

"Have you anything to add? You and your mother never appear to have lost any ground. How did you manage?"

"I didn't manage," Fred said, "Mother did.

"As a matter of fact just the other day I was asking my mother how she had felt when we grew up and she saw us going out into the world, when she was afraid, as she must have been sometimes, that one of us was headed for a fall . . .

"We'd been up in the nursery together and I was wondering how Florence and I'd feel later on with our youngster; if we'd know enough not to meddle or interfere too much.

It was boy trouble that got Sally Eilers in trouble with her parents. There was that argument about being in by midnight!

"Mother admitted she used to be apprehensive on occasion.

"'But,' she said 'when I'd see you children so young and confident and inexperienced taking life by the horns and I grew afraid, I'd remind myself that neither your father nor I could stand between you and life forever, that we had done what we could to train you well and that now that your formative years were over you and we too must stand or fall by the results.'

"It might be well," said Fred, "where parents fail to take as wise an attitude as mine took to call these irrefutable facts to their mind. To . . .

"Explain to your parents that they cannot always stand between you and life, that you must make some mistakes, but that you have confidence in your ability to take care of yourself and make wise decisions because of the training they gave you in your formative years . . . and that they must have such confidence, too."

Like Fred March, Janet Gaynor gives her mother full credit for the happy understanding which never has failed them.

"When I'd come home from a party," Janet told me, "and mother happened to be awake, reading, I'd talk things over with her exactly as though she had been a girl friend. I even told her things about boys . . .

"'Oh, mother,' I'd say, 'So and so kissed me goodnight. It was wonderful!'

"Not once did I receive a lecture about it not being nice to let a boy kiss you good-night. I guess mother remembered that boys had kissed her good-night and paid her pretty compliments under the moon and that no harm had come of it. And she had the good sense to know she couldn't change the universal order of things and that if she should prove foolish enough to try she'd gain nothing, lose my confidence instead.

"Having known such a state of affairs I'd say it was worth striving for. Certainly once you are able to talk to your mother without the inhibitions and fear of criticism, which too often attend such talks you have a confidant who'll never betray your trust.

"In other words . . .

"*Make a confidant of your mother if you haven't already done so. The chances are she will be so pleased by this that she will try to be the understanding and sympathetic listener that you seek.*"

It is natural enough for girls, and boys too, facing differences of opinion with their mothers to feel that it is their mother who is at fault, that their mother belongs to another generation and doesn't understand.

Joan Crawford kills this idea.

I was eager to hear what Joan would have to say on this subject. You're always interested to know what she will have to say on any subject. It isn't simply that Joan's been around. *It's that Joan's been around with her eyes and mind open!*

She curled up in the middle of her great four poster bed, under the soft rose tester. She'd just come in from her sun bath. Her skin was warm and brown against her soft white Chinese damask pajamas.

"I know," Joan said quickly as soon as I began to talk. "I got all mixed up there for a time. Thought mother was old-fashioned whenever she disagreed with me. Never dreamed I might be the one who was wrong.

"But after I'd done a little reading I discovered I couldn't brush aside any advice or correction mother gave me on this premise. Life, I found, changes surprisingly little.

"Right now, for instance, I'm reading a novel laid in Norway in the thirteenth century. The customs and clothes and laws are not those with which and by which we live today. Nevertheless thirteenth century Norwegians faced the same physical, moral, and social problems and paid quite the same penalty for any physical, moral, or social indiscretions.

"Sometimes, I know, mothers become so fearful that their children will not prove equal to life that they grow neurotic and oppose them at every turn. This, of course, presents a grave problem, one with which the boy or girl in question must deal tactfully and, above all, patiently.

"However, I do think it's well to talk things over at home. If a mother or father happens to be over-fearful and over-critical you always can make allowances for this in your own mind. But talking things over, hearing your own words come back at you, you often recognize some difficulty you've overlooked."

So then . . .

Remember that because your mother disagrees with you she isn't necessarily old-fashioned, that fundamental issues change surprisingly little with the years.

Next I sought Clark Gable. He invited me to have luncheon with him in the Metro restaurant. At least a dozen ladies stopped at our table. And at Clark's own studios you'd expect them to be fairly used to him.

Clark had a step-mother. But not the mother trouble you might anticipate.

"Unless a step-mother is jealous of your father's affection for you or unless she is on the warpath for (*Continued on page* 80)

Carole Lombard wanted to smoke. Her mother didn't want her to. The way they settled it tells a lot about Carole

It took Jimmy Dunn a long while to learn that he could be a friend, as well as a son, to his mother

Janet Gaynor is that rare individual, the girl who always likes to do what her mother wishes

I date: Glenda Farrell

"WHAT," cried Glenda Farrell, in a shocked voice, "you mean to tell me that an interviewer is going to buy ME a meal?"

I'd called Glenda to make a date with her for this gadabout series of tours to places where joy is unconfined. Her surprise at discovering that she wouldn't get the check was almost too much for her. In fact, she was so surprised that it wasn't exactly flattering.

Darn it, I distinctly remember buying Mary Brian a lunch back in 1929. And just last year I took the check when I interviewed Constance Cummings. It was at the Beverly Hills Derby, too, and Connie ate almost two dollars worth. I'd buy Mary, or Connie, a lunch any day. If I'm downright honest, however, I've done some superb out-fumbling in my time. Anyway, it's a tradition for the interviewee to pay the check for the interviewer. Don't ask me why. It's just one of those things.

Glenda said she would love to go . . . wouldn't miss it, in fact. If history were to be made she wanted to be there so she would have something to tell her grandchildren. Most history making events, like Fulton's boat, were 'way before her time. I took plenty of money with me. I figured that if Glenda had waited THAT long to have an interviewer reach for the check instead of a Lucky she'd probably eat through an entire menu. At that I played an awfully dirty trick on her . . . I took her to a café where you couldn't spend more than a dollar and a half for dinner. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

We agreed that it would be fun to make a tour of the beach . . . ride the merry-go-round, ruin our digestions with ice cream cones, hot dogs and peanuts, and pay our dimes to see the "What-is-it?" We'd top off the evening by dropping in for dinner at the famous old Ship Café on the Venice pier.

An amusement pier may be the playground of hoi polloi, but I've noticed that every so often the Hollywood stars have a hankering for such un-refined whoopee. You should see the pictures of stars on display in front of the little beach photograph galleries. Pictures of stars standing on the observation platform of prop trains, sitting in papier-maché moons, or a foot on the rail of the "Tia Juana Bar," holding up a wicked looking bottle of elderly iced tea.

I called for Glenda at her duplex apartment in Hollywood. A Filipino houseboy, after giving me a thorough once over, decided that I hadn't come to steal the "jools," and admitted me to the living room. A nice, cheerful room with light-colored furnishings and a white grand piano.

Then Glenda came in. She wore a jaunty, nautical blue and white sport dress. Just the thing for an evening at the beach, and right in tune with the architecture of the Ship Café.

"There's one thing that will have to be understood right

Proving that Even a Movie Queen can be Dated for $5.25

By MARQUIS BUSBY

Across the page Big Boy Busby tries to eclipse the Man in the Moon, at left he and Glenda go crazy over horses and, below, they contemplate deep sea diving

now," she said, in greeting. "I *won't* ride on the rolly-coaster. Every time I get on one I think I will die before I get off."

That was no disappointment to me. I don't think I've ever been quite right since the last time I was on one. I'm sure a couple of vertebrae are still out of place . . . if I didn't lose them entirely.

On the way to the beach there was a gentle hint that I should drive carefully. It seems that Glenda almost lost an ear in an automobile accident once. Did you ever notice how automobile accidents are like operations? People love to talk about their narrow escapes in gas buggies. I pointed out the exact railroad crossing where I had made unexpected connections with a Pacific Electric freight train the year before. I believe there's still a grease spot on the road where my car was swept up.

"Maybe I should have brought my own car," said Glenda, faintly. But I assured her that I only had automobile accidents in months that had "r" in them.

It was a Monday night, and the pier wasn't too crowded. At that, Glenda attracted quite a gallery. We avoided the rolly-coaster and the bamboo slide. We considered "going over Niagara in a barrel," but we only considered it. The people who were already doing it were screaming too loudly. We compromised on the merry-go-round. It was a nice, rough merry-go-round, and the horses were bucking bronchos. There was no time for conversation then. We concentrated on hanging on. We drew a free ride for the next spin, but Glenda espied a shooting gallery across the way. Her eyes lighted like a bargain hunter seeing a $4.75 mark-down from $5.

For the next ten minutes she popped away at the little clay targets, and she is no amateur with the rifle. She must be some relation to William Tell. Her aim is deadly, and I wouldn't want her to be mad at me.

"I like rifles," she informed me, "but I'm afraid to even touch a revolver."

I felt better after that. A lady can't go around toting a rifle all the time very conveniently.

We dropped into the photograph gallery and had our pictures taken sitting in the moon. Two incomparable portraits for fifty cents. We could

(*Continued on page* 88)

CONFESSIONS of a Hollywood Fortune Teller

by DAREOS

as told to HARRY LANG

Tears were in Cortez' eyes. "Do you see my wife ever coming back to—what she can be?" he asked

THE first time I ever saw him, Charley Farrell was so "broke" that he couldn't pay me for the reading. I read him anyway.

It was years ago. Charley was just another Hollywood beginner then. He hadn't dared dream of being co-star in that great Gaynor-Farrell team. Stardom was to him only a hope—and a remote one.

One afternoon, two young men visited my office. One was a South American millionaire who had first come to me with Pola Negri, and who came frequently afterwards. He was filled with ego, was sarcastic and contemptuous and generally unlikeable. With him this day was a young chap who stayed outside while the millionaire talked with me. As I bade the rich man good-bye, I glanced at the youth, and at once, something blazed in me.

"Say, come in a minute. I want to read you," I said. He laughed and blushed and grinned awkwardly. There was both diffidence and embarrassment in his manner. He stammered:

"Wh—what?"

"I said come on in and let me read you," I repeated.

"Well," he hemmed, "I—uh—well, I haven't any money and I can't pay you."

"Oh, forget it—I want to read you anyway."

So he came in. "Write your name here," I told him: "I want to keep it. You'll be famous some day."

"Well I sure hope you're right, mister," he said, and wrote the name: C-h-a-r-l-e-s F-a-r-r-e-l-l. "I sure *want* to be a success. I want it for myself—and as a matter of fact, Mr. Dareos, I'm anxious to bring my mother happiness."

I told him then that he would be a great star. I used the phrase "idol of the screen." He blushed again. "You'll be as widely known as Valentino," I continued. It was too much for him. He laughed.

"Oh, gosh!" he said. "You fill me with good things! I'm happy, happy to hear you say that." His diffidence vanished in a flood of happiness and encouragement. I could see how dear was his career to him. He went bouncing out of my office as though springs were on his heels—like a kid that'd just been given a new toy he'd wanted for a long time. And, believe it or not, the Farrell success began from that day! He rose rapidly. And I honestly feel that, psychologically, my words helped him to what he achieved—not that I want to take personal credit for it. I merely mean to say that the encouragement and reassurance my prediction gave him helped him climb the grade.

Today, whenever Charley Farrell introduces me to a friend, he says: "This is Dareos—the man who predicted my success when I was nobody and broke."

I saw Alice White at the threshold of her career, too. It was when she was just another of the gals publicity departments take leg-pictures of, for advertising. She came to me one day with a certain assistant director, who was known to me personally. He'd been to see me before, and I knew, from my contacts with him, that his primary interest in life was to know as many pretty women as possible. He told them pretty stories. Well, Alice came into my office while he waited.

"I'm going to make a success in pictures," she said. "I want to—and I don't want to make any false steps if I can help it. This man says he can help me. Says he's a director, has influence, and such things. What shall I do?"

I told her without hesitation that she was courting disaster.

"That's all I wanted to know. I don't want him or anyone to interfere with my success. I'm through with him." Like a story-book aftermath, my phone rang in the middle of the night within two weeks. It was the man who'd come with Alice. He was in trouble, involving a woman and a blackmail mess. He wanted me to help him.

I didn't see Alice again until much later, at a party given by Paul Bern at the Ambassador Hotel. We talked, and I told her that aftermath. I told her then, too, that she'd go out of pictures for a while, but that she'd come back and hit heights again. She's doing that, now. But Alice White was not born to tranquillity in her heart-life. She'll never know it, but her romantic career will not be very smooth.

Have you been reading this series of reminiscences by "Dareos," the famous Hollywood fortune-teller and confidant of the stars of past and present, who has been telling MOVIE MIRROR'S readers the "inside" story of his decade of dealings with moviedom's great? In this installment, the seer continues his revelations with some amusing, some startling, some ominous stories about film luminaries you all know.

"You'll stay in pictures," I told Connie Bennett. "I'm through with them," she cried. "I never want to see them or Hollywood again"

I can't help remarking, particularly as I write these memoirs and read the amazing variety of names in them, at what a varied group of people a man in my position comes in contact with. I'm confining myself herein to picture-people—and even in that limitation there are all sorts of characters. One of the most startling was Jack Pickford—

He came to me on a lark. He was with Lew Cody, and they'd been having a lot of fun, and figured that having their fortunes told would be more fun. When he sat across from me grinning, it was an incongruous contrast with what scenes were shifting through my mind. Imagine the picture—Jack, jovial and wisecracking and laughing, and me across the desk saying:

"Be careful—it's all disaster ahead for you . . ."

That struck him gloriously funny and he laughed some more.

". . . you're not in for a long life. Death is coming for you early . . ."

"*O-KAY* then," he cried; "Here's to a short life and a merry one!"

"You ought to stay away from matrimony. Marriage for you is fraught with grief and tragedy." I continued.

"Swell. Come on to my house now, and let's have a party!" he countered.

"But you can lessen the darkness that's ahead, by taking heed . . ." I began.

"Oh, forget it, Dareos. Y'know, I think you're a hell of a good fellow, Dareos."

"Well, I like you too, Shorty," I said, realizing I might as well join his spirit because he wouldn't take what I was telling him seriously. "You remind me of a bantam rooster."

"Yes—and believe me, I'm always crowing," he said. And with that, he said: "C'mon Lew, let's go." And Lew and he went out. Later, Jack's last wife, Mary Mulhern, came to see me. It was before she married him and I warned her not to. After she had ignored my advice, she came to see me again—this time with Lottie Pickford, Jack's sister. "Well," she said, "I married him in spite of you—but you were right. It's brought only trouble."

"Yes," I cut in, "and now you're thinking of divorce. But don't. Jack hasn't long to live. Don't divorce him now." Again, she ignored my advice. As a matter of fact, trouble though it brought her, she loved Jack very deeply. As for Jack—well, when he died, he was still the same . . .

"I've loved a lot and I've lived a lot, and I'm kind of tired of it anyway," he said, as he came to the end, there in Paris not so long ago.

Strange, how unlike the others each of the Pickfords was. Jack's light, irresponsible nature so unlike the quiet sincere Mary. And then Lottie, so unlike either, that I was startled when she came to my office and my secretary whispered to me that this was Jack's and Mary's sister. Funny—Lottie forgot to pay me for the reading she had that day—and afterward, she told people: "Dareos is a swell guy. He never charged me a cent for telling my fortune."

Mary Pickford came to me some two years ago with a titled Englishwoman. Maybe she was just showing the Englishwoman the sights and I was one of them. Anyway, at that time, she particularly was interested in what I told her about Douglas Fairbanks' health—

"Illness and a serious breakdown lie before him. He will need your most loving care," I warned her. I still feel Doug is susceptible to disease, and that Mary will outlive him. As for Mary, she asked me about her career, and I told her that I saw her return with considerable success, but that she'd never be the Mary of old. But—"You're not *through;* your career will go on," I assured her.

"I *do* hope you're right," she said, simply and with sincerity. "I, too, have faith that my career will come out all right."

Mary Pickford is a woman who loves her art—not because of material gains it may give her, but because her work, her public, are to her as important as her very life's blood. She will die when she can no longer have them.

(*AUTHOR'S NOTE: At the time Dareos gave me the data for the writing of this story of his Hollywood activities, he made the prophecy that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks would be publicly separated within a year. That was less than a half year ago! At that time, Dareos requested that his prophecy be NOT included in the story I was to write, because he as well as all others on the "inside" of Hollywood were aware of the strenuous efforts being made to prevent that which* (*Continued on page* 78)

movies of the month

Young love sweetened with laughs makes "Rafter Romance," (above) with Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster, a delightful romance

THE average is coming up on pictures. There are three outstanding pictures this month, each distinguished for a different reason, and half a dozen more which offer very excellent entertainment. The big three are Katharine Hepburn's "Morning Glory"—and we think it should be listed just that way, as it is Hepburn who makes it great; "Three-Cornered Moon" for its silly, light-headed nonsense; and DeMille's extraordinary "This Day and Age" which may shock you but will certainly thrill you.

✓✓ Morning Glory (Radio)

You'll See: *Katharine Hepburn, Doug Fairbanks Jr., Adolphe Menjou, Mary Duncan, Don Alvarado, C. Aubrey Smith, others.*

It's About: *A small-town, stage-struck gal and her fight for fame—how, amazingly, she wins it—and love, too.*

Here's the answer to the question-askers who wanted to know: is this Hepburn dame a flash in the pan, or has she got what it takes? The answer: She's got it. If you marvelled at her in "Bill of Divorcement," if you thrilled at her in "Christopher Strong," you'll rave over her in this.

Why, that opening scene alone is magnificent manifestation of the girl's power, ability, intelligence. Hollywood critics went into raptures over it. The preview audience applauded. And after you've seen it, you'll wonder if there's any other actress in pictures who could have made that scene what Hepburn made it.

Yes, your Reviewer knows he's been mentioning only Hepburn so far, even though Doug Junior, and Menjou and C. Aubrey are in the cast. But that's all they are—great as they are, these are only Hepburn's supporting cast. Like "Christopher Strong," this "Morning Glory" is all-Hepburn.

Brilliant sequence: The producer's party, where the girl, wined, goes into Shakespeare to prove she's an actress. Most unsatisfactory factor: that question-mark ending that leaves you wondering IF she continued to be a star after her

"The Man Who Dared" brings Zita Johann into prominence but otherwise fails somewhat

By HARRY LANG

(✓ Check for good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss)

(Above) "This Day and Age" is violent drama, amazingly cast, startlingly played

one-night success, and IF she and Doug really find love-happiness.

Your Reviewer Says: A splendid one-woman picture.

For Children: Too "old" for their entertainment.

✓✓ Three-Cornered Moon (Paramount)

You'll See: *Mary Boland, Claudette Colbert, Wally Ford, Dick Arlen, Billy Bakewell, Tom Brown, Hardie Albright, Joan Marsh, Lyda Roberti, Sam Hardy, others.*

t's About: *A dumb-cluck mama and her nutty family, and how they make out in spite of it all!*

Once you've seen this film, you'll never forget Mrs. Rimplegar. That's the rôle Mary Boland plays — a goofily helpless mother, who gets her three sons and daughter into a financial pickle, out of which they climb through insane doings and luck.

The title? — yes, all Hollywood wondered what it meant. Well, it's the name of the mine in which Ma Rimplegar sinks the family fortune. So the family has to eat—and how they manage to do it is more than an hour of as hilarious screen comedy that you've seen in a long while. When a Hollywood hard-boiled preview audience stands up and cheers, a picture has "got something." They did it for this one.

Mary Boland steals the picture—even away from such experts as Claudette Colbert, Hardie Albright, the others in the cast. As Claudette said afterward: "It's all Mary's picture. Mine is a 'bit.' But even to have a 'bit' in a swell picture like this is something I'm glad of."

Your Reviewer Says: For light-hearted entertainment, without too heavy undertones, you'll find "Three-Cornered Moon" a choice bit.

For Children: Perfectly okey.

✓✓This Day and Age (DeMille-Paramount)

You'll See: *Charles Bickford, Judith Allen, Dick Cromwell, Charles B. Middleton,*

Beery and Dressler in "Tugboat Annie." This is not as good as "Min and Bill" but laugh-laden just the same *and a cast of film youngsters of high-school age.*

It's About: *Youngsters, enraged by today's legal dilly-dallying, take a piece of the law into their own hands.*

This is one of Cecil DeMille's typical best. "Typical," because it's replete with spectacle-scenes, mob-stuff, basic thrills. The scene where the high-school kids torture a gangster into submission and confession is hair-raising, spine-tingling! And a bit gruesome, but you expect that from DeMille.

At the preview, a Hollywood audience occasionally burst into handclapping, even cheers now and then. That's an indication of the sort of audience-hysteria this DeMille opus produces. If you go for that sort of thing, you'll think this a great show.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll be stirred, thrilled, certainly entertained.

For Children: It would be bad if they tried to put the film's ideas into actual practice!

Lionel Barrymore is magnificent in "One Man's Journey." May Robson is a great team-mate. You'll like this

✓Tugboat Annie (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Marie Dressler and Wally Beery, Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan, Frankie Darro, Willard Robertson, others.*

It's About: *A grand old woman tugboat captain, her good-for-nothing husband, their son, and his romance.*

Victor Jory in "The Devil's in Love", Clive Brook, George Raft, Helen Vinson in "Midnight Club," excellent performances in just routine pictures

Fully realizing the *lèse majesté* of uttering even a whisper not laudatory of Queen Marie, Your Reviewer utters to you simply an assurance that here is another Dressler-Beery picture that will delight the box-offices and at least 90 percent of picturegoers.

Again, Marie and Wally argue and love their way through a mile of laughs and sobs. During the filming of the show, Wally said to a group of writers: "You've seen Harlow and Gable, but you ain't seen nothin' HOT till you see Marie an' me!" Ah, what lovers; what lovers! ! !

The story tells of Tugboat Annie's hopes for her son, and how her no-good husband tangles all the hopes up with bottles. Nonetheless, the son becomes a great ship captain and finds happiness in the end for himself, his colleen, his mother and even his dad. In the telling, there are grand laughs, eye-misting pathos.

The Hepburn fans and the Hepburn doubters will be equally captivated by "Morning Glory"

Ludicrous high-spot: Wally, tight, trying to put on a pull-over shirt without taking off his derby. Another laugh: Marie gets tight on punch at the ship's ball.

Your Reviewer Says: For you dyed-in-the-wool Dressler-and-Beery fans, this is a natural.

For Children: Utterly grand moviefare for the kids.

✓ Rafter Romance (Radio)

You'll See: *Ginger Rogers, Norman Foster, Laura Hope Crews, George Sidney, Robert Benchley, Jane Brewster.*

It's About: *Hilarious developments when young love is blind in an attic.*

Plenty of laughs, sweetened with "all-the-world-loves-a-lover" stuff. That's "Rafter Romance," which teams Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster in a human, funny story of two youngsters without much money. So, when they can't pay their rent, their landlord makes them share the attic—but the boy works nights, the girl works days, so they never meet, and it's all nice and willhaysy. But the notes they write each other, the jokes they play on each other, are worth tons of laughs.

Then they meet outside—BUT still don't know they're meeting their respective attic-mate! Until the denouement. And then it's all hunky-dory, and by that time, you've had an hour's worth of swell screen fun.

Inevitable scene: Ginger Rogers, undressed. Good bits: Comedy stuff by Laura Hope Crews.

Your Reviewer Says: For heavily laugh-coated love-tale, this is nice.

For Children: Allowable, for modern ones.

✓ Blind Adventure (Radio)

You'll See: *Roland Young, Robert Armstrong, Helen Mack, Ralph Bellamy, John Miljan, Beryl Mercer, Laura Hope Crews.*

It's About: *Mystery and fog complicate the strange adventures of an American in London, a girl, and a burglar.*

At the risk of deeply paining Roland Young, who curls up and dies whenever he's called "whimsical," Your Reviewer simply MUST comment that Roland, in this picture, makes the most whimsical burglar that's ever been on the screen. He's really the star of this show—which concerns said burglar's altruistic assistance to a bewildered young American and a girl, in the middle of one of those pea-soup London fogs

(*Continued on page* 94)

Fast-moving, newspaper-flavored is "Headline Shooters," while (below) "Three Cornered Moon" is the nuttiest, nicest comedy of the season

The Secrets of Brunette Beauty

KATHRYN, our Movie Fan in Hollywood, Writes a Letter About Claudette Colbert —and a Dozen Other Thrilling Subjects

RUTH, Dear—

—we were just finishing lunch in the Paramount studio lunch-room, when that honey of a writer-friend of yours (yes, darling; he's still taking me places!) leaned across the table and asked:

"And now, for dessert, how'd you like a little baked Colbert?"

I must have looked even sillier than usual (never mind your wisecracks, cat!), because he laughed like a fool when I said: "But I've never even *heard* of 'baked Colbert.' What is it? Cake? Or Custard? . . ."

"Come and I'll show you," he grinned. Then he signed the check and grabbed my arm and hustled me out of the commissary, across some streets, up a flight of stairs and to a door over which hung a sign:

STILL GALLERY

Vaguely I tried to pull a wheeze about "if I can't have a box seat, I'll take the fifth row, orchestra, but never the *gallery*—and anyway, I can't be *still;* you know that!" But he paid no attention, whisked the door open, popped me in —and there was the baked Colbert . . .!—and right in the midst of the baking process, at that. And as I beheld it all, I realized then and there that being a big-shot movie actress isn't all a bed of roses.

"I'll try to make myself plain, darling, so don't get nervous. This "baked Colbert" thing, it turned out, was really Claudette Colbert herself, posing for a series of fashion pictures. "Stills," they call them—and from that comes the name "Still Gallery"—the photograph gallery where the "stills" are taken. Or did you know all that? H'm; smart, aren't you, dear?

At first, all I could see was Claudette, in a dazzling blaze of light, and all the rest of the little room in darkness. In that darkness, as my eyes accustomed themselves to the contrast, lurked the cameraman, under the black cloth of his great box-camera, which was focused on Claudette. Around her, with the full force of their glare and heat concentrated on her, were at least a dozen spotlights of assorted types—but all of them brilliant and all of them hot!

I learned later, dear, that often the temperature in the center of these lights hits around 125 Fahrenheit! And we, who pass out when the office thermometer hits a hundred . . .!

Blinded by the lights, Claudette couldn't see us. So she sang out gaily: "Who's there?" "It's just me, darling!" said our writer-friend, and Claudette said: "Sit down, honey; I'll be through here in a minute." My, my, Ruthie —that writer-friend of yours knows everybody!—I wouldn't be surprised, any more, if he'd ask me over to breakfast with him and Garbo some morning! Anyway, he said to Claudette:

"I've brought Kathryn. She wants you to tell her how you get so bee-oo-tee-full . . .!"

"Wait till you see my spinal column, and you won't think I'm so beeee-ooooo-teeee-fulllllll," she answered. And just then the photographer muttered "Ready, Miss Colbert." Instantly, she became the professional. Swished her hips like nobody's business, until she felt there was a good line to show off to full effect the utterly sexy effect of the black-sequin gown she was modeling . . .

"LET'S give it some of that joancrawford stuff," she smiled; "except that I haven't got Joan's hips." But darling, with her own, she did pretty darned well. I'm enclosing the very picture they were taking, so you can see for yourself.

Click! went the camera. "Okeh," said the photographer. And Claudette came down off her platform and shook hands with me.

"What about that backbone, now?" asked that writer. If there's anything to see, he wants to see. I've found that out. (But never mind asking me the details, de-ah!)

Claudette turned her back to us. There, plastered between the sequin gown and the skin of her back (which it fitted closer than grandma's corsets!) were squares of kleenex tissue.

"Have to keep 'em there when my front's being photographed, so the gown doesn't stick again," she explained. Then she gingerly took away some of the paper, exposed a back on which the skin in several places was truly torn off.

"This gown got so hot when we were taking some pictures," she said, "that the sequins got so soft they simply merged with my skin—and when my maid helped me take it off, she had to take some skin off with it!"

"And now," she said, "let's go to my dressing room. And *YOU*—" (she looked at our friend) "—can run along and play with your other toys, because I'm taking this off!" So while our nice writer-friend sulked away, Claudette and I sought the coolness of her little dressing room, where there was a big cold glass of milk for her.

"I've got to drink it. Because Mr. DeMille wants me to be nice and—uh—curvey, to play Cleopatra. It seems Antony liked Cleo fairly well upholstered," she explained.

"But you must swea—er, perspire it off as quick as you put it on, there under those lights," I gasped. "Seems that way," she agreed, "because no matter how much I eat, I don't seem to gain any. And my dear, it was nice of you to change it to 'perspire,' but under those lights, we *sweat!*"

So I mumbled something about it not being such a cinch being a movie actress. And that led to her telling me about Zasu Pitts' two children—her own little girl and that son of Barbara LaMarr's that Zasu adopted. Claudette, you know, is living now in the house Greta Garbo used to occupy, right next door to where Zasu lives.

"Zasu's youngsters come over every day and swim in my pool—where Garbo used to take her water-and-sun-baths," Claudette said. "One day I asked them if they were going into the movies when they grew up."

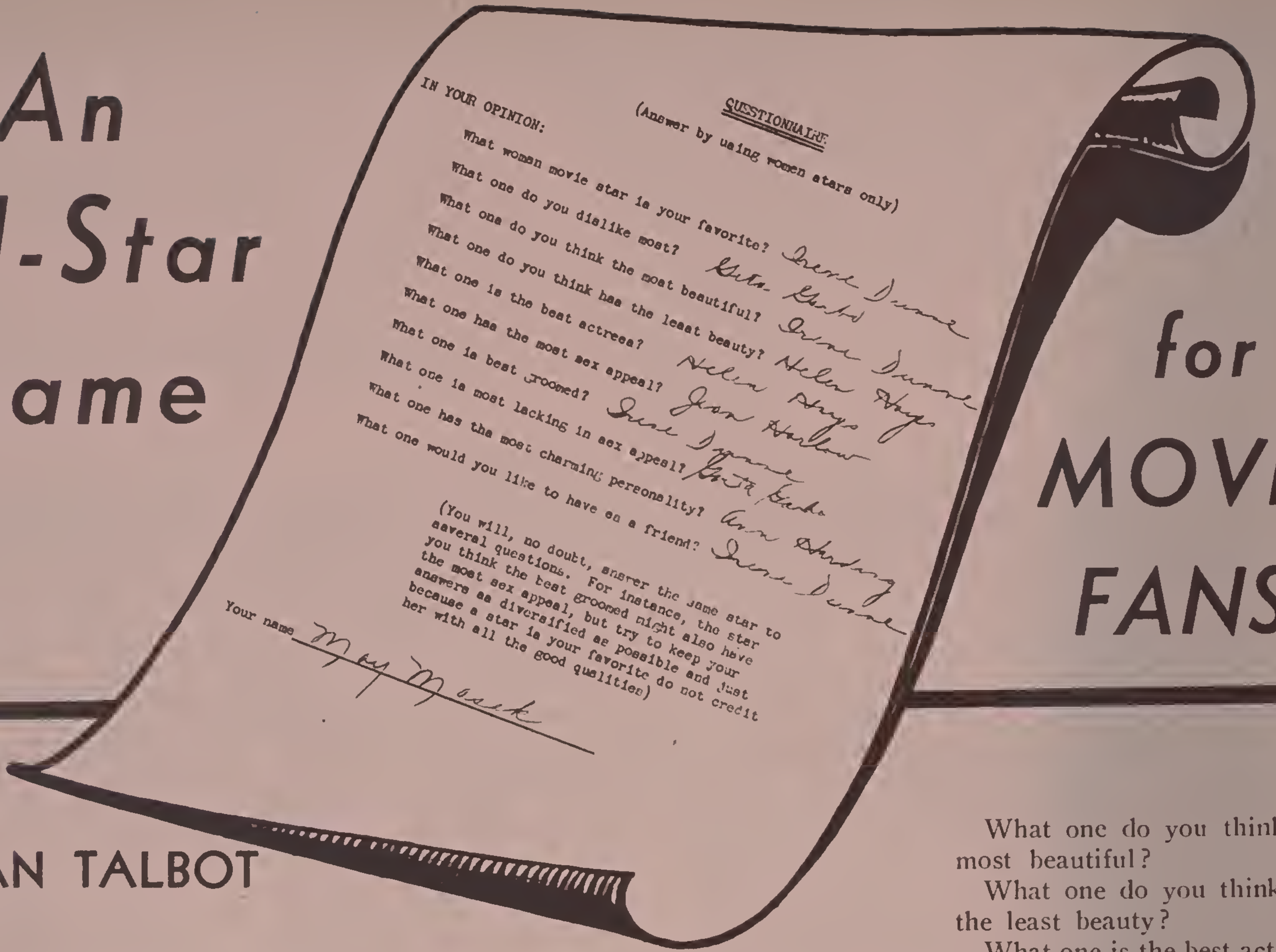
"We should say NOT! We wouldn't work as hard as ma for *any*thing!" they chorused.

She told me a funny tale about Garbo, too. Seems that Zasu's two youngsters used to have great fun peeping at Greta taking her sunbaths. "Oh, mama," they'd say, "that lady next door is out there without any clothes on, again." So one day, Zasu sent a nice little note around, asking Garbo if she couldn't wear a

(*Continued on page 89*)

An All-Star Game for MOVIE FANS

by SUSAN TALBOT



QUESTIONNAIRE

(Answer by using women stars only)

IN YOUR OPINION:

What woman movie star is your favorite? Irene Dunne

What one do you dislike most? Greta Garbo

What one do you think the most beautiful? Irene Dunne

What one do you think has the least beauty? Helen Hayes

What one is the best actress? Helen Hayes

What one has the most sex appeal? Jean Harlow

What one is best groomed? Irene Dunne

What one is most lacking in sex appeal? Greta Garbo

What one has the most charming personality? Ann Harding

What one would you like to have as a friend? Irene Dunne

(You will, no doubt, answer the same star to several questions. For instance, the star you think the best groomed might also have the most sex appeal, but try to keep your answers as diversified as possible and just because a star is your favorite do not credit her with all the good qualities)

Your name May Mack

I KNOW a swell way to start a fight . . .

But in spite of that it's elegant fun at a party. I didn't start out with the party business in mind. That part just happened. What I really meant to do was to show up the Hollywood executives.

On and off now for the past eight years the wise guys of the studios have been telling me that Connie Bennett is a woman's star and that Joan Blondell is a masculine favorite; that men are really more sentimental than women; that men don't give a property boy's damn about chic clothes; that women can't stand horror pictures, but that men eat 'em up—and various things like that.

Hollywood has a bushel basket full of pet theories. "I'll see," I said to myself one day when I didn't have a doggone thing else to say, "if these studio lads know as much as they think they do."

That's why I locked myself up in my room and got what brain I have left—after eight years in Hollywood—to work. It was my idea to go out into the by-ways and high-ways and question several hundreds of men and women to settle, for good and all, who is a "woman's star" and who is a "man's star." But I must confess that the by-ways and highways got a little dusty after awhile so I worked out a little questionnaire and passed it around not only to my own friends but to people from all walks of life who work in various businesses. I made myself a bit of a nuisance but I found out some amazing things. Over five hundred people filled in the questionnaire. Besides I became the life of the party.

MONEY for YOU

Turn to Page 80 and read about the prize contest you can enter by reading this article

Next time you go to a party take along some questionnaires like this one and have everybody fill them out:

Here's the questionnaire:

What woman movie star is your favorite?

What one do you dislike most?

What one do you think the most beautiful?

What one do you think has the least beauty?

What one is the best actress?

What one has the most sex appeal?

What one has the least sex appeal?

What one has the most charming personality?

What one would you like to have as a friend?

If you play this game at a party, line all the boys up on one side of the room and all the girls on another and then see how the sexes agree. They won't, I'll tell you that. When everyone has given his choice have a few impromptu debates with each person defending choices. There'll be conversation and argument to last a week and I'll bet that at three A. M. your desperate hostess will tell you the neighbors have complained. Of course, if you want to break your lease nothing could be better.

So much for the fun you can have. Now I'll tell you about the results of my own private little survey. Remember that nobody was influenced. And I didn't know a single person who answered.

Know who won the favorite star vote? From the feminine point of view Joan Crawford is head and shoulders the favorite. Norma Shearer was second and Garbo was third. Yes, Mr. Producer, the divine Garbo was only third. But I've a more amazing one than that about Garbo. Just wait a minute.

The fourth in popularity amazed me. In Hollywood, she isn't given a very big box office rating. But in this voting—and I'm still talking about the women's votes—Irene Dunne was fourth. Janet Gaynor and Helen Hayes tied for fifth place. Others mentioned were Elissa Landi, Katharine Hepburn, Marie Dressler, Joan Bennett, Ruby Keeler, Jean Harlow, Diana Wynyard, Kay Francis, Constance Cummings, Barbara Stanwyck and Mae West.

Now the producers tell you that Jean Harlow is a man's star but not one of my men voters mentioned her as a favorite. Norma Shearer came first Joan Crawford second, Zasu Pitts and Ruth Chatterton tied for third place. Constance Cummings, Marie Dressler, Marlene Dietrich, Sylvia Sidney, Dorothy Jordan all strung along together. Garbo was far, far down the list.

So far how does that coincide with your own choice? Now for item number two.

"What star do you dislike most?" is the question. Hold on tight, you Hollywood executives, get ready for the shock of your lives. Among the women voters Garbo was most disliked with three times more votes than any other star. And—here's another shock—the men felt the same way about it. Are you amazed? I was!

The women voters tied Ruth Chatterton and Constance Bennett for second place on the disliked list. And that's an interesting point for as you saw up there a paragraph or so ago Chatterton was third favorite with the men. Yet the producers have always told me that Chatterton was a woman's star. 'Taint true—she gets third place on the favorite list of the men and second place on the disliked list of the women. What deduction do you make of that, Watson?

most beautiful star in masculine eyes. Honest Injun! But it was very close and Elissa Landi, Irene Dunne and Norma Shearer tied for second. Joan Crawford, Jeanette MacDonald, Diana Wynyard and Dorothy Jordan pulled a goodly number of votes.

It was rather too bad when they came to the "least beautiful" question. I'm afraid most of the voters took the question too literally and so Polly Moran won. Funnily enough when Polly was a girl she won a beauty contest. But after Polly my women voters decided that Katharine Hepburn was the least beautiful and Ann Harding and Helen Hayes were third. The curious part about Ann Harding's being on that list at all is that from a sculptor's point of view she has an almost perfect face—classic in every detail.

The men thought that next to Polly Moran—don't die laughing—Garbo was least beautiful and next to her Helen Hayes and—don't fall dead—the much married and apparently irresistible-to-men—Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

Judged by the feminine mind Helen Hayes is far and away the best actress. Norma Shearer came second. But from the men Helen Hayes got very, very few best actress votes and Ruth Chatterton won the masculine poll. Among the men Norma Shearer was second and Marie Dressler third.

Zasu Pitts and Jean Harlow both score, but in very different ways, in this amusing movie question game

Next to Chatterton and Connie Bennett on the woman's list of dislikes comes Loretta Young and Sylvia Sidney, whereas masculine dislikers gave second place to Connie Bennett and Kay Francis. Clara Bow was third. Keep that in mind for a minute for we'll discover an interesting thing about Kay Francis.

The "most beautiful" battle was a hard fought one and there was much difference of opinion but the women tied Billie Dove and Irene Dunne for first place with Norma Shearer second, Kay Francis and Connie Bennett third and Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard and Diana Wynyard equal in fourth place.

Masculine tastes in beauty differed. Janet Gaynor—who got very few women's votes as most beautiful—was the

Sex appeal was the most fun of all—as it usually is. You don't need many guesses to discover who walked away with honors here. Both men and women gave it without much argument to little burn-'em-up, knock-'em-dead Jean Harlow. But second place was interesting. Mae West came almost up to Jean Harlow on the women's questionnaires, but, amongst the men, Mae was almost forgotten. Jean Harlow got four times as many votes as anyone and Marlene Dietrich was second. Surprised? (*Continued on page* 81)

Movie Mirror awards Seven Prizes each month for the best letters—$20 first prize; $10 second prize, five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars, or stories. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address "Speak for Yourself," 1926 Broadway, New York

THE $20 LETTER

What's Wrong with the Movies?

There's little wrong with the movies. It's the minds of the people that have gone wrong. Every day we hear something about obscene pictures which are a disgrace to humanity!

In creating the universe and "all that is in it" God left his noblest work until last—Adam and Eve. Two beautiful bodies—with unashamed minds! . . . Adam looked upon Eve and loved her, taking nature as it was, with never an evil thought in his mind.

Even after sin came into the beautiful Eden and shame struck their vision, their first apparel was only a fig leaf—which was very much smaller than the most extreme bathing suit of today.

Bodies are beautiful—and not a shame and should not be looked upon as such! If we could teach the younger generation the facts of life in a straightforward, heart to heart manner, impressing upon their plastic minds the glory, rather than the shame of creation, they would think less evil, see less evil, and live less evil lives.

I consider pictures very educational and allow my children to see them at least once every week.

Mrs. L. L. Huffman, Lincolnton, N. C.

THE $10 LETTER

Personality is Pulchritude

The march of time has shown many radical changes, but none so marked as Hollywood's new standard of beauty.

The old, stereotyped, immobile type has passed out of the picture and in its place the talkies of today demand clear enunciation, vivacity, brains and that intangible something called personality.

After all, who is there to say that a beautiful woman must have a mouth just so wide; eyes just so far apart and a nose measured by the artist's yardstick? There's beauty in the plainest face when set off by a radiant personality.

Recent newcomers to the screen, who do not possess the Venus de Milo's measurements, have soared to the heights, because they possess that inner warmth and acting ability that stirs our pulses.

We welcome this timely innovation—this variety in stars and types, portending better pictures and better entertainment.

Mrs. Hannah Feldman, Atlanta, Ga.

$1.00 LETTER

Truth is Beauty

I'm no sentimentalist nor am I a dreamer. I don't shy at truth nor do I rationalize about it. Ever since I have attended the theatre, I have discovered something that is beautifully truthful in each picture I have seen. There are some who shun pictures that they consider "raw" but I wonder how many have missed a good picture because they were not broadminded enough to see beyond the courageous daring of truthful presentation. A girl friend of mine said no picture that was frank about sex could be called beautiful, and no argument could change her viewpoint until we went to see "Farewell to Arms." The poignant beauty of it through its open candor moved us to tears and left us inarticulate. My friend's look spoke more eloquently than anything she could have said.

Gladys Champagne, Pittsfield, Mass.

$1.00 LETTER

If—(Not Kipling's)

If—Constance Bennett would vary the bored-staring one-expression of hers;

If—Dick Barthelmess would reduce a bit;

If—Joan Crawford would only be herself again (my favorite);

If—Betty Compson would use more mature leading men, and not make up quite so obviously,

If—Jean Harlow would remember that this is not the age of Eve and the Garden of Eden (as in Red Dust);

If—Clara Bow would leave dramatics alone;

If—Garbo would wear a shorter bob;

If—Tallulah Bankhead would add a little avoirdupois, and eliminate that worn, don't care expression;

If—we might see more of actors with real ability and charm such as Colman, Powell, Rogers, Harding, Gaynor and Robinson

What a rousing cheer would arise from the fans around the world!

Jeanette Hanpel, Keene, N. H.

$1.00 LETTER

Minnie Mouse

To Dietrich I am not immune, and Garbo starts me panting;
A Crawford, or a Bankhead too, are likewise quite enchanting.
Maritza struts in lingerie, with manners so delightful;
While Blondell lolling on a beach is such a luscious sightful.
A Chatterton or Hopkins dame can concoct my dramatics;
And methinks Gaynor is the frail to coax me out of attics.
Yet, if I dared enthrone a queen, within my humble house;
I'd gladly junk the scrambled lot, for little Minnie Mouse.

J. Gaskill McDaniel, New Bern, N. C.

$1.00 LETTER

Two Kinds of Theatres

In the days before movies, how did we ever live? It is difficult to imagine life without this easily available form of amusement. In the old Movie-less days, how did Grandma entertain her out-of-town guests? How did Grandpa amuse his best girl? How did the maiden aunt brighten her drab life? Who wants to go back to those old pre-movie days? Not many.

I think two types of theatres are needed — a Family Theatre where both parents and children may enjoy pictures together, and a theatre for the sophisticate, where children should be barred.

In this way, all demands can be met without fear of ill-effects on the minds of our adolescent progeny.

D. E. Grant,
Halifax, N. S.

THAT girl, Katharine Hepburn, is running away with the letters this month (what will happen after you've seen her in "Morning Glory" we can't imagine—she's that swell). Next to her comes Mr. Gable, after whom you have written much before. Next comes a Miss Garbo, also an old favorite. Many of you would like more American pictures, with all-star American casts featured. There are cries not to let the big stars down, particularly Chatterton, Barthelmess, Novarro and such, with bad pictures. What do you think about pictures, players and Hollywood in general? Why not write in to Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, and try for one of our seven monthly prizes? Not more than 200 words per letter, please, but you may submit as many letters as you like.

$1.00 LETTER

Yea Hollywood!

Hollywood is the best known and most publicized city on earth.

Hollywood dictates the styles and fashions of the world.

Hollywood is the home of more famous men and women than any other city on the globe.

Hollywood has literally Americanized the thoughts and habits of all nations.

Hollywood has rendered humanity a great service by producing pictures that stimulate courage and confidence among people of all nations.

Hollywood has rescued many a man and woman from the deep depths of despair.

Hollywood, I salute thee!

Leon Engel, New York, N. Y.

From Limelight to Klieglight

When, oh, when are the movies going to give themselves a break by recognizing honest to goodness acting ability in the many actors and actresses who make the trek from New York to Hollywood? Nine times out of ten, these good old troupers know more about acting and what the public likes than a dozen Hollywooders.

I have in mind particularly Marjorie White who has what it takes to "wow 'em" but she's never been given a break. Regis Toomey is another.

In the past year or so the movie executives seem to have the idea that simply because a boy or girl wins a marble tournament, swims a channel or wins a dance marathon that he or she can act, and is automatically given a part in the movies.

For example, John P. Whoozis has just won a tree-sitting contest. The newspapers broadcast this wonderful feat of human endurance. His name is on the ether waves and the first thing we know John P. Whoozis has been grabbed by a big movie concern. Then his picture appears in a movie magazine. Second Rate Pictures Inc., thrusts on the public his first picture sitting on top of a pine, while all the while real acting ability sits by neglected.

Just because *they* have endurance, must we endure their inferior acting when there are experienced stage folk who have proved their ability to New York's critical audiences who would be much more appreciated?

Bill Cole, Augusta, Ga.

Saner Youth in Pictures

Do you know that virtually every picture shown is one of either sex, war or beer? I'm that tired of the doggone things! Why don't these so wise producers give us Youth with a capital "Y"? Not the crazy youth of "Are These Our Children?" but the kind that Richard Cromwell and Dorothy Jordan can so easily portray. Good, clean youth, full of laughter and decent love. Then watch those much

(*Continued on page 82*)

Cupid's Diary

(*Continued from page* 29)

of things like that as Mack Sennett's leading comedy girl, admits she's going to marry (probably in October) rich young Onee Lewis, who has Indian blood in his veins, and Texas oil in a lot of wells.

. . . David Manners blushes when he admits that uh-huh, he may get married any time now, but won't tell who the gal is. Hint: he's been seen out with Claudia Morgan more than a little.

. . . did Dorothy Lee laugh when she read that newspaper story that she's going to marry Bert (ha-ha!) Wheeler. "Because, you see, I'm going to marry Marsh Duffield instead, as soon as he finishes law school," she explains. Duffield is the blonde ex-star of the U. S. C. football team, with whom she's been going places ever since she divorced Press-Agent Jimmy Fidler some time ago. Bert Wheeler, in the meantime, explains that that newspaper yarn about Dot marrying HIM was just a fool mistake! And although Mimi Jordan says there's a man in London she's thinking about, she and Dorothy's ex, Jimmy Fidler, are seen everywhere together.

. . . they're betting, in Hollywood, that Glenda Farrell'll be Mrs. Bob Riskin (he's a writer) any time now. Even though Jack Durant, the funny guy, does cut in with a date, now and then.

. . . Benita Hume is thinking seriously of having a radio-wedding to Jack Dunfe, that British auto-and-airplane racing chap, who spends so much money trans-atlantic-phoning her every time the columnists print tales of Benita going out with other men in Hollywood.

. . . just as all their friends were buying presents for the wedding of Francis X. Bushman, Jr., son of the one-time star who is following papa's footsteps in movies, and Gertrude Wood, Santa Monica beauty, the girl's parents announced the wedding was postponed at least a year "because the youngsters agree that there's no hurry."

Lookit Eddie Cantor surrounded by all those women—and they all in love with him, too, and no scandal! Cause why? Cause they're all his daughters, that is why

With the world at his feet, Walter Winchell, sits at the feet of Benita Hume, Norma Talmadge, Dorothy Burgess, and Estelle Taylor

I-Say-It-Isn't-So Dept.

. . . "burned to a crisp" over printed reports that she's going to divorce Marquis de la Falaise so she can marry Gilbert Roland (which following whisperings about Hollywood to the same effect), Connie Bennett has filed two suits for libel, asking a quarter-million-dollars each, against a New York newspaper and a London newspaper. "And I'll do the same to anyone else who prints such a lie," she adds.

. . . "There's not a word of truth in it," says Eddie Goulding, director, about rumors that he and his bride have gone phfft.

. . . "We were never happier than right now," say Ruth Chatterton and Hubby George Brent, denying it's-all-over rumors.

. . . "The rumors are most unfair to her, and I haven't heard her say a thing about getting a divorce," said Gary Cooper, in answer to reports that the Countess di Frasso plans a Reno divorce.

. . . "Why, we were never anything more than just good friends," explains June Knight, rumored betrothed to Heavyweighter Max Baer, on the heels of news that Baer will probably return to his estranged wife.

. . . "I do not intend to marry Mr. McCormick," says Pola Negri, when asked about the Harvester millionaire.

At the Assistance League for charity and lunch, our photographer espies Ruth Channing, David Manners, Helen Vinson, John Miljan and Pauline Brook

Who's Whose Dept.

. . . Evalyn Knapp and Gene Raymond pit-a-patting.

. . . Jean Harlow and Photographer Hal Rosson (but not always—sometimes it's W. H. Perry, big business man from the East).

. . . Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow, as usual. (Wonder if they've gone and had one of those secret weddings?)

. . . Russell Gleason and Mary Brian, now and then; and now and then, Jack Oakie and Mary Brian.

. . . Sue Carol and Ken Murray.

. . . Bobbe Arnst (who used to be Mrs. Weissmuller) and (1) Nick Stuart, (2) Buster West, or (3) George Sidney, Jr. She's been outing with all three and who's No. 1 Man is still a question-mark.

. . . Sidney Blackmer (who used to be Mister Lenore Ulric) and Mae Clarke!

...Julia Faye and Art Photographer Arthur Menken.

...Ann Harding and a mysterious who-is-he-? named Goodrich, which prompted a Hollywood columnist to crack that "probably he fulfills both syllables of the word." Why both?

Ol' Doc Stork's Dept.

...Karen Morley admits it right out loud. that it'll be in early fall.

...Reginald Denny, Jr., will have a brother or sister some time soon.

...Mr. and Mrs. Walt Disney are expecting, and wonder what Mickey Mouse thinks of it!

This-And-That Dept.

...in the midst of all the big divorce revelations, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton rushed into print with a quarter-page paid ad in *The Hollywood Reporter,* trade daily, announcing: "Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton wish to announce that they have been happily married for eleven years, and that in spite of the many rumors appearing in this and other public prints, and heard wherever all true gossipers foregather, they intend to remain so for many times eleven years more."

...and Jack (Filmcomicker) Sheehan paid for an ad space to announce:

Blanche and Jack Sheehan announce their second independent production
entitled
"IT'S A GIRL"
starring
Peggy Catherine Sheehan
Released - - - July 6th, 1933
From an original idea by
Jack Sheehan
Continuity by ....
Blanche Sheehan
No Other Credits

...Hollywood is quite amused over the foursome formed by William LeBaron, movie producer. Mrs. LeBaron, Kitty Kelly and Art Director Max Ree. Why? Because LeBaron and Kitty are one couple; Mrs. LeBaron and Ree the other. It's one of those "friendly separations and understandings."

...Thelma Todd wants to punch in the eye everybody who says she isn't going to stay married to Pasquale DeCicco. But why didn't she wire him what plane she was arriving in Hollywood on?

...Two tables at the Cocoanut Grove: Jack Dempsey and New-bride Hannah "Cheerful li'l Earful" Williams at one; at the other, Estelle (ex-Mrs. Dempsey) Taylor and Current Boy Friend Rowland Brown.

Gaze on those two adoring each other! They are Mr. and Mrs (Newlywed) Robert Young at the preview of "Tugboat Annie," talented Bob's latest picture

Why Powell and Lombard are Separating

(*Continued from page* 15)

about the stories of the girl Bill is supposed to be going with, the reputed mad passion Carole has for Gary Cooper, for Bruce Cabot, for any of a half-dozen other filmland males whose names have been linked with hers ever since the news broke that they were divorcing.

And that, no matter what else you may have read or heard, is the *true* story behind the Lombard-Powell divorce!

They're reticent people, both Carole and Bill. Self-assured on the screen as they are, the world thinks they're bold and self-assured offscreen, too. On the contrary, both of them are scared stiff of the public. As a result—and also because they know that their explanation will not be believed by scandal-hungry Hollywood—Carole and Bill agreed to give out no statements about their divorce plans.

However, it's the writer's happy privilege to be numbered among the closer friends of the Powells. To the writer, Carole and Bill have confided many of the things that underlie their decision to divorce. To the writer, there have been plain many unspoken things in the two years of married life that lie behind Carole and Bill. In this article, the writer will tell of these things—to refute, for one thing, the smelly tales that have been whispered since their separation became public.

Many days after Carole had gone to Nevada, I asked Bill why he didn't tell the real story, to refute the scandalmongerings.

"For the same reason," he smiled, "that I wouldn't try to explain a black eye in Hollywood, after I'd bumped into a door in the dark."

Knowing his Hollywood, Bill would have realized that to tell the truth about that dark eye would have been hopeless. So, knowing Hollywood, he would have invented a tale. He'd have said, if he'd had to try to explain, that just as he was taking a cinder out of a pretty girl's eye, her swain had come along, misunderstood, and administered the black eye before proper explanations.

But even so, knowing Hollywood, Bill knew that even that falsely sensationalized version would have been misbelieved. They'd have said, "Oh, yeah?" and insisted that certainly Bill had been behind a locked door and in a most unreportable condition with the other girl.

And so, from a door-in-the-dark black eye, Bill'd have had the reputation of having had a wronged husband's fist in his eye.

"They'll *never* believe the real reason Carole and I are divorcing," he said, after the parable. "They'd never believe it's because we love each other, and think enough of that love to refuse to allow it to degenerate into hate."

"For Carole and me," he also said, once, "there was simply no married life."

Their hours were so different. Motion picture careers do that. Hardly ever did their hours coincide. They both worked hard—were almost always "in production." Bill'd get up at seven, say, to report to the studio. Carole's call would be for late, she'd have to sleep until eleven. Then, they'd return at different hours, tired after a long day's work. Bill would have retired, to rest for the next day. Carole would turn in in her own room, quiet lest she waken the sleep-needing husband. And so, though they lived together in their house, there were many days in succession when they never saw each other; might have been leagues apart, geographically.

This writer knows how often they've planned vacation trips together—even one-or-two-day trips; week-ends. They planned like two honeymooners. And then would come a studio demand, to smash those plans.

"When we could snatch an hour together, we hardly dared believe it, it was so rare," said Bill, once.

And that sort of thing came atop the mutual discovery that they were each other's ideals. Before marriage, Fate so maneuvered their time that they had many hours together. Bill, a man's man since that ill-fated first marriage of his, found in Carole the first woman he'd seen in years who combined beauty with a brain so forthright, so square-shooting, so interestingly intelligent that he enjoyed her mental companionship as he did those of his men friends.

To make that companionship permanent, they married.

"After our honeymoon," said Bill, then, "we're going to settle down in the old-fashioned idea of a calm and very unexciting life. We have a few close friends. We're going to play tennis, and quietly attend theaters, and take drives to the beaches, and get our own meals on the cook's day out, and go places and do things—always together. I've found a pal, a sweetheart, a friend, a wife . . ."

That's what Bill said when he married Carole. Inevitably, Bill must have asked Carole to give up her career. Their close friends are certain he did. Were it as simple as that, Carole might have acceded—because she loved Bill.

But there was another factor—Carole's family. Carole is not the sort of girl who could either let her family down, or expect her husband to maintain that family as she is maintaining hers. Carole, we who know her have learned, has a passion for service. She not only takes care of her mother and family, but provides for them in the same style which she wants for herself. For them, she has a big Beverly Hills home, as she and Bill did. It's reasonably safe to say that virtually every cent of Carole's personal earnings have gone to the maintenance of her folks.

Independent, square-shooter, Carole's conception of the right thing to do would never admit that she expected Bill to provide this maintenance for *her* family, should she retire. And she does love her work and the success it is bringing her. No doubt of that. It was an impasse. Carole faced it out, decided she could not give up her career.

The outcome was inevitable. Inevitable as were the quarrels that came suddenly and unaccountably between them, ending in tears and renewed love-protestations.

To Hollywood, to the fan world, their separation and divorce-move came suddenly and with surprise.

To us who know them, their move was neither. We know that they have been talking it over for months. For months, they sought ways to avoid this final step. They realized that they were face to face with this alternative.

Either remain together, watch their love and companionship disintegrate into indifference and eventual hate, or—

To take the final step, divorce—and try, unshackled by matrimony's fetters, not to lose love, as Bill had once before, but to remain lovers.

Being lovers, they've chosen the latter course, gladly.

It is a daring experiment but they are going to try.

W. S. Van Dyke is squiring Maureen O'Sullivan about many of these evenings. Here they are with pretty Mary Doran and Joe Sherman (who's Mary's husband) out dancing together at the Ambassador. Joe is a press agent who is actually popular and even palsy with the stars he works for

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writes Miss Healy

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"I . . . measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 135 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34½ inches around the hips."

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● This Famous Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

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Lonely Beauties of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 37*)

was hanging around here, trying to get into pictures."

"Hanging around *h-here?*"

"Of course," she said. She pointed to a girl, strutting down the aisle between two rows of tables to another, sitting alone at her meal, both of them dressed like a thousand-a-week star.

"See those girls? I feel sorry for them. I used to be one of them," she said. "They're doing just what I used to do. Hanging around here, because they know big directors, executives, come here to eat. They haunt this place, strut up and down, dress to kill, spending all their little money doing it, in the forlorn hope they'll be noticed and given a job by some director. They always come in alone. They haven't got boy friends. They haven't time for boy friends, even if they could find them. They're too busy parading."

She smiled, hurried away to another table where two men were just sitting down. I don't know whether she knew it or not, but one of them was the casting director of one of the major studios. When he looked at her, he might just as well have been looking at a dead fish, for all the indication he gave that he was looking at a beauty who'd grace any of his studio's pictures. Casting directors get that way.

ANOTHER beauty, who won a national beauty contest only a few years ago, today holds a job in the stenographic department of one of the large studios. She happens to be married, and so doesn't fall into the lonely class. The reason I mention her is because I overheard her talking to one of the publicity men, not so long ago.

"If I'd had to compete with the other secretaries and stenographers on this lot," she was admitting to him, "I'd never have won that beauty contest. Why, there are half a dozen girls I can point out, right here, who have it all over the average beauty contestant. And believe it or not, only two of them have steady boy friends! Me—I'm glad I'm married. And I'm going to hang onto him. Men are too scarce in this town to take any chances with the one you've got!"

PROBABLY, by now, you're wondering if what I'm telling you about Lonely Beauty applies to the leading ladies, and stars, as well. The answer is, that it's not at all unlikely that these bigger fish in Hollywood's ocean of beauty are even lonelier than the little ones.

You see, the little ones manage to escape loneliness by such devices as, for instance, the Studio Club. That is a sort of glorified boarding house for single girls in movieland, where they have recreational features, even a small theater of their own. They can't find any boy friends to while away their lonely hours, so they help each other forget their lonelinesses.

But for the leading ladies and the stars, there's no such escape. And the same scarcity of men applies to the leads. Because these celebrities cannot afford to be seen out with any Tom, Dick or Harry. They've got to go out, when they do, with some man of their own rank in the film world. In Hollywood, to do otherwise would be fatal to their career.

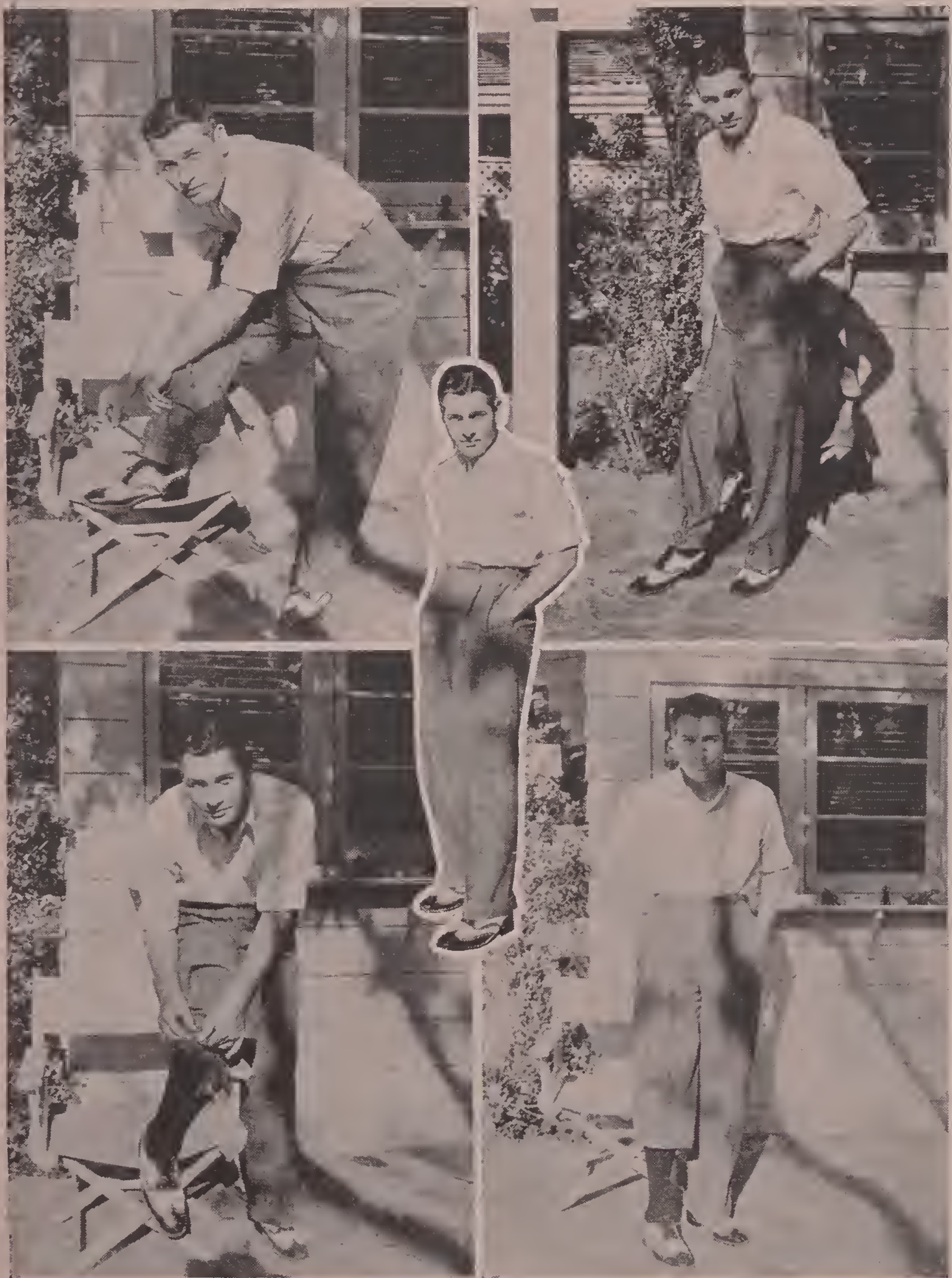
And in proportion to the number of leading ladies and beautiful stars who are single and unattached in Hollywood, there are far too few single and unattached leading men and male stars to go around. That's one reason why there's so much chiselling in Hollywood. You don't hear one-tenth of it. You should listen, some time, to the gossip that is gossiped when Hollywood's inner circles get together and start discussing who's whose!

SO there you are. It isn't only at the Studio Club, and extra girls' co-operative boarding houses, where lights burn evening after evening in windows where beauty sits alone. But in Beverly Hills, too, and in the ritzy apartments along Sunset Boulevard and Wilshire Boulevard, where the big-money beauties live. They'd be just as happy to hear the tinkle of the telephone as would the little lonely extra girl. But ten to one, when it does ring, it's an ad solicitor, or something like that.

I believe that Hollywood's loneliness is worst of all for the new leading lady, just out from Broadway, or just in from Europe. She hasn't yet gotten into the social swim; she hasn't even gotten acquainted with any girl-friends. Back where she came from, she was accustomed to intensive pursuit and overwhelming attentions from the opposite sex. Admiration of men was meat and drink to many of them. In Hollywood, they find themselves on a starvation diet.

And now, you ask, what about the men who are on hand? Mustn't it be Paradise for them? Not so you'd notice it. With a few exceptions, they're far more interested in golf or tennis, their work, their hobbies, than in women. They don't even regard Hollywood's Lonely Beauties in the nature of a duty to be looked after. They're simply spoiled.

Spoiled by too much beauty.



For the outdoor man who's kinda lazy about making changes, Dick Arlen, Paramount star, has a swell solution. You call them Trouser Nippers! In the center they're the regular straight trousers; above, by tying the strap under the cuff, he's ready to go for a bike ride. For golf, he merely moves the strap up to the knee, and there you are. Movie folks especially favor these for location

He Lives By Superstition

(*Continued from page 39*)

and a black opal, both given me by an Indian Princess of the Cherokee Tribe. I never go anywhere without those rings. If I find that I have accidentally forgotten them I go back and get them, if I have to go back from the Island of Bali.

"I wouldn't walk under a ladder if I had to make a five mile detour to avoid it. I walked under one once when I wasn't watching my step and before I'd got to the end of the block I stumbled and cracked my ankle.

"I'd strangle myself before I'd whistle in my dressing room. And if a chance visitor should break into a whistle he'd discover that I've not forgotten the ungentle art of *Bouncing*.

"I knock wood when I have anything to say about my future or about anything I want to happen.

"If a bird flies in at my window I know that I am about to be a mourner—or a corpse. I told you what happened at home to that old nurse of mine. It happened another time, too. I was on ship-board. The Captain, the Purser and one or two others beside myself were sitting in the Captain's cabin. A bird flew in at the port-hole. *There were no birds where we were sailing.* That didn't matter. A white bird flew in. I knew that before daybreak there would be a burial at sea. It might be mine. I waited up all night. I won't go into the gruesome details but *the Purser was buried at sea at daybreak.* I read a prayer. That bird—far out of the beaten track of birds—had brought the message from that realm where unwritten laws are made. *I happen to have ears that hear these messages, that's all.*

"PEOPLE laugh at the three on a match superstition. Skeptics claim that it is a business boosting stunt on the part of the match companies. Well, maybe—*but I have lost two good pals within six months, each time, of lighting three on a match.*

"I always step on a comb if I drop it.

"I wouldn't open an umbrella in the house on a bet.

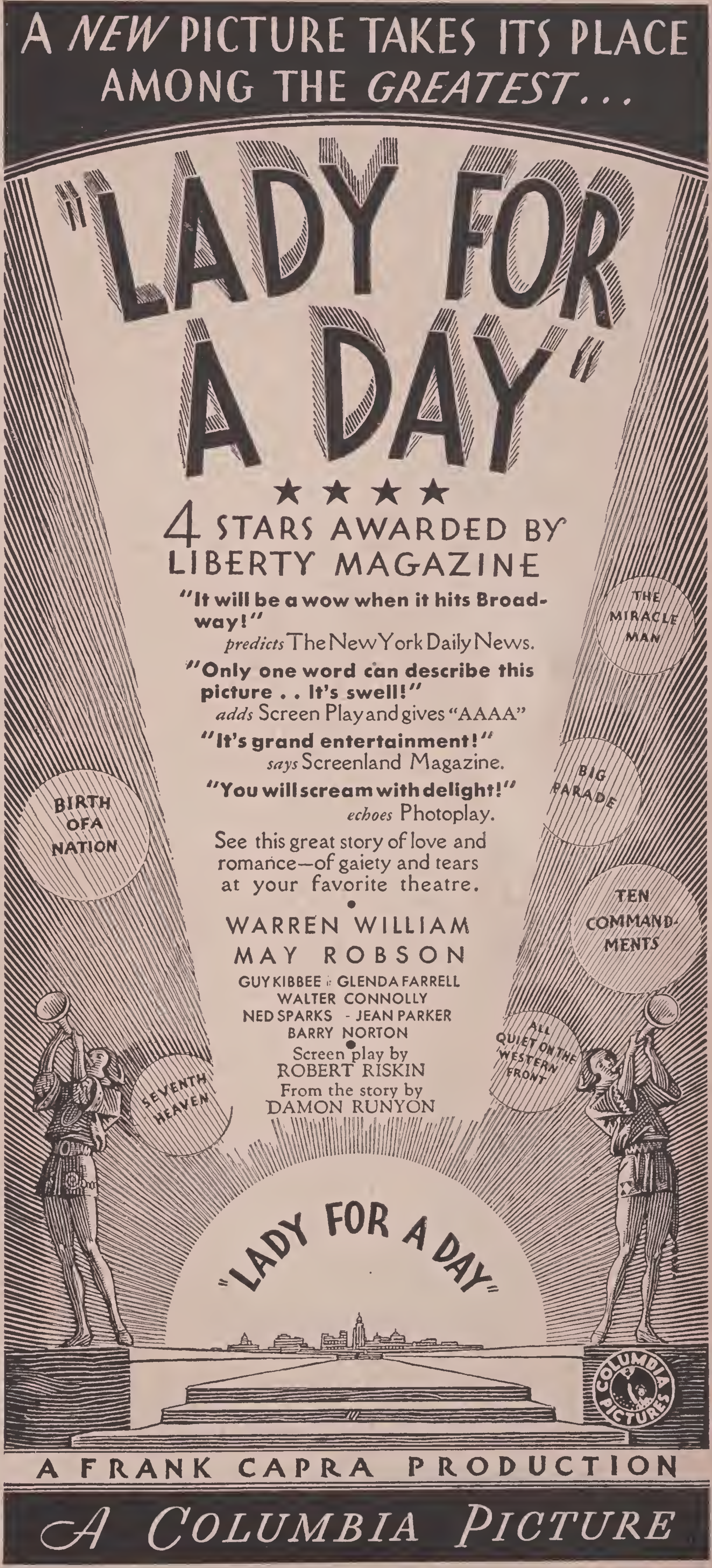
"I wouldn't put my shoes on the table.

"I'd never start a trip, nor a picture nor a love affair on a Friday if I never again started any of the three.

"I live and work and love and, eventually, I'll die according to superstition. It is my Bible, my religion, my God and my gods. You can light three on a match if you want to—personally, I'd go without smoking!"

Bruce is now acting as the very willing escort of the lovely Adrienne Ames—it's safe to say that if ever a black cat crosses their path or a bird flies in the window of a room they are occupying it will be "Cut!" for Adrienne—

THE CONFESSIONS OF A HOLLYWOOD CASTING DIRECTOR—the hidden story of what goes on behind the studio doors. It begins in next month's Movie Mirror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"LADY FOR A DAY"

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"It will be a wow when it hits Broadway!" *predicts* The New York Daily News.

"Only one word can describe this picture . . It's swell!" *adds* Screen Play and gives "AAAA"

"It's grand entertainment!" *says* Screenland Magazine.

"You will scream with delight!" *echoes* Photoplay.

See this great story of love and romance—of gaiety and tears at your favorite theatre.

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Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one . . . . .

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Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

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COLOR REMOVER

"How I Made a Million in the Movies"

(*Continued from page* 13)

studio to announce my triumph and the inquest squad gathered to listen to my story. No cheers for Peter. Only sadness. It was explained to me very patiently that there was a vast difference between a magazine story and a motion picture story. (Of course everybody not a moron had known that for years.) The technique was different. My story was impossible.

No, I have never known anything about technique. I don't know what the word really means. I just wrote my story and let it go at that. I thought some of seizing a chair and braining this crew but—always the salesman! The customer is always right! And I had a great desire to ascertain whether or no these solemn fellows could tell me what they wanted.

I discovered they couldn't. They could only tell me what they didn't want. But—they did urge me to try again—to rewrite my story—their way. So they held one of the things that has been wrecking the motion picture industry for a quarter of a century and keeping it a baby. They held a story conference. They made incoherent and widely diffused suggestions and when, finally, they all wound up in a blind alley I had gathered the impression that what they wanted was the sort of story I might write if I came home jingled, stood on my head and dictated it to a Jap stenographer.

I WENT down into one of the little cubicles where they kept their staff writers, borrowed a typewriter and rewrote the story. Then I summoned the inquest squad again and read it to them. Loud cheers and slaps on the back. "Now, my boy, you're beginning to see what's wanted. That story is grand."

I was so bewildered by now that I wasn't sure but that I was crazy and they were sane. So that night I dined with the actress again and after dinner we went out on the veranda of her hotel and she said: "Now, read me my story, Mr. Kyne."

I read it to her. Then I looked at her—and I saw she was on strike again. Her eyes, usually so nice and friendly, were blazing with anger. "What do you mean?" she demanded, "by writing me such trash? The story you told me last night was a prose poem, but this is a horrible changeling!"

There was a hole in a privet hedge just opposite the veranda. I gathered my manuscript together and shot through that hole like a rabbit. I fled the scene and I have never seen that outraged woman since, but I hope she has done well, for she possessed both courage and intelligence.

Next morning I went back to the studio and reported that the lady was again unhappy. On strike in fact. So they grieved about this, but they were far from licked. "Write us another story, Peter," the Big Boss urged.

The thing was now becoming definitely an adventure, so I went back to my hotel and wrote the worst story I could think of that day. I succeeded. Never again will I surpass that effort. It seems there was a swell-looking girl who didn't get the breaks, so she wound up as the proprietress of a gambling joint in the Far West. She was a tough baby, but— otherwise virtuous. Out from the effete East came the son of a very rich United States Senator. Son was destined for the diplomatic corps. He was Big Shot socially and financially, but he met the Tough Baby and fell for her—hard. His father got interested when his son wrote him and asked permission to marry a lady, so his operatives give her the once over—and hell popped. The match was broken up and son packed off to the diplomatic corps, which left the villain a clear field. The villain was of course deeply enamored of the heroine, but she would have none of him because at heart she was a Real Woman. She hadn't had the breaks but she was pure. The villain got fresh with her at a time when her heart was breaking, so she bumped him off in defense of her honor. Then she stuck two cases of forty per cent gelatine dynamite under her gambling joint and blew it up. Picture stuff. I knew that would make a big hit. Then, with quite a fortune, the poor girl disappeared into the east, where she read the Book of Etiquette, learned to disavow double negatives and speak softly and dress quietly. She lived in Washington, and presently what happened. Why, the old senator meets her and falls for her as hard as his son had. Finally she tells him what her past had been. It was now mercifully in oblivion and nobody would ever know, but—it would not be honest to deceive the old man. "I care not what your past has been," the old Senator declared. "All I know is that you are a good woman now and I love you. Will you be my wife?"

So then she gave him the works. She told him she was the same woman from whose arms he had torn the man she loved—his own son!

So what could the old senator do but hold out his head and take it on the chin. He had been hoist on his own petard and the story ended in a rose garden at sunset with sonny boy and the reformed lady in a clinch.

I KNOCKED out that atrocity in one hour and was back at the studio an hour later. We had a story conference, my story was declared a wow and everybody was happy. I ventured to suggest that perhaps the actress might not be happy, although I had high hopes because I had provided a spot for her to kill a man in defense of her honor. "She'll have to like it," the Big Boss declared, so I took him by the arm and marched him down to the cashier's cage and made him give me a thousand dollars and he screamed murder. The only way I could get it out of him was by threatening to sell my story to somebody else.

The lady worked in the picture, but it was less than a quarter of my story when I saw the production. I recognized it because it had my title and was credited to me—and I was given credit for it and the scenes where she killed the villain and blew up her gambling joint were in it. They cleaned up on the film, remade it twice and just before the talkies came in I heard they had sold my story to some other producer for five thousand dollars. I was groggy for years. I'm sure now that there must be something to this thing technique, whatever that may be — technique.

The success of my gambler lady picture made me a hot favorite.

Once I decided to assault Mr. Louis B. Mayer, now of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation. Mr. Mayer was at the time an independent producer with one director, Mr. John Stahl. I cornered Mr. Mayer in his office and told him my story—in motion picture "shots," which is the best way to tell a story to a producer. He visualizes the tale so much more readily. Mr. Mayer wept. How he cried! He is a tenderhearted sentimentalist except where money is concerned. The harder he wept the higher my price went. At the finish I was distressed to decide on a figure commensurate with his appreciation, for of course—

"That is a beautiful story, Mr. Kyne," the victim sniffled. "It's lovely, but—I know our Mr. Stahl wouldn't like it."

I'm still friendly with Louis B. Mayer but I really don't know why. A man who will betray an author like that deserves nothing but flops.

In 1922 Joe Henneberry, who was directing for the Famous Players-Lasky people (now Paramount-Publix) came wailing to me for a sea story. I went to my studio, gathered up a dozen manuscripts of sea stories I had sold to various magazines and dumped them on Joe's desk. "Perhaps you'll find something in that lot to interest you," I said, although I knew he wouldn't.

TO my amazement Joe selected a short story I had published in the *Saturday Evening Post.* It was entitled "The Light To Leeward" and if I do say so who shouldn't it was one whaling fine sea story. But I knew it couldn't be filmed. Honesty compelled me to tell Joe it couldn't, but he said: "What do you know about it? You're only the author!"

So I took the seventy-five hundred dollars and in the fullness of time I noticed the boardings were carrying twenty-four sheets advertising a film entitled "Homeward Bound," featuring Thomas Meighan. I was given credit for the story in quite large letters, so I went to see the picture. It was a story I had not written. The film story wasn't a story at all. It was something, but whatever it was it went over with a bang, thanks to Tommy Meighan who, although the skipper of the ship, spent most of his time up on the bridge steering the vessel, which everybody but the director (who wasn't Joe Henneberry, by the way) knows is the job of a quartermaster.

A man named Joseph Frothingham got some money together and engaged a very capable director named Edward Sloman. Sloman was and is a friend of mine, so he asked me to submit some stories. I handed him a couple dozen manuscripts to choose from and I thought he was insane when he chose the second short story I had ever written—entitled "The Ten Dollar Raise." I begged him not to ruin his career by trying to produce that story. He gave me the customary director's reply: "What do you know about it? You're only the author!"

They made the picture. One day I received a long-distance call from Joe Frothingham. "The picture's a flop," he sobbed. "We expected so much of it and Sloman has muffed it."

My heart bled for the poor devil and I

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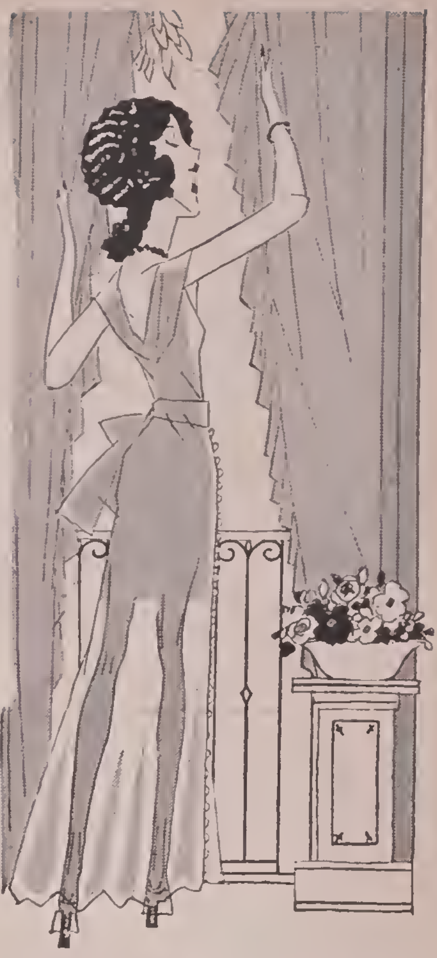

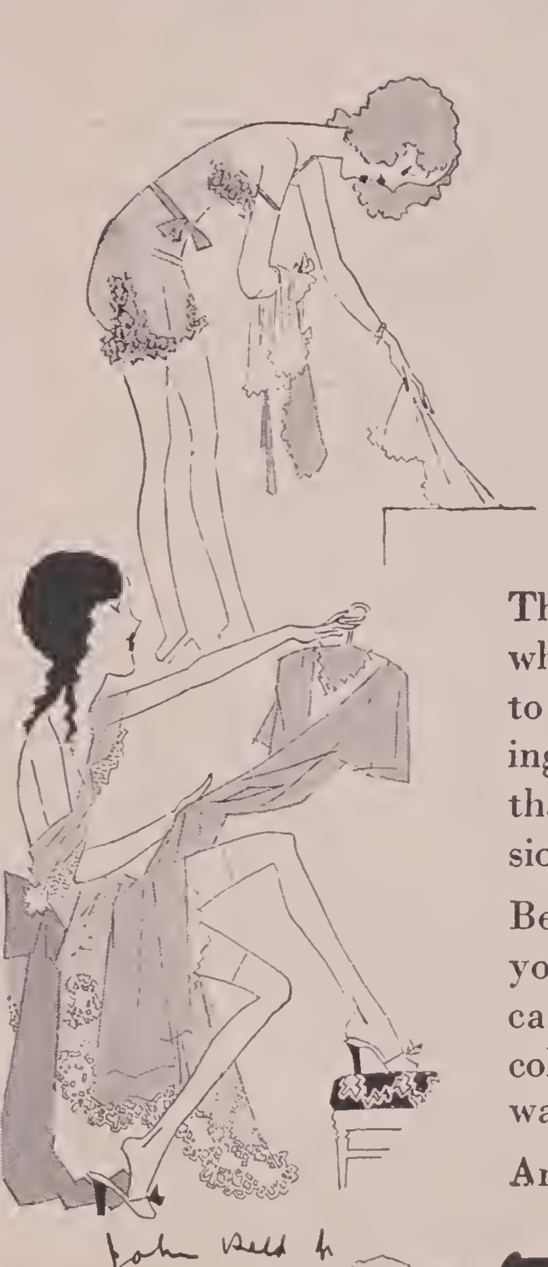

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went to Hollywood that night, I found Frothingham in his office next morning, very depressed, unable to tell me what was wrong with the picture. So I hunted up Sloman. He was pale and dejected. He couldn't tell me what was wrong with the story either. It just hadn't jelled, and they were in a hundred thousand borrowed money on it and now here was all hell to pay and no pitch hot.

Rob Wagner, the writer, was with me, so we went over to the projection room all by ourselves to look at the film. It was splendidly cast, beautifully photographed, perfectly acted and directed. When the picture had been run Wagner and I both agreed we knew exactly what was wrong with it. It was something new! It was a motion picture character study. The poor Sloman, not knowing any better, had produced my story *exactly as I had written it!* He had forgotten all about motion picture technique. There was not a scintilla of the old tried and true in it. It wasn't just like every other motion picture story. It was different. It had a smack of reality about it and the hero and heroine were middle-aged. Why, I almost wept over my own brain children and I wanted to kiss Sloman for preserving them as I had created them.

Don Alvarado, who used to go with Marilyn Miller, and Sandra Shaw, Cedric Gibbons' niece, are a new combination seen walking down Hollywood Boulevard arm in arm.

We went back to his office. "Well?" he said, "It's pretty bad, isn't it?"

"It's a little masterpiece," declared Rob Wagner.

"Rob is right," I added. "Give the picture a preview and see what happens."

Well, needs must when the devil drives and, after all no picture is a success until the public says so. The sorry wretches sneaked over to Pasadena one night and tossed it into a picture palace for a preview. When it was over—while the audience was still wiping its eyes and cheering, Frothingham and Sloman met in the lobby. "We've never been any place and we've never seen anything and we don't know anything about the motion picture business," said Sloman. And then the continuity writer who had felt a great measure of blame for dramatizing my story as I had written it, came bounding out of the theatre crying: "It's OVER. It's a wow!"

Once I sold to the old Goldwyn Company a little comedy of married life entitled "Brothers Under Their Skins." Acknowledgement is due Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Judy O'Grady and The Colonel's Lady for this story—not that Mr. Kipling wrote a story I could pirate, but he did state that the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady were sisters under their skins. I merely coupled the Colonel and Mr. O'Grady in the betting with the ladies and hung the story on the Goldwyn Company.

Months later I received a telephone call from the supervisor of the production, asking me if I would not care to come down to the studio and see a preview of my picture. This was such a very unusual procedure that I hastened to accept. While sitting in the dark projection room waiting for the picture to start Abe Lehr stuck his ingenious head in the door and said: "Is Peter B. Kyne there?"

"Here," I answered.

"I haven't seen you for months, Peter," said Abe. "When you've looked at your picture come over to my office for a little visit."

I told him I would but I also said to myself: "I smell a rat. There's something wrong with this picture."

There was! It had been perfectly cast, beautifully photographed, admirably directed and it was my story from beginning to end. But there wasn't a laugh in it.

I called on Abe. We had a nice visit for about ten minutes, then he got down to the milk in the cocoanut. "Well, Peter, what do you think of your story?"

"Rotten!" Abe threw a dirty look at the supervisor.

"What's wrong with the picture, Peter?"

"Nothing in the world but the titles."

"And what's wrong with them?"

"They aren't funny. They're written in cheap, gutter slang, like the balloons that come out of the mouths of the characters in the funnies. There are too many of them, they do not help tell the story and the spoken titles are not remotely what my characters would say."

THE supervisor got red, and went out. He was and is a friend of mine but I wasn't sorry. He had merely tackled a job for which he was not remotely fitted and the sooner he learned that the more successful would he be.

"We can't release that picture," said Lehr. "Eighty-nine thousand dollars gone to glory. The picture goes on the shelf."

"Oh, say not so," I begged him. "I'll write new titles for it and make that corpse get up and do a buck and wing dance."

"How much?" Abe asked cautiously.

"Twenty-five hundred bucks."

"How long will it take you?"

"Three hours." Triumphantly. (That authorial ego will yet be the ruin of me.)

"Twenty-five hundred for three hours work. You bandit!"

"I've been twenty years learning to do it. Pay me for my lost time."

"Fifteen hundred," said Abe firmly.

"Very well, Abe," I answered. (Abe, if you had only asked me to do it for nothing, as a favor to you, I wouldn't have had the heart to refuse you.)

"And another thing," he went on. "That film is eleven hundred feet overlength and we've cut and cut until we can't cut another inch out of it."

"I'll cut it for you, Abe. Don't worry about that."

And I went back into the projection room and ran the picture again. With one sweep I deleted six hundred feet. Then I ran it again and with another swoop out came five hundred feet. Then I went home, got a copy of my original story—

AND COPIED OUT OF IT A NEW SET OF TITLES! They had been there all the time for the producer to help himself to—ah, the poor producer!

Where the action had been played straight I wrote a comedy title; where the action had been played for comedy I wrote a straight title. Value of contrasts, you understand. Simple declarative English. Natural talk. No effort to be funny. And yet, when we previewed that picture at a Hollywood show-house a few nights later the first ten feet brought a smile that broadened into a grin and a chuckle and a guffaw and it was just one laugh after the other and cheers and handclapping at the finish. I found the late mourners gathered in a knot out on the side-walk. Said Abe Lehr to me:

"Peter, how much will that picture gross?"

"About a quarter of a million," I hazarded.

"If it doesn't gross half a million," he declared, "we lose money."

The last record I had of it, it had grossed four hundred thousand.

Once I sold a producer a story for five thousand dollars and was so certain I had swindled him that before he paid me and I met him at a Hollywood party, I told him so—after the second Scotch. The gallant fellow called for a pair of dice. "Seventy-five hundred or twenty-five hundred—high man wins," he announced. "Jake," said I. I was greedy. I rolled Little Joe and he, the brute, came through with a pair of box cars. Never since that night have I taunted a producer on his judgment of my stories.

However, there is a destiny which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may. The talkies came in and I owned the sound rights to "Never the Twain Shall Meet." One day I flew to Los Angeles, bounded in on William Randolph Hearst, found him in his customary merry mood and hung those sound rights around his neck for a fair sum.

Otherwise I haven't done much business with the talkies. There was a couple of years, during the transition from the silent picture to the talkie when we saw the industry go hog wild on the production of operettas, musical revues, jungle pictures, Broadway successes, and some that appeared on Broadway long enough to be dubbed flops. Now sound and the all-seeing eye of the camera make possible the projection on the screen of any fine story exactly as the author wrote it—and whether the movie barons believe it or not, there are many fine writers in this world and their stories do not have to be changed.

The story conference is doomed. I venture the prediction that before long business executives, directors, assistant directors, script girls, and stars will cease to be editors; real editors will do that job as they do it on magazines.

I think the day of the author in motion pictures is about to dawn. For the show must go on and without good stories it will not go on. We want to KNOW a picture is worth while before we spend our money; the picture people know that now.

Well, I expect before long to be indulging myself again in the old thrill of selling producers some stories. Thar's gold under the lee of them Hollywood hills—if you're a good prospector!

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(*Continued from page* 57)

has nevertheless now happened.

Now, however, it may be told. And now, too, Dareos' prophecy as to the future of Mary and Doug may be added.

"After divorce," he said, "I predict, from the signs as they appear to me, that there will be another marriage in Mary Pickford's life. As for her career, she will within a comparatively short period, effect a drawing-away from the public eye—both socially and professionally, although for the immediate present, she will continue to plunge into her motion picture work. Mary will outlive Douglas Fairbanks, and Mary will always be wealthy.

"As for Doug, I see him continuing to spend most of his time abroad, active in the European social life. I see no new marriage for him—at least, not for a long time, although his name will be linked in newstype with the names of several women of prominence socially."

Talking of Mary recalls others of the early days of the screen, again. Mabel Normand, who came to me on the heels of the William Desmond Taylor murder case, broken in nerves.

"What'll become of me?" she cried. "I've been blamed and harassed so much for this thing . . ."

I told her that the mystery would never be "solved"—but I told her that I could tell her who slew Taylor—!

She started. "Who—did it?" she wanted to know, naturally.

"I see a man—who has things to do with machinery—with high-powered automobiles," I said. "A chauffeur? . . ." Then "It was *not* a woman!"

She broke in:

"Let's change the subject. What about my career?"

She never again referred to the Taylor case. It was as though she either feared or hated to have it further gone into. I respected her wishes. After all, I'm not a detective. I warned her then that she must fight harder to keep her health. Later she came to me again—after she and Lew Cody had been married. "Lew is a fine, kind man," she said. "What we have for each other is not a 16-year-old kids' love, but a respect and understanding. I'll never divorce Lew."

I saw her last, a wasted thing, on a sanitarium bed. As I left, the nurse whispered into my ears: "She'll go any day, now." Two days later, Mabel Normand died.

Barbara LaMarr—that was another beauty I saw fade from magnificence into death. Toward the end, she said to me: "All my love hopes have died. But I *have* loved. And I've lived. I've seen life's beauties, but I've always had to battle for them. I don't regret it. I am not afraid to go. I have only one worry—for my baby . . ."

I told her not to worry; that I saw it well cared for. And after Barbara passed on, that child was adopted by Zasu Pitts.

Alla Nazimova is another name out of the past—and I tell you now that it will again be a name of today. Alla Nazimova will come back in pictures, and splendidly. But she will die in poverty, because she will take bad advice. I told her that; she answered that it cannot be, because she follows the advice of men of experience. Time will tell whether she or I am right.

Warner Oland, Alice White and her constant companion, John Warburton, at the Assistance League for lunch

One of the most tragic figures in my memory is that of Alma Rubens. And one of the most beautiful loves I knew was that Ricardo Cortez held for her. To Alma, her career came before her love. It was her flame of life—her work. She often asked me about it—and always I told her that it was a choice between her health and her career. I sought in every way I knew to encourage her in her fight; I have never seen a more wretched person than Alma, as she fought to gain back the health she was losing. Cortez once asked me: "Do you feel—do you see her ever coming back to—what she can be?"

I told him only that I saw her regain herself for a while—and then the end. He was silent as I told him that; tears were in his eyes. To see a man suffer as I saw Cortez suffer in that still, deep, silent manner—it was an ordeal for me. Many times, I have wished I had other things to tell those who sat across from me than the things I *had* to tell them.

Another wonderful love I've met—Lionel Barrymore's for his wife, Irene Fenwick. In 1928, they came to me. To him, I spoke the words:

"I see the early death of your wife."

He started as though struck. "Why—I'd go crazy!—I think I'd die . . ."

When she came in, I told her, too. "Death lies a half year away." Naturally she was deeply moved.

A long time later, I met her again at a houseparty. *She was in fine health.* She laughed at me. "You told me I'd die. You were wrong, Dareos." she said. I laughed. "I'm glad. I like to be wrong when it's that sort of being wrong," I told her. And once again, I want to say that I feel I helped her—my ominous warning gave her the shock and strength to fight; the will and the realization that she must fight.

And, as I have said often, my predictions are not infallible. They indicate what lies ahead—but they serve, too, as a guide to those whose future I look into, to show them the way to go to avoid the dangers that lie in their path. It is as though I said. "You are starting along this road. Three miles from here there is a washout. If you turn off this road and take the one to the left two miles ahead, you will avoid the washout." Do you understand?

ON the other hand, some of my predictions I voice at the time as definite certainties. Like when I told Constance Bennett, years ago, that she'd stay in pictures. It was when she was making her first unhappy try at pictures, and was displeased.

"But you'll stay, or come back," I said.

"*No!*" she exploded, with the famous Bennett vehemence. "I'm *through* with pictures, I tell you. *I never want to see them or Hollywood again.*"

"All right—but you'll be back. Mark my words. And with greater success and fame than you've had by far. Perhaps not greater than you aim at, but great, certainly."

She *stormed* that I was wrong and that she knew what she was talking about when she said she was through. That was before she married Phil Plant, even. Later, when she had become the great Constance Bennett of today, I met her playing tennis on the Beverly Hills Hotel courts. I called "Hello." She answered me. But she never referred to my prediction.

I read for Joan Bennett, too, when she was married to that Fox chap—the father of her daughter. I warned her then that divorce lay before her. A year or so ago, I said that she would not marry Gene Markey. That time I was wrong. She *did* marry him.

So far, at least, neither of them has come to ask me how long the marriage will last . . .

I could go on for pages and pages writing of those who have come to me for advice. Of Colleen Moore and my advice to her not to divorce John McCormick; of the two lines in her palm, and the break in her lifeline. And that this marriage will be her last.

I remember Chaplin at a party, and my feeling that the most amazing fate lies ahead of him—not death, do I mean, either. And how I told him that he'd make a success at writing, and how he crowed to me, recently: "Well, I'm now on my way, as you said, to being a great writer!"

I remember telling Estelle Taylor that her marriage to Jack Dempsey would end unhappily, and of her shaking her head and defying Fate with: "Oh, no, we'll be very happy." And of how Jack himself, when I told him the same thing, said: "Well, I'm in for it, and by gosh, I'm going through with it!" Even though he trembled when he said it.

I've been visited by John Gilbert, *who was never the slightest bit interested in what I had to tell him about his* HEART *and* LOVES *and* MARRIAGES*!*—but who always eagerly absorbed every word I offered about his *career*. I told him then, and still say, that he will cease to take prominence as an actor, will, turn instead, to directing and writing, but will always rebel at this and seek to return to screen fame as a great star. And he said: "You're right. It's my life. I adore it."

I TOLD Gloria Swanson she'd die poor, although she could, if she wished, make a great name as a sculptress or in music. I told her at the time she was married to the Marquis de la Falaise that that marriage would not last, and she answered: "I am very much interested in my career." And I told her that in the future she would have a child, and she answered then: "That is beautiful. I love children. And I would very much wish to have an heir." She spoke of "an heir"—and I told her she would die poor . . . !

But space grows short and I can only take a few more words to tell you what I foresee for the future of Hollywood.

Eventually, Hollywood will cease to be what we know it as, today. Within the normal lifetime of the younger ones among you, you will see, in turn, these developments:

First, a waning of the star system. Instead, the writers and directors will be stars.

Second, conditions will change, and motion picture production will go from Hollywood to the east, and the heyday of Hollywood will be over.

Third, before many of you who read this are too old to enjoy them, pictures will come into your home by television, and the theater will be but the ghost of what it was. Pictures, as we know them today, will cease to exist. Instead plays, stories, entertainment will be broadcast from living actors' performances in central studios—New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and so on. There will be some film pictures—but only for broadcasting purposes between the time of living performances. There will still be theaters—but people will go there only as a social gesture—as they go to opera today. They will not go to the theater to see the show, but to be seen. To see the show, they will stay home and turn on the switch.

And Hollywood will be just another town.

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Mother Trouble

(*Continued from page* 53)

children of her own," he said, "she can be a boon. She lacks that ruinous sense of possession for one thing. She has, besides, a better perspective on you.

"It was my step-mother who went to bat with my father for me. My father had spent money teaching me to be an oil man. He never would have been as sympathetic about my quitting the oil business and going into the theater if it hadn't been for my step-mother. I'll be grateful to her for her friendship all my life."

Therefore . . .

A step-mother isn't necessarily an antagonist. Lacking the sense of possession so many mothers feel she has a better perspective on the son or daughter who has grown-up and can prove an invaluable friend.

Without some word from Mary Pickford such an article as this would be most incomplete. I doubt there ever was a closer friendship than that which existed between Mary and her mother. Theirs was the devotion of beautiful understanding and complete trust.

YET there was a time when Mary too resented maternal advice.

"I didn't ask to be brought into this world," she told her mother one day, "and now that I'm here I'm going to live my own life."

"I'd heard another girl say this to her mother and had thought it extremely smart," Mary explained. "I had been waiting for days for an opportunity to make that announcement myself.

"Mother was flabbergasted. She sat staring at me, her mouth open.

"'Well, maybe that is a little strong,' I compromised.

"'A little strong!' mother said. I can still hear her.

Then and there, of course, both Mary and Mrs. Pickford took the right tact. Mary wasn't too defiant or proud to admit she had overstepped the bounds. And Mrs. Pickford didn't weep and act the martyred mother.

Had either one of them been less ready to see this situation with some degree of humor the original difference between them, the difference which had occasioned this remark from Mary in the first place would have widened and days of hurt resentment might have followed.

"What do you think it was that helped your mother and you to the great friendship you knew?" I asked Mary one afternoon, visiting with her in her New York hotel. "Of what was your deep bond born? Do you know?"

"I think," Mary said gently, "the bond between mother and me came from the common burden we carried. When my father died mother turned to me. I was the oldest. Together she and I planned and worked that our little family might be kept together. Doing this we became friends."

Mary is right without a doubt. It is important to . . .

Contrive to have some common interests so that you and your mother will be more than mother and daughter, so that you will also be friends.

Which reminds me of a man I know who lost his son. I dreaded to see him. He and his boy had been inseparable. However, when I finally found the courage to face this man it wasn't the death of his son he deplored. He said only: "What a friend I lost!"

Undoubtedly that is what parents and children must become when the children grow up . . . friends. Otherwise the years will rob them, not enrich them.

Jimmy Dunn has pretty much the same idea. He was having lunch with a pretty blonde the day I talked to him. But that doesn't mean, mind you, that I caught Jimmy in an off moment.

"Gee," he said, "if you're asking me I think a mother and son would be all right if they'd be two people first and mother and son second. This business of being mother and son all over the place makes for restraint.

Did you read the "All Star Game for Movie Fans" on Page 64 this issue? Why not play the game yourself and win prizes? Send in your own answers to these questions, using only the names of women movie stars. What woman star is your favorite? What one do you dislike most? What one do you think the most beautiful? What one do you think has the least beauty? What one is the best actress? What one has the most sex appeal? What one has the least sex appeal? What one has the most charming personality? What one would you like to have as a friend? To the reader who comes closest to the result attained by adding all the answers, Movie Mirror will award a prize of $15, second closest, $10, and five other prizes of $1 each. Just send in your votes before October 1st to Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, we'll count them, and if you pick the winning teams, you'll win a prize.

"When I first grew up I was in New York hunting a job and Mom was living in New Rochelle. I used to send my laundry home parcel post but I hardly ever had car-fare to visit.

"I was darn lonely in New York in those days. I had no one to talk to. But I used to write Mom long letters, tell her everything I was doing and a lot that I was thinking.

"We saw very little of each other that year but we became better friends than we'd ever been. Today I can tell Mom anything I'd tell anyone else and always be sure she won't throw a fit even if she thinks I'm dead wrong.

"I don't know, maybe its harder to establish a frank relationship when you're home all the time than it is when you're away and you write letters. But, take it from me, it's worth trying for . . ."

Jimmy knows whereof he speaks, without a doubt, when he says:

"Don't allow inhibitions and a restraint to grow up between you and your mother. Be two human beings before you are anything else."

It was, as it happened, Sylvia Sidney's father and not her mother with whom she had difficulties. But the way Sylvia arrived at understanding would serve in any case.

"I remember," says Sylvia, "that night mother and father came into my dressing-room and the cigarette I was smoking rested on the edge of my make-up table.

"I snuffed it out and threw it away. Not in any attempt to hide the fact I'd been smoking, simply out of deference to my father and his prejudice in this regard.

"'You seem expert at it,' he taxed me.

"'I am, I suppose,' I told him, 'I've been smoking for quite a long time.'"

Undoubtedly Sylvia's truthfulness recommended her to her father. Had she been shifty, had she tried to sneak that cigarette out of sight, had she lied about the length of time she had been smoking, he could not have had so much trust and confidence and pride in her.

"You must prove yourself," Sylvia insists. "Until you do your people have reason to be anxious about you. You are their responsibility. They hope they've trained you well. They want to believe they have. But they are fearful. So when you first grow up you are, in a way, on trial.

"I've said quite frankly to my mother and to my father, in the face of some new opposition or doubt on their part, reminding them of some past difficulty we've had 'Now you didn't think I ought to do so and so, remember? But it worked out all right. Let's see how this works out!'

"Naturally if my average for doing things my way is good my parents must agree that I'm capable of managing my own affairs, that their responsibility is over. And if my average isn't good, I, on the other hand, must admit that I am not yet ready to take my place in the adult world, to make my own decisions or choose my own friends."

In other words . . .

Ask your parents to give you a chance to go your own way that you both may judge whether or not you're capable of managing your own affairs in an adult fashion. And abide by the results.

YOUR mother is your best friend. And you have every chance of keeping her your best friend, judging by the experiences of the stars, if you will:

1. Avoid a sense of possession.
2. Give in sometimes.
3. Be honest and establish trust.
4. Point out to your parents that they cannot always stand between you and life, that you must make some mistakes, but that you have confidence in your ability to take care of yourself because of the training they gave you in your formative years . . . and that they must have such confidence too.
5. Make a confidante of your mother realizing that she will be so pleased by this that she will try to be understanding.
6. Remember that because your mother disagrees with you she isn't necessarily old-fashioned, that fundamental issues change surprisingly little with the years.
7. A step-mother isn't necessarily an antagonist.
8. Contrive to have some common interests so that you and your mother will be friends.
9. Don't allow inhibitions and a restraint to grow up between you and your mother. Be two human beings before you are anything else.
10. Ask your parents to give you a chance to go your own way that you both may judge whether or not you're capable of managing your own affairs in an adult fashion. And abide by the results.

An All-Star Game

(*Continued from page* 65)

Very few women thought Marlene Dietrich had any sex appeal. Joan Crawford got third place with both men and women but Lupe Velez got many more women's sex appeal votes than men's. She was fourth as measured by the women but 'way down the list in the men's poll. Maybe she's just a little too obvious for the men.

Both men and women said that Zasu Pitts was the most lacking in sex appeal. The women thought that Ann Harding was the second most lacking along hot-cha lines but not a single man thought so. Second on the men's lacking list were Myrna Loy and Bette Davis and Garbo, although Myrna Loy pulled a lot of "most sex appeal" votes from the women. Can you dope it out? I'm already dizzy as a merry-go-round.

Best groomed surprised me. I told you that the producers think men don't pay any attention to clothes and good grooming but both men and women absolutely agreed and Kay Francis won the best groomed vote and won it big! Shearer was second on the men's list and Lil Tashman was the women's second choice. However, Lil must be too fantastic in her dress to appeal to the men for she got very few masculine votes. Almost all their votes went to Kay Francis or Shearer. Irene Dunne, Constance Bennett and Joan Crawford were fourth on the women's best groomed list.

THE women voted Norma Shearer the most charming personality with Helen Hayes a close second, Janet Gaynor third and Irene Dunne fourth. The men practically ignored Helen Hayes. Norma Shearer was first with Janet Gaynor second and Kay Francis, Marlene Dietrich, Sylvia Sidney and Aline MacMahon tied for third.

But, my goodness! what a difference of opinion there was about the friendship question. The girls would rather have Joan Crawford as a friend. She got twice as many votes as anyone else. Next to her —all tied for second place—came Norma Shearer, Irene Dunne, Marie Dressler and Aline MacMahon.

The men just couldn't seem to get together on the best friend question. Ann Harding and Norma Shearer tied for first place by a very small majority. Others far up in the race were Una Merkel, Glenda Farrell, Constance Cummings, Zasu Pitts, Sally Eilers and Polly Moran.

So there you have the results of my Noble Experiment. Are you surprised, you producers? But you fans—don't blame me if some of your favorites have been slighted. Do a little polling yourselves. All I did was to think up the idea and to pass the questionnaires around. Maybe it's all different in your town and in your state. Five hundred people answered my questions, but maybe that's not enough.

If you don't like the way my private little voting bee came out copy off the questions and give them to your friends to see what results you get.

But I warn you. The arguments will fly. I know! I tried it at a party of mine. . . . But that's a much longer story!

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PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 67*)

talked-about box-office receipts go up.

Margaret Higdahl,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Bring Forsyte Saga to Screen

Every darn time I go to the movies and see one of those superb English actors or actresses in action, I wonder why in You-know-what some producer doesn't gather all those Britishers together and make a movie version of John Galsworthy's Forsyte Saga. Now there would be a real pitcher. Imagine Leslie Howard as a young Jolyon and Clive Brook as Soames, with Diana Wynyard playing Irene. We fans would like it. Why don't M-G-M or Mr. R. K. O. and the rest of 'em consider it?

W. E. Taylor,
Red Lodge, Montana.

Stone's Monumental Performance

Why don't we see more of Lewis Stone in the films? He is one of the finest actors on the screen. I shall never forget his impressive acting in "Father & Son" where he played the Father. He is an inspiration in my life; I admire him and try to imitate him for what he symbolizes in ideals of manhood.

George Rudin,
Springfield, Illinois.

Lee Tracy insists he isn't going to marry, but just the same, he's always seen in the company of pretty, blonde Isabel Jewel, New York stage actress. They're lunching here with Norma Krasna, the writer, at the Santa Barbara Biltmore

Beams on Barbara

Barbara Stanwyck's emotional intensity stirs and grips you. She deserves all the acclaim of a great actress. Sweet, young, warm with the turbulent blood of life, she sees and helps others to see in the words of Shakespeare: "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." I predict for her the highest goal in pictures!

Mrs. C. W. Beam,
Lincolnton, N. C.

"Ayres" Her Sentiments

Here are my sentiments of two stars for whom I have great admiration. I think Lew Ayres and Sally Eilers would make a luscious team.

Lew especially is dear. I've seen all of his pictures. There are some who co-starred with him that were not complementary types, such as Jean Harlow and Genevieve Tobin.

Lew Ayres is more of the Buddy Rogers type (only sweeter), and calls for a leading lady like Sally Eilers or Mary Brian.

Grace Bon,
Muskegon, Mich.

Another Esteemed Team

I don't know what could be more interesting and more worth seeing than an elegant picture starring Joan and Gary. I refer to the picture "Today We Live." Along with their splendid artistry was the accompanying action that is such a factor in the success of a picture. In addition to the stirring scenes of war, and heroism was beautiful sentiment. Give us more of that incomparable team with a generous bit of Messrs. Tone and Young for good measure in entertainment.

Arlyn Whitney,
Farmington, Me.

La Rue All Right as Gangster

In your August issue there was a letter written by May Colman that attracted my attention because it praised Jack La Rue and downed three of our best actors, Gable, Tracy and Raft. Granted that La Rue is all right as a gangster, but can he play romantic parts as well as Gable, or comedian parts like Tracy? Out of character, La Rue wouldn't do at all. And that's *my* answer to Miss Colman.

Lucile Jackson,
Hammond, Ind.

Advice to Players

Were I to have the opportunity of offering a little advice to players of the silver screen, it would be as follows:

"Be natural!" Two simple words each player from extra to star may well remember. Throwing one's self into the mood of the person portrayed is necessary, but from then on the coach word should be "naturalness." Ruby Keeler is one who does not over-act—she is natural. The same may be said of Jean Harlow. Many stars try too hard to be actors and actresses.

Alexander Russi,
New York, N. Y.

Hollywood Salaries

It may be that I am a trifle pessimistic tonight, but I am wondering whether the huge salaries paid in Hollywood are justifiable. Admitted that the box offices give proof that they are, that we are only too willing to pay our fifty cent pieces to see some of our favorites, the fact remains that five or ten thousand dollars a week mounts up to quite some roll in the course of a few years; gathered for looks, figure and an attractive personality.

Most entertainers put in years and years of sacrifices and intense application to gain half the salary of a beauty contest winner or the possessor of a big nose. Somehow the scales don't seem to balance.

Well, I guess I'll dig up the price and go to the movies.

John F. MacDuffee
Portland, Me.

This Bugaboo—Divorce!

Having been a "Movie Fan" since the first nickelodeon. I have really kept in close contact with every movie star and it is appalling to note my favorites being divorced this year. What has 1933 done to the public's old stand-bys? Why, we expect them to keep us cheered through this day of unrest and what-next period?

I do want to voice some personal opinions, however, on the private feature of our stars—it will seem more like scolding some of my own family! And if it makes me happy?

Why did Gary Cooper go hi-hat and snoot Little Lupe? They were SO much in love; I saw them myself and KNOW. She was just peppy enough to bring a little life into Gary. Sap. Am sorry about Joan and young Doug. She has so much sense, and he charm and boyishness. It will hurt Joan some—help Doug to go further . . . ho hum! What is wrong with the Marquis? No one seems to want to KEEP him? Gilbert Roland seems to make the top-graders always . . . and now Mary and Doug! Mary is a smart woman, and has much patience. Hasn't she just stuck by her Hollywood though—and MADE

(*Continued on page* 86)

Three Banned Lovers of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 32*)

that article, but according to Walter Winchell who prints such things, Gargan delivered himself of the opinion that Joan was "not so much" as an actress. Charming personality and vivid in appearance, but as an actress "No."

You may be figuring that even actors are entitled to opinions . . . but that is where you are wrong. Actors are not entitled to opinions when they (the actors) are mere leading men and the ladies they hold opinions about are stars! It just isn't healthy . . . at least not for the pocketbook. Lady stars have a great deal to say about who shall, and who shall not appear in their movies. And if you can believe what you hear, Miss Crawford has decidedly had her say about Mr. Gargan's appearance in "Dancing Lady."

And one of the funniest facets of the situation is that Gargan's tests for the rôle were "perfect," according to the M-G-M big shots. But now Clark Gable has been signed for the rôle which is much more agreeable to everybody concerned—including the public.

ON the other hand, it is not what Jack La Rue thinks about her professionally that has Mae West down . . . at least down on Mr. La Rue. It is what he thinks about her *personally*, an emotion which he persists in shouting from the Hollywood hilltops which has gone a long way toward throwing Mae into hysterics.

Jack La Rue just will tell all comers about his burning emotions. He is in love with the lady . . . nay, he is nuts about her. He lives, dreams, walks, talks Mae West. He's loved her for years . . . ever since they appeared in "Diamond Lil" ("She Done Him Wrong," to you) on the stage. Once, he says, he almost committed suicide because Mae didn't return his love. The image of her is still in his mind, in his soup, in his hair. He's told at least ten interviewers I know that she will always be "the one love of my life."

You might think Mae would be flattered. But she isn't.

In the first place Mae is a rather cagey lady. In fact some people have an idea she is suspicious minded. She's been around, you know. 'Tis whispered Mae West may have been many things in her life . . . but never a sucker.

And friends close to Mae say the lady has an idea that La Rue is not nearly so in love with her as he is in love with all the grand-elegant publicity he has been getting out of it! Maybe she's "done him wrong" but that's Mae's idea and she's stuck with it.

Along with the slogan for her new picture "I'm No Angel" . . . Mae refuses to be a publicity stooge for any up and coming young actor, even one carrying the torch for her!

So in place of Mr. La Rue in "I'm No Angel" you will see Mr. Gilbert Roland, who, they say, is carrying a torch for Somebody Else. And that's all right with Mae!

Of all the three banned lovers of Hollywood, Jack La Rue is probably the most *banned*, and the most, *lover!*

TWO MONTHS AGO *her skin was dull and blotchy—Men never looked at her—Today her lovely skin brings her admirers and romance.*

Have the Clear, Lovely Skin Men Can't Resist!

Read How a Remarkable Pasteurized Yeast Ends Ugly Spots and Blemishes and Keeps the Skin Youthful and Alluring

A CLEAR, lovely skin, a fresh, radiant complexion, eyes that sparkle—have you these charms that win men's hearts? If not, try eating this new type, scientifically pasteurized yeast that is bringing beauty and vivacity to thousands of women.

Skin and complexion troubles, says medical science, are nearly always caused by constipation or a run down nervous condition. To combat these causes of bad skin you need to enrich your diet with certain nutritive elements. In many of our most common foods these elements are entirely lacking. Few people get enough of them for maximum health.

Yeast Foam Tablets contain concentrated stores of these corrective substances. These tablets are pure yeast and pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G.

These precious elements strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs. They fortify your weakened nervous system. Thus they aid in building the health and vivacity that make you irresistible to others.

These results you get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are nothing but pure yeast pressed into convenient, easy-to-take form. A scientific toasting process gives this yeast a delicious, nut-like flavor. It cannot cause gas or discomfort and it is always uniform.

This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Look and Feel Years Younger

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Then watch the improvement in the way you feel and look. See how your friends note the change in your appearance.

•

Thankful for clear skin again: *"I certainly am pleased at the results Yeast Foam Tablets have given me. Before I started taking them my face looked terrible. Now it is beautifully clear. I can't thank you enough for the relief your yeast has afforded me."* OAKWOOD, WIS.

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Not a blemish now: *"My face was so covered with pimples and rashes that I was ashamed to walk down the street. I have now been taking Yeast Foam Tablets for three months. They have done wonders for me. There is not a blemish on my face."* CLEVELAND, OHIO

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He Hitches His Houses to a Star

(*Continued from page 46*)

focal point of a room. A room lives around its fireplace. But the fireplace in Joan's drawing room is heavy—bastard Spanish. So Bill transferred attention to a charming group of furniture around it and made that the focal point instead. He's proud of that.

As for Connie Bennett, Bill admires her greatly, but he has a tough time with her because she always tries to talk him out of prices. He says she's a shrewd business woman but a swell sport none the less. Nothing cheap or stingy about Connie. She wants the best at the lowest possible prices. But Bill, being a good business man himself, thinks that's just common sense. However, he doesn't let la Bennett out-talk him. When she squawks about the cost of anything he is amiable but adamant. "Baby," he tells her, "you're talking to an old established firm."

Bill tells a funny yarn about Connie. Shortly before Christmas she came into his shop. After she had made several purchases she asked, "Now have I forgotten anyone?" Practical joker Bill saw an opportunity too good to resist. "You haven't gotten anything for Joan Crawford and she bought you the most beautiful gift. Really a lovely thing." "Oh," said Connie, "of course I must get something for Joan. About how much did she spend?" "Now, Connie," reproached Bill, "it wouldn't be ethical for me to tell you that. But I can show you some things Joan admires that run about the same price." So Bill sold Connie an expensive Christmas gift for Joan. A few days later Joan came into the shop. With her Bill went through exactly the same routine and eventually sold her a costly present to give Connie. The whole procedure tickled him so that he couldn't resist telling both girls about his deviltry. Fortunately for him it struck both of them funny. But then you can't get mad at Bill.

CONNIE'S house, like Joan's, is Spanish in architecture. Another cross for anti-Spanish Bill to bear. He considers the Bennett bedroom his prize achievement in that menage. The ceiling was very low so Bill did the walls in a vertical candy stripe effect which added two feet to the height of the room. The background is white with powder blue stripes. Drapes are white satin complemented in cobalt blue and trimmed with seashells. The entire wall facing the bed is covered by a mirrored screen. The bed itself has head and footboards of the same height and acts as a chaise during the daytime.

The general scheme of the room is modern Greek with Chinese accent notes. Bill says this contrast fits Connie because she is very modern yet very old because very wise. The Chinese notes are contributed mostly by rose quartz ornaments which form a soft contrast to the room's blue and white effects. Blue, white and coral are the three chief color notes. There are two chairs covered in blue fur which Bill describes as "very lush" (his pet phrase).

Connie was delighted with her bedroom—with one exception. That exception was a desk chair which was Bill's pride and joy. He had taken a lazy piano forte stool, painted the frame black and silver, and covered the seat in coral. When Connie came back from New York she went into a eulogy on the subject of the bedroom. Bill swelled with justifiable pride, until, at the end of her rave, she uttered the words "But the only thing—" Then he subsided like a pricked balloon. That, he says, is the phrase clients always use with decorators when something's wrong and they're about to lead up to it. I know just what he means. I've had letters of rejection just like that from editors. They're so complimentary that you don't realize you're getting a turn down till you get to the "but." "Connie," said wise Bill, "live with that chair a while. Get used to it and then if you still don't like it I'll take it back." Connie did and eventually confessed very generously to Bill that she had changed her mind and was crazy about the chair. Bill, I might add, was enormously relieved, as the chair had been very expensive and hard to find.

Another of my pet Haines yarns concerns a large turkey red chair for which Doug Fairbanks, Jr., had a veritable passion. Doug, it seems, is "that way" about red—just as Joan has her blue and white complex. Who knows?—maybe that and not all the other rumored reasons, is the real underlying cause of the divorce! After all it's as good a point of departure for a battle as any.

Anyway, to continue—Doug, Jr., could never be persuaded to part with that monstrous red piece of furniture. When Joan and Doug were still sharing a house Bill claims that he and Joan did their darnedest to kick that chair around till it got lost. But always when he paid his next visit to the Fairbanks, Jr., menage, there was the turkey red model occupying the most conspicuous spot in the drawing room. When Joan and Doug came to the parting of the ways Bill told Joan, "Honey, I'm awfully sorry about everything—but at least we can get rid of that darn chair now." Then Doug sent for Bill to decorate his new bachelor establishment. And the first thing that met Bill's eye when he walked into the house was—well *you* guess.

Young Doug, according to Bill, was exceedingly easy to work with. He departed for Europe leaving the entire decorating of his new home in Bill's hands—a situation which is a decorator's dream of bliss. His only words of instruction were "I want some red around me—the rest I'll leave to you." He may be a trifle amazed when he sees Bill's interpretation of that sole command. For, as I understand it, the one color conspicuous by its absence is red. True, Bill didn't quite have the nerve to dispose entirely of the turkey red Frankenstein—but he has concealed it as much as possible by placing it in the bend of the piano.

SERIOUSLY, Doug ought to be really pleased with his drawing room, for Bill has done a decidedly interesting job on the room. He got his inspiration from Doug's fine collection of steel engravings of Shakespearean characters. One in particular, of the Moor, Othello, gave him the idea of doing the room in shades of brown. There were also some excellent prints with negro subjects which further carried out his conception. He did everything possible in brown, using every conceivable shade of negro skin—honey-colored leather, dark browns, off-whites. Walls are white with a slight pinkish tinge to deaden the glare. Drapes are negro brown diagonally striped corduroy of an attractive texture. Negro heads and blackamoors are used for decoration.

Bill says of Doug that he is a little brittle, but also soft and generous, and that his home, therefore, had to be done in definite contrasts to express his complex personality. It is Bill's theory that a movie star should have a restful home. On the other hand you have to give a movie star something a little theatrical, a little exaggerated. He has striven to give his film clients effects striking, yet soothing. Being an actor himself, he is especially qualified to know what appeals to them.

Bill finds picture people easy to deal with in spite of their temperament because they have great power of visualization. Joan, for example, can see a thing the minute you describe it. So can Connie.

Next month I will tell you about some of decorator Haines' other achievements and some more of his yarns about his famous clients.

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page 69*)

star and Radio songstress worked in the Wheeler and Woolsey picture at the R. K. O. studios in Hollywood, she was the highest paid player on that lot. She received twenty-five thousand dollars for seven days' work in the film—and even Ann Harding, Katharine Hepburn, Richard Dix and others in the same plant—don't average anything like that.

"Shanghai Orchid" on which Dick Barthelmess is working at the moment, is raising the very devil with Dick's constitution. Dick, who hasn't done any boxing since he made "Amateur Gentleman" years ago, had to go into training for the film. And we mean training! Gave up cigarettes and donned the padded gloves daily for several rounds with a professional fighter. Then he shadow-boxed and ran himself ragged. But that was nothing compared to the stuff he had to do in the film—and mostly under those hot lights too. Dick, who has been lolling in the lap of luxury—and "luxury liners" could barely "take it."

Joan Bennett spent a great deal of time "on location" while she was working in "Little Women." The company worked way out on the Lasky ranch, which is a long way from Hollywood. Joan's hubby, Gene Markey, wasn't writing any scripts during those weeks, so he showed up every day at noon with a huge and fancy picnic lunch for Joany. P. S. They didn't eat it all up themselves though—Katharine Hepburn and others in the troupe got some goodies too.

From Oakland, California, a high school junior wrote a note to Mae West. Said such things as "* * * you've got Garbo backed off the map * * * I go for you 1000 percent * * * "

He stuck it in an envelope, addressed it simply: YOU MUST COME UP SOMETIME; Hollywood, Calif."

Yes, Mae got it.

June Knight has been kidded more than a few times about her name. But she scored top on it herself, when, the other day at Universal, they brought her one of those costumes with three beads and a thread and that's all.

Said June: "The name's June Knight—NOT September Morn!"

W-C-Fields-wisecrack: Lunching in a Hollywood cafe, he got one of those pieces of chicken. After considerable chewing, Fields called the waitress.

"That," he said, "must be an incubator chicken."

"Why?" asked the waitress.

"Because NO chicken who ever had a mother could be that tough."

Because George Raft doesn't like green, his trainer had to change his name to Mac Gray. It originally was Mac Green.

You gals who can't sing "The Star Spangled Banner" because some notes are too high and others too low, take heart. One of the song hits of MGM's "Hollywood Party" will be Jean Harlow's song. And because Jean's vocal range is no wider than a censor's mind, they wrote a special number for her, which covers a range of *only six notes*.

Jean sings it while playing a hello girl—a sort of moaning prayer to heaven to make her a flicker star.

Newest way of crashing the movies is the tale of Jean Muir, a pretty blonde teacher of French. Hired to instruct Jimmy Cagney in French, she attracted studio executives' attention. Result: screen tests and short-term contract.

When Alice White wants a job, she goes after it BIG! She wanted to play Alice in Paramount's "Alice in Wonderland." So she had a special, setting constructed to provide a "Wonderland" background, dressed herself up as Alice, even hired some extras and clothes for the other characters in the story, and then had a set of stills taken. Which she sent to Paramount executives.

But it was all waste effort. Paramount will give the rôle to an "unknown"—as they chose Betty Bronson for Peter Pan.

Isn't it just like Hollywood to take a ten-DAYS-old girl and make a masculine impersonator out of her!! Babe's name is McLean, and at the time it worked for a scene in Universal's "Only Yesterday," it hadn't even been named. Seems "U" had need of a newborn boy baby for a scene, so hospitals were scoured. Only mother they found who'd let the baby work in movies so young was Mrs. McLean, whose newborn was a girl. So they hired her—and if there was anything in the script calling for a baby-bathing scene, they changed it.

Tom Mix and Tony will tour the world in a caravan. First is the lead car driven by Tom Mix with Mrs. Mix and another lady performer; next the trailer carrying trick apparatus, and last the baggage van equipped with radio carrying ten men

Clean Out Your Kidneys

. . . WIN BACK YOUR PEP

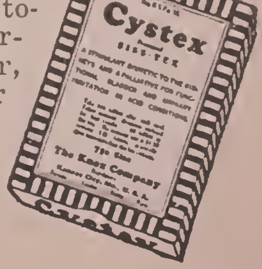
Good Kidney Action Purifies Your Blood—Often Removes the Real Cause of Getting Up Nights, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains—Quiets Jumpy Nerves and Makes You Feel 10 Years Younger.

A famous scientist and Kidney Specialist recently said: "60 per cent of men and women past 35, and many far younger, suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys, and this is often the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic pains and other troubles."

If poor kidney and Bladder functions cause you to suffer from any symptoms such as Loss of Vitality, Getting up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Lumbago, Stiffness, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting or Itching Acidity, you can't afford to waste a minute. You should start testing the Doctor's Prescription called Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) at once.

Cystex is probably the most reliable and unfailingly successful prescription for poor Kidney and Bladder functions. It starts work in 15 minutes, but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. It is a gentle aid to the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out Acids and poisonous waste matter, and soothes and tones raw, sore, irritated bladder and urinary membranes.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success the Doctor's prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers from poor Kidney and Bladder functions under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost nothing.



Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 82)

it? I WAS sorry about the Nick Stuarts, Lola Lane and Lew Ayres, but Jack Holt slayed me with the news of his separation. Well, I feel better and thanks for listenin' in!

Nelle Bezanson,
Wichita, Kansas.

Hollywood "Hoop-la"

Why can't the producers give us stars without all the cheap ballyhoo and circusing that usually accompanies the rise and fall of a Hollywood marvel?

There is so much that is artificial and posed in all that we know of the lives of these stars that tinges our private opinions of their acting and most of it unfavorably.

The pendulum is swinging back, and as it swings the world wants more dignity more real sincerity, and more strength of character from its idols. The old adage holds good and too many stars have been unmade by too much Hollywood "Hoop-la." All the staged exhibitionism, the cheap showmanship, the published "blurbs" from the lips of stars are so many labels tagging this or that star as "tawdry," "shoddy," and "cheap."

Wera Engels, the little girl who left Radio pictures because she thought they didn't give her the right parts, and Ivan Lebedeff, the Russian actor, are dating each other these days. Hollywood scents a romance

The "dear public" is finding more pleasure in the public performances of the actors and actresses who do not capitalize their emotions, who do not dramatize their marriages and divorces, who can face heartaches—as many of them do—without being cheap and without having it trumpeted to the world in high-sounding phrases that is so much hooey.

May Hughes,
Bucklin, Mo.

Loy Unalloyed

It is certainly gratifying to see Myrna Loy play pure English-speaking rôles as she has in her most recent pictures, instead of the Oriental exotic she has been portraying for so many years.

In my opinion Myrna has been given a grand break, which she certainly deserved. None of her allure was lost as an Occidental, so let's continue to see her as one.

Robert E. Schlueneger, Jr.,
Dallas, Texas.

An "Eagle" Soars

A weird, exotic, blase land-noise quietness. Handsome, breath-taking Egyptian rogue. Vivid, deep, glamorous English woman. Entrancing, haunting melody. Gigantic, ancient structures of pyramids. Vast, overwhelming oceans of sand. Oriental atmosphere and wealth. Sinister, powerful men. Harsh whips that obtain order. Ghastly journeys on foot. Terror—hate—passionate, sweet, satisfying, stirring love—all combined in "The Barbarian" with the supreme pair—Ramon Novarro and Myrna Loy!

Beatrice Eagle,
Statesville, N. C.

Holmes, Sweet Holmes!

I would like to get before an executive meeting at M-G-M and ask them why, oh! why, don't they put Phil Holmes in decent pictures.

Who could forget Phil's brilliant performance in "Her Man" and "Night Court." Many have called him too effeminate, but these two pictures alone are proof that he can pack a wallop a la Cagney and turn on the Novarro flutters.

H. Y. Lapenna.
Newark, N. J.

Silver Lining of Depression

From the depression there will doubtless come a sifting of the chaff from the wheat in the moving picture industry. Already I feel that I can discern a beauty, sanity and realism about the screen that I never knew before. Acting has improved, or rather more worthwhile actors are entering the films; stories are more carefully selected, directing and settings are raised to the plane of art. The movies have shed some of their glamor, but it has been replaced by something infinitely more worthwhile, the exalted beauty of life as it really is with all the lights and shadows of suffering and joy faithfully portrayed.

Lillian B. Parsons,
Ogden, Iowa.

All Encompassing

The movies have been a blessing to the human race. History, science, art, literature, romance, tragedy, pathos, humor, love, hate, and the whole gamut of emotions are portrayed there in a realistic and convincing manner. The principles of a good education in all the affairs of life, are given in the movies as they are nowhere else.

Instructive and entertaining they wield a power and influence over the world for good that cannot be gainsaid.

Mrs. J. J. Bullock,
Bentonville, Arkansas.

Another Satisfied Customer

The most interesting study of life is in man. Witness the great appeal of the movies. Where else can you see and hear so much of life at such a small cost? They cover the human emotions from sorrow to love from pain to pleasure. They depict the lives of the lowest to the highest and noblest.

Yes, the movies are more than mere entertainment; they are lessons in life. And though they are by no means perfect, neither are we, so let's be tolerant.

C. F. Gerdes,
McClure, Ohio.

Tips on Talkies

(*Continued from page 7*)

via Sidney seems to throw herself heart and soul into this rôle and she gives a great emotional performance. Nice work also by Donald Cook. Half of you will be wild over this; the other half will say that you don't go to the movies to see anything as tragic as this.

* * *

Lilly Turner (First National)
This latest Ruth Chatterton picture about a country girl's tangled love-life is something of a disappointment, especially after "Frisco Jenny." The story's so sordid and weak that the performances of George Brent and Ruth Chatterton do nothing to redeem it.

* * *

✓✓Little Giant, The (Warners-First Nat'l)
Hey, hey and a couple of rah, rahs! Edward G. Robinson forgets all about the heavy melodrama and crashes through in one of the zippiest comedies you've seen in months. Come and see Edward G. Robinson as a big shot Chicago gangster who reforms. Come and see him as he crashes the 400. Watch him as society shoots him over the chute-the-chutes and as people try to make a sucker out of him. What happens? Maybe you can guess; but still you'll have a lot of fun watching it happen.

* * *

Made on Broadway (M-G-M)
Just another picture that you can miss without shedding a tear. There's something rather cheap and hackneyed about the plot. In fact, the story's so feeble that even with a cast that includes Robert Montgomery, Sally Eilers and Madge Evans, it doesn't make the grade. Another tale about a gal with a past, a man who falls in love with her without knowing about her past, and the terrible shock he gets when he learns the truth. The ending is stupid.

* * *

✓Mama Loves Papa (Paramount)
A laugh fest, thanks to Charlie Ruggles' grand clowning and some pretty good work by Mary Boland as his dumb cluck of a wife. The story's about a meek little fellow who's made playground commissioner because a big political boss wants to use him as a tool. You'll watch with glee as Charlie Ruggles, as the meek little fool, upsets the big boss's applecart.

* * *

Man of the Forest (Paramount)
A combination of laugh film with a western thriller. With the usual wild west plot about disputed water rights, with the usual villains, and with a cast that includes Randolph Scott, panther girl Verna Hillie and lion man Buster Crabbe, it's fair entertainment for western-movie lovers.

* * *

✓Mary Stevens, M.D. (Warners)
Has Glenda Farrell ever been cast in a picture yet that she didn't walk off with? She walks off with this one in her rôle as a wise-cracking nurse, stealing the picture from Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot, although Kay Francis is grand in the latter half of the picture. The first half of the picture doesn't mean a thing to the story, and it isn't till the picture has gone on for quite a while that it really begins to gather speed. The story's a bit complicated, dealing with two doctors, a man and a woman, and their different careers and ambitions.

* * *

✓✓Masquerader, The (Goldwyn - United Artists)
If this is Ronald Colman's last picture for Samuel Goldwyn, at least he's given us something to remember him by. He plays a dual rôle in this, and his performance and the whole picture leave a pleasant taste in your mouth. It's an adroit mixture of farce and melodrama, and you'll like it. Elissa Landi is the heart interest, and though she still seems pretty icy to this reviewer, she fits better into the rôle of an aristocratic young woman than into that of an exotic siren.

✓✓Mayor of Hell, The (Warners)
From James Cagney himself a boy in his teens named Frankie Darro steals this picture. Darro deserves the greatest praise for his wonderful performance as the tough mugg "mayor" of a reformatory. How you'll thrill to his performance! But don't forget this—Cagney himself lets the boy play the juiciest sequences, willingly plays second fiddle to this marvelous performance. So give Cagney credit, too. Anyway, it's a grand action picture, and you'll be glad you paid your box-office money to see it.

✓Melody Cruise (Radio)
A naughty, rather amusing musical about a cheating hubby and his pal, who falls for a nice gal, Helen Mack. You'll howl with glee at the antics of Charlie Ruggles, the darn fool, and one Chick Chandler, who practically steals the picture with his wisecracks. This picture marks the dèbut of radio entertainer Phil Harris, but he doesn't set the world on fire in this.

* * *

✓Midnight Mary (M-G-M)
Not because the story's basically new, but because of brilliant direction and splendid work by Loretta Young, Ricardo Cortez and Franchot Tone, this picture makes the grade. Loretta is the girl who has gone wrong because of a series of bad breaks. Eventually true love, in the person of Franchot Tone, comes along. Such is her life that love eventually leads her to commit a murder! It may sound trite, but it has been handled so brilliantly that it will stir you.

* * *

✓Narrow Corner, The (Warners)
Nominally this stars Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Patricia Ellis is the big love interest. However, it's the splendid work of the supporting cast that makes this picture worth seeing. Particularly noteworthy are two people you've probably never heard of before, William Mong and Arthur Hohl, who are splendid as two old salts who try to outdo each other in telling tall tales. The story tells of two men in love with a girl, against a background of ocean life.

* * *

✓✓No Marriage Ties (Radio)
Every once in a while Richard Dix appears in a picture that startles those who thought that he was just about on his last legs on the screen. This is one of those. It's a sparkling, rollicking story of a drinking newspaperman who gets fired, only to become a big-shot advertising man. The picture deals with his love-life, too. Dix fairly romps through this rôle, with the help of lovely Elizabeth Allan, screen newcomer, and Doris Kenyon.

* * *

✓✓Nuisance, The (M-G-M)
A-1 entertainment for any movie-goer. In it Lee Tracy has a rôle that's right down his alley. He plays a crooked ambulance chaser who gyps public utilities by fake accident suits, until the traction company sends a good-looking girl detective to trip him up. The picture is jammed with twists, laughs, developments, gags. Whoopla! It's a hey nonny, nonny and a hot cha cha sort of picture with Madge Evans, Lee Tracy and Charles Butterworth giving it the works.

* * *

Phantom Broadcast (Monogram)
A rather entertaining combination of a murder-mystery tale with a radio-movie, with Ralph Forbes turning in a brilliant performance as a crippled singer, and Vivienne Osborne as the feminine appeal.

* * *

✓✓Pilgrimage (Fox)
A splendid and brilliant piece of screen story-telling, with a powerful and different movie plot. It's the story of a farm mother who sends her son (Norman Foster) to the war to break up his romance with the girl he loves (Marian Nixon). Her son dies; the girl becomes a mother. The story of what happens when the mother visits her son's grave is one of those splendid human dramas that will leave you all tingly inside. Henrietta Crosman as the mother turns in a performance you'll long remember.

* * *

Power and the Glory (Lasky-Fox)
You'll either think this picture a great experience or else just a hash. That's because it isn't told in consecutive fashion, but begins at the end of the story, with the death of the main character, and then flashes back to the beginning of that story. But what powerful drama the picture packs! Spencer Tracy turns in a performance you won't easily forget. He portrays a man who rises to great power, and whose power and success bring him the greatest tragedy of his life. Colleen Moore makes her comeback here. Some will hail her as great; others will be disappointed in the new and subdued Colleen Moore.

* * *

Private Detective 62 (Warners)
This picture doesn't do right by Bill Powell. It's one of those sordid, unpleasant plots about a

(*Continued on page 91*)

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I Date Glenda Farrell

(*Continued from page* 55)

have had six for a dollar, but what could we have done with them? After that we tried out the dime-in-the-slot picture machines. You sit on a very small and very hard seat, put a dime in the slot, and after a short interval a picture of yourself arrives from the innards of the machine.

"Well, maybe that's a picture of me," Glenda looked dubious. "I wouldn't be too sure. It might be Al Capone."

We dropped in to see the "Terrors of the Deep" exhibit, and introduced ourselves to a deep-sea diving outfit, which looked as if it might dive off at any moment. We named it Jack Holt. We'd seen a picture in which he had worn one of the things.

It was past nine o'clock by this time, and we were ready for food. That snappy ride on the merry-go-round had given us a good appetite.

We drew a ringside table at the Ship Cafe. It's built just like a ship but it's nailed to the end of the pier. You have all the marine atmosphere, without the up and down and rolling motions. In its day the Ship has seen gay times. Years ago it was a favorite rendezvous of the stars. Then came prohibition, and Venice is a long way to cart a bottle. For several years it was closed. Now, repainted and refurnished, it is coming back into popularity again. It's a grand cool spot for a warm summer evening.

NICE thing about it, too. You can't spend too much. Dinners are a dollar and a half. Glenda ordered chicken au sec, which looked to me just like any other kind of chicken. I had a New York cut steak. Food may be cheap but it's good.

The floor show went on as soon as the chicken and steak arrived at the table. It must have been pre-arranged. We ate in comparative darkness, trying to find our plates and watch the entertainment.

Glenda was enthusiastic about the dancing and singing of a very small child, wearing an enormous tropical straw hat.

"But don't you suppose it's bad for his heart, or something?" she asked anxiously. She has a young son, herself, and the maternal instinct came first.

Between courses, and when the orchestra wasn't being too enthusiastic, she told me incidents from her life. I was interested, and so was the woman at the next table.

At the ripe, old age of eight Glenda was trouping about the country with a tent show. She played Little Eva, "Hungry Hearts," and "East Lynne." When the authorities caught up with her she was sent to school, or when business was too bad with the show, she joined her father in a little town on the Oregon coast.

It had been an itinerant life, and she is enjoying a settled-down existence in Hollywood now. She'd like to own a house of her own. She's never had one. She's saving money for that very thing.

"When I first came to Hollywood I was advised to lease a big house, and buy an expensive limousine," she told me. "They explained that you had to make a splurge in Hollywood. I'm not going to do it. I know people out here now who are living in wild extravagance—and I knew them in New York when they ate in the automat. It isn't that that matters, but they are living 'way beyond their incomes. Some day the options won't be taken up, and then what?"

At fourteen Glenda was going to school in San Diego, and working in a stock company at the same time. When she was but little older than that she played ingenue roles at the old Morosco Theater, in Los Angeles.

"It seemed that I would never get away from the sweet, young thing rôles," she reminisced, "but one day the director had to have a girl to play a tough rôle. I begged to play it. It was such a relief to say "damn" after being sugary for so long. Now it seems just as difficult to get away from playing bad girls.

From the Los Angeles stock company Glenda went to New York. She appeared in the stage version of "When Life Begins." The play ran a week, but it was bought for pictures, and Glenda was brought back to the coast to play her original rôle—the little night club lady who sang her baby to sleep with a torch song.

That performance brought glowing reviews from all the film critics. She has scored in numerous other pictures since.

"What was all that publicity about a romance between you and Jack La Rue?" I wanted to know.

"It was JUST publicity," Glenda laughed. "It was quite a surprise to me, I know, and it must have been a surprise to Jack LaRue."

She's a grand companion for an evening, this blonde, lively Glenda. She's enjoying life now.

"You see I never had time for a childhood," she explained. "By the time I was eighteen I was married and had a baby. I was an old, married lady before I was out of my 'teens. Now I'm making up for lost time."

SHE has one of the loveliest speaking voices I have ever heard. With that voice there is no reason that I can see why she should be confined to the tough rôles. It is a poignant, dramatic voice, and reminds me of Ruth Chatterton's. I said as much.

"I've been told that many times before," said Glenda. "I don't see the likeness."

Well, at that, Glenda doesn't have an Oxford accent. I'll only whisper this, but I don't think Ruth Chatterton has, either.

"The combination of food and salt air is making me sleepy," said Glenda. "Let's start back to Hollywood."

Last month I had to take Ginger Rogers home at eleven o'clock. It was midnight on the dot when we arrived back at Glenda's apartment. I'm doing better. Maybe next month I can stay out until one a. m.

And it was such a "Scotch" evening. The whole thing only cost $5.25, food, tips, pictures, concessions and all. The beach air is healthy, and so-o easy on the pocketbook. At that I'm sorry Glenda's dinner only cost a dollar and a half. If she'd waited that long for an interviewer to buy her a dinner it should have cost TWO dollars, anyway.

The Secrets of Brunette Beauty

(*Continued from page* 63)

bathing suit, or a fig leaf or something—anyway, not be so educational for the youngsters.

Well, there never was any reply. BUT—two days later, workmen came and put up a canvas wall to hide Garbo's sun-bathing!

But all this, Ruth dear, is beside the thing you've asked me to write about—beauty secrets, and such. So here goes:

In the first place (and I should have mentioned this earlier) I got the surprise of my life when I first saw Claudette. I thought her hair was dark—even black. But it's *blonde!!* Claudette saw me staring, and said:

"I know; you thought I was dark, didn't you? Well, I am. Only, like a silly, I've bleached it!" You know, dear, that I've always had a yen to do the same to this mud-colored thatch of mine, so right away I asked her how to do it.

"DON'T!" she replied. "I'm going back again right after this picture—'Torch Singer'—is done. And never again blonde, whether gentlemen prefer it or not."

For no reason in particular, she explained, she'd decided to go light. So told her hubby—that's Norman Foster, and although she doesn't live with him, they're good friends. Norman told her she shouldn't do it. So she told her mother. Her mother joined Norman, told her not to do it.

"So I did it," she laughed, "and now I know they were right.

"Why, I never even used to use lemon rinse. All I used to do was wash it once a week with good soap, and rinse it well in clean water—and that was all. It was always lovely. And that's all I'm going to do, again, when I go back to black.

"I've learned that I'm a brunette, and there's no use trying to be blonde. Why, when I look at myself in the makeuplessness of morning, and see this artificial blonde top to my brunette face, I feel like a depraved old hag of about ninety!"

So, since she's going to be dark again, we stuck to beauty hints for dark-haired gals, as we talked. And she told me a lot of her own secrets—

For instance, she never cleanses her face of make-up with anything but a liquid cleanser she gets from France. It looks like milk, and she's used it for years. But that's only the first cleansing. After it, she does what virtually all the other stars do—*soap and water!* That's her evening face-routine: first the liquid cleanser; then a good wash in soap and water. Then a very thin layer of night cream.

In the morning, she takes it off *with cold water*. Then not until she's going out does she apply any makeup at all. Even then, she uses *no* powder base and *never* vanishing cream. All she does is dab a bit of rouge and plenty of lipstick in the right places—and all in the darker shades, of course. *Black* eye shadow. And a bit of *black* pencil on the brows.

"Never had them arched," she said, in answer to my query, "nor plucked, save for a few strays, until I did 'The Sign of the Cross.' Then, to achieve that exaggerated arch that was needed for the character, I had to *shave* them! And ever since, they've been the bane of my life . . .!" They've grown in every which way, she complains, and now she has to spend more time on them than on any other item of her makeup. And that, Ruthie, seems to be a pretty definite warning to those gals who are wondering whether or not they ought to shave their eyebrows.

I asked her about "them hips." And how she kept them so slim and boyish.

"Mammy Nature," she gloated. "Plus—well, a few years ago, I had to diet for health. One of the items my doctor forbade at the time was pastry. Well, I simply got out of the habit of pastry, and now I've lost the taste for it—so, apparently, that does the trick. For outside of that, I follow no diet at all—and I'm so slender that now that DeMille wants me to be voluptuous to play Cleopatra, I've got to drink this!"

And she took another swallow or two of the cold milk. As she lifted the glass, I noticed her fingernails. There was none of that deep red polish that's so prevalent. I commented; asked her why.

"Simply," she said, "because I don't like it." The polish she uses is just the faintest shade off natural. And her fingernails are medium long, and slightly pointed.

There was a tremendous banging on the door. Yes, dear—it was that insistent writer-friend of yours again. "Kathryn," he yowled; "you want to see Chevalier?—here he is!"

"Run along, dear; I know how it is," Claudette said. So I shrieked "goodbye" as I hurried out. And our palsy-walsy wasn't kidding; Chevalier was walking down the street.

Yes, dear. I was introduced. They must have told him I write these letters, for he grinned and said: "I am vairy happy to meet you, but why do you ask ozzair wimmen about zair beauty secrets? You have such ev-ee-dent ones of your own?"

AND darling, if that wasn't lying like a Frenchman, I've never heard *any!* Anyway, one of those "ath-a-letic" gals went swinging by, and Maurice remarked, "Ze wimmen haf forgot how charming it is to be feminine.

And so pardon me, dear, while I take down my hair and go very female. Anyway, that sweet writer-friend of *yours* asks me to the Miramar at Santa Monica that evening, for a bit of dancing. We went.

At one of the tables was Adrienne Ames. With her husband Stephen Ames, from New York; and Bruce Cabot.

Well, at a table nearby was Loretta Young, among others. Cabot rose, went over to Loretta, danced with her. Adrienne looked that put out! Her hubby looked glum. All of a sudden, Adrienne's head was down and she was crying! Next thing I saw, she was hurrying out of the door, and Cabot was after her. And soon both came back, looking like two kids who'd made up a spat. And what it all means?—well, in Hollywood, you just can't tell.

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Why Joel McCrea and Frances Dee are in Love

(*Continued from page* 41)

I remembered that the beautiful women of Hollywood whose parties Joel most often attends weren't so very young, nor so very simple. Joel isn't alone built like a Greek god of old. He's imbued with many of the Greek ideals, whether he knows it or not, with many of the better ideals that touch today's youth, the ideal of health, moderation, and quiet living.

I sought out Frances to get her side of it. She was shy about talking. She was full of blushes and stammers.

"There are fine people in Hollywood," Frances said, "but it's a trick to find them. I hate big parties and the pseudo-sophistication there's so much of around here, and so I don't go in for night-life. But I found one of the nice people of this town and isn't it grand when you find that person who likes the same things you do and likes to do those things in the same way you like to do them?"

"That," I pointed out, "is what Joel said about you."

Frances Dee is a beautiful girl and she was never more radiant than then.

"I suppose Joel told you that it began when we first met a year ago? Well, I'm not so sure that it didn't begin nearer fifteen years ago.

"You see, Joel and I were born within a block of each other, in a place called Garvanza then. It's South Pasadena now. And, although Joel was born four years before I was, it's fun to know that we skipped the same curbs and played the same games. And yet I didn't learn until just the other day, when I read a biography of Joel, that he was born just around the corner from me!"

"Oh there *are* things we'd love to do and that I hope we *can* do. But with the experience we've had with broken plans, in this business we know better than to go beyond hoping that when the time comes, we can do them.

"For instance, I'd like nothing better than to board a small slow boat—not a rich liner, but a lazy little freighter—and go to Europe."

"On your honeymoon?" I asked. She nodded.

"Yes, that's what I'd love to do. Someone told me I shouldn't go to Europe on a honeymoon, because it'd be all rushing about. But we wouldn't be interested in that sort of a trip. What we'd want to do would be to go to the places that are off the beaten track, and just laze along for, say, three months.

"And instead, do you know what? I've just been called to the studio to talk over a part. And it's a grand part. And when the time comes when we'd want to make that trip, why, I'd probably be all tied up in production! So do you see why I say 'No, we have no plans'?"

"And that goes for any wedding date, too. Because studios, when production is in the air, won't even give you time off for that!"

The reason Joel McCrea and Frances Dee are in love is because they have so much in common—youth and laughter, beauty and ambition, and the nicest sense of values.

The Last Story She Ever Wrote

(*Continued from page* 48)

and wouldn't it be grand if he put her in the shade entirely.

Helen married her first love. She tells me she was awfully nervous when they first dined with me as I had known young MacArthur long before she had. That's like her. She was probably afraid I didn't think she was good enough for Charlie. She should have been sure of my attitude, for I was by then, entirely licked, and held a belief she could play my old witches or anything she set her talents to—or on—or whatever it is. It came about this way: After a season of bad plays I went one night to see the revival of "What Every Woman Knows." I wasn't prepared to like it. Then she appeared—and—and the theatre grew silver and gold . . . and a place of enchantment.

Helen has gone on growing as she has made her pictures. And her life is rich with material things and the soul's expansion. She has a daughter and a great many clothes and Charlie has a great many shirts. Before he ever met Helen it was often a question whether his shirt would come home from the laundry, or down from New Haven where he had left it, in time to attend a dinner party. If it did come he had lost his tie. He made a great deal of money always but he couldn't keep his clothes. I fixed up an apartment for him once at the urging of a relative of his who thought he ought to have a home, and I was three weeks goading him out of the Hotel Lafayette where he was happily living, and into his next. He immediately shared his place with a young man of fine talents but no fixed abode. The guest slept on a daybed in the living room and ate all the eggs. This so enraged me that I had the daybed taken out so the young man would go elsewhere, but he got home earlier than Charlie that night and turned into his host's bed. And Charlie went happily back to the Hotel Lafayette. I could go on indefinitely about this talented young writer but I go only far enough to show—I hope—that this marriage was made pretty near Heaven.

I hang wistfully about when the casting begins for her pictures. "The Son-Daughter," "The White Sister," and now "Another Language," I have worked, no, *played* with her, I watch her as she works, frightfully inattentive up to the zero hour of silence, and then the quick creeping into the mantle of her rôle. I watch her till the scene is finished, when, without affectation, she leaves her rôle in a heap on the floor and gallops toward our card table. She wrote me a little note once and said she would like to be like me when she grows to be my age, and my note was crossing hers at that time in which I admitted, if I could ever be a young woman again, I would like to be like her!

And this is very generous of me for she still owes me two cents from the last game of Russian Bank.

(*Continued from page* 87)

crooked private detective who hates his own racket, and can you blame him? None of the characters are wholly likeable, not even the heroine, Margaret Lindsay. So what? Just another picture, and not such a good one at that.

Professional Sweetheart (Radio)

You can't call this a gu-reat picture and yet it's plenty entertaining. It kids radioland like nobody's business. You see, Ginger Rogers plays the Purity Girl of the air who gets tired of her reputation and wants to be human. Along comes Norman Foster, a farm boy, and she goes for him, but it's no use, because he believes her reputation as a Purity Girl. In the end he converts her to the pure and simple life.

☆

✓Reunion In Vienna (M-G-M)

Beautifully mounted, photographed and directed as this is, I found it somewhat disappointing. Not that it isn't a fine picture. It is. But somehow in the screen-telling, it doesn't get across its daring, light-comedy situation the way it should. Perhaps that's partly because Diana Wynyard seems all wrong for the rôle she plays. When she's supposed to be most reckless and most abandoned, she still seems just a nice girl pretending at being wicked. John Barrymore makes much more of his rôle as a reckless, dashing, exiled archduke who comes back to Vienna to claim his former light o' love. You'll like this only if your tastes are extremely sophisticated.

☆

She Had to Say Yes (Warners)

Oh, forget it. Just another sexy story of the little lamb (Loretta Young this time) who trusted the wrong man, with the usual consequences. Regis Toomey and Lyle Talbot are the men.

☆

She Loved a Star (Columbia)

A sob story with Wally Ford as a big-time ballplayer, who is going blind but doesn't want to tell because he lo-hoves his work. When he makes mistakes, he's suspected of working with crooked gamblers. There's a lot of hokum about the gal who loves him (Barbara Kent) and the dying little child who calls for him (Dickie Moore). Happy ending to this one, but what of it?

☆

✓Silver Cord, The (Radio)

A powerful and poignant story of misdirected mother love. Three of the finest performances you've seen in a long time make this a picture you'll long remember. Magnificent are Laura Hope Crews as the selfish mother; Irene Dunne as her daughter-in-law, whose marriage she tries to break up; and Frances Dee (you never knew she could act like this!) as the girl whose engagement to one of her sons she does succeed in breaking up. This is a completely adult drama, which will be appreciated by discriminating moviegoers.

☆

Silk Express (Warners)

They tried to cram too much mystery, too much melodrama, too many thrills into this plot, and the result is a hash. Sometimes too much plot is worse than none at all! Neil Hamilton, Sheila Terry, Guy Kibbee and others take part in the melodramatic proceedings. The story? All about a big-shot silk importer who hires a special train for his silk, and how his rivals resort to everything to stop the train—wrecking, arson and murder—but don't succeed.

☆

Soldiers of the Storm (Columbia)

Regis Toomey, Anita Page and Barbara Weeks in a story of the border patrol, with love interest added. There's a lot of action in this, but a very weak story.

☆

✓Song of Songs (Paramount)

A good picture though not a great one, with Marlene Dietrich giving a marvelous performance in a rôle that is a complete departure for her. At the beginning of the picture she actually plays a naive country girl, and does a remarkable job of it. Brian Aherne is grand in some of the scenes, stiff and wooden in others. The story's about a girl who poses for a sculptor and falls madly in love with him. He deserts her, so that a rich and middle-aged baron can marry her. Some people will be mad about this picture; others will be bored to death.

☆

Sphinx, The (Monogram)

For mystery hounds, here's a dish that'll be to their liking. The crux of the plot depends on twin brothers, one normal, the other deaf-and-dumb. The solution as to who committed the murder is revealed in a sequence full of suspense. The principal rôles are played by Lionel Atwill, Theodore Newton and Sheila Terry.

☆

✓Storm At Daybreak (M-G-M)

Beautifully framed, smartly screened, elaborately produced, this is really a familiar plot dressed up to kill. It's the old eternal triangle story, set this time against a background of the World War in Austria-Hungary. But clever performances by Kay Francis, Nils Asther, Phillips Holmes and Walter Huston, some grand dialogue and the swell photography combine to make it a far more gripping screen tale than you'd expect.

☆

Story of Temple Drake, The (Paramount)

William Faulkner's daring and powerful novel, "Sanctuary," has been made into an unpleasant melodrama which reeks with sex. After you've seen it you'll wonder, "Why did they make it in the first place?" The picture deals with a Southern coquette who likes to lead men on and what happens when she meets a man who takes what he wants. Miriam Hopkins, Jack LaRue and Florence Eldridge lavish splendid performances on this story, but the picture leaves a bad taste in your mouth. It fails as art and as entertainment both.

☆

✓Stranger's Return, The (M-G-M)

If you're looking for a picture with a hey-nonny-nonny and a hot-cha-cha, be warned! This, by a long shot, isn't it. But if it's grand acting you care about, you'll find it here in the splendid performances of Miriam Hopkins and Lionel Barrymore. The picture is very quiet and lacks story punch, dealing as it does with life and love on a farm in the mid-west. What it lacks in punch it makes up in fine character-acting.

☆

Sunset Pass (Paramount)

As westerns go, this is above average, thanks to a good Zane Grey script and some nice acting by Tom Keene as a cowboy-detective who gets inside a cattle-stealing gang by posing as an escaped convict.

☆

✓Tomorrow At Seven (Radio)

If you like mystery stories, here's one that's a thriller, faster than most of them and with a real story to tell. The killer in this story warns his victims in advance by leaving a note marked "Tomorrow at 7" for them the day before the killings. You'll see Chester Morris, Frank McHugh, Grant Mitchell, Allen Jenkins.

☆

✓✓Voltaire (Warners)

Remember "Disraeli"? Well, here's George Arliss back again, playing an important historical figure in the way that only he can play it, making the man human, crotchety, lovable. Whether you ordinarily like historical pictures or not, you oughtn't to miss George Arliss's grand performance in this. Of course, he's practically the whole show, though Alan Mowbray and Reginald Owen turn in neat characterizations.

☆

✓Warrior's Husband, The (Fox)

What happens when an army of beautiful Amazons meets an army of handsome men. The story is supposed to be about women in Homer's day. You'll like Elissa Landi, warmer, more human, less aloof than usual, and David Manners, so handsome you won't wonder that the young Amazon goes completely feminine when he's around.

☆

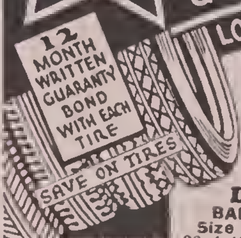
✓White Sister (M-G-M)

Remember "The White Sister" as a silent with Lilian Gish as the girl who took the veil because she thought her dashing soldier lover had died in the war? Now Clark Gable and Helen Hayes play the rôles, and you'll be amazed at the emotion they pack into that moth-eaten drama. The picture is a little too sweet, a little too sentimental, but just the same you'll find it hard to refrain from crying.

☆

✓✓When Ladies Meet (M-G-M)

Here is another stage success glorified by the screen. It's the story of a woman, Myrna Loy, who falls headlong in love with a man, Frank Morgan. She knows he's married, but she is on the point of yielding to him because she believes that he cares for her as much as she for him. Then, through a series of circumstances, she meets the man's wife, beautifully played by Ann Harding. It makes a fine, unusual screen story, with a different viewpoint than the usual claptrap.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GARBO

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"Slowly the long lashes quivered upward—lifted like silken curtains—the great blue eyes gazed up and saw the dark, handsome young face bending above her, the fine dark eyes that were all aflame as they looked into hers.

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Movies of the Month

(Continued from page 61)

and a lot of queer goings-on. When the mystery doesn't get you, the comedy will, and when it's all over, you'll know you've seen a picture that accomplishes what many, too many, pictures don't—it entertains thoroughly.

Helen Mack, herein, has a chance to again show that she is a newcomer with a good chance at success—despite the unfortunate spot she was in in "Melody Cruise," wherein she played straight to a lot of singing. And besides Young, Helen, good-lead Armstrong, you need only read over the names of the cast to know you'll have good bit performances to back up the principals.

Your Reviewer Says: Be assured you can just enjoy yourself, at this, without having to worry about problems, or sex, or depression or anything else that too many pictures are full of!

For Children: They'll like it, and it's oke for 'em.

✓Headline Shooters (Radio)

You'll See: *Frances Dee, William Gargan, Ralph Bellamy, Gregory Ratoff, Jack La-Rue, Wally Ford.*

It's About: *Romance between a newspaper girl and a newsreel photographer, with the hectic life of both complicating matters.*

If for nothing else, this movie is worth seeing for the thrillshots of actual catastrophes, showing the hazardous work of the men who make the newsreel movies you see week after week with a yawn. Without these shots, the picture'd be a bit dull, because it's just the usual three-cornered romance—two men and a gal. One man is Ralph Bellamy, with a trick southern accent that's funny. The other is Bill Gargan as the cameraman. The gal is Frances Dee.

But before he gets her, the gal finds out that life with Ralph and without earthquakes, fires, auto races, floods, bathing beauty contests, and such, wouldn't be worth two toots. And after seeing all these things, you'll agree that if she's used to them, she could hardly substitute life on the ol' plantation.

Smart trick: The double-exposure picture whereby the newsreel man forces a confession from the gangster, to save the gal.

Your Reviewer Says: When you're thrill-and-action-hungry, take this in and you'll be satisfied.

For Children: They'll love it.

✓The Man Who Dared (Fox)

You'll See: *Preston Foster, Zita Johann, Joan Marsh, Leon Waycoff, Irene Biller, Frank Sheridan, others.*

It's About: *The life and career of the assassinated Mayor Anton Cermak of Chicago, cinematized.*

These cinemabiographical pictures are sometimes dull, sometimes (when the scenario writers have thrown a lot of fiction in to bolster up the fact) exciting. This one, telling about one Novak (whom you recognize right away as the film prototype of Cermak), is somewhere in between the two.

The first part is emotionally splendid. It tells of the hero's parents, their coming to America, the childhood. Then comes part two, the career of the hero. This, forced more strictly into channels of verity, is less emotional, and so, even though more up-with-the-times factual, less striking as film entertainment. Nonetheless, the net result is a good picture—and one you'll talk about.

Preston Foster, playing the title rôle, turns in as forceful a characterization as he has yet given. Zita Johann, who has never been much to talk about before, turns in a surprisingly good job as his mate. Two other swell performances: Irene Biller's and Leon Waycoff's, as the parents.

Your Reviewer Says: If you're the sort of person who likes to read biographies instead of Zane Grey's latest, you'll love this.

For Children: It'll bore them.

✓Another Language (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery, Louise Closser Hale, John Beal, others.*

It's About: *A newlywed bride's trials and tribulations in the houseful of her hubby and her in-laws.*

For that sort of comedy that carries a barbed point—this time to dig under the hide of the sort of in-laws that make life a bit sour in places—here's adult entertainment. It tells of a family-conscious youth (Bob Montgomery) who weds a nice girl (Helen Hayes) and then takes her into the bosom of his clan. What happens to her in that bosom is just nobody's business . . .!!!

Helen Hayes is always a fine actress. Herein, not given the characterization of Madelon Claudet, nor the pathos of Farewell to Arms, she nevertheless gives you a swell picture of the loving, suffering wife who has her own moment in the end. Montgomery, though, seems a bit subdued as the hubby; it's not the sort of rôle you like to see him play. To Louise Closser Hale, in her last performance, a beautiful memory for her work as the mother.

Sure thing: In every audience, there'll be at least fifty percent of you who'll recognize that the screen family is a not-much-disguised version of that family you know.

Your Reviewer Says: Pleasing domestic comedy.

For Children: They'll find bits of amusements, but it's mostly grown-up stuff.

✓Her First Mate (Universal)

You'll See: *Zasu Pitts, Slim Summerville, Una Merkel, Warren Hymer, Berton Churchill, Henry Armetta, Jocelyn Lee, George Marion.*

It's About: *Hilarious dumb-clowning by Zasu and Slim against a more or less nautical background.*

This time Slim is the last of a line of sea-captains, only he sells candy on a night-boat. But his wife knows his ambitions, and saves up so she can buy him a boat. It's a ferryboat. In the meantime, Slim himself gets tangled up in rum-runners. The mess sounds too prodigious, yet in the end, it all turns out happily and profitably, thanks to Zasu's maneuverings.

There's no requirement for Your Reviewer to tell you what these two can do with comedy. They're swell in this, as always. And to top it off, they've got first-rate competition from Una Merkel, herself a comedienne of no small ability.

Your Reviewer Says: For all-around ha-ha value, here's a spirits-lifter.

For Children: You bet.

✓One Man's Journey (Radio)

You'll See: *Lionel Barrymore, May Robson, Joel McCrea, Dorothy Jordan, Frances Dee, David Landau, Buster Phelps, others.*

It's About: *A country doctor, who salves ills of the mind and heart even better than ills of the body.*

Here's the story of which Lionel Barrymore said: "It's better to *play* a doctor than to *pay* one." He plays it beautifully, as you might know, even despite a wandersomeness of story, which gets bogged down in a couple of more or less unhappy romances for the old doctor to straighten out.

The romances are those of a farmer's daughter and (No! NOT a travelling salesman!) the town banker's daughter, and the doctor's son and a gal who can't see a doctor for a hubby. But Ol' Pappy Barrymore smooths everything out so successfully that one Hollywood reviewer, after viewing the picture, called him "a moth-eaten cupid."

This could have been a truly heart-twistingly great picture, had it stuck more closely to a central plot, instead of getting bogged down in a lot of side-plots. Even so, it's nice entertainment, chiefly through virtue of the splendid work of Barrymore, and of May Robson, as his old housekeeper. McCrea is as malely effective as usual, and Dorothy Jordan (now Mrs. RKO Production Chief Merian Cooper) spends most of the time getting sick and getting over it.

Your Reviewer Says: A filmful of interesting characterizations but too much story.

For Children: Boring.

F. P. 1. (Fox-Gaumont)

You'll See: *Leslie Fenton, Conrad Veidt, Jill Esmond.*

It's About: *The construction of a floating island in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, half way between the four continents.*

F. P. 1? "Floating Platform No. 1." The mystery of the title is solved—but the same can't be said about the mysteries of the story.

A young engineer, Leslie Fenton, plans and builds a floating platform and airplane hangar in mid-Atlantic. The engineer is aided by a famous pilot, Conrad Veidt, who does his usual good work in spite of the part. Heart interest is furnished by Jill Esmond. For a time there is a rivalry between the two men, but the pilot finally gives up—preferring to sail unknown seas in search of strange fish.

A grand idea—one of those things you read about in scientific magazines.

Photography saves the picture, especially the shots of the construction of the island.

Your Reviewer Says: If you want a good *story*—don't go; but if you're one of these people who like to speculate about a new idea—don't miss it.

For Children: The bathtub will be full of floating islands for weeks after.

Midnight Club (Paramount)

You'll See: *George Raft, Clive Brook, Helen Vinson, Alan Mowbray, Alison Skipworth, Sir Guy Standing, others.*

It's About: *Society-jewelcrook stuff in London.*

No; you're wrong—George Raft is NOT the crook and Clive Brook is NOT the detective. It's vice versa, and if that isn't one for Ripley, then nothing in or from Hollywood is.

The story is about a three-cornered gang of society crooks in London's night life—Brook, Helen Vinson, Alan Mowbray. Because Scotland Yard falls down, an American detective is imported. It's Raft. Raft gets into the gang, learns their secrets, busts the business wide open. Then it all ends happily, because he takes the gal (reformed) back to Ohmeddicuh with him. About the whole story and picture, there's nothing remarkable, unless it be the idea whereby the three crooks leave doubles in their night club, for later alibis, when they go out crooking.

Your Reviewer Says: Unless you're quite hard up for entertainment, stay away.

For Children: Why?

The Devil's In Love (Fox)

You'll See: *Loretta Young, Victor Jory, David Manners, Vivienne Osborne.*

It's About: *Mix-up love against the well-known Foreign Legion background.*

Victor Jory is saved from an unjust death sentence by his pal. Then Jory falls in love with the pal's girl. In the end, pal gets killed, so all's happy for the hero and the gal. Add the usual portions of underworld-in-the-seaport stuff, Arabs attacking the Legion fort, fever epidemic and you've got a mile or so of celluloid.

Some good pictures of the Foreign Legion have been made. Even a great one or two. This one will not join either list. It's just another movie.

Question: What's the title got to do with the story? Answer: This reviewer's darned if he knows. Commentworthy item: Beautiful photography in the desert scenes.

Your Reviewer Says: Ho, ho, humm-m-m-m-m-m-m . . .

For Children: No.

The Last Trail (Fox)

You'll See: *Claire Trevor, George O'Brien, El Brendel, others.*

It's About: *How a gang of cattle-crooks are foiled by the timely arrival of the hero.*

Here's Zane Grey formula stuff again, with plenty of beautiful western scenery, George O'Brien and his chest to do the heroics, Claire Trevor making a properly pretty heroine—plus the usual assortment of breakneck riding, El Brendellish comedy, dastardly villainy duly foiled.

The story tells of how the crooks, adapting big-city racketeering methods to the west, self "protection" to ranchers. They pass off one of the mob as the heir to a big ranch, but in the nick of time the real heir arrives, shows them where to get off.

Your Reviewer Says: Dyed-in-the-wool western fans will love it. Others, lay off.

For Children: And HOW!!!

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30x4.50-21	2.15	0.85
28x4.75 19	2.20	0.95
29x4.75-20	2.25	0.95
29x5.00-19	2.60	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.60	1.05
28x5.25-18	2.65	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.75	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.75	1.15
31x5.25-21	2.95	1.15
28x5.50-18	2.95	1.15
29x5.50-19	2.95	1.15
30x6.00-18	2.95	1.15
31x6.00-19	2.95	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.00	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.20	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.20	1.35

CORD Tires

Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$1.90	$0.65
30x3½	1.95	0.75
31x4	2.75	0.85
32x4	2.75	0.85
33x4	2.75	0.85
34x4	2.75	0.85
32x4½	2.95	1.15
33x4½	2.95	1.15
34x4½	2.95	1.16
30x6	3.25	1.35
33x6	3.25	1.45
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MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

This month's puzzle contest is won by
JOHN S. WARD,
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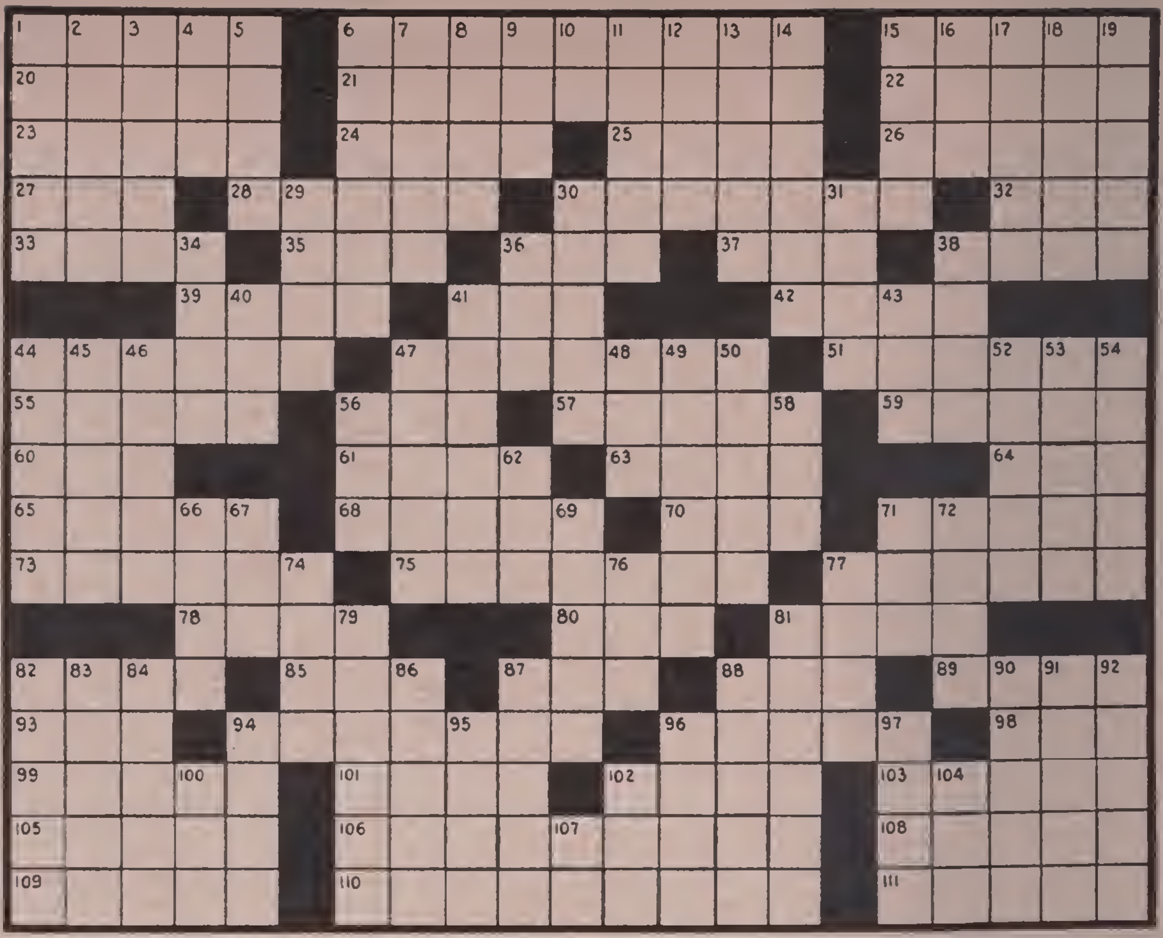
Temisconata County,
Quebec, Canada

Movie Mirror awards Mr. Ward $20.00 for the best puzzle submitted during the month of July.

Why not try your luck? Movie Mirror will pay $20.00 for the best original puzzle submitted before October first. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. All letters must be keyed. Work this puzzle, and then see if you can make up a better one. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

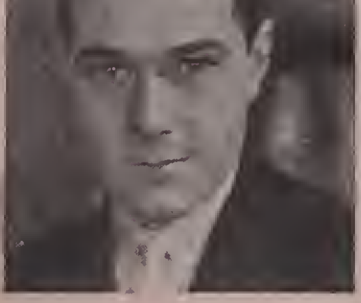


ACROSS

1. The Mummy
6. Fox Epic
15. Ship's name in "One Way Passage"
20. Miss McMahon to you
21. Musical compositions
22. Charlie Chan's understudy
23. To vie with
24. A tree
25. Fragments
26. Thick
27. Played in the Garden of Eden
28. Don't let your insurance do this
30. Bright red
32. This is rather fishy
33. Private studies
35. The reporter in "Doctor X"
36. Scan carefully
37. Many players use this on their hair
38. Passenger on the Rome Express
39. Mrs. Buster Crabbe's nee name
41. "Me and my—"
42. English Paramount actress
44. Girl's name
47. On the side
51. Captain in "Cohens and Kellys in Trouble"
55. Unit
56. Sand strip
57. Ancient city
59. Short-sighted person
60. Another unit
61. Leave out
63. Her first name is masculine
64. Existed
65. Concise
68. Fundamental
70. Color of Ginger Rogers' hair
71. Mrs. George Burns
73. To consider
75. Star of "Smilin' Through"
77. Hero of "Fast Life"
78. Sheltered
80. Mrs. Nick Stuart
81. What rolling stones don't gather
82. Star of "Pick Up"
85. Woodsman's tool
87. Woven by spider
88. The late "master of disguise"
89. Charles Laughton's wife
93. To wander
94. Complete
96. Cleaner
98. To assist
99. Got up
101. Star of "I am a Fugitive"
102. Co-author of "The Mummy"
103. Admitted
105. Twelve
106. Draws out
108. Star of "Heartbreak"
109. Blanche is this, in more ways than one
110. This often seizes an audience
111. Levered

DOWN

1. Exposed
2. Got temperamental and took a jolt
3. Torn
4. The Greeks had a word for this one
5. Opposite to "buy"
6. Arrested (slang)
7. Ascend
8. Weather-cock
9. Consumed
10. Behold!
11. That Rudy Vallee sound
12. Ventilates
13. Cared for excessively
14. Compositions
15. Stars' clothes start these (singular)
16. A beverage
17. Paths
18. An attack
19. Writes extensively for the movies
29. This precedes Nazimova
30. Player's parts
31. In the movies this means two
34. The girl in "The Dude Bandit"
36. Domestic animal
38. Lofty
40. Old age
41. Glaring
43. Very potent drink
44. Hit
45. Sharpens
46. Motionless
47. Tibetan priests
48. Abolish
49. M-G-M French actress
50. What Romeo was to Juliet
52. A tree
53. Hurriedly
54. Affirmatives
56. Wheeler's buddy
58. Reporter in "The Crusader"
62. Gable's fussy over these (singular)
66. Chair
67. Lila's name reversed
69. A very Irish name
71. Slang for chatter
72. Miss Hepburn's had a rapid one
74. A square one is enjoyable
76. His Christian name is Christian
77. Sharpen
79. Immune
81. A bog
82. Peruses
83. Add-smith and a get a Hayes-Colman picture
84. Hardened
86. To accustom
87. Court commands
88. Co-stars of "The Guardsman"
90. The young mother in "Wicked"
91. Military operation
92. Computed
94. Confined
95. Soon
96. An Indian coin
97. To play
100. To understand
102. Miss Carroll's nickname
104. This type of picture attracts many
107. Concerning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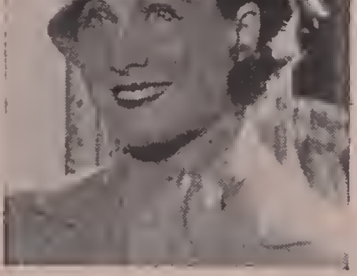
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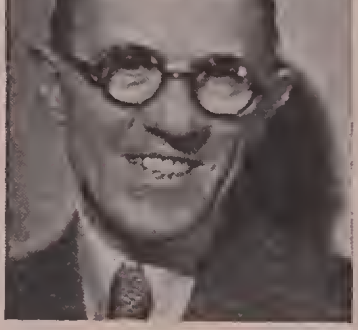
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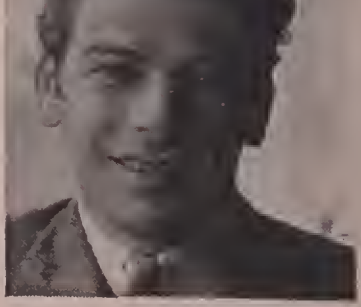
101 Across

Where Can the Unhappy Woman Find Happiness?

Phyllis Marvin was unhappy, restless, discontented.

A Million Unhappy Women Will Thrill to the Story of This Girl's Experience

A million unhappy women? Probably more nearly five million women in the United States are consciously or unconsciously eating their hearts out for the love and devotion and the opportunity to love and to render devotion that is the birthright of every woman.

Some hide their unhappiness behind a smiling face so that husband, parents, friends do not suspect their discontent. Some search for happiness in careers, work, devotion to a cause. Others seek forgetfulness in a search for thrills. Many do not know the reason for their discontent. But before them all the future stretches away, a drab and hopeless plain, to an equally drab and hopeless horizon.

Phyllis Marvin was miserably unhappy, restless, filled with discontent. Love had not entered her life. To her, her career was everything. Into it she threw herself with all her energy, all her ability, all her devotion. In it she sought happiness and found—a nervous and mental breakdown.

During the period of convalescence she had ample time to think. And when, months later, she was again strong and well, ready to take up life anew, she set forth with a desperate resolve to wrest happiness from an unwilling world at any cost.

Today Phyllis Marvin is the happiest of women. She tells her story in *Physical Culture* for October. Entitled "My Starved Womanhood," it is a wonderful and hauntingly beautiful story overflowing with hope and promise for other love-starved women. It may not be a recipe for happiness for every woman but if every love-starved woman in the world could read it, it would put happiness within the reach of countless thousands. Do not fail to read it for its absorbing interest aside from its power to help. Page 18 *Physical Culture* for October.

"What Can I Do About Jealousy?"

Of all the soul poisons, there is none other so devastating as Jealousy. What can one do about a jealous husband—or a jealous wife? What can one do about his own jealousy of his wife—or husband? In the Family Relationships department of *Physical Culture* for October, under the heading "Is Jealousy an Instinct?" these questions are discussed and answered in the clearest, sanest, most comprehensive analysis of jealousy that has ever appeared in any magazine. The author shows that there are many kinds of jealousy. Which kind is yours?

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"Physical culture in its larger meaning includes all influences that have to do with mental hygiene, emotional health, personal efficiency and happiness. Well adjusted personal and family life is just as important as fresh air, exercise, sunshine and diet.

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Bernarr Macfadden

A Few of the Features in the Big October Issue

Bernarr Macfadden Editorial—The Mental Hygiene of Adolescence, by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane—Do Babies Cost Too Much?, by T. Swann Harding—"Not the Cost, But the Upkeep," Says the Family Doctor—Destructive, Unsexing Women's Shoes, by H. Glen Hall—What I've Learned About Drinking, Anonymous—My Wife Wore the Pants, Anonymous—Fencing Pulled Me Out of Nervous Breakdown, by Julia Belagyi—I Fought It Out With Colitis, by David Arnold Balch—The American Beauty and Her Nerves, by Carol Cameron—My Fifty Years of Physical Culture, by Bernarr Macfadden—Going, Going, Gone, My Excess Fat, by Rose Etta Steele—Fighting for Life and Health, by Albert Payson Terhune—Results of the Child Growth Contest, by Milo Hastings—Ask PHYSICAL CULTURE and Questions from Health Seekers.

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movie MIRROR

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

NOVEMBER

10¢

U.S.

R PART

JANET GAYNOR

CONFESSIONS OF A CASTING DIRECTOR

THE ZIEGFELD
OF HOLLYWOOD

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

LILIAN
HARVEY

LEW
AYRES

in

MY WEAKNESS

A sparkling romance of melody,
beauty and fun

3
BIG SONG HITS
"Gather Lip Rouge
While You May"
"Be Careful"
"How Do I Look"

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BEAUTY!
ROMANCE!

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B. G. DESYLVA Production
Directed by David Butler
Music and Lyrics by B. G. DeSylva, Leo Robin and
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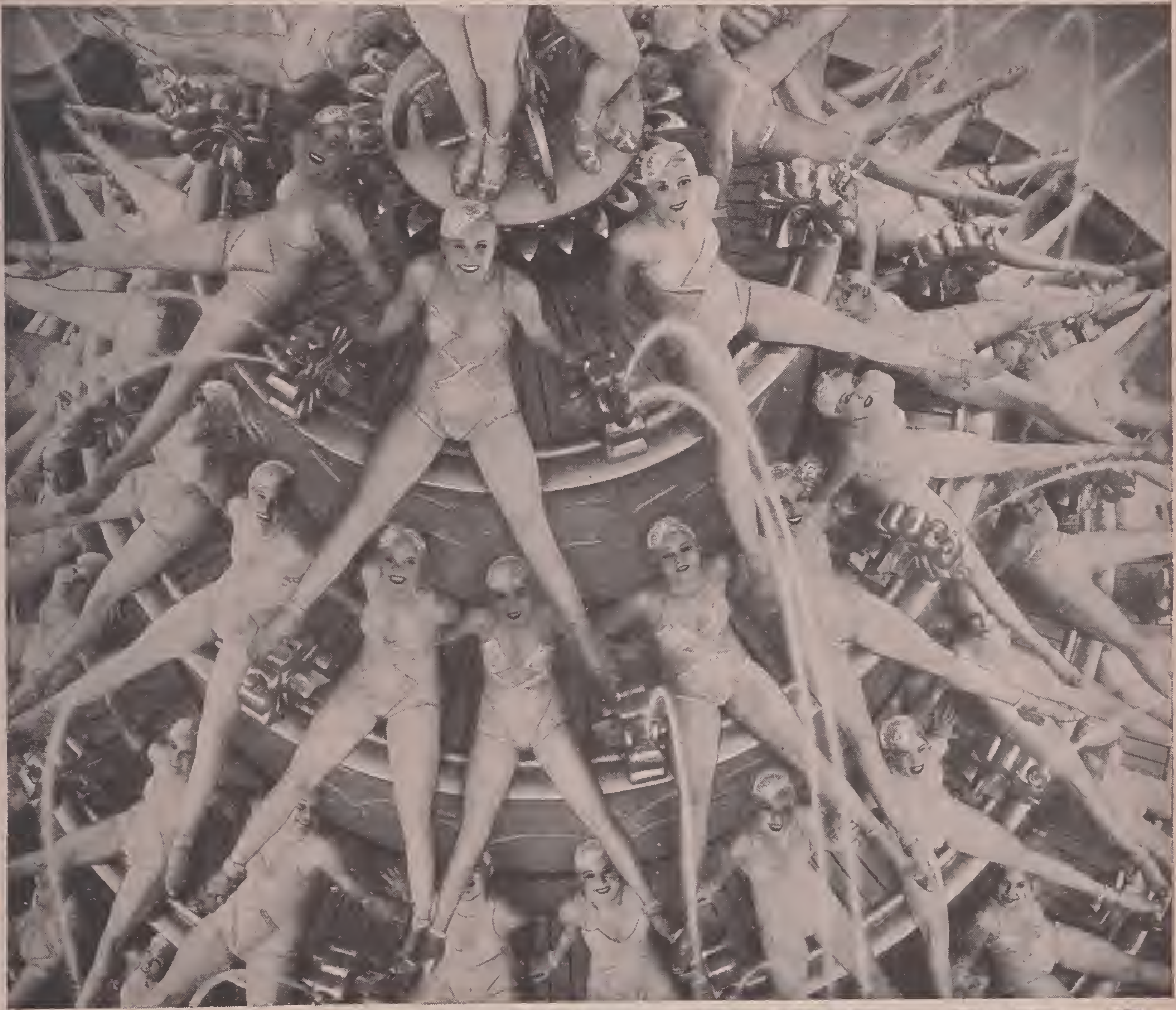

"FOOTLIGHT PARADE"

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GUY KIBBEE • RUTH DONNELLY • FRANK McHUGH • HUGH HERBERT

movie MIRROR

Filmland's Smartest Magazine

VOL. 4, NO. 6

Ruth Waterbury
Editor

NOVEMBER, 1933

HOLLYWOOD REPRESENTATIVE ◆ JERRY ASHER ★ WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL ◆ ART DIRECTOR

THE GIRL ON OUR COVER

JANET GAYNOR, the little lady of the dimpled chin, red-brown hair and winning personality, was christened Laura and nicknamed "Lolly" by her step-father. She wanted to be a business woman, but too soon found the confines of an office monotonous. Four pair of shoes were worn out looking for extra work. She got her first job in films the Christmas of 1924, and hasn't had an idle day since then. Janet's one star who keeps mounting greater altitudes even after she's reached the top. "Daddy Long Legs," "Adorable", and "Paddy, the Next Best Thing" proved conclusively that her success was not contingent upon the team of Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell. "Bootiful" is her favorite expression, which she applies to almost everything. Prefers sports clothes and wears them whenever possible. Her latest hobby is fishing. Divorced from Lydell Peck, she lives quietly with her mother, untouched by the tongue of scandal. This caricature of her was done by Paderewski, and the cover portrait was painted by Milo Baine.

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Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess 23

★

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WHO CARES IF EAST IS EAST AS LONG AS WEST IS WEST

"Yes", says MAE WEST, "When I'm good I'm very very good but when I'm bad, I'm better . . . so my next PARAMOUNT picture will be 'I'M NO ANGEL'. I wrote the story myself and it's all about a girl who lost her reputation but never missed it. Come up and see it some time."

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE, it's the best show in town!

LAUGHING SOUP

That's DUCK SOUP, the Four Marx Brothers' new PARAMOUNT picture. From Laughing Soup, a delightful concoction of music and merriment, girls and gags, to Nuts, the Four Mad Marxes, it is one long feast of fun.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT

. . and that word is "Polyandry"; which describes the situation existing between MIRIAM HOPKINS, FREDRIC MARCH and GARY COOPER in PARAMOUNT'S "DESIGN FOR LIVING"; when Miriam finds that she has a "yen" for both of them. "DESIGN FOR LIVING", is directed by ERNST LUBITSCH from NOEL COWARD'S sensational play.

ask when these PARAMOUNT PICTURES are coming to your favorite theatre

TIPS ON TALKIES by DORA ALBERT

✓Another Language (M-G-M)
There's something real about this picture. You'll feel that the people in it are the kind of people you might conceivably know. It's the story of the conflict between a young woman and her interfering, domineering in-laws, who resent anyone who is not as dull and conventional as they are. Helen Hayes is grand in this rôle, though it doesn't give her very much emoting to do. Robert Montgomery is the rather weak young husband, and he plays his part well, though it is the kind of part that no actor shines in. This picture has some grand dialogue, some fine performance, and is almost a double-check film.

☆

Arizona To Broadway (Fox)
You can skip this one without missing much. It has story trouble to begin with. Imagine saddling two such troupers as Jimmy Dunn and Joan Bennett with a weak-kneed story about a gal who falls into the hands of crooks and how lo-hove saves her! You can't even let the children go to see this one. The gags are the kind you won't want them to hear.

☆

✓Bed of Roses (Radio)
Though the story of this is rather weak for a Connie Bennett picture, I want you to see it anyway to get a load of that kid named Pert Kelton. Does she steal the picture, does she! The story's that trite plot about a gal who seeks a bed of roses for herself and doesn't know what to do when she falls in love with a boy who thinks she's sweet and pure. It's redeemed, however, by some very bright dialogue, by the clever comedy of Pert Kelton and by some hot-cha love scenes between Connie Bennett and Joel McCrea.

☆

✓✓Berkeley Square (Lasky-Fox)
Here is one of the finest and most unusual screen pictures you ever saw. It's not an easy story to understand, because it deals with a lover whose great love transcends time. Born in the twentieth century, he goes back to the eighteenth century to pledge eternal devotion to the girl he loves. The magnificent acting of Leslie Howard makes this picture tremendously effective. There is fine work also by the supporting cast, including Heather Angel, Valerie Taylor, and Betty Lawford.

(Check ✓ for the good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for the extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss.)

PERSONALLY RECOMMENDED

✓✓Morning Glory
Because of the amazing performance of Katharine Hepburn.

✓✓Tugboat Annie
It's a grand mixture of laughter and tears. It'll make you laugh and cry and then smile again, and what more do you want for your box-office money?

✓✓Three-Cornered Moon
It's goofy and funny.

Also

- ✓✓Gold Diggers of 1933
- ✓✓Hold Your Man
- ✓✓The Little Giant
- ✓✓The Masquerader
- ✓✓Mayor of Hell
- ✓✓The Nuisance
- ✓✓When Ladies Meet

On the other hand, I did not like—
The Devil's In Love
My nomination for the worst picture of the last few months. Take a picture about the Foreign Legion, combine it with a story about a doctor who is condemned for a crime he didn't commit, add the familiar triangle story about two friends who love the same girl, add a title that has nothing to do with the story, and you have "The Devil's in Love."

☆

Best of Enemies, The (Fox)
Buddy Rogers, Marian Nixon, Frank Morgan, and Joseph Cawthorne in a moderately entertaining comedy about two old-timers who get in the way of their children's romancing. The highlight of the picture is the laughstuff supplied by Frank Morgan and Joseph Cawthorne.

☆

✓Blind Adventure (Radio)
Mystery and comedy well mixed, in the story of the adventures of an American girl caught in a London fog. A burglar comes to her assistance, and since the burglar is played by Roland Young, you can imagine where the comedy comes in. Robert Armstrong and Helen Mack are the love interest, and very nice, too.

☆

✓Captured (Warners)
A drama of love and hate and jealousy, against the background of a German prison camp. The story tells of two British officers in the prison camp, one of whom has won the love of the other's wife. Leslie Howard and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., give the story what it takes! Margaret Lindsay is the girl, but, fortunately, she hasn't much to do. There are scenes of terrific drama in this. The picture might have reached real greatness if it were not for an overdose of hokum in some of the scenes.

☆

Dangerous Crossroads (Columbia)
There's a sameness about Chic Sale's characterizations that makes pictures in which he appears a little monotonous. That's true here. Chic Sale plays a locomotive engineer who shows a gang of newfangled gangsters that he's smarter than they are. Preston Foster, Diane Sinclair and Frank Albertson are in the supporting cast.

☆

Devil's In Love, The (Fox)
A deadly bore. A young doctor, Victor Jory, is unjustly accused of murder and escapes to a distant corner of the world. Here he's shown

(*Continued on page 6*)

Again she weaves her Magic Spell!

KATHARINE HEPBURN

in

"LITTLE WOMEN"

by LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

The radiant star of "Morning Glory" marches still deeper into your heart as the best-loved heroine ever born in a book...See her... *living* ...the immortal "Jo"...in this glorious romance of four girls in love...The story the world has hugged to its breast for three generations!

with
JOAN BENNETT
PAUL LUKAS
EDNA MAY OLIVER
JEAN PARKER
FRANCES DEE
DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY
HENRY STEPHENSON
DIRECTED BY
GEORGE CUKOR

RKO Radio Pictures

MERIAN C. COOPER
Executive Producer

Twenty million have read the book...Fifty million will love the picture!

(*Continued from page 4*)

doing his stuff against a Foreign Legion background. The rest of the story is concerned with his falling in love with Loretta Young, who turns out to be his best friend's gal. The story is so inane it's a waste of time to see this picture.

☆

✓✓Dinner At Eight (M-G-M)
Imagine Marie Dressler, John and Lionel Barrymore, Jean Harlow, Phillips Holmes and Lee Tracy all in one picture. Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow and Billie Burke give the best performances. Jean Harlow is a riot in a rôle which gives her some hot lines to put over—and does she put them over! The story's about a group of people gathered together by hostess Billie Burke for her dinner and about the hidden dramas in the lives of these people.

☆

✓Disgraced (Paramount)
The old story of the working girl manikin who has to choose between a rich young man and a poor but honest suitor. It carries a few added heart-throbs, however, in the scenes between the father and daughter (William Harrigan and Helen Twelvetrees). Helen wears the latest, trickiest models. The men are Bruce Cabot and Ken Murray.

☆

✓Double Harness (Radio)
Ann Harding as a girl who deliberately traps a man into marriage, and what comes of it all. Ann and William Powell work splendidly together, Ann particularly turning in one of the best jobs she's done lately. The picture moves slowly but entertainingly to a happy ending.

☆

Fiddlin' Buckaroo, The (Universal)
The usual formula Western, with Ken Maynard and his horse Tarzan the whole show. Ken plays a government agent who poses as a bandit to foil the villains and save the gal, Gloria Shea. The kiddies will enjoy it.

☆

Flying Devils (Radio)
There have been so many fine aviation pictures that this story of a daredevil flying circus troupe isn't anything novel or out of the ordinary. Eric Linden falls in love with daredevil Ralph Bellamy's wife. The husband, for revenge, plans to kill Eric Linden and make it look like an accident in an air stunt. Arline Judge and June Brewster are the women in the story.

☆

F. P. 1 (Fox-Gaumont)
This is one of those trick scientific ideas, but you can't call it a good movie. Leslie Fenton plays a young engineer who builds a floating island in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. Added to this, there's a tepid love plot, with Jill Esmond as the girl.

☆

✓✓Gold Diggers of 1933 (Warners)
You adored "42nd Street," didn't you? Well, here's something similar. It has catchy tunes, beautiful chorines, backstage and chorus girl romance stuff. There are some wonderful spectacles in this, including a stunning Shadow Waltz number. The story's about a boy from a Boston family (Dick Powell) who falls in love with chorus girl, Ruby Keeler. His brother and his lawyer rush to New York to make him behave, and are taken for a sleigh ride by two chorus girls, Joan Blondell and Aline MacMahon. For sheer entertainment, this will make your evening, and you'll go out humming some of the song hits.

☆

✓✓Goodbye Again (Warners)
An ultra-sophisticated comedy which makes fun of such things as a wife's indiscretions. And does it so cleverly, you'll enjoy it thoroughly unless you're prudish. Swell as Joan Blondell is as the indiscreet wife and Warren William as the heavy lover (and you'll be surprised at what a grand comedian he is), the show is stolen from these two by Hugh Herbert in a laugh-worthy performance as the dumb cluck of a husband.

☆

✓Headline Shooters (Radio)
Here, at last, is a picture which glorifies the hazardous work of the newsreel photographers. It's noteworthy for its thrilling shots of actual catastrophes. Apart from the thrill shots, it would be just another love story of two men in love with the same girl—Ralph Bellamy and Bill Gargan both courting Frances Dee. But the work of newsreel cameramen has been exploited so little that this picture is worth seeing.

☆

✓Her Bodyguard (Paramount)
A better-than-you'd-expect program picture, with Wynne Gibson, Eddie Lowe and Johnny Hines turning on a show that'll give you plenty of entertainment. As a musical comedy star who hires a bodyguard to protect her from the advances of the producer and backer of the show, Wynne Gibson proves that she has what it takes.

☆

✓Her First Mate (Universal)
What that team of Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts can do with a laugh-idea you already know, or should know. Here they're grand, against a sort of nautical background. Slim is the last of a line of sea-captains; Zasu plays his wife. Slim gets tangled up with some rum-runners, and Zasu extricates him from the mess. With the help of Una Merkel, a swell comedienne herself, this great pair gets plenty of laughs.

☆

Heroes For Sale (First National)
A picture that turned sour in the making. Though Dick Bartheliness turns in an excellent performance as the war bird who uses dope to ease his pain, the story is nothing short of stupid. Nice performances by Robert Barratt as a communist, by Aline MacMahon and Loretta Young can't redeem this hash.

☆

✓Hold Me Tight (Fox)
Though "Hold Me Tight" is an attempt to recapture the power and simplicity of "Bad Girl," it doesn't come anywhere near it as entertainment. However, it's a nice, homey story if you're not expecting too much. It's the story about a boy and girl (Jimmy Dunn and Sally Eilers, of course) who work in a department store, fall in love and get married. The story deals with what happens to them when Jimmy finds out he's lost his job. Also in the cast (very much in the

Big Boy Bancroft stayed away from the screen two years in order to get a really strong rôle. But he's coming back in "Blood Money" for Twentieth Century and introducing Judith Anderson, stage star, to the screen

cast, if you ask me) is Frank McHugh, who turns in a slick comedy performance.

☆

✓✓Hold Your Man (M-G-M)
If you liked the team of Jean Harlow and Clark Gable in "Red Dust" (and who didn't?), you're bound to like this. For here they are together again in a hot-cha romance of a girl who isn't too scrupulous and a boy who isn't too honest. When a badger game they try goes wrong, the girl gets sent to reform school. But, of course, it all ends happily and snappily. Though Clark Gable's work is brilliant, Jean Harlow steals all the honors in this picture.

☆

✓International House (Paramount)
Goofy nonsense hung on a screwy skeleton of a plot. The gags, lines and so on are built around the dozen or so celebrities Paramount hired for this picture. You'll meet Peggy Hopkins Joyce, W. C. Fields, Burns and Allen, Stoopnagle and Budd, Rudy Vallee, Cab Calloway and his orchestra, and so on. The picture doesn't make sense at all, but it makes pretty swell nonsense.

☆

It's Great To Be Alive (Fox)
The plot of this one is supposed to be sure-fire. It deals with what happens when only one man is left in the world, after all the others have been killed off by some kind of scourge. Raul Roulien, Gloria Stuart and Edna May Oliver work hard to put this one over, but it doesn't click. Instead of being funny, it's just silly.

☆

✓Jennie Gerhardt (Paramount)
If you're in the mood for a good cry, take handkerchiefs along and bawl to your heart's content at this. Women will find Dreiser's story of Jennie, to whom life brought nothing but unhappiness, unutterably tragic. There is hardly a ray of light or a moment of happiness in the whole picture. Sylvia Sidney seems to throw herself heart and soul into this rôle and she gives a great emotional performance. Nice work also by Donald Cook. Half of you will be wild over this; the other half will say that you don't go to movies to see anything as tragic as this.

☆

✓✓Lady For A Day (Columbia)
Some call this hokum, but just the same it will get you. It's a marvelous story of a mother's sacrifice with May Robson (and there's an actress for you) giving it the works. Also watch Jean Parker, the high school girl whose dramatic ability is the talk of Hollywood. This picture gives you everything, from laughs to tears. And when at the end you smile through your tears, you'll love it.

☆

Last Trail, The (Fox)
If you're a dyed-in-the-wool western fan, here's another wildwest thriller to feast your eyes on. This time it's a gang of cattlecrooks who are foiled by the arrival of the hero. George O'Brien does the heroics nicely. But if you don't like Westerns, gosh, how this sort of stuff bores you!

☆

✓✓Little Giant, The (Warners-First Nat'l)
Hey, hey and a couple of rah, rahs! Edward G. Robinson forgets all about the heavy melodrama and crashes through in one of the zippiest comedies you've seen in months. Come and see Edward G. Robinson as a big shot Chicago gangster who reforms. Come and see him as he crashes the 400. Watch him as society shoots him over the chute-the-chutes and as people try to make a sucker out of him. What happens? Maybe you can guess; but still you'll have a lot of fun watching it happen.

☆

Made on Broadway (M-G-M)
Just another picture that you can miss without shedding a tear. There's something rather cheap and hackneyed about the plot. In fact, the story's so feeble that even with a cast that includes Robert Montgomery, Sally Eilers and Madge Evans, it doesn't make the grade. Another tale about a gal with a past, a man who falls in love with her without knowing about her past, and the terrible shock he gets when he learns the truth. The ending is stupid.

☆

✓Mama Loves Papa (Paramount)
A laugh fest, thanks to Charlie Ruggles' grand clowning and some pretty good work by Mary Boland as his dumb cluck of a wife. The story's about a meek little fellow who's made playground commissioner because a big political boss wants to use him as a tool. You'll watch with glee as Charlie Ruggles, as the meek little fool, upsets the big boss's applecart.

☆

Man of the Forest (Paramount)
A combination of laugh film with a western thriller. With the usual wild west plot about disputed water rights, with the usual villains, and with a cast that includes Randolph Scott, panther girl Verna Hillie and lion man Buster Crabbe, it's fair entertainment for western-movie lovers.

✓Man Who Dared, The (Fox)
Preston Foster and Zita Johann give two surprisingly good performances in this story of the career of the late Mayor Anton Cermak of Chicago, who was killed by a bullet intended for President Roosevelt. If you like biographical stories, this one will entertain and thrill you. It's a good picture, though not a great one.

☆

✓Mary Stevens, M.D. (Warners)
Has Glenda Farrell ever been cast in a picture yet that she didn't walk off with? She walks off with this one in her rôle as a wise-cracking nurse, stealing the picture from Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot, although Kay Francis is grand in the latter half of the picture. The first half of the picture doesn't mean a thing to the story, and it isn't till the picture has gone on for quite a while that it really begins to gather speed. The story's a bit complicated, dealing with two doctors, a man and a woman, and their different careers and ambitions.

☆

✓✓Masquerader, The (Goldwyn - United Artists)
If this is Ronald Colman's last picture for Samuel Goldwyn, at least he's given us something to remember him by. He plays a dual rôle in this, and his performance and the whole picture leave a pleasant taste in your mouth. It's an adroit mixture of farce and melodrama, and you'll like it. Elissa Landi is the heart interest, and though she still seems pretty icy to this reviewer, she fits better into the rôle of an aristocratic young woman than into that of an exotic siren.

☆

✓✓Mayor of Hell, The (Warners)
From James Cagney himself a boy in his teens named Frankie Darro steals this picture. Darro deserves the greatest praise for his wonderful performance as the tough mugg "mayor" of a reformatory. How you'll thrill to his performance! But don't forget this—Cagney himself lets the boy play the juiciest sequences, willingly plays second fiddle to this marvelous performance. So give Cagney credit, too. Anyway, it's a grand action picture, and you'll be glad you saw it.

☆

✓Melody Cruise(Radio)
A naughty, rather amusing musical about a cheating hubby and his pal, who falls for a nice gal, Helen Mack. You'll howl with glee at the antics of Charlie Ruggles, the darn fool. This picture marks the dêbut of radio entertainer Phil Harris, but he doesn't set the world on fire in this.

Here's Clara Bow and Rex Bell at the kid party Clara gave recently. The two real youngsters are Clara's little niece and nephew who live with her

The Tracys are a natural family unit. Here are Spencer's mother and brother (left) visiting Louise and Spencer and Johnny Tracy

The TRUTH About the TRACY Separation

As told by Mrs. Tracy Herself

to S. R. Mook

LOUISE TRACY faced me recently across the table in a dimly lit, smoky night club. It was the night after the papers had carried the announcement of her separation from Spencer Tracy.

I'd known Louise and Spencer—intimately—almost from the time they first came to Hollywood. I'd done one of the first stories on him the magazines carried and from that casual contact have developed two of the few friendships I have out here which I really prize. The announcement of their separation hurt me as much as though I, myself, had been involved.

"There's nothing about it that necessitates your wearing such a long face," Louise observed, noting my low spirits. "It's just one of those things. It doesn't mean that this is the end. In every marriage, no matter how happy it is, there are bound to come times when some sort of adjustment is necessary. This happens to be one of those times in ours. This 'separation' will simply clarify matters. We're not going to get a divorce. At least, that isn't our present intention. Nor am I going abroad with the children, as the papers reported. We'll probably be back together again by the time your story breaks."

"Then why," I demanded, "did you give out an announcement to the papers that you had separated. Why didn't you just take a trip and say nothing about it?"

She smiled ruefully. "The papers forced us into it. They found out Spencer had taken an apartment at a local hotel and threatened all sorts of things if we didn't give them some kind of statement, so we decided this was the simplest way out—that it would clarify matters. It isn't what we would have chosen for ourselves but, under the circumstances, it was simply making the best of a bad bargain.

"*You* know how Spencer is. In fact, one of the stories you did on him emphasized the fact that when he starts a new picture or play he's as moody as a bear and nearly always goes to a hotel where he can be by himself to study his part. He's done the same things many times before but this time the newspapers happened to get hold of it."

"Why didn't you explain to them?" I asked.

"It wouldn't do in this case," she replied. "They were determined to make something out of it."

"That's what I hate about Hollywood," I burst out. "Anybody's affairs are everybody's."

"Hollywood had nothing to do with it," she retorted firmly. "I don't feel bitter towards Hollywood because Hollywood has done nothing to us—except give us more money than we've ever had before. That and a chance to have a home of our own. I love this place. So does Spencer.

"I'll admit that had he been engaged in any other kind of work in some other city we could probably have worked things out quietly between ourselves without having to tell the world our troubles but that would only have been because he wouldn't have been in the public eye. Newspapers are here to give the people news. If he had been news in some other city it would have been the same thing.

"We lead a very close family life. We seldom go out anywhere and we see few people outside our immediate family. We both felt we were getting into a rut. How many times have I been out alone with you? Can you remember? Hasn't Spencer even urged you on numerous occasions to ask me out so I'd get a different viewpoint—get to talk about different things?

"He needs the same change. I've repeatedly told him to go out with other people. Occasionally he's gone out with some of the girls he's worked with. I haven't minded because he's always told me about it. On one of his recent pictures he worked nights a great deal. His leading lady happened to be single and they had dinner together a few times. Once, one of his other pictures was being previewed. I'd already seen it so he asked this girl to go with him and people saw them there. Why shouldn't he take a friend who was interested to see it?

"Marriage out here may be a little more difficult than elsewhere simply because everyone knows everyone else—at least by sight—and there's little else to talk about.

"I can't truthfully say that Spencer and I are still madly, passionately in love with each other. I don't believe that kind of love ever lasts. It burns itself out by its very intensity. But in its place comes a deep, understanding companionship and devotion. That's what we have—and prize.

"A day doesn't pass, even since Spencer took the apartment at the Chateau, that he doesn't 'phone me at least once and usually twice. We have dinner together two or three times a week, too.

"Do you think two people who have been through what we have together could put marriage aside so casually? Reread that story of yours in Movie Mirror of August last year and refresh your memory on some of our early hardships. I'm not trying to make a heroine or martyr of myself nor to eulogize him. I think any two people, enough in love to marry and enough in love to go through all that together cannot help but understand each other enough to make marriage successful if they use a little common sense.

"Spencer's mother told you how, when he was a little boy, he was always running away from home because he wanted a change. He always came back, though, in pretty short order and much happier than when he left. Well, he's still a small boy at heart and I regard his periodically taking a separate apartment in the same light."

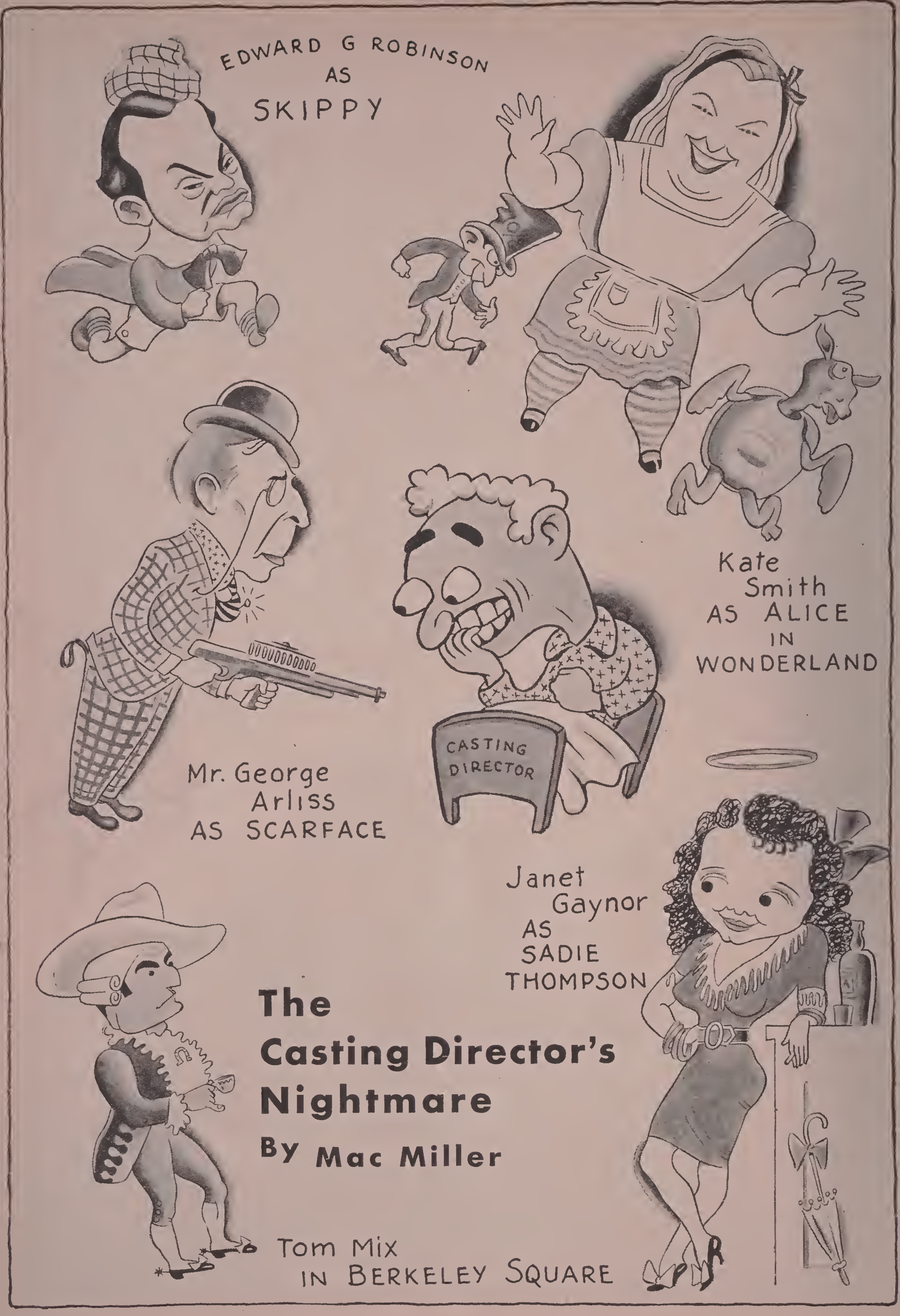
"THIS is sure a relief to me," I muttered. "My own father died when I was twelve and no one who has not gone through that particular hell knows what it's like to grow up without one."

Louise nodded. "My parents were divorced. I know what it is, too. Both Spencer and I feel the same way about it: that divorce for us could only be considered when every other possible expedient had failed—and it never will in our case. The night we learned that Johnny was deaf brought us closer together than Hollywood or anything else could ever pull us apart. And the happiness that came with little Louise and the even greater (*Continued on page* 73)

Can this little home hold out against temperament? Read this stirring story of a Hollywood wife

The Casting Director's Nightmare

By **Mac Miller**



EDWARD G ROBINSON AS SKIPPY
Kate Smith AS ALICE IN WONDERLAND
Mr. George Arliss AS SCARFACE
CASTING DIRECTOR
Janet Gaynor AS SADIE THOMPSON
Tom Mix IN BERKELEY SQUARE

Beginning A New Serial Feature » » »

Confessions of a Casting Director

The girl's smile shone through the glisten of her tears. "Gee, you're a swell guy after all, ain't you?" she said

What Happens to the Thousands of Girls Who Suffer Before One Star Is Found?

IN Hollywood, when you call the bootlegger and tell him to rush over three of gin right away, the chances are that within the quarter-hour, a very beautiful girl will deliver the goods.

From the bootlegger she gets a little commission as "delivery girl"—but besides that, the job gives her a chance to make some more money, in any or all of several ways. Usually she knows the address and password of some fly-by-night gambling joint, if you're interested. And if you are, and go, and give her password, she'll eventually collect a rake-off on whatever you lose there. Or maybe she's got a side-line of "smuggled-in-foreign-perfumes" which she'll sell you for a song—and you find, too late, that it's out and out fake. Or, even, she'll turn to a far older profession than bootlegging or racketeering for whatever she can make out of it, if all other opportunities are closed to her . . .

So it didn't surprise me at all, that night I had some pals in for a little game and had phoned my bootlegger, to hear a girl's voice talking with my Filipino houseboy, who'd answered the door. The boy came to me: "Please, sah—the ladee which brought the scotch asks to speak to you gentlemen . . ."

We grinned at each other, we men, and for fun, I said: "All right, tell her to come in." In a moment, a truly lovely blonde swept in, eyes and smile provocative—*until the eyes rested on me.* In that instant, an amazing change came over the face! It was metamorphosed into a mask of sullen hatred, and her eyes blazed into mine—even as my friends watched, grinning.

Suddenly she burst out, in a voice cold as steel:

"The Beast!" she shrieked. "He tried to—he said unless I—he . . ." The director's voice cut in like the crack of a high-powered rifle. He stopped laughing now

"Yeah—so it's *YOU*, huh!" Her glance swept the group of laughing men. "An' you and your friends think I'm worth a laugh, eh?—because I gotta do *this* to get a livin' out of this damn town. Well, let me tell you something—and I been wanting to tell you this for a long time, Mister!

"I want to tell you that you may think this is funny, but it's hell for me, and it's been the kind of hell that you or any other *man* will never know nothin' about. And it's all *YOUR* fault that I'm here. If it hadn't been for you—if you'd said 'Yes!' to me instead of 'No!' a half a year ago, I mighta been like Connie Bennett today, instead of a gyp-moll an' worse! *And I hate you and everything about you and I hope t'Gawd you sizzle for what you've done to me!*

"And now I've said it and to blazes with you and good-*BYE!!*"

And with that, she stormed out and slammed the door so the whole apartment house shook like a California earthquake.

Well, naturally, after the first moment of stunned silence, I became the sudden center for a gale of guffaws and smirking accusations. It took me a long time to explain—and I don't believe, yet, that some of my friends believe what I told them.

I'd remembered her, you see, when she'd started talking. I'm a casting director for the movies, and it's part of my job to remember faces. So, although she'd been just one of thousands at the time, my memory now *did* carry me back to when I'd last seen her . . .

With many others, she'd come to my office the day we'd sent out a call for pretty blondes for a big scene. She'd been a little more insistent than the others I'd had to turn down because they "weren't the type." She'd told me she had a sick mother, back in the midwest, dependent on her, and that unless she got work at once, she'd either starve or do something desperate.

Well, sad though it is, it's a fact that I and my fellow casting-directors hear that story over and over again—so we've gotten used to it and pay no attention any more. Our job is to hire the right people for the rôles we have to fill, and not to listen to hard-luck stories from the gals who foolishly risk their all in a hopeless battering at movie gates. So I turned her down—and her look of hate as she left was like the look she gave me that night.

HOWEVER, I *DO* think it's true that my turn-down of her quest for a movie job—my turn-down and the others she must have had at other casting-offices—resulted in her doing what she's doing today. She's not unique in Hollywood. There are hundreds like her—bootleggers' percentage-girls; gambling-house steerers; petty racketeers, preying on men's cupidities and desires of every sort. And most of them, in Hollywood, are the girls who couldn't make the grade in picture casting offices.

Oh, yes—I know the stories you've heard about us casting directors. I've heard them all—so often that they cease to be funny or shocking. It'd be trite for me to say that they're untrue. Most of them are, but many of you will never believe that.

I know that even as I'm one of the most-hated men in Hollywood for the times I've said "No!" to would-be film actors, I'm also one of the most feared by big-shot executives, because of what I could tell. I could tell about more than one of them who order us casting men to "be sure Miss So-and-So gets a part in our next picture." And because our jobs depend on the executives, we comply—and nine times out of ten, Miss So-and-So, knowing how she got her job, is such a nuisance on the set that we wish she'd drop dead! The secrets of that kind which I keep in my mind would fill divorce-court records if wives ever got hold of them.

So, of course, I'm hated, and I'm feared. And I'm envied, too—because, naturally, any man who has 10,000 pretty girls' telephone numbers at his beck is envied by other men. And they *WON'T* believe it's all business, and nothing but business.

Hated and feared and envied; target for innumerable wise-cracks and whispered smoking-room stories. That's me —Casting Director at one of Hollywood's biggest studios, with a record of six years of casting-office work behind me.

"Boy-oh-boy-oh-boy-oh-boy—the stories *YOU* could tell about what goes on behind that Casting-Office door, eh what?" is the please-tell-us-all question that's been flung at me again and again by my acquaintances.

Well, I'm going to go for that hint now, for the first time in my career. I'm going to tell you some of the things that have gone on there. Every anecdote I tell, every revelation I make, every fact I cite in this story will be based on truth. In many cases, as you can understand, it will be impossible to give names—and the circumstances will be so treated that it will be impossible to identify the subject of the story, or to guess who I am. Because I still hold my job, and I want to keep on holding it. And in Hollywood, there's no rule more definite than: "Tell the inside, and get fired!"

* * *

—and now that I'm ready to begin reminiscing for you, I'll be hanged if I know *where* to put that beginning! Sitting here, ready to start unloading my memory, I find my mind jammed with countless incidents, innumerable tales that range from high comedy to deep tragedy.

I remember how, a kid of 16, I fell in love with a girl who turned out to be Clara Bow! I remember turning down a tired-looking woman for a day's work—and reading in that night's paper how she'd jumped to her death because of it! I recall the time Dot Mackaill bought my girl lingerie, and the day my boss sent me, a green beginner, onto a movie-set full of nude girls! And, mentioning nudes, I recall the girl who, when she visited casting offices, wore a specially-made dress she could shed in one motion, to reveal her figure—

And that sort of thing is why there was what we called "the listening post" in at least one of the studios I worked in. It's where I got my first close-up of the things some girls do when they think they're alone with a man who can give them a job in pictures. Let me tell you about it:

It was when I was beginning my studio work—as office boy for one of the old-time casting men. I used to watch beautiful girls go into his private office, hear the door-catch click, wonder what went on then, wish I could peep and see. As suddenly as it was unexpectedly, that wish was granted—by the casting director himself! He came, one day, to "Jerry," his grey-haired assistant.

"Jerry," he said, "that dizzy dame's coming in again today and I've been tipped off she's going to try a fast one. Take the kid (he jerked his thumb at me) and get into the listening post when she comes in."

AN hour or so later, one of those super-vamps breezed in —you know, the old-style vamp that was in fashion then. Sort of theda-bara-ish. As the casting-office door closed behind her, Jerry took my arm, led the way through a file room and through a second door which was partly concealed by shelves. I found myself in a tiny cubicle, one side of which was a medium-thin gauze curtain . . .

(Did you, by any chance, see "Parachute Jumper" with Doug Fairbanks, Junior, Leo Carillo and Bette Davis, recently? Remember the scene where Doug, as Leo's bodyguard, sits hidden behind a gauze curtain so he can see everything that goes on in his boss' room, yet be himself unseen? Well—this was like that. Through that gauze curtain, Jerry and I could see everything in our casting-director's office, yet we remained unseen to whoever might be in the boss' office.)

We saw the woman stand before the director's desk. I was trembling so I feared it would tip her off to our presence. I didn't know what was going to happen—whether that big hand-bag of hers held a pistol,

(*Continued on page 74*)

ILLUSTRATIONS
by HARRY T. FISK

HOT NEWS

Who wouldn't like to be all burned up by Arline Judge?

HOLLYWOOD: Last-minute news as Movie Mirror goes to press: Two of the screen's most famous stars have been sizzling on the ever-hot griddle of Hollywood gossip . . . but not for the same reason . . . the Douglas (leap-frog) Fairbanks intention of producing future pictures in England drew only a resounding razz-berry from the home town folks . . . "pooh," one newspaper wrote, "he only makes travelogues anyway" . . . English papers were hysterical with the news that it presaged the decline of Hollywood . . . the movie village didn't seem much dithered, however . . . Paris papers state that the mercurial Doug will wed Lady Ashley when, and IF, Mary Pickford divorces him . . . another star to draw the colony's ire is Helen (wotta actress) Hayes . . . she says the former stage stars should pay toll to the legitimate theater by giving up their fancy movie salaries and returning to the footlights . . . thus saving the tottering legitimate for posterity . . . no matter what was back of her statement it made snappy reading . . . Helen has always been a good show-woman . . . you HAVEN'T forgotten her famous "Act of God" baby, have you question mark . . . someone on the inside whispers that Greta (ah, there) Garbo is collecting $16,000 every payday . . . that should keep a lady in ver-ry nize style . . . but Greta isn't one to go fancy on us . . . her limousine is YEARS old stop . . .

It will be a long time before Hollywood sassiety forgets the Kay (snappy dresser) Francis barn dance but the next big brawl will be the Donald Ogden Stewart "come as your favorite movie star" party . . . betcha everyone goes as themselves . . . Lilyan (recuperating) Tashman has already signified her intention of doing just that . . . and why not . . . and did you know that Lilyan had to have a blood transfusion while she was in the hospital question mark . . . "love to me is like a gardenia," gurgles Mae (so-o cute) Murray, "it is scented and precious, but so easily bruised" . . . ain't that kinda pretty another question mark . . . one more Hollywood marriage hits the skids . . . getting so divorce is hardly news any more . . . Patsy Ruth Miller sues Tay (director) Garnett for divorce . . . the suit was filed in Budapest, of all places stop . . .

The premiere of "Dinner at Eight" at Grauman's Chinese was a lot of whoopla for one evening . . . William (suave) Powell escorted Carole (fun-loving) Lombard . . . and Gloria Swanson's fancy hair-do attracted almost as much attention as the picture . . . it was veddy 1890 and did it knock the villagers for a row of asterisks . . . several people reported hearing a low but distinct hiss when a cartoon of Douglas Fairbanks appeared in the Mickey Mouse cartoon stop . . . it's Gary Cooper legally now . . . the courts have permitted the tall boy to change his name . . . the real moniker was Frank James Cooper . . . and did you know that Gary stepped out with Carole Lombard t'other night question mark . . . Lanny (radio star) Ross will have the leading rôle in Paramount's "The Golden Age," a singie . . . you've heard Lanny on "Captain Henry's Showboat" hour stop . . . oo-oo and a couple of la-las . . . Fifi (goo-goo eyes) D'Orsay brings her accent back to Hollywood for a swell rôle in Marion (hostess) Davies' picture, "Going Hollywood" . . . Bing (Bang) Crosby is in it, too stop . . . sometime this fall Norma (so beautiful) Talmadge will journey over to Reno and attend to that divorce from Joseph (producer) Schenck . . . or so her friends whisper . . . after that the wedding bells will be tuned for an altar excursion with George (comedian) Jessel stop some more . . . Norma (dignified) Shearer has been seeing an American movie every night since returning from Europe . . . the Shearer lady returns to the screen in "Rip Tide" . . . a sophisticated comedy-drama . . . and Norma will have a chance to wear SUCH glad rags stop . . . sign on theater marquee . . . "Mama Loves Papa"— Tonight Only stop . . . the maddest woman you ever saw was Barbara (mind of her own) Stanwyck . . . she missed the New York-bound plane by seven minutes . . . Babs was there on time but a friend was late getting her tickets to her . . . anyway she caught the very next one out . . . yup, she was going back to visit with Frank Fay stop.

Ronald (went home mad) Colman is all over his peeve at Samuel (producer) Goldwyn . . . Ronny will return and complete his contract . . . he stood to lose almost $500,000 if he didn't . . . and you can overlook a lot of things for $500,000 . . . we could, anyway stop . . . Carole (gay divorcee) Lombard has leased a colonial manse in Holly-by Marquis BUSBY

wood . . . William (decorator) Haines will help fix it up a la Early American stop . . . speaking of houses . . . the Leila (gorgeous blonde) Hyams home is completed . . . they do tell it cost something like a quarter of a million . . . just a little shack but it will be home to Leila stop. . . . Robert (personality kid) Montgomery will play opposite Constance (la Marquise) Bennett in "Moulin Rouge" . . . the folks sort of expected to see Gilbert (latin) Roland get the nod for the rôle stop . . . Tallulah (dynamite) Bankhead is one of the very few to be taken into Garbo's limited circle of friends . . . Lila (big eyes) Lee celebrated the breaking of her engagement to George (director) Hill by lunching with John (writer) Farrow . . . time was when Lila and Johnny were the town's most enthusiastic billers and cooers . . . you'll see Lila next in Paramount's "The Lone Cowboy," the famous story by Will James stop . . . Dorothy (grand gal) Mackaill returns to the major programs in "The Fire Chief" . . . opposite Ed (o-oh) Wynn . . . M-G-M had Colleen (ex-flapper) Moore under contract for a solid year and nary a rôle came her way . . . now after her performance in "The Power and the Glory," Lasky, Paramount and Radio are offering pictures stop . . . the funniest story of the month concerns the New York lady who was invited to attend a party at Malibu . . . her chauffeur stopped at a house and the lady went in . . . it was a luh-vly party and not until it was all over did she discover that she had been to the wrong soirée . . . well, those things WILL happen in Hollywood stop.

Here, undoubtedly, is Hollywood's newest, hottest romance. Young Mr. Dickie Moore is seen escorting even younger Miss Shirley Temple to the Assistance League for Luncheon—and very often, too

Radio is paying through the nose on the adjustment of Katharine (the great) Hepburn's contract . . . original contract for two pictures yearly was signed before the studio dreamed that Heppy would be such a box-office humdinger . . . now she will make three pictures yearly . . . but to a much sweeter financial tune . . . Hollywood wise boys are predicting that the eccentric Hepburn will win the Academy award for the best performance of the year in "Morning Glory" . . . good luck, Heppy exclamation mark . . . and personally we think Walt Disney's "Three Little Pigs" ought to get the best picture of the year award . . . Richard (dreamy) Barthelmess will play the rôle of an Indian, a Carlisle graduate, in "Massacre," 'tis a story of today so don't go looking for Custer's Last Stand stop . . . here's a brand new one on us . . . Gary (sheik) Cooper was so pestered by peddlers and agents ringing his doorbell that he upped and invented a new gadget . . . now you have to put a dime in the slot before the bell rings . . . so quiet and peaceful now you wouldn't know the old place . . . proceeds (if any) go to charity stop . . . busy days for Charlie (Cape Cod) Farrell . . . although under contract to Radio he journeys over to Warners to play opposite Bette (looks like Bennett) Davis in "Shakedown" . . . and Charlie looks better and happier than he has in years stop . . . Paris had better get out the welcoming committee . . . Mae (savin' some time f'you) West intends to have a look at the burg . . . they say Mae West parties are the rage now in the gay city of the Seine stop.

When it comes to temperament they're telling that Max (fighter) Baer can give lessons to any screen queen . . . Max is playing at M-G-M in "The Prizefighter and the Lady" . . . modest lad, too . . . "my fight scenes are marvelous," he confided to local sport scribes, "but wait until you see my love scenes. They will set the pace for other screen actors." Oh, well exclamation mark . . . another sign on theater marquee . . . "Mae West in 'She Done Him Wrong'—Oh, Boy" stop . . . Lupe (firecracker) Velez is THAT pleased over the gem-studded, platinum circulet given her by Johnny (swim-boy) Weissmuller . . . the trick is that the gems spell "dearest" . . . diamonds for "D" and emeralds for "E" and so on . . . darned clever these Tarzans exclamation mark . . . a new wrinkle in flowers for evening wear is making the Hollywood rounds . . . a silk muff quilted with gardenias . . . Lee (nervous) Tracy, of all people, thought up the whole idea . . . he sent it to Isabel Jewel . . . you didn't think HE carried it, f'hevvin's sake question mark . . . it'll be AUNT Joan Crawford come the new year . . . Joan's brother, Hal Le Seur, is expecting an heir stop . . . get ready for a good laugh . . . Polly (noisy) Moran and May (veteran) Robson will be teamed in a series of M-G-M feature comedies . . the moompitcher giggle-getters will be patterned after those famous Dressler-Moran comedies of tender memory . . . first is "Hill Billies" . . . the story of a farcical feud between two Kentucky mountaineer women . . . we're hysterical already stop . . . and Twentieth Century Pictures think they've uncovered (dear, dear) a potential Mae West in Blossom (stage star) Seeley . . you'll see her first in "Broadway Through a Keyhole" stop.

Most of the American stars report having a helluva time in London . . . but Leslie (English) Howard complains of being homesick for Hollywood and the warm (advt) sunshine . . . isn't that JUST the way it goes, though exclamation mark . . . that was a neat compliment paid Marie (Old Faithful) Dressler by the famous banker . . . "for years I've been wanting to meet someone who can make people laugh and cry, too," he told her. "I've only been able to make them cry" stop . . . Hollywood divorces are the DARNDEST things . . . Gus (wrestler) Sonnenberg, in Reno to divorce Judith (DeMille discovery) Allen, has shipped his car back to Hollywood and placed it at Judith's disposal stop . . . Genevieve (doing all right) Tobin has announced that she will wed Felix (oil) Chappellet, Los Angeles socialite . . . and did you know that Genevieve has just signed a very lucrative contract with Warner Brothers question mark . . . you'll see the famous Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel in "Bombshell" . . . it's a Jean Harlow picture . . . the whole troupe moved into the "Grove" for atmosphere shots stop . . . that's a funny story Nancy (bricktop) Carroll tells of the drunk who was trying to explain to his wife how sober he REALLY was . . . "all right," said the wife, wearily, "but close that umbrella and come to bed" stop . . . Adrian, M-G-M's designer, cracks forth with his list of the ten most strikingly gowned women of the screen . . . Joan Crawford, Katharine Hepburn, Norma Shearer, Kay Francis, Lilyan Tashman, Constance Bennett, Hedda Hopper, Marlene Dietrich, Claudette Colbert and Greta Garbo . . . everyone who could crowd in was at M-G-M to see the Max Baer-Primo Carnera scrap for "The Prizefighter and the Lady" . . . it was just a movie but everyone thought MAYBE the boys would let go with some fast ones . . . HOW those lads do love each other whole flock of exclamation marks.

Whatta bunch of favorites and all in one picture—Jack Pearl, Ruth Etting, Bing Crosby and Eddie Cantor going on the air from KFI in Los Angeles

At the left, one of the newest Hollywood friendships—that of Gary Cooper and Preston Foster, good actors both

They're THATWAY—Talented little George E. Stone and pretty Ruth Romaine, shown dining at the popular Santa Monica Grand Hotel

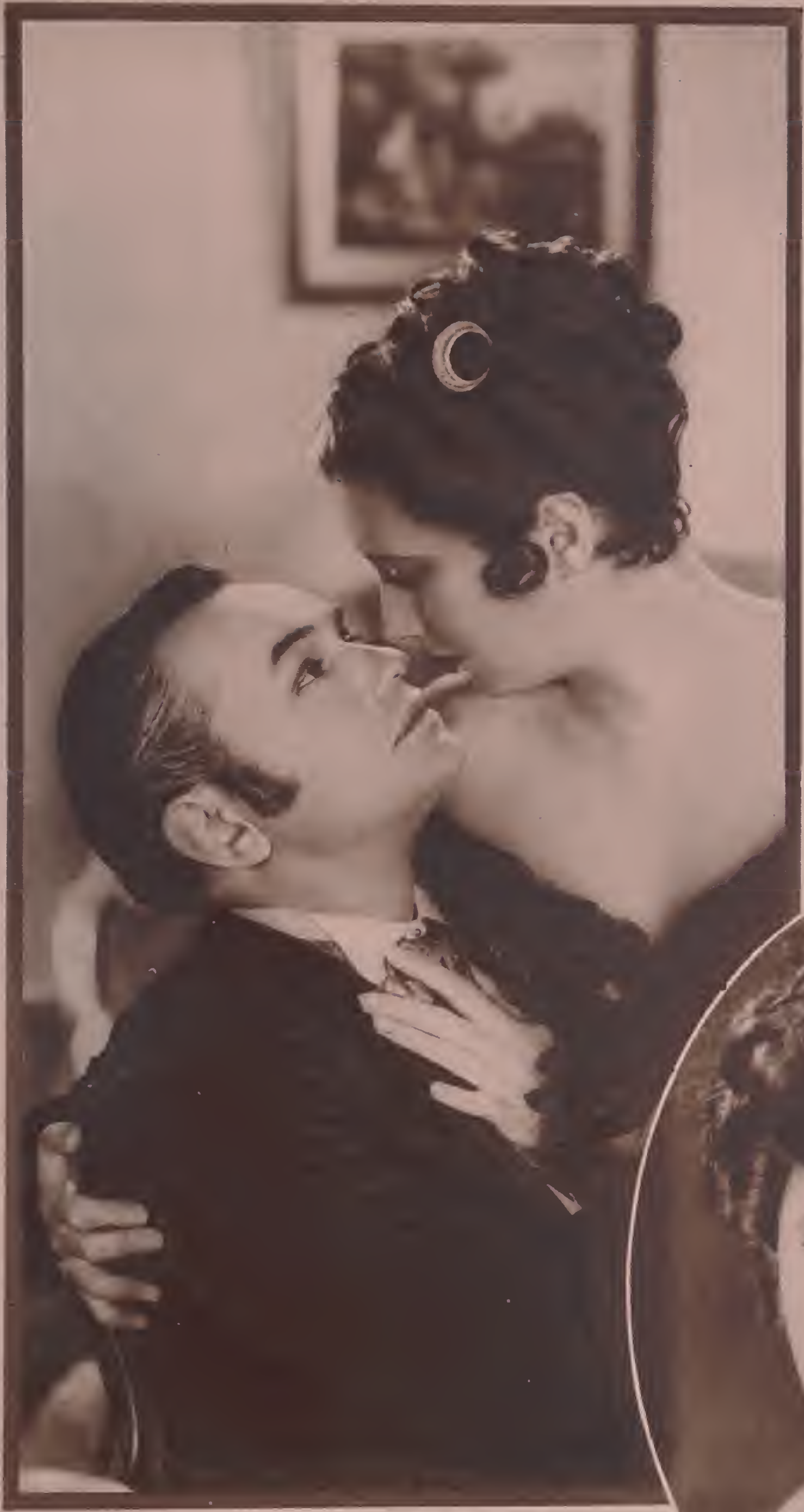
Word comes that another cute kid is going to marry a prize cameraman, after the fashion of Joan Blondell and George Barnes . . . this time it's little Ruth Hall and Lee Garmes . . . and that's all for another month stop.

Greta Garbo and John Gilbert

They are reunited, the greatest lovers the screen has ever known. Only the powerful will of Garbo made it possible. When she first came back from Sweden bearing the manuscript of "Queen Christina," she proposed Gilbert for the lead. Studio officials said no. Garbo stayed silent and let them test and test. Then when all the possible leading men were disposed of, she proposed Gilbert once more. M-G-M realized she had had Gilbert in mind, even when approving of the script. She won, and now that his first nervousness is gone, Jack says he had never been more happy. Thus Garbo's kindness becomes one of the most charming acts ever done in Hollywood

Anna Sten

Does she look temperamental, this blonde Soviet beauty on whom Samuel Goldwyn has spent fifteen months time and many thousands of dollars training? Well, little Anna has kept the studio in turmoil ever since the first American picture Anna started. She comes late to the set, does scenes her own way. But now with the rushes shown, all Hollywood says she can do anything she pleases for the early scenes are sensational, and Anna looks set to be a most important star

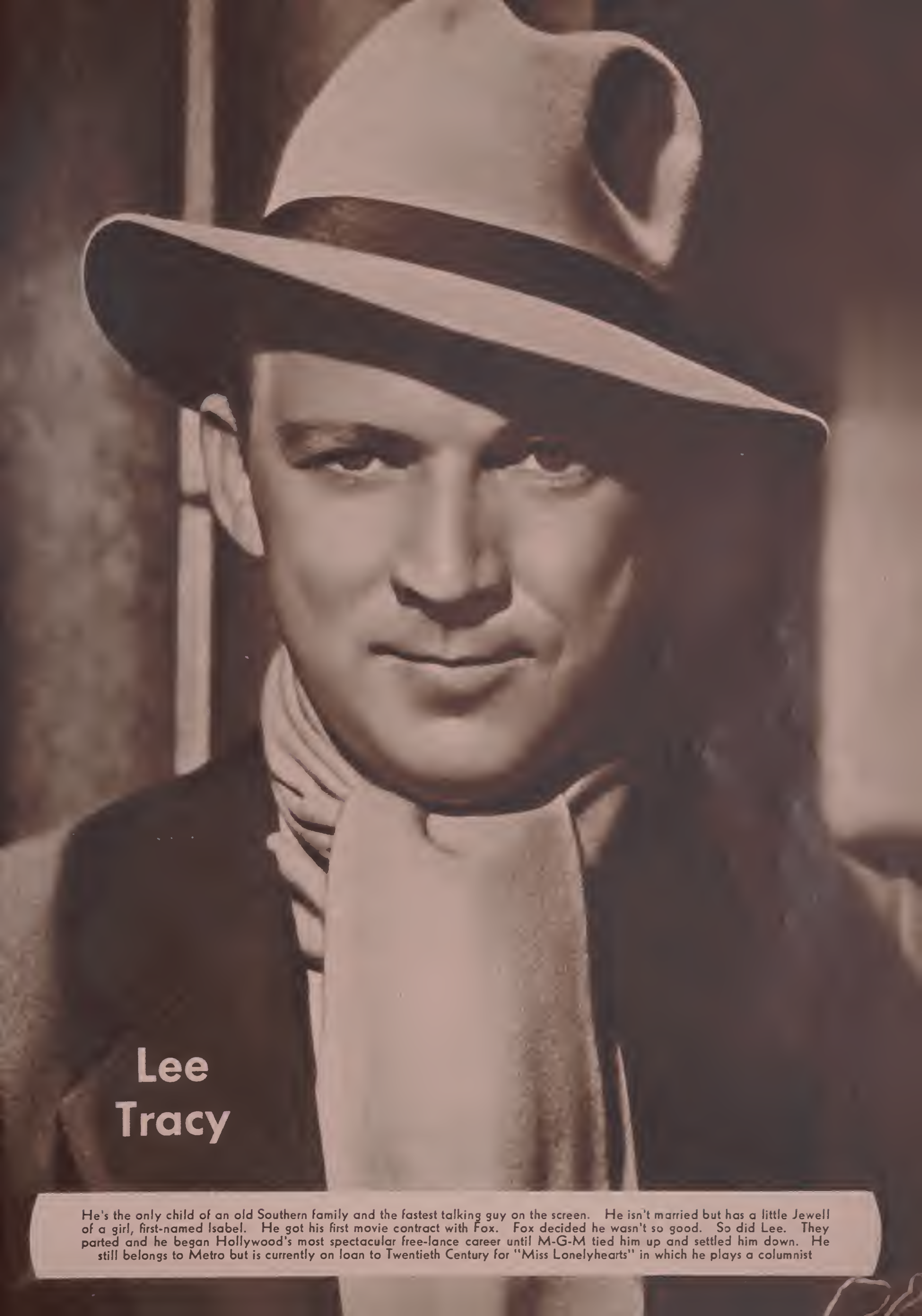


Edward G. Robinson
and
Kay Francis
in a Scene from
"I Loved A Woman"

They will make amazing co-stars, the dark sophisticated Francis and the rough-mannered Robinson in a moving drama of a man and a woman who loved their careers too much and each other not enough. Doesn't Kay look lovely in her old-fashioned hair dress which would really suit today's new hats?

Myrna Loy

Bring on your mysterious foreigners. Drag in the glamour girls. And then think of Myrna, who has green eyes, who was born on a Montana ranch, who has never married, who had been in Hollywood for simply years, and whom nobody knows! Valentino discovered her and currently Novarro is courting her. After dubbing along in indifferent roles, she has suddenly found her stride and her future is among the most promising in Hollywood. You can prove this for yourself when you see her in "Penthouse" for M-G-M



Lee Tracy

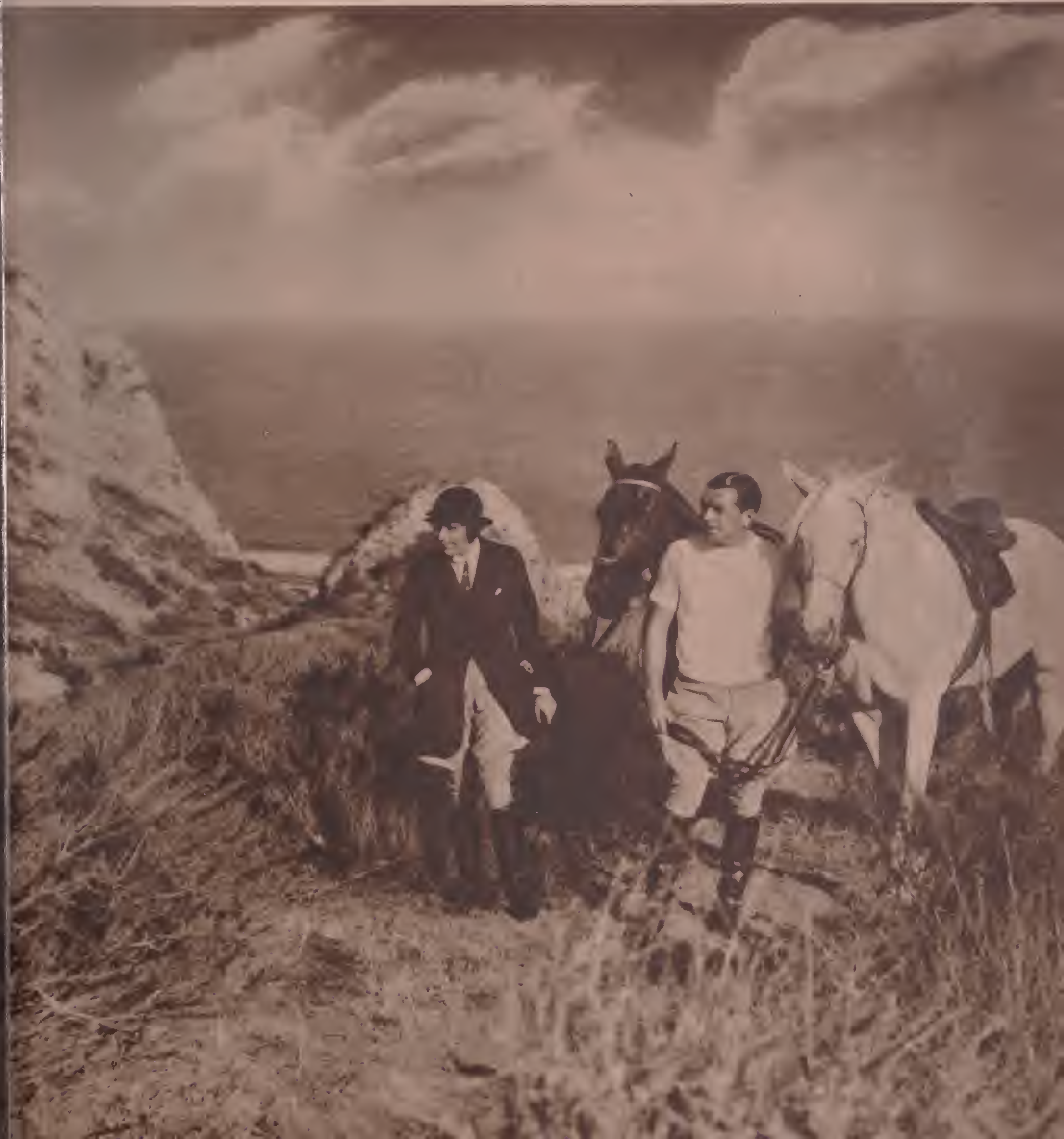
He's the only child of an old Southern family and the fastest talking guy on the screen. He isn't married but has a little Jewell of a girl, first-named Isabel. He got his first movie contract with Fox. Fox decided he wasn't so good. So did Lee. They parted and he began Hollywood's most spectacular free-lance career until M-G-M tied him up and settled him down. He still belongs to Metro but is currently on loan to Twentieth Century for "Miss Lonelyhearts" in which he plays a columnist

warren william and helen twelvetrees

Warren William stands by while Helen Twelvetrees takes the first shot. Whether they're ducks or geese they'll be "comin' over" for Helen and Warren pull a mean trigger! Both players are on loan to Columbia and went out for a day's shooting with the old publicity camera. Mr. William recently completed an important rôle in "Lady for a Day" and Helen Twelvetrees is working in "My Woman."

mr. and mrs. richard barthelmess

He may prefer unhappy endings in his screen stories, but you can bet he's got his fingers crossed that *this* marriage of his will last forever. Dick goes very few places without his charming wife, the former Jessica Sargent, a blue-blood, shown here with him getting close to nature. You'll be seeing him next in "Shanghai Orchid" a saga of the Orient.



Inside Stuff

by GWYNNE

THE wife of a certain w. k. Hollywood writer was singing the praises of a new maid across the dinner table. "She's almost too good to be true," said Mrs. Writer to her guests. "She does my hair and nails, handles my personal correspondence and has completely taken over the responsibility of the household." The guests expressing a keen desire to see this wonder of wonders, prevailed upon their hostess to make a pretext of needing her. You can imagine their extreme consternation when the wonder-maid was summoned and in walked—Daisy De Voe, the girl in the Clara Bow case, now working under an assumed name!

Tallulah Bankhead was week-ending in Santa Barbara. And all Santa Barbara knew that Tallulah was in town. Some one pointed out a certain distinguished looking gentleman, walking across the lawn of the Biltmore Hotel. Rushing up to him, Tallulah gurgled, "You're not *the* famous doctor so and so?" "I am," said the distinguished scientist, bowing low. "Then tell me," cooed the Bankhead, "What makes me so-o-o de-e-vine?" But the climax of the story comes, when after Tallulah had walked away, the doctor turned to a friend and said, "Who was that, Elissa Landi?"

Before you see Greta Garbo in all her dressed-up glory in "Queen Christina" you'll see her in just an old-fashioned night-shirt, long sleeves, high neck—and very woolly! The night-shirt, is the first costume she wears.

Frank Morgan got a "love letter" from an old sweetheart—but the sweetheart was SO old that even Mrs. Morgan smiled calmly about it. You see, it was from the first girl that Frank ever loved—when he was thirteen years old! The letter said that she had been meaning to write to him for twenty years—but didn't decide positively until she saw him in a current picture.

Mae Clarke had a birthday last month, and one of her friends gave her a bracelet, choker, clips and handbag of matching black satin!

Carole Lombard got back to Hollywood from Reno, a free woman, on a Friday, and what do you think she did Saturday night? She went to a party at Gloria Swanson's house which Gloria planned for Carole AND her now ex-hubby, Bill Powell! Carole and Bill have been seeing a lot of each other since the divorce, and really seem much happier together now that they're "apart."

Hoot Gibson goes to Sally Eilers' parties, even though by the time you

Fashion note from Madame Tashman — button on a big square collar of white linen over your black printed frocks

Here's a group of pals at the Biltmore Hotel—Henry Wadsworth, Minna Gombel, Jean Muir, Patsy Ellis and Tom Brown

ILLUSTRATED
with
PHOTOGRAPHS
Taken by
HYMAN FINK

read this, they'll probably be divorcing. Sally gave a nice, big cocktail party recently, and the only reason that Hoot didn't show up was because he was ill. Arline Judge and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher talked "baby talk" (we mean about their new infants!) all evening. And Eddie Hillman came with his ex-wife Marion Nixon. Charles Laughton, who is one of Sally's big boosters, after crossing the Atlantic on the same boat with her, was there too, and so was Katherine Menjou who is quite the gay divorcee since parting from Adolphe.

On that fatal night in Hollywood, when Al Jolson planted that love tap on the head of Walter Winchell, the Western Union suddenly came in for a landslide business. And one of the first telegrams to go through was signed by Constance Bennett, sending a nice fur-lined orchid to Jolson for his neat work.

Fred Astaire's good man Walter, has been with the famous dancer so long, he's almost like one of the family. When Freddy came to Hollywood to dance with Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady," he was taken down to the studio gallery to have some pictures made. Just as the photographer was getting ready to press the bulb, Walter rushed in, "You all can't pose that way Mistah Astaire," he moaned, at the same time rolling his eyes, "Burns and Allan did it last week."

Someone was telling Mae West about the gold fish in "Bombshell," being named after her. "Glad it wasn't a whale!" answered Mae through curling lips, as she swished away.

Another one of those perennial autograph-hound jokes that really happened:

In the Brown Derby, a girl with an autograph card in her hand dashed up to the booth where sat Zita Johann. Eagerly she proffered the card and a pen—then suddenly her eyes grew troubled.

"Oh—excuse me," she stammered. "I—er—I thought you were Dorothy Wieck, Miss Francis."

Mae West nifty-of-the-month:

"The difference between an old-fashioned girl and a modern girl is that the old-fashioned girl apologized for wearing makeup and the modern one apologizes when she hasn't any on."

And the Oakie crack-of-the-month:

"A grudge is what you keep an automobile in."

Try to carry that "grudge."

Alice Brady, the new screen sensation, goes places about Hollywood with handsome Russell Hardie, rising player

Three Erwins come to meet two Erwins In other words, Stu, June and the baby at the Santa Fe station to meet the baby's grandparents

When a girl is willing to go climb a tree to get her picture in Movie Mirror, we're not going to let her down. The gal's Lyda Roberti, who is plenty cute

Very close pals are the Richard Arlens and the Bing Crosbys—but they can't keep from kidding each other.

The Arlens call Bing "The Croaner" which is a dandy word made up from "crooner" and "groan" and which they say just suits Bing.

But Bing squares that by calling the Arlen yacht—since the new baby came—the S. S. Diaper.

Director "Woody" Van Dyke pulled a new stunt in parties, when he gave a penthouse soirée. Because there are no penthouses in Hollywood y'know. So he gave the party on the ROOF of his home. Van Dyke had just finished making "Penthouse" for M-G-M so most of his guests were people connected with the picture. The Warner Baxters, Myrna Loy, Charles Butterworth, George Stone, Sidney Blackmer, Phillips Holmes, and Martha Sleeper were amused when Warner Baxter told them that a physical examination that day had revealed the fact that his appendix was on the WRONG side—meaning the left, of course!

Randolph Scott called for Mrs. Adolphe Menjou to take her to a party one night, just before she and Adolphe were divorced. When Randy arrived, he discovered that his shirt was torn, and Mrs. M. suggested that he wear one of her almost-ex husband's. He put it on. When they got to the party, it being very warm, Randy opened his coat and vest. A few minutes later, several guests informed him that the initials, A. M. were staring them in the face from his bosom! Imagine his embarrassment!

One hundred and fifty swords of the 1600 period, were ordered for the men to carry in Garbo's picture, "Queen Christina." When Greta who masquerades as a man in the picture, was given hers, she sent it back. "Not masculine enough," was her only comment.

Besides being a great trouper, Alice Brady can also be credited with having a grand sense of humor. After the preview of "Broadway to Hollywood," she was so upset at some of her scenes, she determined to make the studio allow her to remake them. When the secretary announced her to producer Harry Rapf, in walked Alice wearing a pair of boxing gloves. (Editor's note: She didn't have to use them or make the retakes. The critics went wild over her performance.)

There's probably no place in the world where babies who have yet to see the light, get as many gifts as the "star-babies" of Hollywood. When any popular member of the film colony is "expecting," not one, but several of her girl-friends invariably give her a baby shower, which means that each time anywhere from ten to thirty girls gather at lunch in her honor, each bringing some bit of infant clothing, linen or toy. Consequently the babes receive dozens of things they'll never be able to use and surely don't need. So lately there has been a move on foot to abolish these showers in favor of the picture babies,

Sidney Blackmer, who used to be married to Lenore Ulric is dating Mae Clarke, who was once Mrs. Lew Brice

Cary Grant sees Virginia Cherrill, Mona Maris, David Newell and Hardie Albright off to Hawaii to make a picture. Don't they look jolly?

and have the girls bring less expensive gifts to be contributed to the needy mothers of the town instead. It's a nice idea, and the Hollywood girls are responding beautifully.

Heard a funny story about a near-star who kinda likes to talk about himself, it seems. While this near-star was making a picture he discovered that a supporting player was getting more per week than he was.

"Just imagine," he said to the player— "I'm the star of this picture, getting six hundred a week—and you're getting twelve hundred!"

"Say"—said the other actor, "I'd support ANY ham for twelve hundred a week!"

More Cupid stuff. Very pretty Joan Marsh and Tommy Lee, young millionaire, are seen just everywhere just all the time and always alone together

While that super-swell character actress May Robson was vacationing up in Yosemite, the M-G-M studio had a brand new two-room dressing suite decorated for her as a surprise home-coming present. If you've seen May in "Beggar's Holiday"—you'll understand why they're so anxious to keep her happy.

Gregory Ratoff is just about the most ardent admirer that Mae West has in Hollywood. Now, now—we don't mean they're THAT WAY . . . but Gregory can't get over Mae's kindness and consideration for those that are working with her in a picture, her simplicity and childish lack of the self-assurance which seems to be her main asset on the screen. He says that she is the most nervous of anyone in the company, when working, and the most upset when a line goes wrong while shooting. And Gregory ought to know—he and Mae just finished "I'm No Angel" together—and he would like to do it all over again!

A lot of fair film frails were gathered at a party recently, and among them was a star who was famous for her fashionable dress a few years ago, but isn't doing so well in the matter of clothes or career lately. At this party, she wore a gown, completely covered with those shiny spangles, no longer smart . . . it really was an outlandish outfit. Lil Tashman stood it as long as she could, then whispered to a pal, "She doesn't know it—but sequins were 'CALLED IN' three years ago!"

Adolphe Menjou is the boy who is giving long dissertations and advice on marriage to all his men friends—who aren't already hooked. Adolphe can speak with authority, for marriage has cost him two large fortunes! Catherine Carver, the second of his suing spouses, asked for his entire fortune of six hundred thousand dollars when her alimony demands were first heard—but all she got was half! And his first wife (her name was Katherine, too) got a sum almost as tidy when they parted! Poor Adolphe—he would be a millionaire if it weren't for those nasty California community property laws!

Speaking of Adolphe, Gene Markey says: "What a game of golf Menjou *dresses!*"

You fans would certainly be surprised if you saw some of our real wild Hollywood parties actually in (*Continued on page* 66)

A lovely lady surrounded by two men, Adrienne Ames with Stephen Ames (left) and Bruce Cabot

Not often seen on parties, Mr. and Mrs. Boris Karloff go to the Gleasons' 27th wedding anniversary party

Cupid's Diary

by Harry Lang

Photos by Fink

It's-Still-Guhrand Dept.

. . . she once left Hollywood and a film contract to hurry back to Hubby Herbert Marshall in England. Now Edna Best repeats by turning down a couple of film offers to go with Hubby Herbert to Honolulu.

. . . just because she "wanted to see Al" and couldn't wait, Ruby Keeler took a few days off, flew to New York, spent a few days with Hubby Al Jolson, then came back to Hollywood to work for Warners.

. . . I'd like to write, in 2000 words, your impressions of English men, asked an interviewer of Connie Cummings, just back from England and British movies with her British Playwright-husband Benn Levy. Replied Connie: "I can answer in THREE words: I married one."

. . . says Hannah "Cheerful Li'l Earful" Williams, bride of Jack Dempsey, to interviewers: "I want it to be known that I have one ambition—to be the mother of Jack's babies."

. . . honeymooners George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill came back to Hollywood with a story of a Coronado innkeeper who dug through musty old storerooms to find an old-old hotel register, so that George and Marguerite could spend their honeymoon there in the same suite in which Marguerite's mother and father spent theirs years ago.

. . . new slant on matrimony by Ann Dvorak characterizes it as the way to freedom, instead of surrender of freedom. Says Ann, so-happily-married to Leslie Fenton: "I said I wouldn't marry but I did, and I find I've found independence. As a young lady living with mother, I had many petty restrictions. Now I have the companion I wish."

It's-All-Over Dept.

. . . their closest friends said it'd happen—and it has—ever since Carole Lombard got back from Reno with that divorce paper, she and ex-hubby Bill Powell have been seeing more of each other than when they were mrandmrsing it!

. . . another Reno divorcement went to Rose Sedgwick, film actress, who divorced Director Edward Sedgwick—and those who say they know say that Eddie will soon marry scenarist Ebba Havez.

. . . once again, the "insiders" insist that Norma Talmadge is finally going to get that long-talked but never-done divorce from Joseph Schenck—it's to be another Reno-vation, they say—and George Jessell, whose name you can't say without saying Norma's, says he and Norma will probably appear together in a stage play on Broadway.

. . . remember Dorothy Devore? Well, anyway; she got a divorce, in Los Angeles, from Wiley Mather, Honolulu business man, who, she said, told her he was just tired of being married.

. . . they never got as far as marriage, so you can't really call it a divorce—but Lila Lee and George Hill, who have been engaged lo, these many, many moons, have called it quits "by mutual consent." And the very next day, Lila was seen lunching with Johnny Farrow, her ex-sweetie. And wonder how that made Maureen O'Sullivan feel?

. . . That Ames-Cabot-Ames triangle just didn't work, after all! After all that talk of Hubby Stephen Ames saying it'd be quite okeh for wifie Adrienne to go out with Bruce Cabot as much as she darned pleased, it all ended in Hubby Ames sailing for Honolulu, Wifie Ames declining to go along, remaining instead in Hollywood where Bruce Cabot

Little Boots Mallory certainly gets around. So does Don Alvarado—and here they are getting around together

Our ever-present camerman spots Jack La Rue out dancing with Margarite Lucile. A Real crush!

Edgar Allan Wolff says poof! to romance and declares he's old enough to be Mary Carlisle's father—yet they're seen everywhere together

It's very, very flaming, the romance between Lyle Talbot and Lola Lane. They're everywhere together

is still here, there and everywhere, with her.

. . . Natalie Talmadge got her final decree of divorce from Buster Keaton, who in the meantime, hadn't waited, but married Nurse May Scribbens in Mexico.

. . . in Mexico, Lenore Ulric filed suit for divorce from Sidney Blackmer, with both complaining that marriage and careers won't mix. "But there is no other woman" added Blackmer, and was forthwith seen out with Mae Clarke.

. . .after eight years of matrimony, Esther Ralston and Director George Webb have called it finis. No divorce, just separation.

. . .and Kathryn Carver Menjou finally got that decree of divorce from Adolphe, after telling the judge Adolphe had called marriage "old fashioned." Too, she got $10,000 a year for five years, plus an outright $100,000 settlement.

. . . Corliss Palmer, who was famous as the Georgia Peach when she married Publisher Eugene Brewster and came to Hollywood to work in pictures, has filed suit for divorce.

Ol' Doc Stork's Dept.

. . .it was a boy and it weighed seven and a half when it arrived at the home of the Lawrence Tibbetts. It's the first Tibbett youngster by the singer's second wife, although the first Mrs. Tibbett has two.

. . .Karen Morley, who tried to keep it secret for a long time that she'd married Director Charles Vidor, and later that the stork had a date with her, is Mama now. A seven-pound boy.

. . .probably by the time you read this, Ol' Doc Stork will have done his stuff at the home of the Melvyn Douglases. Wifie is Helen Gahagan, stage actress. They returned to Hollywood from a seven-months world-tour to await the blessed event, calendared for October.

,. . .Dorothy Janis, who is now Mrs. Wayne King, in Chicago presented her orchestra-leader hubby with a six-and-a-half-pound girl.

. . . and the Robert Youngs, too, admit they soon will be a family of three.

. . .It's whispered that the nursery is being readied at the Gene Markey-Joan Bennett household.

Vehement-Denials Dept.

. . .all the way from Europe, Ruth Roland cabled to friends denials of rumors that she and Hubby Ben Bard are at the parting of the ways.

. . .blondly furious over printed reports that she and her band-leader hubby Harmon O. Nelson Jr. are uncoupling, Bette Davis tells Hollywood and the world that she still loves him so much she can hardly wait until he can rejoin her in Hollywood after finishing his radio job in the East.

. . .Ramon Novarro, evading neatly, replies to queries about his reported betrothal to Myrna Loy with: "Miss Loy and I are the best of friends, but there has been nothing said of engagement or marriage." (*Cont'd on page* 81)

Ricardo Cortez is always mysterious about his heart affairs—but he is seen a lot with Mrs. Christine Lee

Connie

It Includes a Very Bright Young Man Who Said His Ideal was a Dumb Young Woman

Romance can conquer even highbrow playwrights and actresses — as this charming story proves

"MY ideal woman," said the famous young Englishman, "would be something like David Copperfield's Dora: Sweet, dumb, feminine, blindly devoted. Men are always saying that they want brains in their women, but they don't mean it. It doesn't work out."

This was three years ago, at one of those Hollywood parties where love and life and philosophy are discussed with the never-failing hope that philosophy might come out on top for once. The bored young man who dropped this bomb in the midst of a group of women who had been pretending to have brains for several hours was Benn Levy, whose plays, "Art and Mrs. Bottle," and "Mrs. Moonlight," were occupying the center of the New York and London stage. He dropped the bomb and then he walked out on the party, leaving the ladies with only their brains to console them. Levy was bored. He often was, in those days.

A few weeks later Levy was still bored when he gave a party in return for his Hollywood entertainment. Anyway, it didn't have to be a long party. He'd fixed that. He invited people for tea and pushed them out before dinner. When he thought they all had gone he came out on the porch of his little house to meet the extraordinary sight of a girl dancing, all by herself, up and down his steps and his front walk.

She was one of his guests whom he had not particularly noticed until now; a sturdy girl with freckles and sandy hair and a manner as frank and unvarnished as her face. Vaguely he knew that she was under contract to Columbia and that her name was Constance Cummings. Vaguely he was surprised to see that she was dancing rather well. He told her so. She ought to, she replied, still dancing. She used to hoof it in the chorus of New York musical comedies.

She hoofed it to her little car on the drive. She smiled at him when she got in. "Next time I come," she said, "I'll bring my tap shoes."

Levy gaped after her car. He hadn't asked that funny little girl to come again. To say nothing of bringing her tap shoes. What did she think she had, anyway, to be so sure of a welcome? Then suddenly he laughed. He realized that for once he wasn't bored, and he decided that he was amused.

He saw her several times after that before he went back to England and wrote two more successes, "Springtime for Henry" and "The Devil Passes." A year later he returned to Hollywood and happened to be with Harold Lloyd one afternoon when Lloyd and his manager were discussing the difficulties of getting a leading lady for Lloyd's new picture, "Movie Crazy." She couldn't be the usual wise-cracking ingenue that you could reach out and grab at every go-signal on Hollywood Boulevard. She must have distinction and quality, as well as comedy possibilities. "We need a *salty* personality," said Lloyd.

Salty personality. Levy didn't have to think on that one. "There's a girl named Cummings"—he told Lloyd.

A few months later, when "Movie Crazy" was released, everybody knew that there was a girl named Cummings. Other studios began to borrow her from Columbia. It is doubtful if Levy ever told Connie that he said that word which changed her course. Levy doesn't talk much, except about ideas. When he is off on those, though, he paces up and down the room, a whirlwind in shapeless English tweeds, hurling beautiful sentences into the surrounding space, not caring whether the sentences hit any of those who are listening or not. But those beautiful sentences had hit Cummings, ever since that first day when he didn't notice her until she danced.

And now they were beginning to see more of each other, these two, although Levy hardly realized it. He was seeing plenty of sweet, dumb, David Copperfield's Dora, and he did not suspect what was creeping up on him. He was rather surprised to discover that Cummings (and he called her "Cummings," too—not "Connie") listened intelligently to those beautiful sentences, making pungent and not always favorable comments. He considered it rather a joke and nicknamed her "The Thinking Woman."

By this time there were some other people in Hollywood

Cummings' LOVE STORY

by SHERRY DAY

who were wishing that they hadn't once considered Cummings rather a joke. One of them was Sam Goldwyn, who had tried her and let her go when she first came to Hollywood. Others, at Columbia were grinding their teeth because she was leaving them for a magnificent English contract. But Levy, all unsuspecting of what was about to happen to him, remained serene. His contract as writer for Paramount had a long time to run yet. Cheerfully he said goodbye to "The Thinking Woman."

THEN something happened—something just as mysterious as the change which transforms Cummings in front of the camera from a nice, forthright girl to a dazzling vision of femininity. A few weeks after Cummings had departed, Levy postponed the fulfillment of his Paramount contract and sailed for London. Perhaps he was as surprised as everyone else was. But he had forgotten about David Copperfield's Dora, and he hasn't remembered yet.

She has upset all preconceived ideas, whether they were laid down by Sam Goldwyn, a Camera-man, or her future husband. Mrs. Benn Levy is back in America now, occupying the bungalow that once was Gloria Swanson's on the lot which threw her out when she first came to Hollywood. Just a nice, sturdy girl, they'd said, who couldn't act and was too big and not too pretty. She still looks sturdy off the screen, still tosses around the same frank, pungent remarks. It seems she doesn't need anything but her own magic.

The first day that she reported back for work cries of joy rent the air about the Harold Lloyd bungalow where she blew in like a sea breeze, breaking up a conference which included many old "Movie Crazy" faces. The old faces were disappointed if they had expected her to get new just because she was now famous and had a famous husband. Cummings was just as she had always been, no airs and lots of freckles. The only change they were able to pick on was a blonde braid of hair in the back of her neck, and she grinned as they pointed to it.

"Ah, that's fake," she said, "it comes off."

She invited them to the housewarming of her new home in Bel-Air. Bel-Air is an address which her old Hollywood domicile could not have dreamed of.

"Is it a palace, Connie?" ask her old pals.

"Nearest doggone thing to a palace *I* ever saw," she responds. And tells about a London mistake she made; how she had thought that London mews would be as artistically chic to live in as the old stables in Washington Square, New York. So on her arrival in London she parked herself in some mews and awakened the next morning to find that she was cheek-by-jowling it with chambermaids and liverymen and other local color which the usual movie idol would hardly consider suitable social atmosphere. But oh, well, after the first surprise Connie stayed. And liked it.

"'Ja get good wedding presents?" asks a practical old friend.

"Got real diamonds," she beams. "Always wanted 'em. Never thought I'd have real jewelry."

She doesn't tell about her London successes, as almost any other screen gal would. Nobody will ever hear from her about how she hit the London papers on her arrival, so that they raved about her from a unique angle. She was like an English girl, they said. (*Continued on page* 73)

In Hollywood they now say Constance Cummings has the brightest future of any girl on the screen

the Ziegfeld of Hollywood

by

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ROSETTES and flowers made up of girls—strange and lovely patterns that moved into new, unexpected designs—startling scenic effects as when a train split in two and disclosed girls, girls, girls, singing in the berths of a pullman sleeper while a honeymoon couple danced down the aisle. You saw them in "Forty-second Street," in the "Kid From Spain," you are seeing them in "Gold Diggers" and very shortly you will be seeing an even more startling production in "Footlight Parade." Girls doing incredible stunts in incredible rhythm. They are "Buzz" Berkeley's girls:—girls "belonging" to Busby Berkeley, the Ziegfeld of Hollywood.

On the Boulevard, the gossips who know their stuff call Buzz "The man who has learned how to handle women without putting his hands on them." And yet a day which I recently spent on the set at Warner Brothers, where a hundred scantily-clad beauties were being put through their paces by the handsome young dance director, showed me clearly, within the very first half-hour indeed, that there is a curiously intimate relationship between Buzz and the horde of young women who dance and whirl and dive and sing with such sharp spontaneity at the sound of his whistle.

THE beauties whom Florenz Ziegfeld made famous respected and liked that great producer enormously. But the girls who work for Buzz, love him.

There has to be a reason for this, thought I to myself, and forthwith set out to discover what it was. Overnight, almost, Mr. Berkeley had sprung into the foremost ranks as a producer, and nobody had a word to say against him: which is almost unprecedented in Hollywood. With the establishment of his Dictatorship of the Film Musical, a new class of girl has developed on the boulevards and in the casting offices:—the Girls Who Were Acceptable To Berkeley. I'm not kidding you—this is an actual condition. And an hour's talk with the man himself over a quiet,

A flash on the screen is the chorus girl's only reward for hours and hours of hard labor. But their eyes are focused on the future

Early to bed, early to rise for "Buzz" Berkeley girls or else. And that's why they're so healthy and full of pep

Beauty, yes, and also charm. But they've got to be intelligent before they can sign on the dotted line

intimate little luncheon explained much to me—explained why, when the work he has to offer is the hardest sort of physical labor with long hours and little reward in the way of personal, individual fame, it is still so eagerly sought after.

The truth of the matter is that Buzz Berkeley is a man of unusual personal magnetism: that he is uncommonly honest and straightforward, that while he has a great and peculiar genius, and is fully aware of the fact, he is thoroughly kind and almost painfully quick of understanding. Buzz never high-hats anyone, but he never allows any liberties, either. No personal favoritism ever enters into his selection of a girl. She must stand on her merits and the standard is so high that if a girl succeeds in making the grade she is inspired with self-respect, fired with the consciousness that she must *keep on making good,* and believe me there is nothing like that kind of consciousness to bring forth devotion. Give a girl or a man self-respect, belief in themselves, and you've made a friend for life. But you can't achieve that sort of devotion by being an easy taskmaster, and Buzz is far from that.

If You Want to Be Healthy, Wealthy, and a Hollywood Chorus Girl, Read This Colorful Inside Story

"Tell me just how and why you pick 'em?" I asked him.

"Funny thing," he replied, "but beauty has very little to do with it. Of course a girl must be fairly good-looking, but I have learned that often the prettiest girls are far easier on the eyes off the screen than on it. The camera has a trick of showing up a dumb-bell, almost instantly. So the first thing I look for is intelligence. I see each applicant privately and talk to her. I want to know her as a human being—and after I have studied her for personality and intelligence, I look for beauty, or something which will photograph with charm. Think for a moment of our most successful stars today—how many of them have actual beauty?"

"Very few," I had to admit after a moment's reflection.

"It's that candid, truthful

(*Continued on page 90*)

Because he's square—because he's impartial and treats them like human beings, the girls adore him

The Girl Who Battles Alone

By SUSAN TALBOT

Behind Muriel Kirkland's Laughter There Lies Two Great Sorrows

HOLLYWOOD tried to lick Muriel Kirkland—and failed because she knows what it is to be brave.

Hollywood called Muriel when she was Broadway's most promising newcomer. She left the stage for a year's contract with M-G-M and then by one of those flukes that happens to all studios, she just didn't get used.

She tried to get out of her contract and couldn't. She finally got a good rôle in "Hold Your Man." That started her. She got a better part in "Cocktail Hour" for Columbia.

Hollywood, after having her under its nose for months, suddenly discovered the girl was a real laugh maker. Today she is regarded as one of the real comers in the business. The town couldn't understand why she hadn't either quit before, through neglect, or boiled over with temperament.

Well, here's the story why—and what a heart throb story it is.

When Muriel Kirkland tells this there are no tears in her eyes. She speaks of the two men she loved as if they were not dead at all. But as you look at her strangely peaceful face and hear her calm low voice you know that there are tears in her heart—tears that no amount of time can ever wash away.

She has loved twice—deeply and with sincerity—as only a girl with her simple honesty can love. And twice the men she has loved have died. She told Mack good-bye on an East Indian bound boat. She told Paul good-bye at Grand Central Station. And she never saw either one of them again.

It was not so many years ago and Muriel will never, never forget.

She met Mack—a young, handsome, Dartmouth graduate when he was just out of school and before she had begun the stage career that had its climax in "Strictly Dishonorable" and "The Greeks Had a Word for It." He was vital, brilliant, charming. When they looked at each other that spark of understanding that sometimes passes between people at first meeting electrified them and from that moment on they were constantly together. But they were both very young and Muriel, one day, said something to make him jealous. How foolish she was! And how many regrets she has had since!

The one word separated them and for months they did not see each other. In the meantime Muriel found her forte in the theatre and wished that Mack might share her small, young triumphs with her. It was while she was in California with a New York company that she received a letter from him. She answered—apologizing—and their romance began again.

BUT when she returned to New York he told her that he had an appointment to India with a banking firm. Heart-sick, she told him good-bye at the boat. And regretted the months they had been separated.

It was half a year later that she met Paul Wright—the son of Harold Bell Wright. Muriel and Paul were both playing in a stock company in Virginia.

Their love did not spring up, fierce and sudden, as had love she bore Mack. Paul was a different type of boy. He was quiet, gentle, humorous, infinitely sweet. The realization that she loved him came to her slowly—but once it had come she knew that it was the real thing.

She said to herself, "It was for this that I ever went into the theatre—that I should meet Paul. This is my fate—this fine and tender boy."

For their companionship grew with the days and they were almost never separated.

When she was lonesome for her family—a father, mother, brother and sister who are very closely bound by the threads of family love—it was Paul who comforted her and brought her silly little unexpected gifts. And when the Virginia engagement was ended she and Paul were together in New York where they lunched and worked and looked for jobs and studied and laughed together.

He was always making charming little gestures. A rodeo came to New York. He—Arizona bred—told her of the thrilling wonders of the spectacle and they made a date to see it the next night.

As they walked into Madison (*Continued on page* 85)

This Extra Keen Alice Brady

by
HARRIET PARSONS

You'll Find Inspiration in This Story of Movies' Newest Sensation Who Treats All Subjects Lightly—Including Herself

Alice Brady is entirely different from most stars—as this amusing interview proves

SO the editor said to me, "There's a great story in Alice Brady—a real sob yarn. The woman is one of the most versatile actresses in America. She's had a full, a hectic, and in many ways a pathos-laden existence. Go and have a heart to heart talk with her. Get back of that brittle personality and find the woman. She's had plenty of heart-aches. Make her talk about them. Get that story!"

And I said, "You're right. The film public only knows her as a comedienne—as the boner-pulling, lovable fool of "When Ladies Meet." Yet she's a fine tragedienne. Look at her Lavinia in "Mourning Becomes Electra." And I can remember some incidents in her life that ought to make a real tear-jerker. She knew me when I was a youngster and I think if I can get her alone she'll talk." So, with a batch of clean hankies, a nice new notebook, a sharpened pencil and an anticipatory tear in my eye I started out to find Alice Brady and have a good cry with her. Ha! I could cry all right when I think of it. But not for the reasons you imagine.

Honestly, the things that happened to me in pursuit of that sob story would bring tears to the eyes of a tax collector. In the first place Miss Brady had gone into hiding and the publicity department couldn't even reach her on the phone. And me with a deadline to meet!

They reassured me, however, that she was only taking a much-needed two days' rest. She was in the midst of her fourth picture and this was her first breathing spell. But she'd be back Saturday. Oh, yes indeed, Saturday she was to make one of the big dramatic scenes for "Stage Mother." They'd sandwich me in somewhere between histrionics and I could have a nice quiet chat with Alice on the set.

I know those nice quiet chats on the set. They've landed more than one writer in a nice quiet sanitarium. "Nothing doing," I said firmly. "If it has to be at the studio we'll make the best of it—but dressing room or nothing." "Splendid!" they told me, "A nice quiet luncheon in Alice's dressing room—oh, around 11 or 12—or maybe 1." Hold me down! I could scream when I think of it.

I'll try to go on. But you'll have to let me cry into my beer a little between paragraphs. On the dot of noon I arrived at M-G-M. "Miss Brady's on the set. Why don't you stroll over? They ought to be stopping for lunch shortly." So I "strolled" about half a mile in the sweltering sun to a sound stage in the farthest corner of the lot. "Miss Brady's just gone to her dressing room. Why don't

(*Continued on page 72*)

They Act
EVEN WHEN

Hollywood in the Hospital is Terrific, Arc Lights, Press Agents, Photographers, and Operations are Good Publicity

Beautiful Claudette Colbert lives her life as she wishes to—even if she has to go to the hospital to do it

YOU'VE never been in a mad house until you've been in a Hollywood Hospital! Talking about your operation has long been a standard joke—but talking about your operation in a Hollywood hospital is the difference between a preview and a Grand Opening!

Here operations are thought of in terms of front page stories, while death sits with a press agent at his side, waiting to broadcast the last notices! An appendix in any other city hospital is a nuisance—but in a Hollywood hospital it's a headline!

As the whole world knows, everything in the city of the cinema is done on a grand scale—but the local doctors assure us that despite news to the contrary they are not taking gold stitches—yet! However, some do admit that certain celebrities have requested it. And actors are very fussy about X-rays too. They usually want them retouched!

Next to getting rid of appendixes, the most popular excuse for going to a hospital is to have a baby! Of course there are certain people who are so dumb they don't know the difference between an appendix and a baby. Therefore someone with a crazy idea has suggested that since the unknown soldier has no name and the forgotten man is minus even a nom de plume, the forgotten baby be called simply

Did Tom Mix think of the future life, of home, of fireside when he came out of the ether? Read what he really clamored for

Lilyan Tashman gave vent to a long suppressed desire as she recovered consciousness — and nobody was more surprised at what she wanted than Lilyan herself

Well THEY'RE SICK

by RAMON ROMERO

"Appendix!" Babies *are* supplementarly, at that.

The corridor of a Hollywood hospital is like a slice of Hollywood Boulevard in disinfectant.

Doctors have an awful time being pestered by the other patients to answer all sorts of silly questions like, "What color was Clark Gable's appendix?", "Is Louise Fazenda's baby a comedienne too?", "Were Thelma Todd's automobile-accident cuts hemstitched?"

The Hollywood tragedies are rarely ever enacted in hospitals. However, some of the most amusing anecdotes of the town had their origin in little white rooms between long, sober looking corridors.

Tom Mix, was, to say the least, a spectacular patient. Brought to his hospital bed in a serious condition, with peritonitis slowly setting in, he sent for his press agent and suggested that it would be a good stunt to bring Tony, his horse, to the hospital and up to his bedside to greet him. A sure fire front page story. The press agent being a press agent was quite willing—but imagine their consternation when they discovered that the hospital had something to say about the matter too! After all, Tony ascending in a hospital elevator and walking (*Continued on page* 83)

Old Doctor Cupid brought Hoot Gibson down harder than Hoot's airplane. For did Hooter fall for little June Gale while ill? And how!

Never was there a more publicized-before-birth starlet than Mr. Gary Evan Crosby. His father, Bing, sung his praises from the very housetops—but what he said to Russ Columbo is a swell story

Charley Farrell Talks about his wife ~ and Janet Gaynor

by
NINA
WILCOX
PUTNAM

The Truth at Last, From Charley Himself, About the Most Rumored Romance in Filmland

ON a chill, wet, winter night the front door of a beautiful little house in Beverly Hills was flung open with violence, and a young man emerged, hatless, coatless, and rushed off into the darkness with long strides. A huge dog, one of the finest Great Danes in Southern California, came to the open door, sniffed the night air for an instant, and then followed his master, swiftly and silently, his great clumsy pads finding unerring way to the young man's heels.

Presently they were climbing the heights, past the silent houses of famous stars, up, up through the dark moisture of the winding canyon road, emerging at last upon the barren, windswept hills until a curve in the path brought them to a jutting promontory overlooking the Los Angeles Plain nearly a thousand feet below. Here the man paused, his tired nerves tingling as he surveyed the vast sea of glittering lights which swept to a seemingly endless horizon at his feet: Los Angeles to the East, Hollywood and Beverly merging indistinguishably directly below him and spreading in golden glory to the invisible Pacific. No other part of the world has such a night view as this—gold and red studded with emerald, great white rays from powerful searchlights piercing the blackness of a starless sky—incredible, glittering, vast. The young man stretched out both hands toward it and spoke in a broken voice.

"Hollywood, Hollywood!" he cried in anguish. "What have you done to me? What are you doing to me?"

Then he found a sheltered resting-place and sat down, one arm about the dog, his head close to the silent comfort which only a faithful dog can give, and there fought out his resolve to end a situation which was becoming intolerable: determined to *be himself*, come what might.

The time was almost two years ago and the young man was Charley Farrell, at the height of success, as the world saw it, for he was the screen lover of Janet Gaynor, and besides holding that enviable position, was blessed with all the worldly possession the heart of man could desire. Yet here on the lonely hilltop, he determined to risk it all for something he valued more—the right to stand on his own feet as an artist, and above all, the right to preserve the love of his wife, Virginia Valli, which stood in serious danger of being crowded out by persistent rumors of his undue interest in Janet.

For months Charley had gone about the lot, haggard, nervous, unhappy. He was and is very fond of Janet Gaynor but he did not love her, he loved Virginia. Yet the force of public opinion was forever pushing the screen lovers together. They ate lunch together almost daily, and saw each other constantly. Everybody, even studio executives, their dressers, the waitresses at the café, conspired to leave them alone together, until what had started as a splendid friendship and a deeply sympathetic common feeling for working together, had become a smothering, sweet nightmare from which neither seemed able to escape.

They had made eight pictures together and were working on the ninth when I first met Farrell. We lunched together—without Janet, for once, and Charley was scarcely able to talk, he was so nervous and depressed. He was thin and there were deep lines in his face—lines which demanded all the skill of the best make-up man on the lot to hide from the camera's cruel eye.

"He's finished!" I thought to myself as I watched his listless manner and noted the indifference with which he answered my questions. And now I know that Charley thought so, too. I had come to see him on quite a different subject, but he talked a little of Gaynor and said nice things about her in a mechanical way, like a child repeating a lesson. I was quite depressed about him when I left—something was so definitely wrong. And not unnaturally I wondered the same thing that the fans were wondering at the time. Were both Janet and Charley miserable in their marriages? Were they sorry they had not married each other—and if so, what would happen? Were they contemplating divorce?

THEY were indeed contemplating divorce, but not of the sort I'd fancied—the real divorce has been between Gaynor and Farrell and it was Charley who did the divorcing. But I am ahead of my story.

All of the foregoing was months and months ago. I had heard, of course, about the breaking up of the famous team, and heard the general outcry of "Farrell is through—this will finish him in pictures." And I wondered, even carelessly accepted the idea, remembering the thin-faced, soul-sick boy I'd known him to be. But months passed and I did not see him again. In fact, the Farrells had disappeared from Hollywood, and no one saw anything of them for a long, long time—a dangerous policy in the picture-game.

Then like a bomb-shell came the news of Janet Gaynor's divorce and immediately the old gossip started up afresh. Where were the Farrells? Were they together? Was Charley easing out of his marriage, and would the two adorable lovers of the screen "make it legal" at last?

Then came the news that Charley was to play in "Aggy Appleby" for Radio. He made the picture and it was so good that before it was finished Warner Brothers had signed him for the lead in "Shakedown" with talk of a long term contract. This was good hearing. Farrell was not, it seemed, finished by any means. But despite, or perhaps even because of this fresh spurt of success, the rumors about him and Gaynor only flared anew. My own curiosity was aroused, and I determined to find out what I could.

Up the street from my house—just five, palm-trimmed blocks away, to be exact, the Farrells' home nestles in a bower of roses, Bougainvillea, and sweet flowering shrubs. It is little more than a cottage, but what a cottage! Set back from the street on an oddly quaint lawn, it fits snugly into a garden surrounded by a wall of warm red bricks, and on the night I chose for my reconnoitering, the mullioned windows glowed warmly with lamplight. There was an odor of honeysuckle in the air and the stars shone brightly—a far, far different night from that on which a heart-sore, distraught boy had fled from it to the lonely hills, hugging that bitter problem to his breast.

Virginia Valli, a wife and very much in love, who had to learn a wisdom almost beyond the grasp of any woman

Charley Farrell, an honest, handsome young man who found he was being drawn through potent but hidden means into a relationship he didn't want

Little Janet Gaynor with a will of iron concealed beneath the gentlest of manners, a girl of lasting charm

I HAD not telephoned in advance because I wished to catch them unaware. But I did know from a mutual friend that the Farrells would be at home and probably alone, that evening. Also I knew that Charley in particular enjoys having friends drop in informally and even deplores the fact that people do it so little out here. So I called my colored chauffeur and told him I wanted him to run me up to the Farrells and asked if he knew the way.

"Yes ma'am, Mis' Putnam!" he exclaimed. "I sho' do!"

And then, foolish me, I remembered that Leo had worked a long time for Charley and Virginia before he came to me. So off we set. The peaceful little house glowed with a gentle welcoming light as I descended from the car (in which Leo promptly fell asleep) and running up the flagstone path, did an absolutely outrageous thing: I peeked through the window! Charley will kill me when he reads this, but I don't care, and I'm going to tell what I saw.

A log fire was burning brightly on the hearth, although the night was mild, and on one side of it sat Virginia, reading, her pretty, trim feet resting on the quaint hassock which stood before her high-backed, wing chair. Across from her, his back to me, sat a man—I could see his long legs stretched toward the blaze, the top of his head and the pipe which he held in one hand. As I looked, the lady in the piece arose and closing her book, crossed to the man, paused for a moment to kiss him lightly on the forehead, picked up a magazine, and went back to her place.

It was one of those eloquent little scenes which told me more than a thousand interviews, and had I left then and there, I would have felt my story to be complete. A sudden wave of shame at my really wicked action swept over me, and hastily retreating, I rang the doorbell. The housekeeper-maid, who has been with the Farrells ever since their marriage, opened the door

(*Continued on page 70*)

ENRAL STORE
HAY-GRAIN & COAL.
BROWN PROP.

Photos Especially taken for

MOVIE MIRROR

by

HYMAN FINK

Staff Photographer

HOW would you like to be down on the farm with a gang like this?

Kay Francis and Kenneth McKenna hired the Vendome Cafe, turned it into a barnyard, real country store, real hay, real cow, real rabbits, real chickens, real ducks, real apples (after a bit, even the smell got real) very real cider, and utterly, utterly make-believe people, and was a good time had by all those lucky ones who got invitations!

It was just something-awful elite. The Lionel Barrymores, the George Brents, the Michael Farmers, the Freddie Marches, the Gene Markeys, the William Powells (oh, pardon us, Mr. Powell and Miss Carole Lombard), the Zeppo Marxes, the John Monk Saunders (Fay Wray), the Richard Barthelmesses (Dick went as a colored boy and funny he was, too), the Herbert Marshalls, Phil Holmes, Ricardo Cortez, with that charming Mrs. Lee he's being seen with, Elizabeth Allan, Adolphe Menjou, and many, many others. In fact, it was a real roster of inside-Hollywood society.

There was a big fence you had to climb over to get into the party. You had to wade through the hay, and duck for apples. General prize for the best outfit went to Gloria Swanson, who went as a tough little farm kid, and made it tough for everybody else with her water squirt gun. What Gloria did with that! Gloria also took her dog who went mad over the barnyard creatures he had never seen before.

Adolphe Menjou got the men's prize for costumes. He came in a perfectly tailored evening suit, only it was beautifully made out of the stuff overalls are made of, blue denim.

The big stunt of the evening was trying to milk the cow. The cow was that flattered she gave out nothing save the most golden cream.

[illegible] Joan Bennett-Markey

Mr. & Mrs.
Lionel
Barrymore

Mr. & Mrs. [illegible] Barthelmess Mr. & Mrs. C. Brook

Kay Francis
Gives a most
ORIGINAL PARTY

Kenneth & Kay Francis McKenna

Michael & Gloria Swanson Farmer

Mr. & Mrs. Fredric March

Mr. & Mrs. John Gilbert

the STAR nobody KNOWS

Jeanette MacDonald is World Famous—But She Keeps Her Own Affairs to Herself

by Ann Barbour

HOW much do you know about Jeanette MacDonald? Well, you know that she was a musical comedy singer before Lubitsch made her into a light, bright comedienne. You know that she is engaged to her manager, Bob Ritchie, and that there has been a lot of fuss about whether they are really secretly married or not. But beyond that I'll bet you know darn little.

The point is that, with the exception of all those "are they married or are they not and who cares" stories there has been so little written about Jeanette. And when that happens to a movie star who has not declared a pogrom against interviewers you can usually know one of two things—either the star is a beautiful dumb-bell or else she is maddeningly uncommunicative. But Jeanette MacDonald is neither. So what?

There's another strange thing about this MacDonald girl. She has played the most seductive of rôles. She is beautiful and spritely, yet, in America, she is seldom held up as the shining light of sex appeal, because I feel sure, everyone knows that for years and years she has had no exciting and exotic love affairs, but has remained the very steady girl friend of a fairly average American business man, Bob Ritchie.

However, in Europe she is a rage, a sensation, a cult. She is, in the European mind, all of the things she is on the screen. Over there they ignore the Ritchie person as an entity in her life, storm the theatres where she sings in concert and use her name as a synonym for glamour. She appeals to and piques their imaginations. Why?

So I think it is high time that two things happened—that you know something of the life and character of this quite remarkable woman and that the mystery of her sex appeal—touted on one side of the Atlantic and ignored on the other—is explained.

I have learned facts about Jeanette MacDonald that she has never told before—not from reticence but simply because she is so busy denying her marriage that she never has time to say anything else.

Here is one of those life paths that runs as true to its goal as an arrow to a bull's- (*Continued on page* 78)

He Hitches His Houses to a STAR!

More Hilarious Yet Practical William Haines' Stories on How the Well Dressed House Should Look

by Harriet Parsons

INTERIOR decorating is like a chain letter. Your friends tell their friends who tell their friends—and that, my dears, is how you get customers. At least that's what Bill Haines says. Last month I told you of some of Bill's achievements—and shenanigans—as an interior decorator. And now more.

Apropos of the chain letter remark, Bill added Claudette Colbert to his list of clients through her friendship with Joan Crawford, whose house he had done. 'Twas like this: Joan brought Claudette to Bill's shop to buy some gadgets. Shortly afterward Claudette moved into a house which Garbo had just vacated. Explains Bill, "Of course it was pretty cobwebby because Garbo had only used the sleeping porch and two coffee cups." Anyway Claudette wanted the bedroom done over. Too depressing. And she thought of Joan's house. And of Bill. So she finally sent for Bill.

Now Claudette's only instruction to decorator Haines was that the room should be gay. But Bill, recognizing Claudette's good breeding and intelligence, realized it would have to be a restrained gaiety—gaiety tempered by good taste. He hit upon the idea of doing the room in the directoire period. Because, he says, Claudette is very French and very fresh. She's sparkling, effervescent—yet with restraints. What he has really done is to keep the directoire spirit—but in the actual execution he has modernized-stylized.

For one thing, he conceived the idea of a trick new color, suggested to him by cheap milk chocolate candy (at not too great cost to his digestion, I hope.) This milk chocolate brown with beige and off-notes of coral constitute the color scheme of the room. The drapes are beige of an interesting, smooth-textured dress fabric. (Bill is a master at getting effects by original and unusual use of fabrics.) The flounces, top and bottom, are milk chocolate brown—the manner of draping suggested by the Roman toga. Sash curtains are white voile with the borders cut in points, each point terminating in a little red tassel.

Two dolphins form the interesting bed, with their heads resting on the floor and their tails curling up to form a high headboard. The bed is completely upholstered in squares of brown velvet, tufted in coral tassels. It is a single bed, treated as a

White walls, sand-colored rugs and hangings is the color scheme for Franchot Tone's dressing room. Note the Crawford pictures, pul-lese

day bed, and can be used as a chaise during the day. You may remember from last month that Connie Bennett's bed served the same dual purpose. Connie's, however, was treated differently, having a head and footboard of the same height, whereas Claudette's has a very high headboard and low foot.

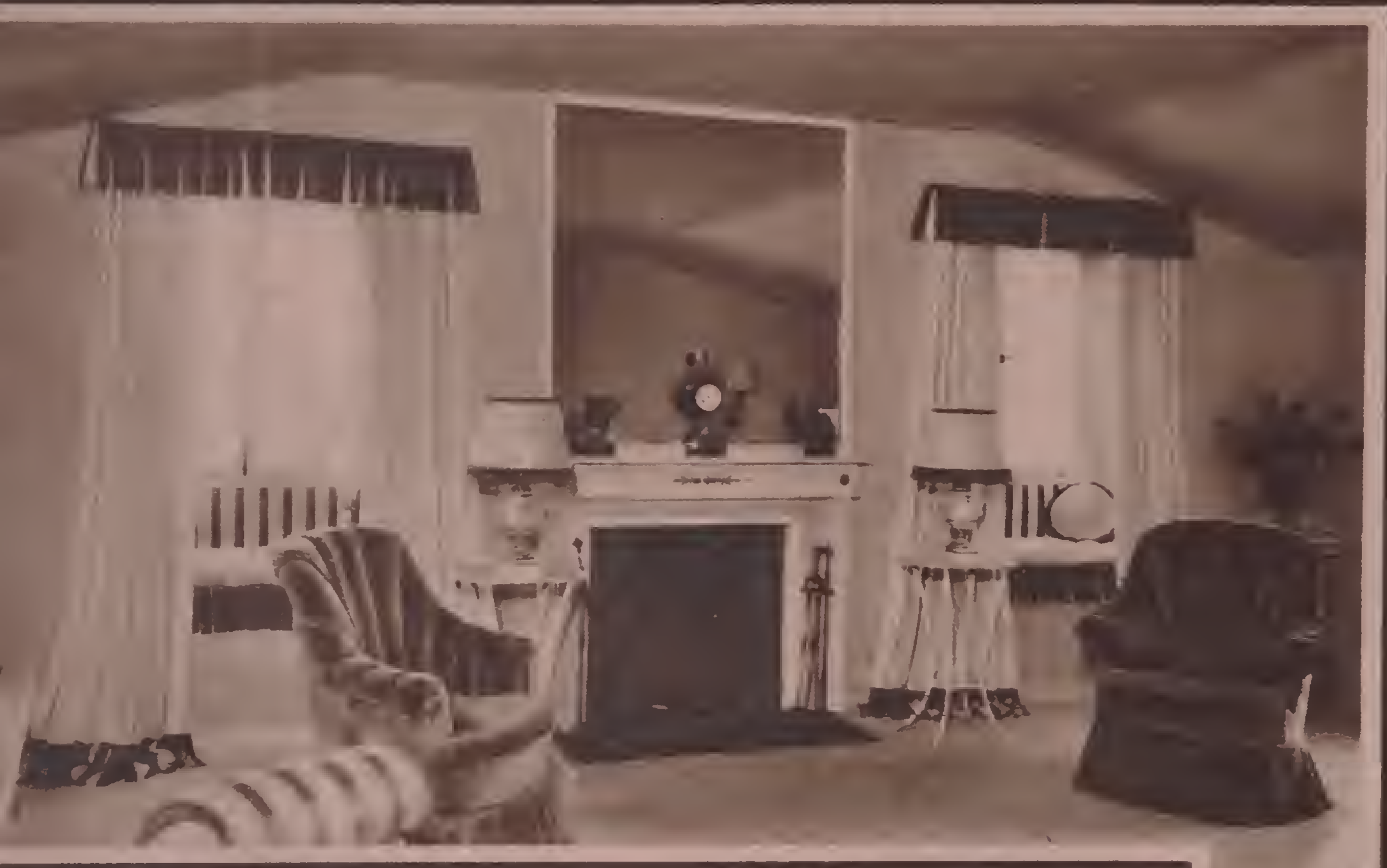
This bedroom of Claudette's, according to Bill, is much prettier when the lady herself is in it. He deliberately subordinated the room to her so that when she is in it, it remains very definitely a background—although a background with decided charm of its own. This idea Bill got from the ancients who often used to subordinate rooms to the women who were to use them, making them simply lovely frames which would emphasize the beauty of their occupants without overshadowing them.

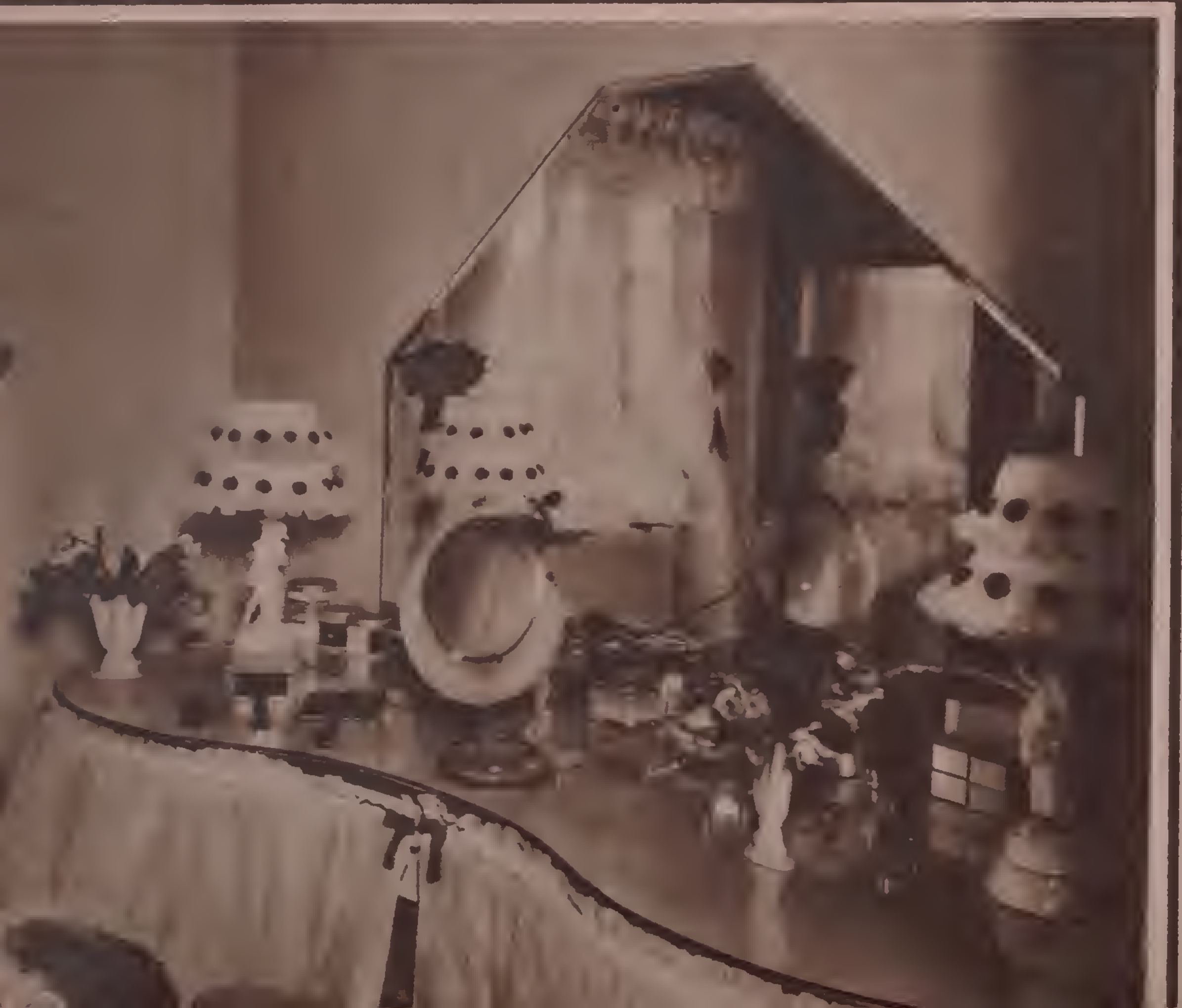
There is a great deal of red in the room, for Claudette loves red. The chairs are comfortable, yet give an appearance of austerity and dignity. They are brown and red velvet with red fringe. The lamps are of crossed arrows and mirrors. Bill has used mirrors generously throughout the room. He says it's always advisable to give an actress plenty of mirrors in a room—and an actor, too, for that matter. He ought to know!

The dressing room off the bedroom Bill has made very frivolous. Carpet and walls are white. Dressing table is in white organdy with yards and yards of ruffles. Curtains are the same, tied back with red velvet bows. The dressing table chair is in red velvet with shaggy fringe. Altogether the room is very gay and very naughty—yet with a touch of Victorian prudishness about it. Bill says it would be a swell room for Claudette to sing "Pagliacci" in.

Claudette is delighted with her bedroom and thinks it complements her perfectly. But husband Norman Foster doesn't like it one little bit. (Of course since he has his own separate menage, that's not as serious as it might be.) Bill says it's typically a woman's room. The furniture is fragile and classical, and Norman probably feels silly sitting on those directoire chairs. One, in particular—the desk chair—probably makes him feel as if he were sliding down the shoot-the-chutes in a kid's playground.

Most people, says Bill, have a piece of furniture to which





Restrained gaiety is keynote for the well-bred Claudette Colbert, so Billy Haines chose milk chocolate brown combined with vivid red. Her dressing room is done in white organdie tied with red velvet bows

they are wedded. You always have to be very careful in alluding to it. It's the decorator's diplomatic task to compliment the pet piece—and yet ease it out gracefully and painlessly without hurting the owner's feelings. Move it to the servant's room or persuade the client to give it to Mother. You remember the trouble Bill had with that turkey red chair of Doug, Jr.'s. Well—Lionel Barrymore had a huge sofa to which he was violently attached. It was very comfortable, but very ugly. Looked like a sarcophagus. When Bill redecorated the Barrymore drawing room he finally persuaded Lionel that the pet sofa wouldn't fit in the new scheme of things. It was too large for the servant's room—so Bill gave it to the Salvation Army. He feels he did a great service to the homeless unemployed, since a goodly number of them can be housed in the ex-Barrymore sofa. In fact, it's large enough to sleep a Mexican family of fourteen. Incidentally, if Lionel reads this article it will be his first inkling of what actually happened to his pet sofa.

The Barrymore drawing room is heavily beamed and somber. Before it was redecorated, Lionel remarked that it reminded him of the catacombs. Irene Barrymore was especially anxious to have some color and brightness brought into the room, and Bill was given the job. He painted the walls pale yellow. Then he put up white curtains with festoons of chartreuse green velvet. For the curtains he used the wrong side of the material to get a rougher texture. (Again that Haines genius for using unusual materials in an unusual way.) The large sofa with which Bill replaced the sarcophagus is of cream and chartreuse striped raw silk. Two large sofas on either side of the fireplace are of corduroy in a yellow deeper than the walls. They are trimmed with heavy white cotton fringe. Then there are two upholstered chairs in linen velvet. (A fabric Bill designed himself and had made in Europe.) Also two 18th century Italian chairs upholstered in tapestry in the French manner, and in back of these a refectory table. The room is a mixture of various periods, and suits Lionel's versatility and cosmopolitanism.

Lionel, who is an etcher of no mean ability himself, has a fine collection of etchings which Bill used to great advantage. There is another test of the intelligent decorator—to recognize the really fine and (*Continued on page* 93)

The STRANGE CHARM of Gilbert Roland

by EVELYN CONROY

More Famous Stars Have Been in Love With Him Than With Any Other Man in Hollywood

A GREAT many people who used to think they knew all the answers to Gilbert Roland, are asking questions all over again now that his name is being *Walter-Winchelled* with Constance Bennett's as her "friend," and her new leading man in "Without Glory."

With the possible exception of the late Jack Pickford, they say Roland has been loved by more beautiful women than any man of Hollywood history.

And no career has been so influenced by women as his. The loves of his private life have both helped, and hindered, his career before the camera.

Only indifferently successful as a Great Lover on the screen (even as the *Don Juan* of Mae West's "She Done Him Wrong" he rated the mildest critical and public attention). Roland has been dubbed by Hollywooders as "the Clark Gable of private life"!

As Luis Alonso, he once worked extra on the set of a great star who was later to sacrifice the prestige of her movie career because of her love for Gilbert Roland. The star, of course, was Norma Talmadge. She said, at the time: "I have had everything in life but romance! I think I am entitled to that . . . !"

Clara Bow once described him as "the great love of my life!"

Little Ann Rork was so temporarily infatuated with him as a dancing partner that she prevailed upon her father (then a producer at First National) to sign him for four pictures.

There was another little flapper famous in the same day, and at the same time as Clara Bow who had, as she frequently expressed it, "a terrible yen for Gil." Maybe she was interested purely because he was Clara's "beau" and this kid deeply coveted the same things, and the same fame as Clara's. Anyway she kept calling him "to come over and see her" . . . which should go to prove that Mae West was not the *first* lady ever to issue that invitation. Usually, Mr. Roland was "not at home" to her piping, insistent little voice. But one night she got him:

"*Why* won't you come over?" she teased, "Aren't I pretty enough?"

Gil said: "You are very charming, my dear."

She was determined: "I know . . . you have another girl there!"

"No!"

"Then you are tied up in a conference . . . or something!"

There was a gentle sigh from the other end of the wire. A polite, but very weary sigh. "My dear child, if you must know, I am reading a book! It is a very good book! I am going to finish it tonight!"

That was all. The phone went down . . . the little would-be-siren wept bitterly for let the truth be known about women: They may feel affection for the protective, kind male . . . but 'tis only the indifferent one who can

tinued on page 80)

The screen has never caught the romance that is Gilbert Roland's in private life

MOVIE MIRROR ANNOUNCES A NEW SERVICE

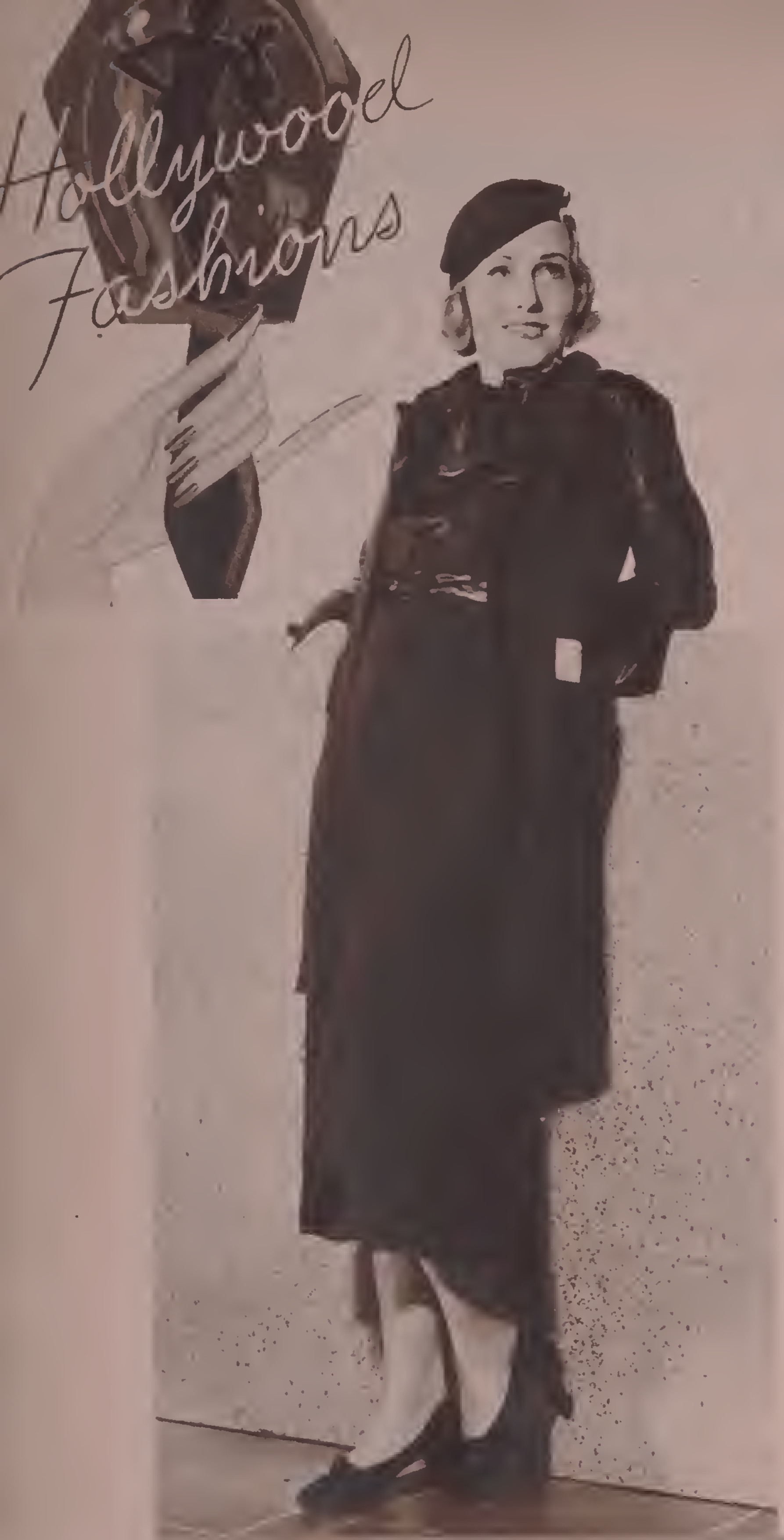
Glamorous Joan Crawford, alongside here, is the finest example in the world today of *what a girl can do to glorify herself!* Joan was a fat, drab dancing girl when she first came to Hollywood. But *through Hollywood,* she learned how to improve her figure, increase her beauty, wear the right clothes.

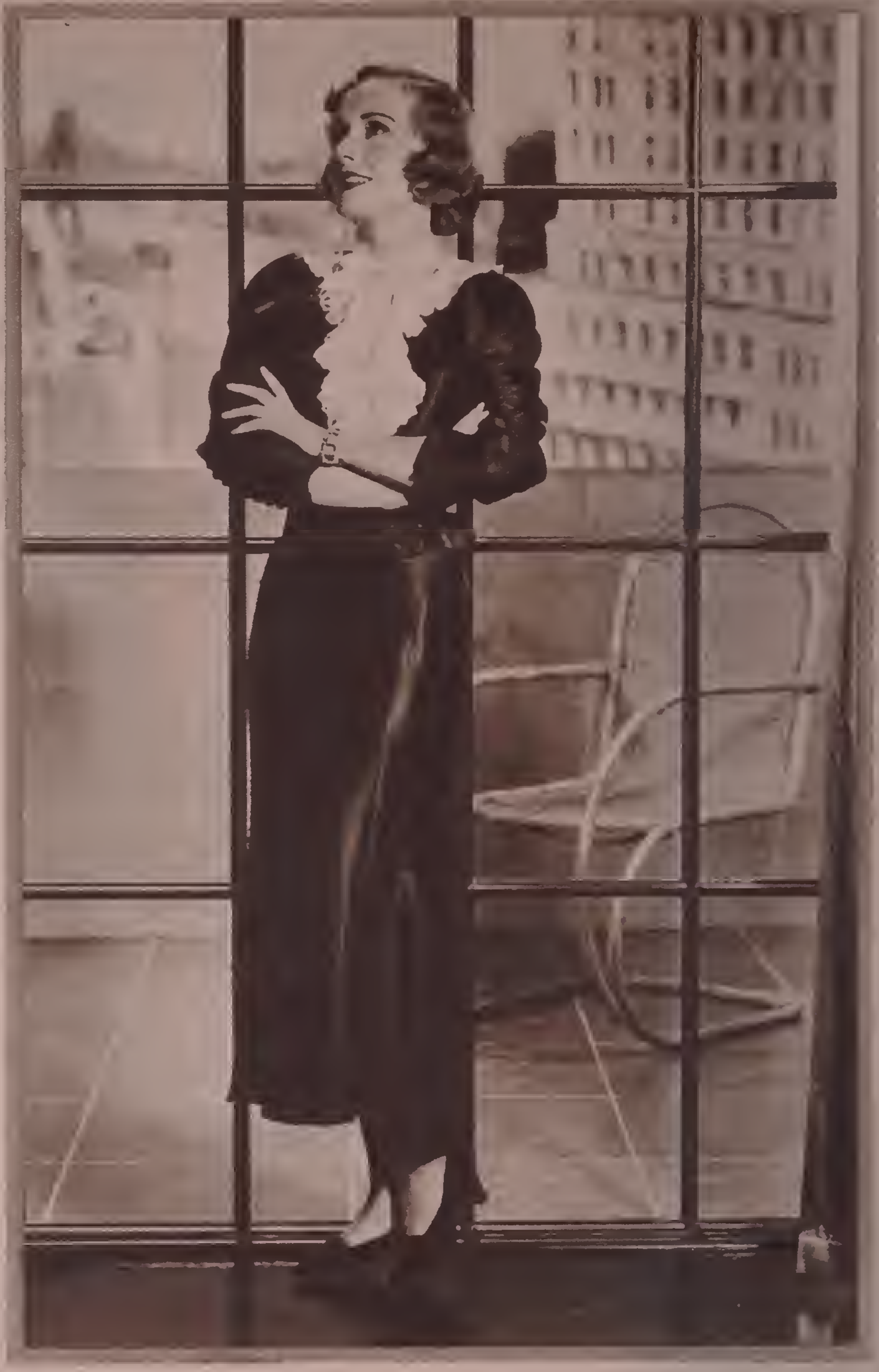
Through Hollywood, what Hollywood knows about beauty, what Hollywood knows about figures, diets, and fashions, you, too, can become the girl you want to be.

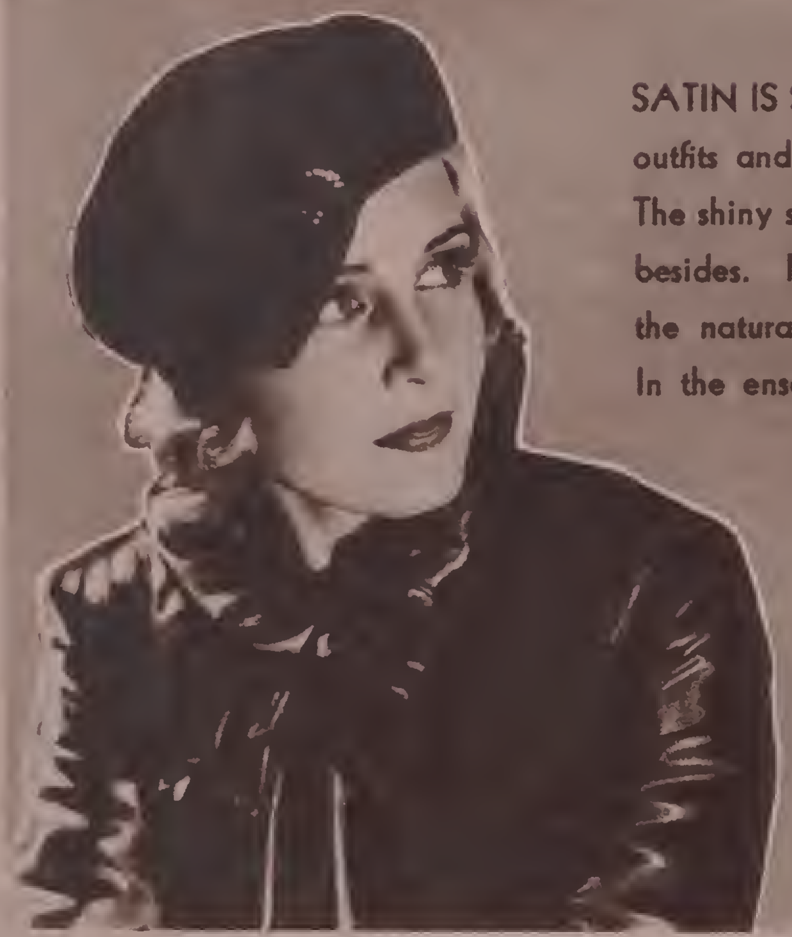
Beginning this month and every month hereafter, **Movie Mirror** will present to you the newest beauty secrets, the newest fashion hints direct from Hollywood—not the stale, routine pictures that the press agents hand out, but the real things people are wearing in Hollywood, the actual beauty tricks they are practicing.

Furthermore, Movie Mirror will be glad to answer any questions you may have about beauty or fashions. Do you want to know what colors to wear, how to improve your skin, how to do your hair? Write Mildred Duncan, Movie Mirror, 6715 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal., enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and Miss Duncan will gladly give you her advice.

Hollywood Fashions







SATIN IS SUPREME STYLE THIS FALL. Madge Evans models you two outfits and a little draped beret that you will probably want to copy. The shiny satin dress has all the new features and is veree, veree practical besides. It has the new jabot neckline, the puffed, shirred sleeves and the natural, belted waistline, which are all high fashions this season. In the ensemble at the left, two sides of the satin are used. The dull side makes the main body of the dress and matching sleeveless three-quarter length jacket. The right side of the satin makes the sleeves, belt and ascot scarf at the neck. Madge's draped beret is made of stitched satin, pulled down over one eye and fastened with a jeweled clip.

Strolling Down Fashion Lane

IT isn't difficult this Fall to find out all about new "theses" and "thoses" the feminine stars are wearing. Swathed in the grandeur of the new mode, each and every star seems to have added loads of originality to the first Fall fashion parade in the cinema capital. They may be seen everywhere it's smart to be seen and furs, fabrics and fine feathers all seem to chant "farewell to thee, depression."

ACCESSORIES FOR INSTANCE: Jean Harlow says the brilliance of this new fashion deal certainly has gotten in her hair! But she doesn't mind at all because its effect is smart and interesting after all. She wears a round comb of rhinestones set in ebony across the back of her famous coiffure and the effect is really devastating. The fact that she wears this evening accessory in this new way proves that although one of the busiest girls in town at the moment, Jean is giving the importance of accessories plenty of serious attention. You will see how becoming this modern crown is to Jean in "Bombshell" her current production in which she plays the part of Lola Burns, a glamorous movie star. In this picture Jean wears many beautiful gowns and will be seen cavorting in many of the smart Hollywood haunts.

Gertrude Michael has a cleverly thought-out array of new earrings. They are of various sizes and designs and exactly suit the particular costumes for which they were chosen. Perhaps the most interesting is one which fits closely up around the ear lobe and looks like a strange, symbolic sign. She assures me this one really isn't an insignia, but we've agreed it might be very cute to have monogram earrings for the benefit of absent-minded dancing partners! There is an idea, now.

Mae Clarke is arousing no end of envy by *her* newest bit of costume jewelry. It's a ring for the little finger, obviously inspired by the clusters of silver bangle bracelets which held our interest a while back. Of marcasite, this ring is fashioned from three tiny circlets held together by a little clasp, daintily engraved. Terribly smart with dark daytime clothes and simply grand for those who aren't really very jewelry-minded, for it gives just the correct perk-up to the hand which holds the tea cup on Fall-ish afternoons. These can be had in colors, too, Mae tells us, but the marcasite is really smarter.

FRESH FLOWER CORSAGES are still arousing interest both night and day and there seems to be a subtle competition for the most effective manner of wearing them. In the evening, orchids have momentarily outclassed the gardenia's fragrant pallor. At the *très soignée* Hollywood opening of "Dinner at Eight" there were orchids galore! Gloria Swanson surprised everyone by simply carrying her corsage through the admiring throngs of friends and fans and pinning them on the back of the seat just in front of her. That really is the most ingenious method yet, for it keeps the delicate flowers fresh and at the same time preserves the illusion which these exotic blossoms arouse when they are near one like Gloria, who really can live up to orchids. There are many who cannot, and that's why we sometimes hear faint protests about "oh, orchids die very quickly on me. . . .!"

EVEN LOWER HEELS milady! Helen Vinson might be very much surprised to hear what a lot of comment her particularly outstanding type of footwear is causing. Everyone in Hollywood wonders (*Continued on page* 92)

The Stars Beauty Secrets

Read how Jean Harlow and Gertrude Michael are using jewels in a new and different manner this season

SALLY O'NEIL is probably the youngest star ever to play hookey from Hollywood and be gladly and quickly forgiven when she returns a year later. But even the sternest of the stern would melt with admiration at the new Sally. The hoydenish, scapegrace little Irish girl who frisked about in a comic manner has become an exotic, alluring creature with just a bit of Joan Crawford, Tallulah Bankhead, even Garbo about her. By this I don't at all mean that Sally's new sophisticated charm is a steal—far from it! I simply mean that that mystic spell which Hollywood weaves about its beautiful victims has wrought this miraculous transformation. Even though Sally claims she can't completely explain it, she does a very good job of it.

"You ask me what I think has changed me so," said Sally, "well, first of all I think European travel has had quite a bit to do with that. You see, I've grown up, at last! I realize that in the months I have spent away from Hollywood, I have gradually stopped thinking of the childish things which used to occupy my mind, and in place of all these frivolous subjects are deeper, more serious interests. This mental change in me automatically caused me to study my appearance and perhaps you won't believe me, but when I left Hollywood my make-up was the least of my worries. I remember now how I used to run a comb quickly through my hair, and think that was *just about it*. I'm almost ashamed to confess that before these new portraits were made I had never plucked an eyebrow or touched them with my now indispensable little brush before I posed for still pictures. I must have been a terrible trial to photographers in those days but maybe I can make up for all that now. My hair as it used to be wouldn't suit me at all as I am today, so I have to let it grow and have a very useful fringe of bangs which I can either comb across my forehead softly or brush to one side. I have changed the expression of my eyes by arching my eyebrows slightly and lengthening them with a thin pencil line. The reason my mouth looks different is partly because my expression is more reposed and partly because I use lip rouge more carefully. I think it's a grand idea for a girl, who perhaps wishes to change her type a little, to sit before her mirror with several shades of lip rouge, either stick or paste, and experiment. I do this when I am cast for a part which is of slightly different character and have amazing results. One doesn't realize how easy it is to become six other people, until one learns to achieve these little make-up tricks. This doesn't necessarily apply only to an actress, for girls who go to parties a lot and wear different types of frocks can also surprise their friends with a variety of moods. However, for general make-up, it's best to follow Westmore's suggestion of contour by roughing the upper lip, then pressing them together and drawing in the lower lip carefully where the impression is made.

This may sound absurd, but I think another very important thing which has helped me to attain more poise

is that I have at last conquered my feet! I never used to have long shots, or full lengths taken because I simply couldn't help toeing in! And I don't mind telling you I have practiced toeing out and walking correctly ever since I left Hollywood, because I used to be so embarrassed when I saw myself on the screen. It wasn't an easy habit to conquer and some people used to accuse me of doing it to be cute, but if they knew how hard I have had to work to correct it they'd be surprised! That's another victory I've won since I left Hollywood; another reason why I too like what you call 'the new Sally.' "

"Thank you, Sally O'Neil," and lots of luck with that new picture you are starting at Paramount!"

This is still Station C-H-A-R-M—in Hollywood, broadcasting from the beauty center of the world.

(Theme song "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi").

We want New York and all the finishing schools to tune in while we call attention to Betty Furness, of Radio Pictures, who came to Hollywood about a year ago right out of school and Manhattan's sub-deb social register. Although Betty was then an outstanding little lady and was swooped down on by motion picture executives with an iron-bound contract in their hands, she is far more lovely today and doesn't mind at all our calling attention to the fact. And, why should she, for perhaps her advice may help others to take inventory on their supply of charm and hurry up about enhancing it, as Betty has done.

"REALLY, Gretchen," Betty smilingly and modestly announces, "when I study my first photographs I almost have hysterics! For in those first weeks I spent in Hollywood I knew I had a lot to learn, but I couldn't figure out what little tricks I must try to adopt first. Of course I immediately began with my hair, for with Hollywood hairdressers so scornful of any coiffure that isn't terribly *a la mode* I knew that was the first thing to change. I tried it in various ways and each time I did this I had snapshots taken to see, in a small way, if it photographed becomingly. It's easier to see how others look at you that way, than by glaring at a mirror. Then came the awful siege of learning how to put on my own make-up. I am thankful now to those on the lot who used to laugh at me when I appeared with the wrong sort of mouth and too much mascara. For they helped me to work hard on my face during leisure hours at home, so that I could bring out whatever qualities I had, in the best manner. So many girls I knew at school used to simply whip out powder, rouge and lipstick and it didn't really matter whether they had a mirror or not because everyone put cosmetics on in the same way, the same places and practically the same shades. They could borrow anyone's lipstick or rouge, and were always going fifty-fifty on powder. No wonder I had a lot to learn when I joined the forces of Hollywood's fair sex, with their supreme knowledge of the skill of personalized make-up. After all, it is every woman's duty to do as much as possible with that which Nature has endowed her, and I'm glad I have learned this. It helped me a lot to study the characters I was assigned to play in pictures. I began to wonder just how I could make myself more like that girl I was supposed to be and noticed that gradually I was changing tremendously. I'm so thrilled about being here where everyone (*Continued on page 77*)

A transformed girl, Sally O'Neil, above, as she used to be, and below as she is today. The secret's in this article

Newsreel

THIS is the story of the last of the great adventurers of the world—the newsreel cameramen.

In a world that, for the most part, is still routine and prosaic, they are romantic. They chart the great wilderness, discover little known tribes in far off lands, bring us back pictures of life among the coolies along the Yangtze River or of the latest tennis matches at Forest Hills.

A newsreel cameraman summed up the attitude of the newsreel men for me when he said, "I don't care whether I work twenty-four hours a day or sixteen hours or eight hours, as long as there is something to do. The only thing that riles me is when nothing breaks, and we have to sit around the office till we get bored with the sight of each other."

That isn't often, you can bet your sweet life.

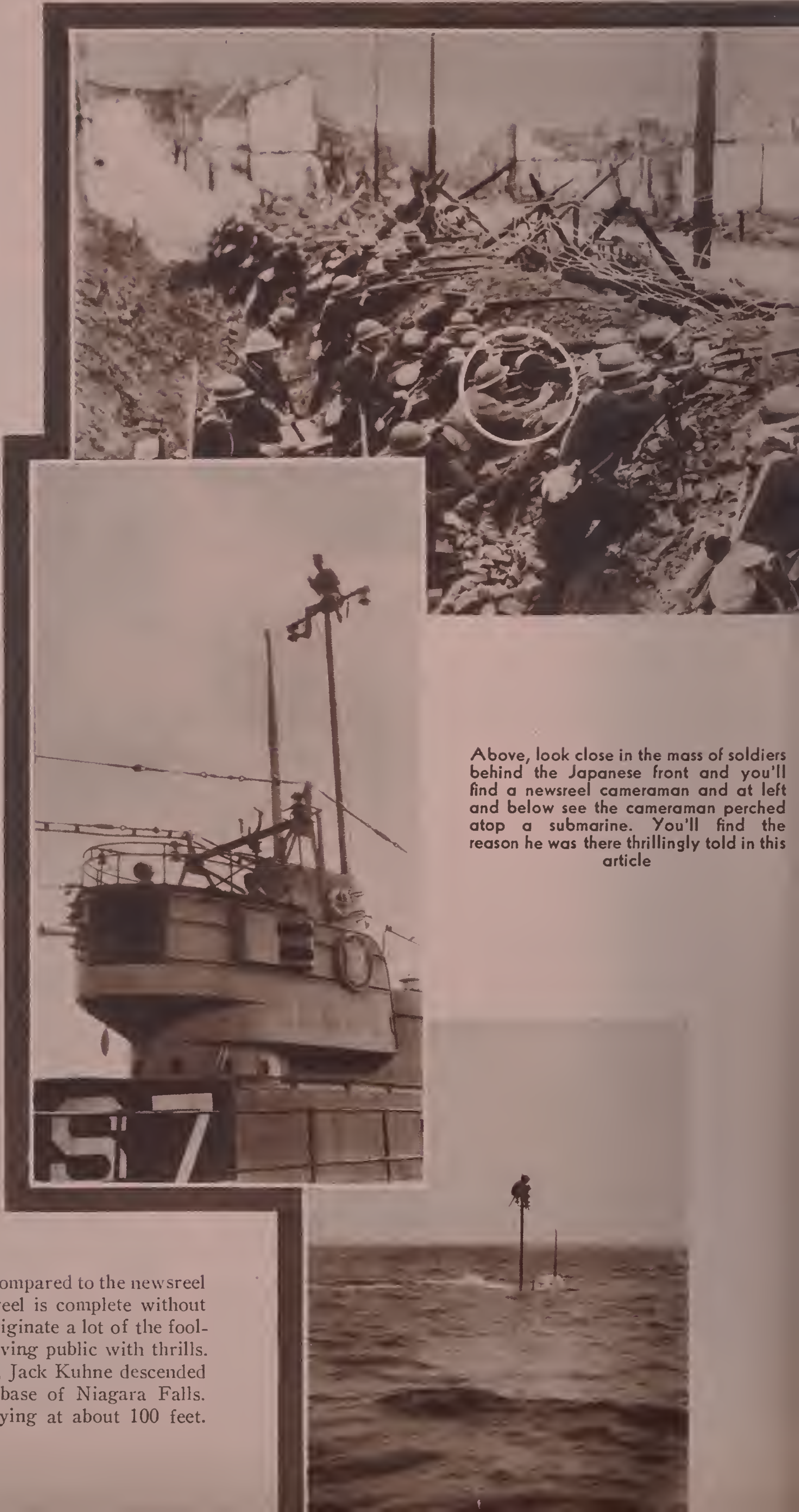
Newsreel men have just one code, "Get that picture!"

Cameraman Jess .Kizis of Fox Movietone was covering the inauguration of President Roosevelt from an army blimp. In order to get camera shots from the air, he had to walk out on the catwalk on the bottom of the blimp. The catwalk was so narrow that there was barely room for one person on it. Cameraman Kizis slung his camera over one shoulder and got ready to make his shots. Suddenly the blimp hit a bump. The plane whirled in space. The cameraman tried to steady himself, but it was too late. He lost his balance, and one hand was caught in the whirling propeller, which was going at the rate of 1400 revolutions a minute. The tops of his fingers were clipped off.

The pilot suggested that they land at once, and get an ambulance for the cameraman. But Cameraman Kizis still had one good hand. He kept on taking pictures.

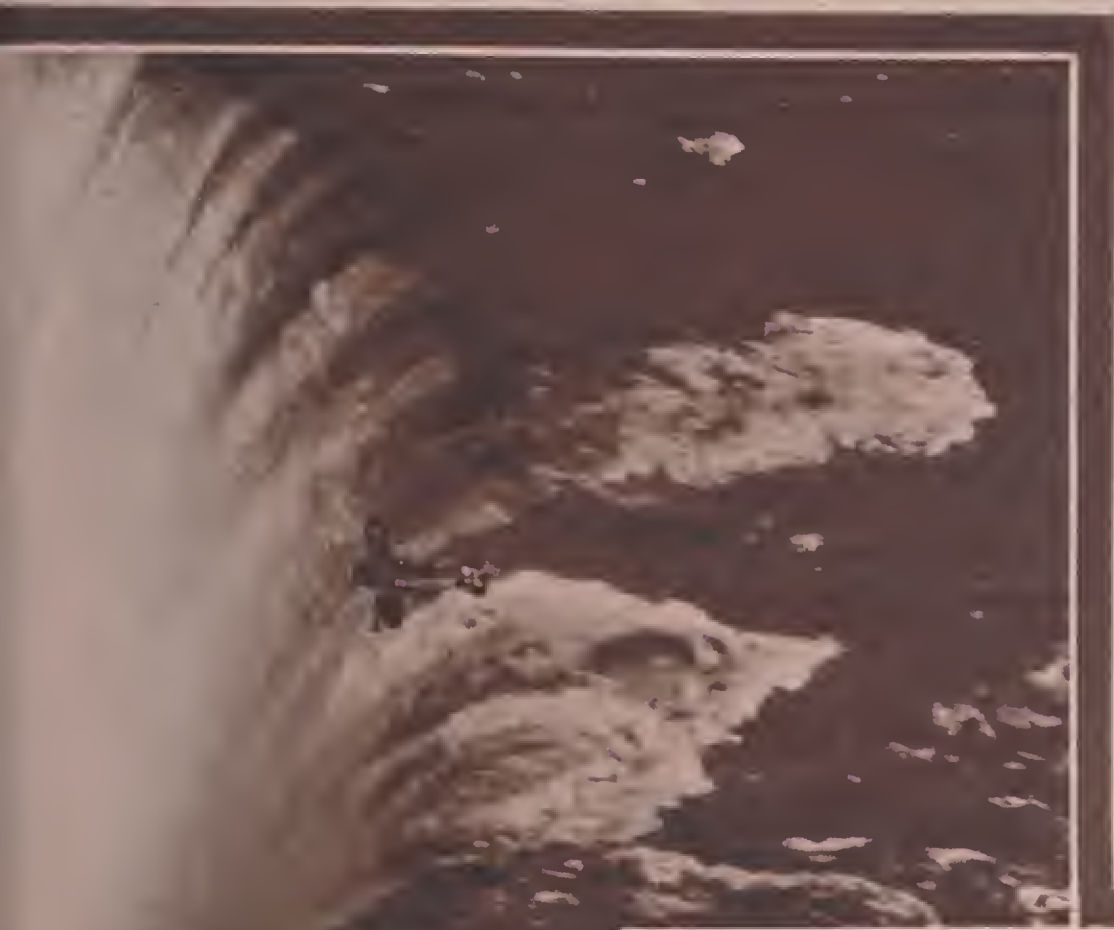
Heroic as that may seem, it is typical of the things the newsreel men do when they are faced with a tough assignment. They will go to any lengths to get a picture they want. The Northwest Mounted Police are slackers in getting their men, compared to the newsreel men in getting their pictures. No newsreel is complete without thrills, and the cameramen themselves originate a lot of the foolhardy stunts that supply the newsreel-loving public with thrills.

To satisfy the public's taste for thrills, Jack Kuhne descended in an autogiro through a mist at the base of Niagara Falls. When he went into the mist he was flying at about 100 feet.



Above, look close in the mass of soldiers behind the Japanese front and you'll find a newsreel cameraman and at left and below see the cameraman perched atop a submarine. You'll find the reason he was there thrillingly told in this article

THRILLS



Suddenly he hit an air pocket and dropped 90 feet. With difficulty the pilot made the ascent to safety again. But just as soon as they had flown up again, Jack Kuhne turned to his pilot and asked, "Would you mind making that descent again? I'm not sure that the pictures I got are good enough. Perhaps this time I can get better pictures."

The thing that most baffles the layman when it comes to newsreels is: How in heaven's name is it that whenever an earthquake occurs or a two-legged calf is born, the newsreel men are always Johnny-on-the-spot?

I have had the thing explained to me by the editors of most of the big newsreels, but it still seems pretty miraculous to me.

New York City is the headquarters of the newsreel world. Every newsreel company has offices here, with a managing editor, an assignment editor and numerous cameramen. Associated Press bulletins and newspaper bulletins pour into the offices of the newsreel companies. From New York the managing editor sends his men all over the United States, and sometimes to Canada, South America, Mexico and distant corners of the world. When a hurricane breaks out in Florida, there is sure to be some newsreel man near enough to the scene of the disaster to cover it in a rush.

The newsreel world is like a far-flung empire. One large newsreel company has headquarters in London, Ireland, Wales, Scotland, Australia, Paris, Berlin, Rome and Tokio exactly like its New York headquarters. When an earthquake broke out

Nobody had ever gone over Niagara Falls in an autogiro until a dare-devil newsreel man did it. Behind the war lines, cameramen must wear gas masks just as do soldiers against which danger a mere live lion beside the camera is nothing at all

by
DORA ALBERT

Celebrities mean nothing except a good picture to the newsreel boys. See the picture hound grinding away calmly as New York goes mad over Bobby Jones

in Nicaragua, a newsreel cameraman in Florida flew to Nicaragua to get the first pictures of it.

In the old days, when there were only a few newsreel men covering the world, it was nothing unusual for men to be shifted from the Tropics to the Poles and from the Poles to the Tropics.

"But nowadays," John A. Bockhorst, a veteran newsreel man, told me, "things are not like they used to be. With nine or ten news bureaus all over the world, we're not so likely to be sent to the far corners of the world." And yet he had just returned from a ten months' trip to Singapore, filming wild animal scenes. In the past few years he has been to Mexico, Central and South America and Canada.

Scoops are part of the great thrill of a newsreel man's life. If a newsreel man can film a scene a few hours before his competitor gets it, his day is made. And yet many of the greatest scoops are gotten purely by accident.

A Pathé cameraman was taking some nice, moral scenics around Havana when hell broke loose. All about him swarmed an angry mob. It was the beginning of the revolution in Cuba. He got a scoop.

A cameraman was riding on a Times Square train when a fire broke out. He got the first pictures.

When Two-Gun Crowley was captured in the West 90's in New York City, Police Commissioner Mulrooney was summoned by private phone to the scene of the capture. He rushed there at once, as fast as it was humanly possible to get there. When he got out of his car, he was amazed to find cameramen calmly shooting away at the scene.

A group of newsreel cameramen, returning from another assignment, had been stopped at one intersection by a traffic light. They heard a turmoil and investigated.

Sometimes a cameraman gets a scoop by being exceptionally conscientious. Out in Dayton, Ohio, Lowell Bayles was planning to make a speed test. On the day set for the test it was raining cats and dogs.

Cameraman Floyd Traynham of Universal started out for the flying field. As the other cameramen saw him go, they hooted. "Why, you're crazy," they said. "Bayles will never make the flight in this weather."

But Bayles did make that flight and his plane crashed. Traynham was the only cameraman who got pictures of that crash.

"We're all friendly enemies," a veteran newsreel man told me. "Most of the men working for different companies are friends, but

What price newsreel? You may well ask. Would you face an earthquake and risk your life for your job? Well, that's what this boy is facing

when we're trying to get pictures of an event, we're enemies for the time being."

Al Mingalone of Paramount told me how he got the first and only pictures of the R-100 in flight on its way to Montreal. Mingalone is a dark-haired, dark-eyed, go-getting young man with a grand sense of humor. In newsreel circles he's famous as the man who yelled, "Hey, Mrs. Queen, cross your legs!" to Queen Marie of Roumania when she first arrived in New York.

Here's Al Mingalone's story, just as he told it to me:

"I was staying in a hotel in Montreal, when one of my competitors came to my room. Just then the office called. I couldn't take the call with him around, so I told him to help himself to whatever drinks he wanted. In the meanwhile, I went to another fellow's room and took the call on another wire. The office gave me orders to fly to Quebec early in the morning, and stand by with a plane there, as the R-100 had to pass Quebec.

"I didn't want my competitor on my tail, so I made a date for my so-called buddy, and saw that he kept it. By the time daybreak came, he was pretty cock-eyed.

"Well, we flew to Quebec, and were setting on the ground in Quebec (that's a technical aviation term), but my pilot and I couldn't get any call through to Montreal. We decided to fly north to the Saginaw River and finally we sighted the R-100. Its tail had been ripped. I made some shots of it in flight, which were the first pictures taken of it on this side of the ocean.

"We decided to land at Quebec for gas, and then went to Montreal with the film. As I reached Montreal I saw my competitor's plane taking off. But by the time he got to Quebec, the R-100 was gone, as I learned later."

Everything is fair in love and war and the newsreel game. When the plane called the Bremen cracked up off the coast of Labrador, one of the newsreel companies bought up all the gasoline north of Quebec to keep its competitors from getting pictures! When the newsreel men from the other companies flew into Quebec, they found that there was no gasoline to be purchased for love or money.

"We were in a spot," Harry Smith of Pathé told me. "None of the planes could fly to Greenley Island without more gasoline. There we all were, stranded.

"Well, I tipped the telephone girl in the hotel twenty dollars to let me know everything that came over the wires. *(Continued on page 75)*

Wanta know how the newsreel men know when to fly over land or sea, how they always happen to be around when the news breaks? This story tells you

Icebergs, oh, sure. When there's a picture in the North, what's a few frostbites?

Remember Prof. Picard who flew higher above the earth than any other man? Here are the newsreel boys helping rescue what was left of his balloon

A
WARNER BROS.
PICTURE

Ever In My Heart

Novel by Bertram Milhauser
and Beulah Marie Dix
Screen Play by Bertram Milhauser
Fictionized by Dorothy Emerson

STARRING
BARBARA STANWYCK

THE CAST

Mary	Barbara Stanwyck
Hugo	Otto Kruger
Jeff	Ralph Bellamy
Lizzie	Ruth Donnelly
Grandma	Laura Hope Crews
Lefty	Frank McHugh
Enoch Sewell	Wallis Clark
Sam	Frank Albertson
Martha Sewell	Nella Walker
Runice	Florence Roberts
Anna	Clara Blandick
Teddy	Ronnie Crosby
Dr. Hoffman	Frank Reicher
Eli	Harry Beresford
Serena	Virginia Howell

Jeff had been away for a year, and Mary had changed too greatly

"GEE Mary! It's great to see you again." Jeff cried. "May I?" He drew her to him, but over Jeff's shoulder, Mary had seen Hugo. And Hugo was seeing her. They were seeing each other, these two, for the first time, and the girl Mary drew back from the other man. For it seemed to her life had suddenly begun . . . that there was an end of the old. All she knew had lost meaning, and the meaning of the future she could know only through him.

So it was at the beginning, for Mary Archer, and so it was to be to the end. She loved him. Through achievement and defeat, through unhappiness and ecstasy, it carried her through to the heights, this love, and showed her the way to be true in as desperate a situation as ever a woman faced.

It was such a happy day! The Archer homestead, one of the oldest and one of the loveliest in the Connecticut Valley had hummed with the pleasant bustle of preparations for a home-coming. Jeff Fairfield, Mary's cousin, was returning from his student years in Germany, and bringing with him his room-mate, Hugo Wilbrandt, for a visit.

Grandma and Lizzie, the help, had been busy in the kitchen and delicious cookery odors blended with the fragrance of the mid-summer flowers. Why, Jeff had sailed for his foreign schooling in—nineteen nine, wasn't it? . . . Been gone a whole year. He'd be pining for some decent food. Mary, too, was called in to advise, because her welcome to Jeff was, well . . . somehow it had always been understood about Mary and Jeff. Mary herself understood it that way. They had grown up together. She hadn't minded even Sam's brotherly teasing:

"Why, Mary, a year in Germany! Ole Jeff may come home changed into a weiner wurst. You wouldn't want to marry a boloney, would you? Ach, he vil come home mit a curved pipe, and his hair in a pompadour, und valking a goose schtep."

Mary laughed at Sam, realizing how really, warmly glad she would be to see Jeff But that had been in the morning. And now she had seen Hugo, and Jeff, unaware that life had, in that instant, taken from him the only thing he wanted, watched her extend her hand in greeting to his friend, and he said proudly, happily, to Hugo:

"Ho! Come on and meet Mary, my cousin."

Mary said, quite simply: "I'm . . . I'm very glad to meet you."

BUT if Hugo and Mary accepted love at first sight, because they knew it to be so, the rest of the household was uneasy and a little dismayed. Lizzie told Eli, the hired man, much too firmly:

"O'course Mary's goin to marry Jeff."

"Bin hum two weeks a-ready, ain't he?" was Eli's rejoinder.

"That's only fourteen days, ain't it?"

"My niece says she saw Miss Mary a-walkin' on the willa' path night afore last with that furrin' fella." Eli was pleased to give Lizzie a piece of gossip she had missed, but he got his slapping down immediately.

"Some folks don't know when they'd better keep their mouths shet."

Eli persisted, chuckling. "Willa' path's where the boys an' gals go sparkin'."

Lizzie fell back on the defensive. "Well, Miss Mary Archer ain't sparkin' with no fella she ain't so much as set eyes on fourteen days ago."

Eli was wiser. "'Pears like ye don't believe in love at first sight," he said.

That was too much. "No! An' I don't believe that pigs wear poke bonnets! Love at first sight!"

Lizzie was justly indignant. She knew all about the Archer family . . . fine up-standin' folk ever since Captain Jabez Archer had built the old house, way back in 1770. Him it was that fell at Bunker Hill. Yes, fine, up-standing folk, growing with the country. The men folk going to war like was right and proper, and the women folk doing their duty as righteous females. There'd been no truck with furriners . . . and as for love at first sight . . . humph! She could hear Hugo singing in the music room, and she would have been dismayed indeed if she could have seen him.

HE sat at the piano with Mary bending toward him, and the simple words of the old German song he sang were in a foreign tongue, yet for all of that, Mary knew what it was he sang of.

"You like it?" he asked.

"It's like something I've been waiting to hear all my life."

"You understand what it says?"

"It's just . . . the words . . . that I don't understand. Tell me."

Line by line he played the old tune, and translated . . . "You are ever in my heart, you are ever in my thoughts . . ." And the last line: "You will never know how much I love you." *That* was no translation. It was from his heart, and Mary answered him. "I knew, I've always known."

"Mary, Geliebte." Was it true, did she know, what he had known from the very beginning . . . that they belonged to each other? His arms surrounded her, lightly, hesitantly. But she raised her face to his. She had answered him truly.

So lovely her face . . . so fair the spirit that shone through it . . . so sweet her young lips. Was ever a man so blessed! Was ever a girl so happy. Whatever followed, they had each other.

"Ever in my heart!" Mary whispered.

She was in his arms, their lips sought each other. Time was not. The hushed silence of the moonlit night lay outside. The beauty of that moment was theirs, theirs alone. Come what might, it could never be taken from them . . . the sacrament of their first kiss.

MARY moved as if in a dream, through the happy days that followed. She seemed, she was, unaware of the attitude of her family. If they muttered against her marrying a foreigner, they were true to their tradition. New Englanders stick by members of the family, even if they do become Mrs. Hugo Wilbrandt.

They gave her a perfect wedding. Their influence secured an excellent post for Hugo at Rossmore College. They found Anna, daughter of a neighboring farmer, to be Mary's cook, general manager, and staunch friend. As time went on, they almost forgave Hugo. He was doing splendidly at Rossmore. Dr. Hoffman, head of the Chemistry Department, sang his praises.

Mary, with the sublime egotism of the woman in love, could even welcome Jeff, and refuse to acknowledge the hurt she knew he carried in his heart. Jeff did his best to hide it. He was ever the friend of them both, trying to find a sort of happiness in the glow of Mary's utter contentment.

He sang to her in German words which she could not understand, but love taught their meaning—for the song that came from his heart needed no translation

What was going to happen to their sick baby? They had lost money, home, friends, but must they lose him?

They made believe, it was a beautiful Christmas for them, and tried not to see the shabby little tree, and the missing gifts

Indeed, she did have everything to make a woman happy. She took infinite pleasure in making a charming home of the little cottage on the beautiful campus of Rossmore. Together, she and Hugo arranged furniture and worked in the garden. They even bought a dog . . . a big dog to guard the house when Hugo was absent. At least, that was what they told the kennel man who promptly showed them a St. Bernard.

"There's a dog you could keep in your house and feel safe!"

Hugo wanted to know if that was big enough for her, but Mary asked where they would live while the dog lived in the house. And furthermore, he ate four pounds of hamburger a day, and Hugo doubted if a college professor's salary would support him.

They looked at collies, but agreed that collies' hairs came out and it was rumored too, that collies weren't always safe with children. That would never do! Airdales were next considered.

"One man dog," said the kennel man. Mary whispered to Hugo . . "what would happen if there were two men in the house?" . . . and they both laughed happily, and at that moment they saw Kammy, and the matter was settled.

Dear little Kammy, the funniest, the most appealing, the lonesomest little dachshund puppy! He sat forlornly in the middle of a big pen.

"Oh . . . that," said the kennel man. "That's a dashhound, sir, a Dutch dog."

"Dutch nothing!" exclaimed Hugo. "He's a German dog." Hugo picked up the little thing, murmuring to him. "Kommst du, kleiner Kerl! Verstehst du Deutsch, mein Herr?"

Mary reached for him, and cuddled him against her cheek. "Oh, is it lonely, poor little thing? We must have him, Hugo."

Hugo, pleased beyond words, for the dachshund reminded him of his childhood, pretended to object: "I knew," he laughed, ". . . you wouldn't be satisfied till you had a *really* big dog."

Kammy went home with them and flourished mightily. At first he was the centre of attention, but before he was many months old, Teddy Wilbrandt was born and Kammy found his life job as Teddy's friend and guard.

With the coming of Teddy, Mary might have felt she had nothing more to wish for. Hugo was making strides in his profession. His salary though small, was augmented by dividends from the little fortune his father had left him. These came regularly from Germany.

So the peaceful years went by without any warning of the disaster which lay just ahead. Teddy grew up to the dignity of real little-boy suits. The garden Hugo and Mary had laid out the first year began to look as they

It was 1914. Hugo had just been promoted. He was an American citizen. He couldn't realize the horror that lay ahead of him had dreamed it would. It was a home, a real home that Mary presided over. To them came, as welcome guests, the members of the faculty and their wives, for the Wilbrandts had made themselves beloved.

Hugo and Mary entertained frequently, but there was one party they never forgot . . . the celebration of Hugo's attaining his final citizenship papers.

THEY had come home from the court house a little sobered by the ceremony. It meant so much to Hugo, that he was actually a part of his adopted country . . . as the judge said:

"Hugo Wilbrandt, do you hereby declare, on oath that you absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty, and particularly to Germany, of which you have heretofore been a citizen, and that you will support and defend the Constitution and laws of the United States . . . so help you God?"

How earnest Hugo had replied: "I do."

How proud Mary had been. Perhaps this would dissolve that last bit of coldness her family still felt toward Hugo. True, Sam was making his home with them while he attended college . . . but . . . surely this would set everything right, and they would love Hugo as she and Jeff did. Dear Jeff . . . so awfully good of him to leave his heavy business schedule at the family cotton mills in East Archerville, just to be with them on this special day.

The solemnity of the day merged into good fellowship that evening. Such a party! Anna had done them well with salads and cheese-cakes, cold meat and beer. Everybody sang, new songs, old songs of Germany and America. The noise finally roused Teddy and he came, clambering down, followed as always, by the faithful Kammy.

"Daddy, puddy, muetterchen! Puddy!" His little bewildered voice brought them crowding around him.

"Oh the darling, the precious."

Jeff took him up in his arms. "Let him stay, Mary. It's not every day that Hugo gets to be an American citizen."

Teddy wanted to know what that was. Hugo answered him, "What your daddy is very happy and proud to be."

Dr. Hoffman brought over two steins and asked Teddy if he would drink Bruedershaft with him. Hugo explained to the baby that Dr. Hoffman was offering him a great honor. He showed him how to link his arms with the Doctor's and to say "Hoch!" at the right moment. Then everyone applauded and Teddy began to get sleepy, so Uncle Jeff took him upstairs and put him to bed.

But the music and the singing kept up far into the night. They were especially enthusiastic when they gave Hugo the loving-cup, from them all, as a souvenir of the day, and Hugo drank from it and said, so charmingly, so sincerely:

"In this cup you have given me your love, my friends, all my friends . . . and . . . how do the kids say it in the schools? 'I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands . . .' "

Mary looked at this man she had never met before, and knew there could never be any other person in the world for her

That was the summer of 1914. In August, Europe burst into flames. The dark clouds of war rose toward the sun, and America watched them with puzzled foreboding. The Lusitania was torpedoed and feeling ran high. Hatred and racial suspicion raised their ugly heads.

You might have thought the little world of Rossmore College too civilized, too intelligent, too fine, to be swept into the red swirl. But the nasty trail of propaganda left its slimy mark under the old trees and in the faculty houses.

Even Sam, who adored little Teddy, almost swore at him when he called out:

"Guten tag, Lieber Onkel!" And yelled at him to get out and take his German dog with him. Then he told Mary he *(Continued on page 87)*

(✓ Check for good pictures. Double check ✓✓ for extraordinary ones that you shouldn't miss)

By HARRY LANG

MANY of the best pictures this month are reminiscent. They take you back into the '80's or '90's and give you an idea of the changes time brings. For instance, "Broadway to Hollywood," one of the month's best dramas, goes back three generations to tell you the story of a theatrical family. Another double check picture, "One Sunday Afternoon," gives you a lively idea of the costumes, the courting manners and the love-making of twenty years ago. And then there's "Turn Back the Clock," which deals with what would happen if we had a chance to live our lives over. And there are some grand performances—Janet Gaynor in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," Claudette Colbert, a positive revelation in "Torch Singer" and Otto Kruger, a newcomer to the screen, worth watching after his performance in "Beauty for Sale."

Lee Tracy romps through his rôle in "Turn Back the Clock" retracing time with typical Tracy tempo

"The Trail Drive" is just a routine Ken Maynard Western plus some cowboy music

✓✓Broadway to Hollywood (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Alice Brady, Frank Morgan, Madge Evans, Russell Hardie, Eddie Quillan, Ted Alexander, May Robson, Jimmy Durante, many others.*

It's About: *The story of three generations of a theatrical family—with a heart-colorful background of emotion.*

This "Broadway to Hollywood" is what finally reaches the screen as the result of what M-G-M started three years ago as "The March of Time." Out of the vast footage that was shot for that, very little remains—but the rest, the new part, is a magnificent story, magnificently played by Alice Brady and Frank Morgan particularly. Alice will skyrocket to fan-adulation for her work in this; you'll cheer her.

The tale starts long ago—with two vaudeville hoofers and their son, who grows up, joins the Weber-Fields troupe. You see Weber and Fields do one of their famous scenes. The son marries—and the story of the second generation merges into the third—which culminates in a poignant scene on a Hollywood sound stage, where the father dies as he watches his son acting in a talkie.

To skeletonize the plot thus briefly is unfair. Because it loses all the richness of flavor with which the writers, the director, the actors have endowed the picture-story. It is movingly done and heart-twisting. You'll find yourself chuckling, and laughing out loud—and then sobbing. You'll walk out of the theater afterward, a bit tired emotionally, but tired because you've seen a picture that's given you plenty!

Your Reviewer Says: Go ahead. You'll almost certainly rate it high.

For Children: Not made for them, but it certainly won't either hurt or bore them.

✓✓Paddy, the Next Best Thing (Fox)

You'll See: *Janet Gaynor, Warner Baxter, Walter Connolly, Harvey Stephens, Margaret Lindsay, and others.*

Movies of

"Broadway To Hollywood" is a magnificent, heart - twisting story about three generations of a theatrical family

It's About: *A younger sister saves an elder's love from being bogged down in economics, and finds love herself.*

It's probably inevitable that there'll be comparisons between this and Marion Davies' "Peg O' My Heart." There's a lot of the same atmosphere, characters much alike, even plot developments. And whether you think this or the Davies' picture better you'll nonetheless have to concede that here's one of the sweetest Janet Gaynor pictures in a long, long time.

It tells the story of Janet, called "Paddy"; her elder sister; a rich young man just back from Ceylon who once loved the latter; and the young fellow the sister now loves. To save the family finances, the elder sister agrees to forget love, marry the rich man. "Paddy's" resentment stops at nothing—particularly not at telling the rich young man (Warner Baxter) anything that pops into her mind to stop proceedings. And it's this dialogue, well-handled, not overbrogued (oh, Your Reviewer DID forget to mention, didn't he? that this all happens in Ireland), and full of Gaynorisms, that makes the picture as delightful as it is.

Of course, in the end, Paddy gets the rich man, her sister gets her own sweetie, and the family fortunes are safe after all. But not until you've been carried over waves of laughs and sobs—the sort you go to Janet's pictures for.

Delightful characterization: Walter Connolly as the father of Paddy.

Your Reviewer Says: Janet's fans will be happier for this one.

For Children: By all means.

✓✓One Sunday Afternoon (Paramount)

You'll See: *Gary Cooper, Neil Hamilton, Frances Fuller, Fay Wray, Roscoe Karns, Jane Darwell, Clara Blandick.*
It's About: *Two men, and a girl, in 1890.*

A stage play that was a hit becomes a movie that will probably be another hit. Because it's got a grand story, grand direction, grand acting, grand settings.

It tells of Fay Wray, who is loved by Gary Cooper and Neil Hamilton. Neil wins, and not satisfied therewith, rubs it in by taking every chance—legitimate and otherwise—to make life hell for his ex-rival. In Cooper's heart grows a bitterness that becomes poison in three penitentiary years caused by Hamilton's testimony. Seeking revenge in the end, Cooper is about to kill his foe when he realizes that to let him go on living with the woman they once both loved will be punishment far greater.

Yet Frances Fuller, as the gal Gary marries, is the brightest spot of the picture. From the stage, she brings to the screen a new force, a new personality, a warmth and appeal that are startling. The sort of thing you've asked for. You'll see her on the screen again, for Paramount have her under contract—but not until she finishes an eastern stage engagement. If she repeats, her name will be another of those sudden movie flashes.

Charming: the fidelity with which the 1890 period business is screened.

Your Reviewer Says: A fine, poignant, entertaining picture.

For Children: Too adult.

✓Torch Singer (Paramount)

You'll See: *Claudette Colbert, Ricardo Cortez, David Manners, Lyda Roberti, Baby LeRoy, Charles Grapewin and others.*

Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter are ideally cast in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing."

the Month

It's About: *Thick, old-fashioned, sentimentality against an ultra-modern setting of night-clubs and radiocasting.*

One's tempted to say, offhand, that "here's a woman's picture." But that'd narrow it too much. It's got too much varied entertainment and heart-appeal in it to be limited like that.

Why, look—you see it start with Claudette Colbert, a nobody, signing away the baby she's had out of wedlock, because she can't support it. And then, of a sudden, she swings high on the wings of night-life ballyhoo to become the most famous—and notorious—torch singer under the mazdas. And then, of ALL things! she gets on the radio, broadcasts the sweet "Aunt Jennie" hour, makes a hit. Conflict enters—her heart torn between bitterness over having sworn away all right to her own babe, and mother-love that makes her love to be "Aunt Jennie," the very antithesis of the torch-singing flash.

Oh, yes—you know there's a happy ending.

Claudette Colbert has all the cream of the picture—and deserves it. That throaty voice of hers in the torch-singing numbers will get you. Plenty!

Your Reviewer Says: When you feel like having yourself a good juicy orgy of sentimentality, find out where this is playing, and see it.

For Children: A bit too grown-up.

✓✓Turn Back the Clock (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Lee Tracy, Mae Clarke, Otto Kruger, George Barbier, Peggy Shannon, C. Henry Gordon, Clara Blandick.*

It's About: *"If I had my life to live over again," says the hero—and then you watch him do it.*

Once again, Lee Tracy fans, sit up and whoop. Here's another picture with your favorite in a rôle that must have been cut and measured to fit his every mood and whimsy. He's an old man with a little cigar store, when the film begins, wishing he had his life to live over again—knowing what he does now.

So the clock turns back, and Tracy lives it over again. He carries back with him all he learned in his forty years. He becomes rich, he becomes powerful, he becomes famous, he marries the woman he thinks he should have married, he does everything he thinks he should have done—but he never finds happiness. Instead he finds double-dealing, trouble, chicanery, thieving, two-timing—and a heart-grippingly pathetic nostalgia for the time to come when the turning back of the clock will have passed, and he can be the old man in the little cigar store again. . . .

Your Reviewer Says: To every one of you who's ever said: "Oh, if I only had it to do over again" (and are there any of you who haven't?) this photoplay will be a lesson so sugar-coated with entertainment that you'll love it.

For Children: The older ones.

✓Night Flight (M-G-M)

You'll See: *John and Lionel Barrymore, Helen Hayes, Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Robert Montgomery, William*

You'll be bored to tears
"Big Executive," in spite
Richard Bennett's fine p
formance

Frances Fuller, a newcomer, is the big surprise of "One Sunday Afternoon," a grand picture

"Beauty For Sale," with Madge Evans and Una Merkel, is a little obvious but entertaining just the same

"Bureau of Missing Persons" is a strong drama, with an exciting inside angle

Gargan, C. Henry Gordon, Leslie Fenton, and others.
It's About: *Human sacrifice to the code of "the mail must go through" over an Andean route.*

Another of these "all-star" pictures that leave you wondering, after you've seen it, whether it mightn't really have been better entertainment with less important actors in the bit-parts. So that you could pay more attention to and better enjoy the story.

The story of this is simply the story of the two planes that inaugurate the night-mail over the South American Andes. One gets through. The other fails. Around that is built a plot and counter-plot of bravery and lust for power and greed and love and sacrifice and heroism. There isn't much love-stuff. If you want it, seek elsewhere. But there *are* thrills—and the sort of suspense that has you gripping the arms of your seat until your knuckles stand white.

John Barrymore has the fattest part. The big-shot who drives his men to death to make his job good. Gable never gets out of an airplane pilot seat! And Helen Hayes, playing his wife, never appears in the same scene with him!

Because the tininess of some of the bits given big-name players will boomerang, the biggest value in the picture, from the viewpoint of your box-office four bits, are the flying scenes—magnificent examples of movie photography!—and the bitter suspense.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll enjoy it, even while wondering why the "big" cast.

For Children: Thrilling. And morally oke.

✓Myrt and Marge (Universal)

You'll See: *Myrt and Marge and Clarence of the Radio, Trixie Friganza, a lot of other radio stars, some movie people.*
It's About: *Another of those backstage things.*

Don't expect anything very new, or very different, or very startling. Go merely expecting and hoping to be entertained and amused, and you'll be satisfied—plenty satisfied.

This is merely another excellent song-and-dance-and-joke thing about backstage doings, giving a plot on which to hang a series of specialties by a number of well-known radio entertainers. Myrt and Marge, as you may guess from the title, are the big shots, and they hand you plenty of what you paid for at the box-office. So do the others in the cast. And don't gather that just because Your Reviewer says it's "merely another" of the backstage musicals, it isn't worth seeing. It de- (*Continued on page 84*)

You CAN Overcome

Our Movie Fan in Hollywood Goes Round the Studios and Digs You Out Some Dandy Rules

By KATHRYN

RUTH, Dear—

I've been talking to several of these young "new" stars in pictures—the young ones that really aren't even as old as you and I (anyway, I)—and trying to find from them the secrets, if any, of that amazing poise and self-confidence of theirs that have put them where they are.

It began with that talk you and I had on your just-ended Hollywood visit. Remember?—when you asked me:

"Kathryn, what is it these girls have? These young girls, hardly out of their teens, that enables them to buck up against this hard, tremendously competitive, cut-the-other-fellow's-throat game that is Hollywood, and come out winner?"

"So who?" I asked you. And you mentioned Bette Davis, for one. And Dorothy Jordan. And Ginger Rogers, for another. Two years ago or so, you pointed out, they were just starting. Today, they're stars. Stars in Hollywood. Stars, with all the self-assurance, the self-sufficiency, the poise that stars of long-yeared experience may be expected to have.

Ginger Rogers when she started and across the page, Ginger today. Much the same pose, but, note, not at all the same girl

Dorothy Jordan, with a baby face and a baby manner—but she's trained herself to become the new social queen of Hollywood

Self-Consciousness

"I'd really like to know," you said, "how they achieve what they have. And more—I'll bet you, Kathryn, that there are thousands of girls who read your letters to me in Movie Mirror who'd like to know, too. Find out will you, how they learned not to be shy, how to overcome their self-consciousness, all those awkward inhibiting things. And tell us?"

"Just for that," said I, "I will."

And that was that.

It was in her own dressing room, at Warner Brothers' big lot where the thermometer hits the 108-mark, that I asked Bette Davis about it all.

But before I tell you what Bette told me, I do want to give you a picture, Ruth dear, that backs up your contention thoroughly. . . .

You know how it just rubs one's poise the wrong way to be caught wearing an unimportant little wash-dress, that you might buy for one-ninety-eight at the store around the corner? It's comparatively easy to put over an impression of poise when you're wearing something from Bergdorff-Goodman's, for instance. But being poised and self-confident and complete unto one's self in a one-ninety-eight wash dress—that's something else again, isn't it?

Well, this day I talked with Bette, she was wearing just that—just a simple, ineffective little wash-dress. It happened to be for the part she was doing in a picture. And yet, darling, I want to tell you right now that Bette Davis, wearing that nondescript little bit of cloth, shrieked more dignity, more poise, more self-assurance, more individuality than most of us do even when we've got important labels inside our clothes!

"How," I asked her, "do you do it, Bette?"

"If I could answer that with ten rules," she smiled, "I'd be happy. But I can't. All I can say, to begin with, is that out here we *have* to do it, or we're licked. And so we just, somehow, find the way to do it."

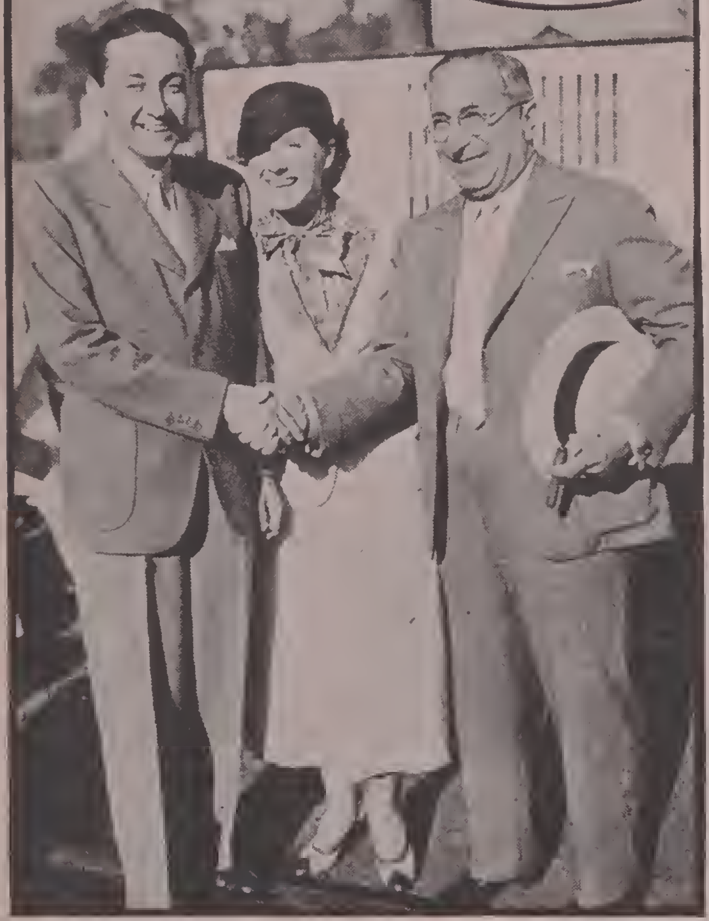
"What?" I cried. "No rules?"

(*Continued on page* 82)

See at the right how awkward and uncertain young Bette Davis was when she first came into movies. Then look at her today

When Katharine Hepburn flew East recently it was Paul Lukas, surprise, surprise, who saw her off

A very little boy, Irving Thalberg, Jr. curls up in his mother's lap, bored with conferences. He just wants to go home now



When the Thalbergs came back from Europe they were greeted at the train by Louis B. Mayer thus ending all chatter about Mr. Thalberg's quarreling with M-G-M

(*Continued from page* 27)

progress! Are they wild? Well, just for example:—Billy Haines, who is noted for giving gay soirées entertained again the other night, and George Cukor, one of our biggest and best directors, strolled into the bar, took one look and said, "The 'direction' in this scene is terrible! A little more abandon, please!" He was kidding Edmund Lowe, Lilyan Tashman, Peggy Fears, Jobyna Howland, Roland Leigh and others who were just sitting around languidly sipping and singing softly to Art Jarrett's guitar-strumming from a far corner. Nothing like the hey, hey heel-kicking affairs you hear about! Tallulah Bankhead did a few nip-ups though, just because she felt a little high-spirited that night. She did 12 cart-wheels in a row, down the Haines hall-way and when Lionel Barrymore furnished her with a cushion, she stood on her head, amid loud cheers, for fully five minutes before folding up! And that, my little ones, is about as wild as a Hollywood party gets!

Sally Eilers, back from Europe, tells her most embarrassing moment. It was when she was suddenly, at a garden party, presented to Prince George. Having been warned and advised beforehand that, on introduction to royalty, she must curtsey, Sally in the excitement of the moment forgot. And reverted to good old America with:

"Oh—how are you?"

And Prince George, like a prince, grinned back with:

"Fine, and 'ow are you?"

Next time, Sally says, she hopes she meets King George so she can slap him on the back.

Strange admixture of great names in the case of the lad who is to play a bit in "Stage Mother" at M-G-M.

The lad is Enrico Caruso, Junior. Son of THE Caruso.

And, following his father, he is studying to be a great singer. His teacher?—none other than Adolf de la Huerta, one time president of Mexico, now a voice-teacher in movieland!

Gary Cooper's spring-green-and-canary-yellow roadster has had its share of publicity.

Then came Lilian Harvey's mile-long (or nearly) bright white foreign car, to startle boulevardiers.

But it remained for Johnny Weissmuller to present Lupe with a Ford that has the town talking more than Gary's or Lil's. Because it has Lupe's name in large letters on one door, and Johnny's on the other.

Heather Angel tells one of the stories that have had Hollywood laughing loudest this month.

She got into a conversation with Harvey Parry, who is one of the movie men who risk their lives daily. Parry was telling her, she said, that he was going to quit the racket.

"If I don't, I'll lose my wife. She worries so much over the risks I take that she swears she can't stand it and will get a divorce if I don't quit."

"And what does she do?" asked Heather.

"Why," explained Parry, "she's the girl Steve Clemente, the famous knife-thrower, used for his target . . . !"

Walt Disney fans, sit up and expect something!— Walt is seriously planning a feature-length picture.

It grew out of all the talk of Mary Pickford playing "Alice in Wonderland" with all the other characters being Disney sketches. When that fell through, Walt clung to the idea, now plans to make a full, hour-long feature. And he may, as was the "Alice" plan, use some real live humans or animals with his cartoon characters.

Is it funny, or is it funny?—that Warners almost named a new leading man of theirs "Gilbert Bennett," right at the height of all that there now gossiping. But some one dissuaded them, and he's to be named Philip Reed instead. Maybe they thought Connie might sue.

It used to be that you could go to Malibu over a week-end and see all the movie stars you want. But now, visitors to Hollywood on the hunt for stars to stare at, find themselves up against a new hurdle. Trouble is that there's no "one place" for the stars, this season. Many go to Lake Arrowhead, a few still hang out at Malibu beach (although the majority of houses there are vacant and for rent for $100 a month when a year ago they'd have cost $500!), others go to Catalina, 20 miles off the coast; some hie to Mexico resorts like Agua Caliente and Ensenada; some go as far as Lake Tahoe, near San Francisco—but they don't herd as they used to.

Consider the plight of the "stags" of Hollywood! Believe it or not, when it comes to a rather swanky dinner or dancing party, almost any Hollywood hostess is apt to find herself with a terrific girl-shortage. And it used to be just the other way around. Of course, there are plenty of extra girls around—but we're speaking of social Hollywood! It's very hard these days, to "fill in" with young, lovely and eligible females. The stag-list of social filmland has Gary Cooper, Ricardo Cortez, David Manners, Alan Vincent, Edward Sutherland, Billy Haines, Franchot Tone, Randolph Scott, Cary Grant, Harry Crocker, Jamison Thomas, Andy Lawlor, Ivan Lebedeff, Gene Raymond, and also a few writers with their share of good looks and dancing ability. But the femme-list has dwindled to Loretta Young, Sally Blane, Sari Maritza, Vivian Gaye, Mona Maris, Eleanor Boardman, Benita Hume—and of course, the beauteous Joan Crawford.

Harpo Marx shaved his head completely during the summer y'know—said it was much cooler working that way—under his wig. But now he's decided to stay that way—and it's tough on his friends who have to look at his shiny pate. Of course, Harpo doesn't mind—he's UNDER it.

Poor Ruth Etting will only get one week's work out of the Wheeler and Woolsey picture, "Hips, Hips, Hooray."

And for that week, she's going to get a measley $25,000.

Never has Garbo proved her good sportsmanship more than on the "Queen Christina" set these days. She tries to make John Gilbert feel that he is just as great a star as ever. When Director Mamoulian asks her if a certain scene or angle is right, she always answers, "It is all right with me, if it is all right with Mr. Gilbert."

Sally Eilers is having her brother Bud take her places (here Bud is taking her and Dixie Martin to the Vendome) since she doesn't go about with Hoot Gibson

Another new combination are Merna Kennedy and Nick Stuart (Sue Carol's ex) here shown at the Biltmore

They're friends again—Eddie Cantor and Georgie Jessel and are they glad to see Hoot Gibson all recovered from his airplane smash-up!

Speak for Yourself

Movie Mirror awards Seven Prizes each month for the best letters—$20 first prize; $10 second prize, five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about talkies, stars, or stories. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address "Speak for Yourself," Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

$20 PRIZE LETTER

It's Talent that Counts

In retaliation for the stupidities of Herr Hitler, are we to become foreign-star conscious? Isn't the one motive of the moving picture industry to produce talent that will entertain the paying public?

Well, then, what difference is it whether a star is foreign or American, if he has "the goods" and can deliver?

Chevalier has thrilled millions of movie-goers. Should we, because he's French, refuse to accept him? And what about the inimitable George Arliss and the superb Leslie Howard, both English, whose fine performances in the popular classics "Disraeli" and "Berkeley Square" have endeared them to art-acknowledging America. Then, too, there are our Swedish Greta Garbo, and the late Italian Rudolph Valentino who brought something new and fascinating to the screen.

It is very gratifying to me to read in the moving picture magazines how open-hearted and open-armed are the American directors and producers when they recognize superior talent regardless of where it comes from, even though some bigoted fans are raising such a rumpus. Art has no nationality.

Mathilde Bonyor, Newark, N. J.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Stars Are Human

As a movie enthusiast, I feel provoked when I see so many bitter sentiments hurled at Hollywood's blighted loves, as though divorce were a malady only peculiar to Hollywood stars.

It just burns me up to see the stars censured for something they cannot help, any more than Mrs. Blueblood of the Park Avenue Bluebloods can help it when her romance goes on the rocks.

Are the stars immune to the problems of living happily because they don't have to worry about making ends meet? Poverty isn't the only kill-joy to an ideal marriage.

There are reasons not as obvious as the bread and butter reasons that separate couples in everyday life quite as understandable to the tolerant. Why, the tempo of a star's life is in itself a drawback to a quiet, domestic existence.

No one deliberately throws away an opportunity to be happy. When the stars decide a romance is ended, there must be a good reason. So let's not be too critical, if we cannot sympathize.

Mabelle Hathaway Brooks, Chicago, Illinois.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

A Synonymous Letter

The boys who write the ads and trailer captions have long called pictures stupendous, colossal, spectacular, and superb entertainment. Now one comes out with the phrase "giant drama." If they are running short of synonyms, I suggest the following descriptions for the super-movies of the future:

Behemoth pantomime
Elephantine performance
Bulky farce
Brawny comedy

Hulking sensation
Huge tomfoolery
Amplitudinous tragedy
Monstrous melodrama

H. B. Leonard, Macon, Georgia.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Movies Can't Demoralize Youth

Do the movies have such a devastating effect on the minds of youth? That question has been seriously debated in our crowd. The majority of us hold the opinion that the demoralizing effect is nil—tommyrot!

The young person of any intelligence has entirely too much sense to be swept away by tales of glittering sin, depicted so graphically in the movies.

We may enjoy sophisticated and sexy shows; in fact we lap it up. That doesn't mean we'll go and do likewise. Let the horrified censors label a picture "pernicious." We laugh up our sleeves and spend our money at the box office.

Martha Wattles,
Kokomo, Indiana.

YOUR cheers grow louder and stronger for the musical up-'n-comers, Bing Crosby, Ruby Keeler, John Boles and Jeanette MacDonald. You want better pictures, and you'll get them in "Ann Vickers" and "Design for Living" and many others. The team of Gaynor and Farrell is still your choice, though you're satisfied with the Janet Gaynor-Henri Garrat combine. Clark Gable, Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford are still receiving most of your attention.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Parents Should Teach Values

Parents, why criticize the movies when it's your lack of training that is really harming your youngsters. If you teach them to discriminate between true and false values, from babies up, you won't need to fear any bad in the movies.

Does it ever occur to you that your daughter copies the attributes you most desire her to have from her screen heroine? We all want our daughters to be charming, poised, graceful and have a knack for clothes.

Choose the child's pictures, to be sure, and talk over the "moral'" of the sophisticated ones with your adolescents.

These small town youngsters gain valuable social training from pictures they can't acquire elsewhere, if you have done your part to help them.

I, for one, don't want my daughter to be so disillusioned that she thinks every man a pure saint, and life one long pleasure jaunt.

If we parents see to it that these young ones eat and sleep properly, they won't be a bag of emotions.

Mrs. Nora Scheef, Stewardson, Ill.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

The Movies Have Come to Stay

We may as well face the fact sensibly and bravely if we are not inclined to do so gladly and hopefully, that movies have come to stay, and will continue to be increasingly a ponderable influence in the world's thought and activities.

It is scarcely possible to pick up a paper or magazine whether published in America or abroad, without coming upon some reference to film personalities or productions.

The pictures of famous actors and actresses are upon every page in biographical sketch or advertisement.

Fashions for women beginning with some Hollywood "idea" of Claudette Colbert, a "beauty" suggestion from Wynne Gibson, or others, are being copied, and Paris worries over the outcome.

A whole staff of screen critics are expressing their views of plays and actors, and the syndicates have established at Hollywood their own correspondents.

Ardent fans have developed and are writing their letters of approval or disapproval of plays and players.

The film portrays life as it is. If it sometimes panders to depraved taste, it expresses the deepest emotions of the heart.

Those who affect indifference to the movies are uppish and high-hat, superficial, and without response to the vital elements of humanity.

E. S. Goodhue,
Honolulu, T. H.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

To Robert Montgomery

If I could all your charms extoll
And of them make a summary;
'Twould take forever to reach the goal,
Mr. Robert Montgomery.

If I could sing a lovely song
To the world your virtues telling;
Forevermore a listening throng
Would hear the love-song swelling!

If I were blushing sweet sixteen
And in Hollywood had a chance,
I'd strive to be your leading queen
In a brand new picture romance!

But—as I'm gifted in neither line,
And am fat and fair and forty
I'd like you for a friend of mine,
No one could think that naughty.

Emelize Wood, Atlanta, Ga.

Pictures Are Part of Life

What would we do for entertainment, the best kind of entertainment, without pictures? Pictures are part of life. They bring new ideas into play. They correct wrong habits. They bare truths that are not revealed elsewhere.

My favorite star is Joan Crawford. She won my heart in "Today We Live." I have heard that the action of that picture was greater than Joan's acting, but I think Joan's performance just about made the picture perfect.

I would rather go to a good picture show than to any other place in the world. The producers deserve a lot of credit for "The Mayor of Hell," my favorite talkie of the month. I like pictures with "toughies" like Frankie Darro in them. I wouldn't have missed that picture for anything.

Gertrude Battels, St. Petersburg, Florida.

(*Continued on page* 86)

Charley Farrell Talks About His Wife—and Janet Gaynor

(*Continued from page* 39)

and admitted me as soon as she recognized me, and just beyond the door, in the fire-lit, flower-filled room, the man in the big chair sprang to his feet and came towards me.

For an instant I was so shocked that I stood there speechless, in an agony of embarrassment. Who was this handsome young man, so full of vigor, so fresh and youthful, so obviously happy and enthusiastic? Had I made a hideous blunder? Then he broke the spell, but even then did not entirely dispel my uncertainty.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, coming forward with outstretched hand. "I say, this is nice! Come on in!"

I was so stunned by the realization that this changling, this fine, vital, beautiful male being was really and truly Charley Farrell, that I was scarcely able to say "Good evening" to Virginia.

"How well you look!" I sputtered stupidly to Charley.

"I ought to be!" he retorted, laughing. "I've been playing a lot of polo, and sailing the boat all summer! You look pretty well, yourself."

Now that Miriam Hopkins isn't going with Director King Vidor any more, she lunches in the Paramount cafeteria with Steve Roberts, a writer

Then and there I determined that I simply had to know what was behind it all. And so, after a short general talk, I asked Charley if I might have an interview. Virginia got to her feet with a little laugh.

"I know what's coming!" she said, teetering on her little toes, amusedly, her charming figure even more than usually charming in its smart print frock. "I know what's coming, and I'm going to scram! Let me know when you're through and I'll buy a sandwich!" With which, book in hand, she vanished up the stairs, while Charley and I settled down to what I was determined to make a heart-to-heart talk.

"Tell me first of all," I demanded, "what has made you this way?"

"I am happy," he answered simply.

There was no disputing the fact, for it was self evident. So I asked him to talk about himself, about Virginia, and, above all, to settle the Gaynor-Farrell question so that it could be washed up for all time.

"I hate to talk about Janet," he said. "I've seen her exactly five times since I did my last picture with her. She's awfully nice—I'm very fond of her and always will be. But I am so sick and tired of these fool rumors about her and myself, that it's almost awkward, seeing anything of her. I have just refused an offer to do three pictures with her, not because I have changed in my personal admiration for her, but because to play opposite her again would simply put me right back where I was two years ago. The break has meant a hard fight for me—for the preservation of my own life and career, and I am not in the least willing to go back into bondage. Gaynor and I are divorced, and the public will simply have to get used to it."

Then gradually I began to dig out the truth. Farrell did not talk about his ex-screen partner, but the other things he told were eloquent. The Farrells, I now know, not only are together and expect to stay together, but have been together more closely and devotedly during the past eighteen months than ever before—swimming, sailing, playing tennis, and enjoying their mutual possessions and each other. They even play bridge together without any disputes, believe it or not.

"The only spat we have had in as long as I can remember," Charley told me, "was one night several months ago when I wanted, and indeed had promised to do a favor for a friend, and it concerned someone of whom Virginia disapproved so strongly that when I persisted, she refused to finish her dinner and left the table in the middle of the meal. Naturally, I followed her upstairs, and when I entered the bedroom she gave a great sigh of relief.

"I'm so glad you followed me," she said, "because if you hadn't, I could not have very well come down again, and I'm *so* hungry!"

"But the funniest part of it was," Charley continued, "that when we got back to the dining-room, our housekeeper, who has never in all the years she's been with us heard the slightest quarrel between us, was having hysterics about us, and we both had to turn in and comfort her!"

So much for the relationship between the Farrells themselves! But the Gaynor part of it still remained to be made clear. It was definite enough that no romance exists between Janet and Charley, but I wanted to know exactly what it was that had parted them.

Charley was becoming a part of Gaynor's accessories, like her powder-puff, or her mirror, and being a man, he didn't like it, although he liked her. His parts in their pictures were getting smaller and hers bigger and being a fine actor, his pride was hurt and his ambition thwarted, although he genuinely and generously admired her talent. He was being typed as a saccharine, goody-goody, whereas he is actually a very fine character actor, and this set up a nervous irritation, a sense of frustration which made him wretched, even though he knew how popular those portrayals of virtue were with the fans. He knew he had a wider public somewhere and wasn't being allowed to reach it. And if you think Charley wasn't caught in a silken tangle of typed success, allow me to inform that when he broke away from Gaynor, to my certain knowledge, no less than six of our best-known leading juveniles flatly refused to step into his shoes for fear of having the same fate overtake them.

Then last, but by no means least, was the persistent, almost uncanny association of sentiment between the famous two.

"It was simply awful for Virginia," Charley assured me. "Please don't think me a cad for saying that, because as a matter of fact Virginia and Janet have always had a lot in common and been the best of friends. But no relationship between man and wife could stand up indefinitely under the onslaught of such an avalanche of public opinion. At first we all used to laugh at it, but after a while it became a danger and had to be washed out before it did any real harm. We were all living in a sticky fog of false sentimentality that was choking us, if you see what I mean. And Janet understood that as plainly as I did—she is a very understanding person. The situation was, emotionally, bad enough to make me willing to risk everything by breaking it up. And," he added, "I am happy. I've got *my* sort of work, the path ahead is free and it's good to be alive!"

As Charley saw me to my car, he asked if I still had Leo.

"I'll bet that boy'll be asleep!" he prophesied. And sure enough, Leo was. But at sound of Charley's voice he sprang to life.

"How are you, Mr. Farrell, suh! I'm sho' glad to see you, suh!"

Then, with a cheery "Good night," we were on our way, a feeling of well-being and contentment following me from the little house under the hill.

"Were you happy working for Mr. Farrell, Leo?" I asked.

"I sho' was!" said Leo. "I been drivin' them a long while, and it was sho' a pleasure to work for folks that was that happy and loving all the time!"

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This Extra Keen Alice Brady

(*Continued from page 35*)

you stroll—" Half a mile back across the lot I trudged. On the way I got myself in a nice sobby mood. (A slight touch of sunstroke no doubt contributing.) What an interview this would be when I finally tracked Miss Brady down! Hmmm—what an interview is right.

Finally I located the Brady dressing room and stood outside the door a moment marshalling my forces. Only vaguely did the assortment of weird noises issuing through the door impress themselves on my consciousness. I was getting in the mood. At length I threw open the door. Time out while I gain control of myself.

JAMMED into the two by four cubicle where my nice quiet interview was to take place were one divan, one large luncheon table, two sandwiches on rye, nine bottles of 3.2 beer, four dogs, John Colton—and Alice Brady. The dogs were barking, the telephone was ringing, John was expounding, and Miss Brady was stretched serenely on the divan contentedly surveying the chaos. And this, little kiddies, was the scene where in sixty brief minutes I was to secure an epic sob story!

Well, from the minute I set eyes on John I knew the jig was up. The author of "Shanghai Gesture" and "Rain" is brilliantly, profoundly interesting and an ideal companion when one is in a mellow discursive mood. But he's known me, as he promptly pointed out, since I was in pigtails and there just wasn't any use in my acting like a serious adult interviewer in search of a serious adult story. Besides there was Miss Brady upon whose knee I had sat in the days when she was the very, very young star of her papa Bill Brady's World Film Co. The two of them flashed me the kindly tolerant smile that grownups give a small child who interrupts their conversation.

Grimly I sat down. "Arf arf grrrr!" welcomed the dogs. "Why don't you write a play?" asked John, fixing me with a stern glass and pouring me a bottle of beer. "Have a sandwich," said Miss Brady brightly. "Where shall I put these flowers?" queried the maid, trying to step over the dogs and me and fetching herself a nasty bump on the corner of the table.

"Miss Brady," I said firmly, ignoring the hubbub, "I know you've had a very tragic life. Yet you're a gay, witty person. You seem to take everything very lightly and matter-of-factly. You must have had to learn to laugh your problems away. And learning to face life with laughter must have cost you much bitter suffering."

"Nonsense!" said Alice Brady. "Anyone's a fool to have problems. I'm a duck. Troubles run off my back like water."

"But—didn't you have to learn to be a—a duck?"

"I've been a duck since childhood. Have a cigarette."

"It's a defense mechanism," said John solemnly addressing his sandwich.

"Urrrr"—grumbled the Scottie, gazing at me with dour, humorless eyes.

"He's a Presbyterian," exclaimed John.

"She is not—she's Eugene O'Neill," said Alice giving the Scottie a brisk pat with one hand and winding a piece of blue tulle around her hair with the other.

A man came in to take one of the wirehaireds out for a bath.

"You'll have to be careful of him," admonished Alice, boosting an armful of dog across the table. "He'll fight an elephant."

"Yes, he's a scrapper," said the man.

"Now, how did you know?" queried Alice with interested pride.

"You told me last time" answered the man, making a rapid exit.

"Oh," said Alice looking vaguely crushed. "Oh, did I?"

"Miss Brady," I interrupted, making one last attempt to switch the subject from canines to calamities, "a performance like yours in 'Mourning Becomes Electra' must have left you pretty much emotionally exhausted. I came backstage to see you one night but you seemed rather distrait and even annoyed at me. I wondered if I said anything that upset you."

"Oh, no," said the great dramatic actress, "I was probably just hungry. The play was so long I used to get starved."

She illustrates by telling you about the time in New York when she was so terribly in debt. "The bills kept coming in," she says with convincing nonchalance, "and I just kept tearing them up without opening them. Then when that didn't work any more I tore off to Europe. And there you are—I was out of debt!"

That's all very well and it sounds very gay and amusing. A swell way to dispose of one's difficulties—just ignore them. But somehow one knows that this shoulder-shrugging attitude of Alice Brady's is pure bravado. Or perhaps pure gallantry would be a more accurate term.

You sense instinctively, in spite of her harum scarum wotthehell pose, that Alice Brady has never evaded a real issue in her life. And if, as I happen to be, you are familiar with some of the grievous things which have befallen her you not only sense—you know. In fact, at the risk of being considered maudlin I shall tell you that to me Alice Brady is a heroic figure. (And how she would hoot if I made such a statement to her face!)

I have too much respect for her courage to trespass on the private tragedies which she so determinedly keeps private. Yet perhaps she would forgive me if I tell you just a few of the facts that are well known to her world—the world of the theater. Although she never discusses it, the bitter unhappiness that her marriage to James Crane, son of that Edgar Guest of philosophers, Frank Crane, brought her is common knowledge on Broadway.

Alice Brady had other romances, but Jimmy Crane was the love of her life. When she married him her Irish Catholic father, William A. Brady, was in Europe. On his return he insisted that the civil service be supplemented by a religious one. Which made the dissolution of marital vows a very serious matter for convent-bred Alice Brady when she found life with James Crane unendurable.

At length, however, there was a divorce and an ensuing period of mental and emotional anguish for Alice. For days while her troubled mind and soul were adjusting themselves she lay in a state of physical coma. Most of the time she slept. She was carrying a child at the time and those close to her had grave fears for her health. But apparently her body was aiding her anguished spirit to find peace, for eventually she returned to the normal routine of daily life.

Then, but a few weeks before the birth of her child, she was in a frightful automobile accident which resulted in death for the occupant of the other car. Another shock and again the slow business of recuperation.

When the child, a son, was born he seemed a normal healthy baby. Not for more than a year was it discovered that the little boy was ill with a seemingly incurable malady. Bravely, stubbornly, Alice Brady sought to surmount this new barrier which fate had placed in her path. Sought to solve this, as she had solved, or risen above, other problems. She must have spent a fortune in her attempts to find a cure for the child.

Yet this is the woman who says in that offhand, brusquely gay manner, "Problems? Anyone's a fool to have 'em. I'm a duck. Troubles roll off me like water."

ALICE BRADY has made four pictures since she has been in Hollywood. Her characterizations have ranged from the "intelligent fool" of "When Ladies Meet" to the shrewd, scheming mother of "Stage Mother." In other words M-G-M is taking cognizance of her exceptional versatility and refusing to type her.

Miss Brady has had picture offers before, but has always turned them down. When she finally agreed to come to Hollywood she was faced with a problem. "There was no place for me in pictures—any more than there ever has been. Even as a young girl in silent films I never played ingenues—I was always the vamp. This time I had to decide whether I should lop off ten years and play a young girl—or add ten years and portray a definitely mature woman. There was no in between. I decided in favor of the latter. This is the era of the mature woman on the screen."

"The public is fed up with the problems of adolescence" said John, and looked startled at the sound of his own voice.

Miss Brady went on, "I don't care how ancient the characters they ask me to portray are—provided I can look smart and fairly young. Women don't let themselves get old off the screen nowadays—why should they on the screen?"

The hairdresser entered, raising the total population to eight. (Miss Brady, John, the maid, me, Eugene O'Neill and the two wires.) Squeezing through the crowd Miss Brady stepped into an adjoining cubicle and adjusted hair and makeup. As she departed, she said, "I have an important scene to make this afternoon. I have to spank Maureen O'Sullivan."

"Defense mechanism," muttered John. "Don't let her fool you. She's one of the most gallant people I've ever met. There's a great sob story in Alice."

"Yes," I said, "that's what I want—a sob story. Now maybe you could tell me—"

"Have some more beer," said John.

Connie Cummings' Love Story

(*Continued from page* 31)

Imagine an American girl who wore sensible shoes and no paint and clothes that melted unpretentiously into the tweedy atmosphere! And she talked without pose and enjoyed life with unspoiled appreciation of every little thing. And instead of trying to glamour herself up as a romantic figure, as most stars did, she laughed and told jokes on herself. London fell in love with her and marvelous things happened, but she'll never tell about it here in Hollywood, or anywhere else. She's too busy having some more fun.

She sits in front of her dressing-table in her gorgeous star bungalow and laughs at how neatly the grease paint covers her freckles. Her hairdresser says, "Will you wear the new eyelashes today, Connie?" and she laughs again.

Slowly, painstakingly, her face goes on and she gets beautiful. She talks with Benn Levy while waiting to be called to a night-club set, where she will sing a song that goes—

"You are my past, my present and my future"—

Levy is describing the first act of the new play he is writing. The whole play is lined up, he says, except the prologue. She listens intently. Then she speaks, with her usual decision.

"Listen, perhaps you'd better not tell me about your plays while you're working on them. Because I might not like them and you wouldn't like that and I wouldn't like you not to like it"—

Sweet, dumb, feminine, blindly devoted Dora. But Levy has forgotten all that. He just laughs. There is a knock on the door. Some more old friends on the lot who want to see Connie. He gets up and bows out gracefully.

"Oh, I'm just Mr. Cummings now!" says the famous young man who used to be bored.

She has upset all preconceived ideas. She'll go on upsetting them. The show has only just begun.

The Truth About the Spencer Tracy Separation

(*Continued from page* 9)

happiness of knowing that she is perfectly normal, only cemented that feeling.

"It has always seemed silly to me when people are divorced to give out one of those 'We-are-still-good-friends' statements to the newspapers but a thousand divorces could never make us anything else.

"Hollywood had nothing to do with it. People have been very kind to both of us. After that announcement appeared in the papers I felt timid and self-conscious about going out. I forced myself to go out to the polo field today. Everybody spoke to me exactly as they've always spoken. No one asked any questions and no one appeared interested. Spencer says it was the same at the studio. I don't consider that we're separated any more than we've been on numerous other occasions. I'm quite sure the next time you come out to dinner Spencer will be in his usual place at the head of the table."

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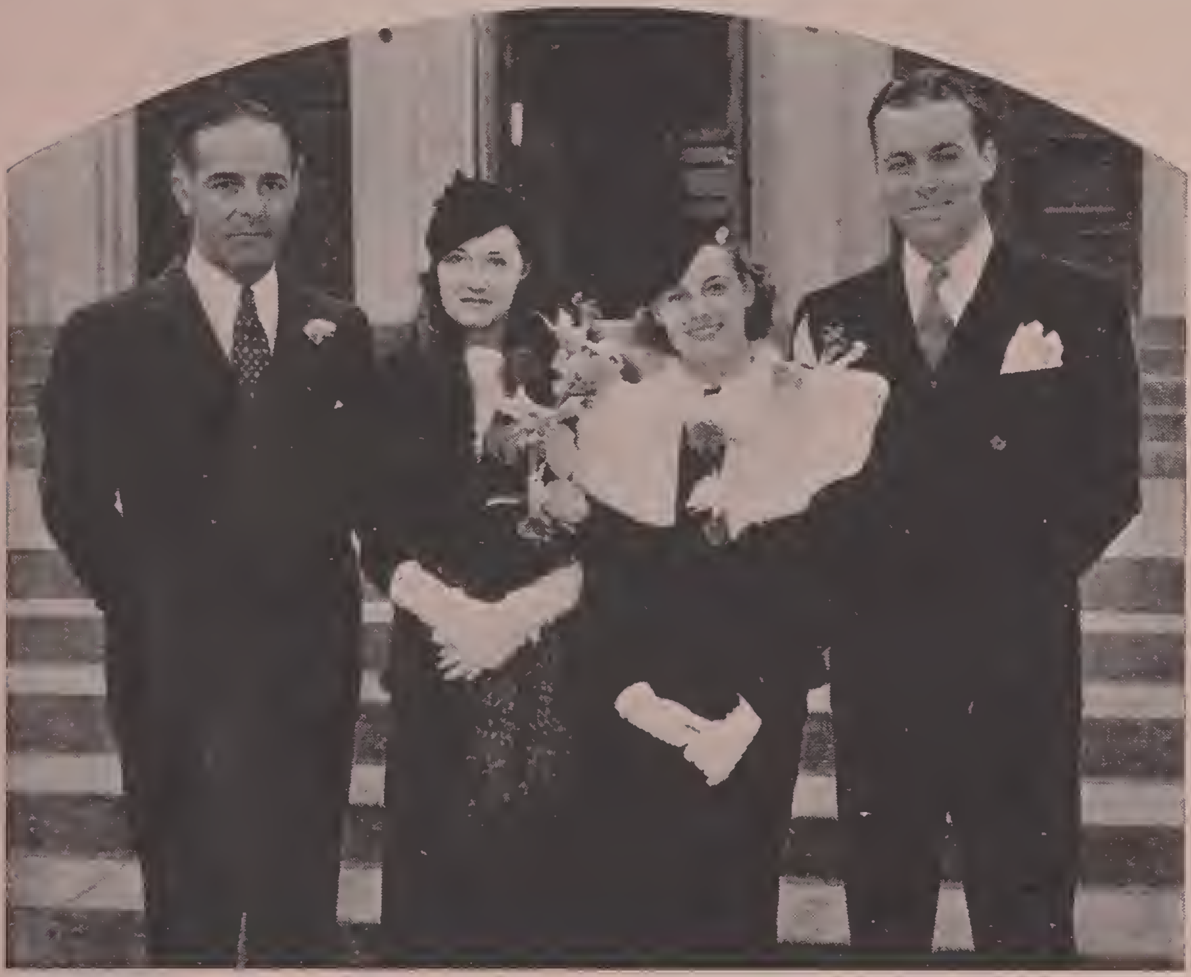
Confessions of a Casting Director

(*Continued from page* 13)



When Eleanor Holm was wed to Arthur Jarrett at Beverly Hills, Tony Moreno and Eleanor's friend, Mrs. Smith, were the witnesses

or what. I soon saw the whole show.

". . . and I've told you before that there's nothing at all in sight for you now," the director was telling her.

"You'd better find SOMETHING!" the woman said.

"Or what?" my boss flipped.

It scorched her—the words, the tone in which he said it.

"All right, you—!" she said; "and remember—, you asked for it!"

With that, she flung down her purse, ripped the front of her dress open, disarranged her hair, swept half the stuff on the boss' desk onto the floor, began screaming.

"The beast" she shrieked. "He tried to—he said unless I—he . . ."

The director's voice cut in like the crack of a high-powered rifle.

"JERRY!" he called.

Jerry parted the curtains before us.

"Okay, boss," Jerry said, simply. The woman grasped in an instant that her scheme had crashed. She picked up her handbag, stalked out of the room, turned at the door to fling one last word at the casting director. I can't repeat it here.

We never saw her again. I learned later that what she had done had "washed her up" in all Hollywood. There's a "closed corporation" among casting directors and movie executives against anything like that. The woman had to leave town.

That day's happenings formed a big part of my education as casting-man. I learned, by demonstration, what my boss later put into words: "In this job, you can't mix business with—pleasure."

And as I've gone through year after year of this profession, I realize the truth of what he told me—because I've seen otherwise capable men fail because they couldn't say "No" to the women who offered much in exchange for a chance before the camera. But I didn't start this story in order to moralize. So let's forget the seamy side for a while, and giggle with (and AT) me, while I tell you how I fell for Clara Bow . . .

It was when I was still an office boy in the casting department. One day, I heard a girl's voice: "Any extra work today?"

I looked at the grilled window—like a bank-teller's—and saw a wistful face looking into Jerry's. "Nope," said Jerry. The girl turned away. As she disappeared, the casting director himself, who'd been talking with Jerry, said:

"Did you see that girl's sweater?—God, wasn't it dirty!"

Instantly the girl's face appeared at the window again, her eyes flaming in rage, her mouth opened to say something. But the words choked, tears rolled out of the wide eyes, and with a sob she fled. Something happened to the casting director.

"Catch her!" he shouted.

I made a dive for the door, grabbed the girl's arm, dragged her, struggling, back. Beautifully angry, she turned to my boss and Jerry.

"It *isn't* dirty! It's brown because it was dyed that way! Of course, I can't help make-up rubbing off—but you hadn't any right . . ."

Her tears did strange things inside me. Maybe they did things inside the casting director, too. His hard cynicism melted.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "I was wrong. Please accept my apology—and let Jerry and me dig up a job for you to make up for what I said—thoughtlessly."

The sun broke through the clouds. That is, the girl's smile shone through the glisten of her tears. "Gee, you're a swell guy after all, ain't you?" she said.

They told her they'd call her. When she'd gone, I said to the boss, with thumping heart: "Thanks for calling her back." I don't know what gave me, a punk office kid, the nerve to address him like that.

"Ho, ho!—your sweetie, eh?" the director asked.

"No, sir, never saw her before," I stammered. Then because he merely stared oddly at and somehow through me at the same time, I stood stupidly and panicky.

"Hm," he said finally, and softly, "that girl *must have something. . . .*"

Well, she had. That girl turned out to be Clara Bow, for a long time the biggest sensation on the screen. What she gave the millions who adored her there, she'd given me that first time I saw her. Later, they called it "IT." And later I became one of her closest friends, and often we laughed over that first meeting. She used to kid me with:

"Oh, you must have been a virginal lad about women, then!"

Well — imagine that "virginal lad" thrust suddenly onto a movie set populated by beautiful women — without a stitch of clothes on! That's one of the jolly little "breaking-him-in" tricks they played on me at first. It was Jerry's idea—

"Hey," he yelled at me one day, "hop over to Stage 7, and gimme a report on the girls working there. I hired 'em, but I'm not satisfied, I want your opinion."

Conscientiously, proud that my opinion was being asked, I strode over to the stage, found two men on guard at the door, and a big sign: NO VISITORS! ! !

IMPORTANTLY, I stalked onto the stage—and found myself in the midst of a big long-shot ballet scene, with undraped beauties all around me.

I stopped, with my eyes like two banjos. I realize now that I must have been a funny picture of youthful embarrassment and mortification. I know why the girls laughed at me. Their laughs didn't help me conquer my confusion. On the contrary, it was the last straw—and I fled, pell mell in such complete panic that it's still a studio story to this day. Yet I remember wondering, even as I ran, how the electricians and the carpenters and cameramen and grips on the set could keep their minds on their work in such surroundings. Today, I realize the answer. It's this:

To them, the scene was just part of the day's work. There is an impersonal quality about such things. Like the leading man making violent love to the beautiful star. And as soon as the director says "Cut," they turn to their scripts or their knitting or whatever. Those nude girls weren't "sex" to those men on the set; they were no more personal than were the pieces of scenery, the props, the cameras that were being used to make the scene. But I, a rank beginner then, was yet unused to it. I was like the new candy-store employee who hadn't yet gotten his stomach-ache fill of candy so that ever afterward candy was just something to sell.

But even so, I've had other experiences! ! Just wait until I tell you in next month's Movie Mirror.

Newsreel Thrills

(*Continued from page 55*)

"She told me that she knew of a Hudson Bay fur post about 600 miles from Quebec which sold gasoline for motorboats. There was just a chance that our competitors had overlooked this one fur post when they made their deal with the different trading posts.

"We had just enough gasoline to fly 600 miles. If we could get gasoline there, fine and dandy. If we couldn't, we would just have to wait until someone picked us up on that lonely beach.

"On and on we flew, looking for that fur post. We saw many shacks, but most of them had no smoke coming up from them, no signs of life or activity. Finally, when we had just about exhausted our gasoline, we saw a shack on the beach with smoke issuing from it.

"WE landed on the ice, and there, sure enough, at the shack, we discovered that they had some ordinary motorboat gasoline. It took us four or five hours to regas the ship, and then we took off for Greenley Island. We circled around the island and couldn't find the Bremen. Finally in the center of the island we saw what looked like an aeroplane. Ten or fifteen people came running out of the lighthouse to the shore. We made our way to the lighthouse, where we dined on corned beef and cold tea and liked it. Then I took photographs of the aeroplane and the people in it, and we flew back to Quebec. The other newsreel men didn't get pictures for about four or five days. They were stranded at Murray Bay, about sixty miles from Quebec. We even got a scoop over the company which had bought up all the gasoline. They had some trouble with their pilot, who kept on raising his price every day. By the time they came to an agreement, we had already gotten our pictures."

Of all news events of the past few years, Lindbergh's reception after his return from Paris was covered in the biggest way. Pathé hired eight special planes, three speed boats and about twenty-four cameramen to cover the event. Four men were waiting to take shots when he arrived at the gangplank. Four were at the navy yard making high shots. Four took air shots. There were about four cameramen along the street from the navy yard to the Washington Monument. When Lindbergh began speaking at the Washington Monument, four more cameramen shot the scenes. There were four more at the White House, too.

As soon as Lindbergh got off the boat, the first films were taken and rushed in speed boats to the navy flying field. From there one plane took off to New York, one to Los Angeles, one to Chicago and one to Washington, with the precious negatives.

The rest of the reception scenes were rushed off in the same manner.

Other movie companies besides Pathé covered the reception just as elaborately. One company spent $40,000 just to shoot Lindbergh's reception and deliver it as a special all over the country.

Sometimes a newsreel company, for a consideration, gets the exclusive rights to film some news or sporting event. When

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this happens, there is nothing in the ethics of the newsreel world to keep the other companies from doing everything they can to get shots of the same event. As one newsreel editor said, "It's hard enough to make money on newsreels without paying hundreds of thousands of dollars for exclusive pictures. So when some company does that, every other company in the business gets on the job."

It's a legend in the newsreel world that before one of his wars, Pancho Villa, the Mexican bandit, sold the exclusive rights to it to some company. Then whenever a strange cameraman was seen below the Mexican line, Villa's men took shots at him.

One of the newsreel companies once paid $200,000 for the exclusive rights to the Zev-Papyrus race at Belmont Park. They hired a gang of detectives to keep out competitors and a gang of thugs to wreck the cameras of any men who managed to get into the park. One cameraman from a rival company spent all night on a water tank. The next morning he was discovered, and tar paper was burned in front of him, setting up a smoke screen which made it impossible for him to take pictures.

THE company holding the exclusive rights to the race was sure it had a scoop. It planned to release the race as a special film of several reels. What it didn't know was that every competitor had managed to take shots of the race. One man would get one angle; another a different angle, and at the end these were pieced together. While plenty of cameramen had been discovered and fires set up in front of them, others had gotten away with precious bits of film. That night every company released a special on the race, except the one that had paid for it. It was so sure it had a scoop that it had taken its time about developing the film. After that no exhibitor would look at the film, and it was left with its $200,000 cat in the bag.

The hardest place of all to get into was the Grand Stand. A cameraman named Hawkins disguised himself as a chauffeur and his assistant as a young lady. He then placed his camera in a large lunch basket and got through to the stand by pretending to escort his mistress. When the race started, he sheltered his camera behind his assistant's skirts and got some grand pictures.

Then, on the way out, Hawkins was recognized and his luncheon basket was searched. But his assistant had the film by then, and still wearing skirts, he escaped with it as fast as he could through the crowd.

That is the only time I ever heard of that a newsreel man hid behind a woman's skirts.

About two years ago, when he was making films of a demonstration of the new Momsen artificial lung for people trapped in submarines, John Bockhurst was himself trapped for forty-five minutes in a submarine compartment that flooded with water. During all that time there was water up to his neck. Another danger was that the salt water, hitting the batteries, generated chlorine gas. The men in the other compartments of the submarine saved John Bockhurst and the men who were with him by blowing the water out, however it was a pretty close thing!

Al Mingalone flew with Bellanca and Acosta from Valley Stream, Long Island. He hopped into a ship at Valley Stream with the idea of taking pictures of them in flight. On the way to New York the motor of the ship in which Mingalone was flying began spitting and sputtering. He and his pilot were flying over the houses of Jamaica with no landing field in sight. The ship rapidly began to lose altitude. The motor quit at 500 feet. Below it was no landing field, but only the nineteenth hole of a golf course. With high tension wires around, there was no room to side slip the ship and nothing to do but to land there.

"If the pilot hadn't used good judgment, I wouldn't be alive now, and neither would he," confesses Mingalone.

"There was an old tractor on the golf course and a man working on it. The pilot headed right for the tractor. We tried to signal the man, and he had sense enough to jump off the tractor.

"Headed for the tractor was the only possible way to break the speed of the plane. As the plane hit the tractor, the motor was torn off the plane and the tractor was smashed to bits. When we climbed out, the tail of the plane was high in the air and hopelessly entangled in the wreck of the tractor.

"That tractor saved our lives. There was a cliff twenty-five feet on the far side of the tractor. We had been going so fast that if we hadn't hit the tractor we would have gone over the cliff.

"As it was, the pilot wasn't injured and I escaped with a fractured collar bone. Yes, I was laid up for three months, but I was lucky at that. Though my camera had been pretty well smashed up, the film was okay and another cameraman from Paramount came out and picked up all my equipment."

Newsreel cameramen take all kinds of chances. During the Chinese-Japanese War, George Krainukov, a Russian cameraman, joined the Chinese forces to get war pictures for Universal. Mervyn Freeman joined the Japanese forces to get pictures of the other side of the war.

On the whole, the cameramen led charmed lives, yet they do not always escape with their lives. Every newsreel man who was present at the automobile speed trials at Daytona Beach, Florida, a few years ago, remembers how Cameraman Charles Traube of Pathé was killed by the plunging car of driver Lee Bible, when it swerved from its course. Traube was still cranking his camera when the car hit him. By some strange anomaly of fate, his camera was not injured, and the pictures he took were shown on the newsreel screens of the land after poor Charles Traube was killed.

During the recent fighting in Havana, newsreel men risked all to get thrill scenes.

David Oliver, a Universal cameraman, set up his camera on the Prado and began taking pictures. No sooner had he started shooting films than a trooper took aim at his head with a rifle. Oliver continued cranking his camera. The cop, advancing on him with his rifle in his hand, grabbed Oliver, who was thrown into jail. The fellow with him got a bayonet through his legs.

Another cameraman was jailed three times in one day and finally brought before Machado, who ordered him out of the country. Fortunately for the newsreel man, the Machado regime was over before the order could be carried out.

One afternoon when the rioting was at its height, the cameramen rushed their films to the Pan-American airport. Their cars were immediately attacked, they were beaten up, their films were burned, their cameras broken. The mob opened fire on the plane and drove it off the field. When the bullet-ridden plane arrived without any films or baggage, Paramount cabled Cameraman Buchanan, who wired back, "Pan-American plane fired everything aboard ransacked all shipments stills seized destroyed will try make another shipment tomorrow best stuff destroyed."

The next day Paramount secured a plane in Miami and flew it across the channel to Havana. James Buchanan put out in a small boat, met the plane outside the harbor and put aboard the pictures he had taken of the previous day's rioting.

Newsreel scenes are never faked, but sometimes they're "framed." A group of several hundred Cubans recently invaded the Cuban Consulate in New York, dragged out a statue of Machado, and made their way to Harlem with it, with the idea of dumping it into the river. A Pathé cameraman found them on their way to Harlem and induced them to put on a riot scene. They got a couple of sledge hammers and smashed up the statue. Meanwhile a huge crowd collected. The Pathé cameraman thought the rioting was too tame, and kept on egging on the Cubans to make it more exciting. It is amazing what people will do for the newsreels. The rioting grew more and more violent, the crowd joined in and it ended up with a free-for-all fight. Police reserves finally had to be called out.

IN Santiago there was a man who had a great urge to become a newsreel cameraman. He wrote the most amazing letter to the Paramount News office, offering his services on all kinds of unusable pictures. Because his letters were a hopeless mixture, half-Spanish and half-English, the Paramount people got accustomed to referring to him as "that spigotty Andy."

Andy poured out all his dreams to them in his letters. He told them when he purchased his new and most professional camera. He kept on informing them of the progress he was making and pestering them for an assignment.

Then a revolution broke out in Chile.

Paramount cabled Andy to get some good revolution pictures.

Days passed and they heard nothing from him. Finally they wired the local Paramount Exchange. It wrote back that Andy had come to the office and had asked many questions. He had made the most elaborate preparations for shipping his first film out. He had told them that the Revolution was to be his big chance.

When government troops marched to the outskirts of the city, Andy set up his camera and started taking pictures. When the attack came, the government troops started to retreat. But Andy stayed where he was. At last he was a professional newsreel man, sure of his immunity as a cameraman. He cranked away. The next day he was found dead, gripping his camera. He died achieving his life's aim.

The Stars' Beauty Secrets

(*Continued from page* 51)

grows younger and more attractive as their birthdays pass, instead of back East where each year seems to point a telltale finger at some of my friends. It isn't necessary, though, for once a girl begins to study herself she finds out all sorts of fascinating ways to arrange her hair and improve her make-up routine. So, my best advice is to find out first of all 'what's wrong with this picture' and then go to it!"

Studied Carelessness chez Hepburn

Katharine Hepburn likes her hair to appear carelessly arranged. But that's sometimes more difficult to achieve than the most complicated coiffure in the mode. So Miss Hepburn goes to the studio early every morning, no matter what time her call may be, and goes through a process which makes her hair a delight to the eyes. Four fresh eggs are separated and beaten carefully; the yolk mixture goes on first and is massaged into the scalp without water or soap in spite of its stickiness, for that is inevitable. Then a little luke-warm water rinses that off a bit and the stiffly beaten whites are poured on and thoroughly massaged. The juice of two or three lemons is ready in a glass which may also hold just a tablespoon of peroxide (this doesn't bleach used in this way but does help to add a sheen). This rinse is used in a basin of water and presto! Ready for the sun. In Hollywood that isn't being too optimistic, and even on dark days one can use electric light. But, the hand drying is important and oh, how very worth while. Every hair on Miss Hepburn's precious head is like spun silk and the color is brought out in all its bronze glory. Every day sounds pretty often for this process, but it's worth it, and if every day doesn't allow that much time, as often as possible is the next best thing.

Goodbye to Summer's Dusky Shades

Those who wonder what to do about their tan now that they have offered themselves freely to the summer sun but must face the question of how to wear black and other fallish colors really have a problem. Joan Crawford, having the most famous tan of all, is the logical authority on this subject. She has a marvelously safe suggestion of using milk for the bleaching process. And although this may seem a bit slow at first, it works so well that you'll have to use lighter and still lighter powder.

Paging—A Bit of Black Velvet

Any beauty suggestion one can get from Ann Harding is something really valuable. For that tired feeling our eyes are bound to get, keep a black velvet jacket, or just a piece of this majestic fabric in your bedroom closet. At night and each morning stand closely in front of this, cupping your hands around your eyes so that no light rays penetrate and stare into the blackness of the velvet. Try to relax your facial muscles while doing this and simply look into it with eyes wide open. It sounds like magic, and it is just that, for it banishes that, "I-guess-I-need-glasses" feeling and refreshes one no end.

DON'T BE SKINNY
HERE'S MY SECRET—

NEW WAY ADDS 5 to 15 POUNDS *in a few weeks!*

Thousands who were once skinny praise quick way to get lovely curves and vital health!

Posed by professional models

I WISH I HAD YOUR FIGURE AND PEP!

STOP being ashamed of your figure — having people call you "skinny", and losing your chances of making friends on that account. Here's a new, quick, easy treatment that is giving thousands solid, healthy flesh and attractive curves—*in just a few weeks!*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown men and women. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast — regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid flesh — *and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, strong nerves, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Skinniness dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the healthy flesh you need. Do it *before it is too late.*

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. So successful has it been in even hopeless cases that it is positively guaranteed. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

The Star Nobody Knows

(*Continued from page 42*)

eye. She was born to sing and she knew it. She knew it when she was six years old and, with her tiny toy piano on the front porch of her home in Philadelphia, used to amuse the neighbors by singing on the top of her lungs—fitting the tune to a flow of Italian words. She invented the Italian herself.

Seated thus before her small piano—it didn't have any black keys except those painted on, remember the kind?—it thrilled her to watch the neighbors gathering on the lawn. She was exhibitionist enough (and no actress has been really great without this quality) to love the attention. The neighbors came, of course, to smile at the golden haired baby, but they remained to listen because even then her voice was high and true and strong. It was never a baby's voice. It was the voice of a singer—always.

Jeanette loved to scrub floors—a delight that she seldom enjoyed since, after one of her amateur bouts with the kitchen floor, her mother had to change her from head to foot. But occasionally she was allowed to splash about with an enormous pail of water and rich, foaming soap suds. Wildly she scrubbed, pouring out all of her energy and as she worked, she sang, keeping time with the brush. The songs—she invented—dividing the floor into squares and finishing a song as she completed a square. It was all very, very exciting.

More thrilling than anything, however, was getting upon a home-made stage and appearing in the school "shows" singing—always singing.

As she grew older she knew that she was fated for opera ("grand opera" she called it) and when she was twelve she wrote an essay in school entitled, "Why I Want to Be a Grand Opera Star." If that paper were still in existence today it would show the strong, clear ambition that has ruled Jeanette's life.

TO further whet her appetite for opera was the phonograph. This belonged to next door neighbors—more opulent than the MacDonalds—and they gave her permission to use it whenever she chose. Whenever she chose was all the time and as other children skated up and down the sidewalks and played "house" in the back yards, Jeanette knelt by the machine, her ear glued to the sound box. She used to sing along with Galli-Curci and Melba and other famous prima donnas. She pronounced the Italian words as she thought they did—without having the vaguest idea of their meanings. But she knew all the songs and these exciting old recordings were her first singing teachers.

Now she has a singing lesson every day—even when she works at the studio. A half hour is given to her luncheon, a half hour to her singing. Her will to succeed is great.

Accident brought her to the stage—but Jeanette MacDonald would have come to the stage anyhow. She has all the requirements of the *artiste*—the singleness of purpose, the natural born talent (and the knowledge of that talent. "I was given this voice," she says now, "and I'm grateful for it") and the desire to be noticed and applauded.

So she would have come to the theatre no matter what turn events had taken. What actually happened was that her sister, as a girl, had studied dancing but had given it up to enroll in a secretarial school. But one night the sister attended a party and there danced with a man who told her she was wasting herself in business when she possessed such natural grace. It was he who paved the way toward vaudeville engagements and it was through the sister that Jeanette secured an audition with a theatrical manager. He told her to stop school and spend her youth forming the career that he knew would be hers.

Jeanette MacDonald and one of the few who knows her well—Bob Ritchie, her fiance and manager

Does this give you any picture of Jeanette MacDonald? Does it present a girl who sang because she could not help it and carved for herself the career which followed because she knew what she had?

And because Jeanette MacDonald has such a nature—a nature that will let nothing interfere with her work—I believe that she and Ritchie are not married. Bob is the perfect manager. He handled her affairs with exactitude. The joint relationship of husband and manager might not work so well.

For Jeanette is entirely a careerist. She has a smart head on her shoulders. Her new contract with M-G-M provides that she work six months in this country and tour Europe in concert for six months. Jeanette is wise enough to keep her concert stage audiences. She is clear-sighted enough to realize that the professional life of a movie star is short. And the MacDonald girl is never going to be caught unprepared. Concert singing can go on long after film popularity has waned. Jeanette will never languish in a home for broken-down actresses.

But speaking of her European concerts brings us to the other unexplained part of Jeanette's life—the reason she is the sex appeal girl abroad, the glamorous, exciting, sensational prima donna. And although that really requires a story all its own I shall only touch the high points of one of the most fantastic chain of events that a star has ever experienced.

One day when Jeanette was peacefully working at the Fox Studio in Hollywood the head of the fan mail department brought her a letter from Belgium in which was enclosed a clipping to the effect that Jeanette MacDonald, the star of "The Love Parade" and "Monte Carlo" had been shot by an irate Belgian princess maddened by jealousy.

Stunned, Jeanette read and re-read the article and then immediately wrote her Belgian informant asking her to send whatever other articles had appeared. She also subscribed to a foreign clipping service.

The stories poured in, but they were varied. Some accounts told that the princess had thrown vitriol on Jeanette's face so that her husband, an Italian prince, would find her less beautiful. This story went on to say that it was Jeanette's sister, Blossom, who was now being billed as Jeanette in pictures and that the reason she had not sung in her last film was because her vocal chords were temporarily injured and that in future films she would sing and her voice would be "dubbed in" with Blossom's acting.

In an attempt to stop this amazing gossip which was on every foreign tongue and printed in every newspaper in Europe, she went abroad.

Upon her arrival there occurred a strange circumstance. The Europeans, she discovered, were delighted with the story. This girl in a royal intrigue lived up to her picture rôles. It was fitting that the heroine of Lubitsch's "Love Parade" should be hated by princesses and beloved by princes. And, because they were so entranced, they would not cast the concept from their minds. Hence, it was Jeanette's difficult task to prove to them that she was herself.

In telling me the story she said, "Have you ever tried to make people believe that you are yourself? Try it sometime, and see how difficult and unpleasant it is."

For months during her European tour she wept. She begged the reporters to believe that she was really Jeanette MacDonald and not the imposter they thought her. For, to them, the real Jeanette MacDonald had been either killed or disfigured.

The night that she was to give her concert she was told that the Fascisti were to attend in a body and make a demonstration against her. "And a singer up before her audience, standing on the stage alone is the most marvelous target for a mob," said Jeanette.

Knees shaking, heart pounding, she did appear. And—fortunately—nothing happened.

The only thing that made it possible for her practically to convince Europe that she was not the girl (and there was no girl, anyhow, it was all a figment of some writer's imagination) was the fact that she had never been to Europe before. She secured from Washington affidavits to the effect that neither she nor any member of her family had ever been issued a passport and these papers she carried around with her and dangled under the nose of the press whenever she was interviewed.

The excitement was calmed, but somewhere lurking in the foreign mind is the thought that perhaps since there was so much smoke there must have been a fire and that perhaps Jeanette MacDonald was in some way mixed up in this fabricated but thrilling love triangle.

Thus, in Hollywood, she is known as a hard-working, business-like star who has been engaged to the same man for years. And that's not the sort of thing Hollywood feeds upon. That's why Jeanette has had comparatively little publicity. In spite of her great beauty and *esprit* Hollywood does not credit her with glamour. Whereas in Europe—ah there, since all of these marvelous stories, they mention the name of Jeanette MacDonald with a secret thrill, and whenever she appears she creates a sensation.

Fans stand in mobs outside her hotel. It is almost impossible to push her car through the crowds. And when she gives a concert the theatres are invariably packed.

And Jeanette MacDonald—wise as she is—is not giving up this European success for a fifty-two week picture contract.

For that's the sort of person Jeanette MacDonald is. She plays with luck from the middle—taking her success where she finds it. An now when the European trouble has all blown over—she is smart enough to see that, amazing as it was to her at the time, it was the best publicity stunt ever, inadvertently, pulled with a star.

It takes a smart person not to go to extremes!

HELP KIDNEYS

..don't take drastic drugs

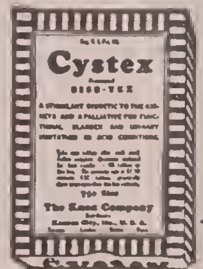
YOU have 9 million tiny tubes or filters in your Kidneys, which are at work night and day cleaning out Acids and poisonous wastes and purifying your blood, which circulates through your Kidneys 200 times an hour. So it's no wonder that poorly functioning Kidneys may be the real cause of feeling tired, rundown, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic Pains and other troubles.

Nearly everyone is likely to suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys at times because modern foods and drinks, weather changes, exposure, colds, nervous strain, worry and over-work often place an extra heavy load on the Kidneys.

But when your Kidneys need help, don't take chances with drastic or irritating drugs. Be careful. If poorly functioning Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching, Acidity, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Loss of Vitality, Dark Circles under the eyes, or Dizziness, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's prescription Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex). See for yourself the amazing quickness with which it soothes, tones and cleans raw, sore irritated membranes.

Cystex is a remarkably successful prescription for poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder. It is helping millions of sufferers, and many say that in just a day or so it helped them sleep like a baby, brought new strength and energy, eased rheumatic pains and stiffness—made them feel years younger. Cystex starts circulating through the system in 15 minutes, helping the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out the blood and removing poisonous acids and wastes in the system. It does its work quickly and positively but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. The formula is in every package.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success, the Doctor's prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.



W. R. George
Medical Director

City Health Doctor Praises Cystex

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid ingredients and quick action. For instance, Dr. W. R. George, graduate Medical Dept., University of Indiana, former Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, and Medical Director for insurance company 10 years, recently wrote the following letter:

"There is little question but what properly functioning Kidney and Bladder organs are vital to the health. Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with aching back, weakness, painful joints and rheumatic pains, headaches and a general run-down, exhausted body. This condition also interferes with normal rest at night by causing the sufferer to rise frequently for relief, and results in painful excretion, itching, smarting and burning. I am of the opinion that Cystex definitely corrects frequent causes (poor kidney functions) of such conditions and I have actually prescribed in my own practice for many years past the same ingredients contained in your formula. Cystex not only exerts a splendid influence in flushing poisons from the urinary tract, but also has an antiseptic action and assists in freeing the blood of retained toxins. Believing as I do that so meritorious a product deserves the endorsement of the Medical Profession, I am happy indeed to lend my name and photograph for your use in advertising Cystex."—Signed W. R. George M.D.

The Strange Charm of Gilbert Roland

(*Continued from page 46*)

break their fragile little hearts!

He is a puzzling young man, this Great Lover of Hollywood. In a way his private life is as mysterious and unknown as Greta Garbo's.

In the strictest sense he is not particularly handsome, though there is about him an inherent romanticism common to Latin men, in his flashing eyes and the too-thick shock of black hair above his straight-backed neck.

He was born thirty-two years ago in Mexico. His first Hollywood press agent gave him Spain as a background with the added "color" of a Sevillian bull-fighter father! Roland later denied this, admitting Mexico as his birthplace though he still stuck to the story of the Spanish bull fighter as a parent. When this gentleman returned to Spain and the bulls, his little family, deserted by the breadwinner, knew the direst poverty in Mexico.

His real name is Luis Antonio Damasco Botana de Alonso!

THE "Gilbert Roland" was evolved out of the names of the two biggest box-office stars of his "extra" days, John Gilbert and Ronald Colman.

Roland once told a friend that he came to Hollywood to try his luck in the movies because he was uncomfortably poor . . . and movie stars were very rich. It is probably the most honest reason for a career ever admitted by a movie actor.

During one particularly bad spell of his early Hollywood days he worked as a "packer" in a local department store. They fired him because he would go a.w.o.l. whenever he got a call from the studios for extra work.

He had pulled himself up from extra rôles to featured "leads" in First National productions, his romance with Clara Bow was waning, his career was neither sensational nor unsuccessful when Norma Talmadge cast him in one of her most talked-about pictures, "Camille." The romantic, dashing lover rôle of *Armand* did more for him in one screen appearance than all the rest of his screen performances together.

It is strange that his romance with Norma should have brought him his greatest screen fame . . . and at the same time practically have wrecked his future career!

During the two years after Norma abandoned the screen, Roland was as professionally "dead," as far as Hollywood was concerned, as though he were still an extra boy!

He heatedly denied stories that he was being "kept from" the screen by producers who considered him responsible for the rift in the marriage between Joseph Schenck and Norma. But he had very few engagements until the most persistent whisperings of that romance died down!

Unlike many tempestuous romantic men, he apparently never parts "bad friends" with any of his former romances. They said that Gil and Clara Bow nearly broke one another's hearts, yet he was signed by the pert red head for her comeback picture "Call Her Savage" and they were professionally reunited in the best of spirits. Mrs. "Peg" Talmadge, mother of Norma, is one of his closest friends today. He is usually present at the family reunions with Mrs. Talmadge, Constance and Natalie.

Socially, he is a member of a small, close group of "old friends" which numbers the Talmadges, Cedric Gibbons, Buster Keaton, Buster Collier, Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, the Bennetts, Anna Q. Nilsson, Hoot Gibson and others of Hollywood's original vanguard.

With the males of this group he is frequently to be seen on warmish Malibu afternoons, a white-flanneled figure streaking across a tennis court. He is an exceptionally fine tennis player and has won more than his share of the beach "tournament" cups.

People who do not know Gil well consider him moody with a slight tendency to "sulk" . . . like a big kid. There is nothing of the restrained, self-contained "silent man" about him. When he is happy his Malibu neighbors for miles around are liable to hear his exuberance. His "blue" spells are less noisy . . . but equally intense.

He cannot abide rules, regulations, conventions. He once enjoyed the reputation of the "worst patient" in a nearby sanitarium . . . during a time he was recuperating from a general breakdown in health. There was a rule that he was not supposed to dance . . . so he danced. Cigarettes were banned . . . and he smoked. Lights were to be doused at nine o'clock . . . they burned all night in Gil's room.

When he was threatened that he might be thrown out for his unruly, rebellious conduct his only reply was: "All right! Let them throw me out. Better to be dead than to live on bells and signals!"

NEXT to bells and signals, he despises "Hollywood rumorings" about his friendships with beautiful lady stars and has been cordially rude to reporters who corner him to ask about "Miss Bennett's marital plans!" Such personal questions infuriate Gil almost as much as they infuriate Connie . . . which is being very, very furious!

From the time the Marquis de la Falaise departed for Bali, and Connie was reported "constantly in the company of Gilbert Roland," that irate young lady has been standing in the middle of a figurative Hollywood shaking a figurative fist at the gossips and threatening to "sue" somebody, or something, if there was any further coupling of her name with Roland's.

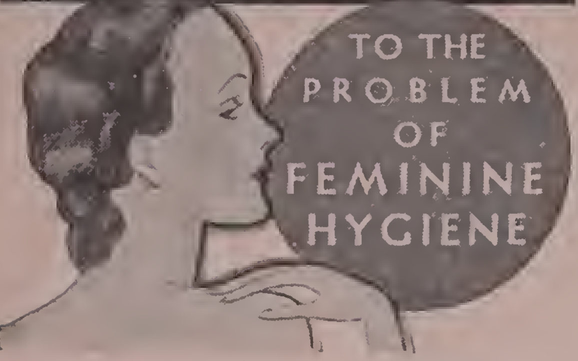
If she is "constantly seen with him" it is because they are merely "friends" and Hank approves of that friendship.

If she is reviving interest in his film career by casting him in her newest and possibly her next *two* screen productions, it is because Gil is a good actor.

That is Connie's story . . . and if Hollywood is finding it a little difficult to swallow, it is because Hollywood believes and says of Gilbert Roland:

"He has been loved by more beautiful women than any other man of Hollywood history including Rudy Valentino and Clark Gable at the height of their fame!"

THE Answer TO THE PROBLEM OF FEMININE HYGIENE



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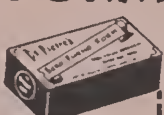

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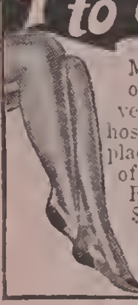

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NEW Deodorizer for Bathrooms

AGENTS... UP TO $10 & $15 IN A DAY

HERE'S an invention that housewives everywhere eagerly welcome. At last a way to banish unpleasant odors in bathrooms! A Puro Bowl-Itizer inside the toilet bowl, actually seems to absorb odors and replace them with a delicate perfume that everybody likes. Guaranteed as advertised in Good Housekeeping Magazine. Every home a prospect! One of 6 RED HOT SELLERS including the famous PURO Moth Preventive and Deodorant! Agents clean up $10 and $15 in a day—Distributors up to $5,000 and $6,000 a year! Write at once for details and full size FREE SAMPLE.

FREE SAMPLE

THE PURO CO., INC Dept. R-2162, 107 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

Cupid's Diary

(*Continued from page 29*)

. . . back from Bali, the Marquis de la Falaise hastened to have public lunch with Gilbert Roland, whose name has been printed alongside that of Connie (the Marquis' wife) Bennett, so much of late that Connie has sued about it. Then he said: "Gilbert Roland is one of my best friends. I am amazed at the interpretation that has been placed on his being seen in public with my wife while I was away. His escorting of her was done with my full knowledge. A woman in Miss Bennett's position cannot be a recluse."

Wedding Bells Dept.

Eleanor Holm, the swimming gal, and Arthur Jarrett, the big band boy, finally tied that marriage knot.

. . . and Dorothy Lee and Marshall Duffield also decided to try matrimony. It's little Dorothy's third try and she's just past twenty!

Tune-The-Bells Dept.

. . . don't be surprised if Pola Negri really does return from abroad this fall and becomes the wife of Millionaire Harold McCormick.

. . . Sue Carol, who's still waiting for her final decree from Nick Stuart, is helping Ken Murray pick the furnishings for his new house. And what do you suppose that means other than that she'll be Mrs. Ken?

Odds-and-Ends Dept.

. . . "I've changed my mind. Pickfair is NOT for sale," says Mary Pickford in New York. "Does that mean reconciliation with Doug?" asked an asker. "Please don't ask," replied Mary.

. . . when they were in love and honeymooning, Joan Crawford and Doug, Junior, used to love to go to the Hollywood bowl, stretch on the high tiered-benches at the top of the bowl, listen to the symphonies, gaze at the stars. Now Joan's doing it with Franchot Tone.

Who-Goes-With-Whom-Dept.

. . . and NOW who do you suppose it is in Mary Brian's life? Why Gene Raymond.

. . . Don Alvarado dancing with Boots Mallory, now that Alexander Kirkland's gone away to New York.

. . . Loretta Young is THAT interested in a young good-looking Parisian named Andre Renaird.

. . . Alice White says she and John Warburton are still running a temperature.

. . . Ivan Lebedeff and Wera Engels, yet!

. . . ditto Marjorie King and George Raft.

. . . Mary Carlisle seen here and there with Marian Nixon's ex-hubby Eddie Hillman.

. . . Anita Louise and Tom Brown and it looks serious. She's in a Hollywood stage play, and Tom's waiting at the stage door to take her home each night.

. . . and very, very thataway, Lola Lane and Lyle Talbot. Don't be surprised when and if the bells ring.

YOU'RE RIGHT, JUNE KNIGHT!

June Knight

Alluring, Universal Star says:

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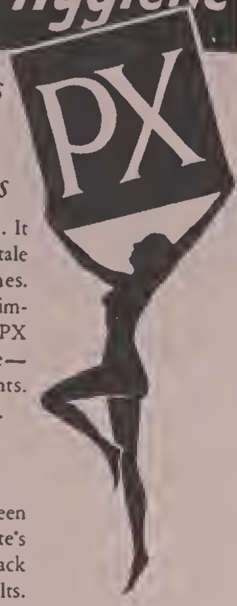

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You Can Overcome Self-Consciousness

(*Continued from page* 65)

"That first year I spent in Hollywood (this is Bette talking) was the most discouraging year any girl could possibly imagine. I felt, all through it, that I couldn't live through another day. I felt that everything that was myself, everything that made up ME, was being taken away or destroyed or buried.

"And yet I feel that it's the very same Hollywood that I once imagined was destroying me, that has now given me the self-confidence I have. It took it away from me at first, yes. But it gave it back to me—doubled and redoubled. And after all, that's the one way to gain poise—or whatever name you want to call it by—and there's no other way. No other way than this—simply HAVING to overcome the things that seemingly have you licked.

It's just as important that one have poise in ANY line of life, as in a movie career.

"How to do it? Stop being afraid of yourself. Trust yourself. Believe you are somebody worth knowing. Believe, as you want other people to believe, that you are a person to be met and liked. Get that idea firm in your subconscious mind.

"FOR one terrible year out here I was paralyzed with fear. But I learned, in that year, that I had to build within myself a pretty good opinion of Bette Davis before I could expect other people to have the same opinion. Oh, I did other things which help enormously. I used different makeup; I bobbed my hair; I changed the color of it, which took me away from looking drab. Those things made me realize, bit by bit, that within me I was getting the courage to dare to be ME, to dare to be a SOMEBODY. I don't think at all that it was the makeup, the hair, the appearance externally, half so much as what it did inside me.

"It's always been true that there really isn't any short-cut to the truly necessary things in this living business. It all simmers down to that so trite, so overdone phrase—hard work."

The very next day I talked the same thing over with Ginger Rogers. No dressing-room interview, this time. Instead Ginger and I had lunch together at Al Levy's Tavern, one of that cluster of eating places within a block of Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard, where almost everyone in Hollywood has at least one meal a day.

Interviewing Ginger in a public café is something like trying to keep a horseshoe magnet clean in a box full of iron filings. From the moment we came in until long after we left, Ginger was besieged by men and autograph hunters.

"Months of this," she muttered to me between visits, "and you've GOT to have poise, or else—!"

"A rule for self-conscious, bashful people? Well, I could say: don't give yourself away by pulling at things. The first thing a self-conscious person wants to do is to twitch at something, or play with something—anything to keep the hands busy. It's a dead give-away. Get over that inclination, control your hands, and you've gone a tremendous step toward achieving what's called poise. Learn to stand still. Learn to sit still. Learn to look keen on what is happening about you, but to keep quiet.

That, Ruth, leaves Dorothy Jordan of the three girls you specifically mentioned, doesn't it? Well, talking to Dorothy, these days, is like getting an interview with the Queen of England. Dorothy has become one of Hollywood's Number-One social successes. She and her new husband, Merian Cooper, who's guiding Radio studios now, have been entertaining lists of guests that read like a Social Register.

From Dorothy's friends, I learned first, some of the things Dorothy—a little Southern girl who came quite unknown to Hollywood not long ago—has done to rise to the position she now holds.

Dorothy has been hard-working.

For instance, there was that thick Southern drawl of hers. When she first came to Hollywood, she talked so below-the-Mason-Dixon-line that most of us'd have had trouble understanding her. It got to be a gag in Hollywood to give imitations of Dorothy Jordan talking. "Youall" and that sort of thing, and very, very thick.

Well, that was just one of the things Dorothy turned her attention to. She realized that eccentricities may be assets, but more often they are liabilities. So she spent many dollars, many months, going to one of the most famous diction teachers in Hollywood, learning to overcome her Southern accent. But how smart she was!—while the teacher wanted to remove every trace of that drawl, Dorothy knew enough to retain just enough of it to give her individuality. Today, she talks with just the faintest, the most provocative suggestion of an accent. Individuality, but not carried to absurdity.

Dorothy learned good manners. Not that she didn't possess lots of them when she arrived, for she is a tremendously well-bred girl, but she cultivated those little niceties which really mean kindliness, thinking of the other person first—and as Dorothy points out—when you think of the other person first, you stop thinking about yourself, and act naturally.

ANOTHER thing Dorothy did was to sit down and figure out what she wanted, where she wanted to get. That takes detachment. She discovered she wanted to get somewhere in her profession, that she wanted to live in the future, and not utterly day-to-day, which is so common in Hollywood. So she spurned the rah rah bunch. She lived quietly with her family. She studied—and when an important man like Merian Cooper came along, she certainly had the qualifications for being a delightful, beautiful and correct wife for him.

So there are the answers, from three important girls. Summing them up I'd say:

Don't fuss, physically or mentally.

Improve your appearance all you can.

Learn good manners, so you'll always be sure you are doing the right thing.

And—last and most annoying to me anyway, pal, work hard.

Love, KATHRYN.

They Act Well Even When They're Sick

(*Continued from page 37*)

down a corridor would seem a bit out of place but nevertheless, even with Eternity sitting at the foot of his bed, Tom Mix was still enough of a showman to know a good exploitation angle when he saw one.

Maybe this is something Mr. Mix didn't know. While he was in the hospital he had every known disease under the sun! If little boys wouldn't have their tonsils out they were told that Tom Mix was having his removed—and what Tom Mix could do any little boy could do! And every little boy did!

Lilyan Tashman, under ether for the first time, for the removal of the appendix revealed a long-suppressed desire. Rallying from the effects of the antiseptic she began to murmur as soon as consciousness returned, "Give me my twins."

Buster Keaton was without a doubt the maddest patient outside of an insane asylum that ever entered a hospital. Not only did he have all the doctors, nurses and internes in stitches, but the other patients out of their stitches, with his hilarious antics. He made his nurse laugh so much that when he got his divorce she married him just to keep all the laughs in the family.

ASK the nurse and doctors who has more guts than anyone in Hollywood, and unanimously they'll tell you Robert Montgomery. He is positively so brave that he is morbid. Recently it became necessary for him to undergo an appendix operation. Instead of being put to sleep he requested to be allowed to watch the operation. The doctor consented to freeze the spine. On the appointed day Montgomery came with great relish and enthusiastic curiosity to watch himself cut open. With him he brought Elliot Nugent, who was to steady him in case he weakened. The operation began, and Nugent fainted dead away, as stiff as a board. The doctor continued with the cutting while Bob, chatting gaily a mile a minute, wished to know when the darn thing was coming out. Imagine his surprise when the medico informed him it had been out for five minutes, and was already being pickled!

Joe E. Brown's short stay in one of the movie city's repair shops had all the patients in all the wards speculating as to what he could have swallowed. Bets included everything from an automobile to one of the Warner Brothers. While nobody really ever learned the truth it is rumored that when they cut him open they found a talkie microphone. No wonder Joe E. Brown goes around these days talking to himself. Nothing like a self-receiving station!

Karen Morley's spectacular arrival at the hospital had all the thrills of an exciting movie. At a preview of her husband's latest directorial effort she suddenly realized the necessity of getting to a hospital immediately. When she whispered the reason to her husband while the third reel of his picture unrolled on the screen, he immediately summoned an ambulance, carried her to it in his arms when it arrived a few moments later, and commanded the driver to drive like mad to the destination. To the sound of wild sirens the ambulance raced the stork back to the hospital where doctors were waiting in the operating room. An hour later Karen Morley was a proud mother. Later there was another preview of the picture—but this time they took the baby along for an opinion.

Mrs. Bing Crosby, who used to be Dixie Lee of the films, is another of the new Hollywood mothers. She says Bing has been so excited about the blessed event that for months one could have thought he was going to have the baby. When the child was born she received a wire of congratulations from Russ Colombo, a rival crooner. But when Bing read the wire which read "May the new arrival sing like his father," Bing wired back, "come over and hear him sometimes—he doesn't mind being imitated."

Judging from the goofy wires that are received daily at the local hospitals, Hollywood seems to have no respect for its sick and dying. Recently when Mae Clark was rushed to the Cedars of Lebanon for an appendectomy Russel Gleason sent a wire of condolence which read: "Sorry I can't be there for the opening." And when Zasu Pitts submitted to the knife for the removal of gallstones, Thelma Todd, her ex-film partner, wired: "People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones." But the prize wire came to a prominent legitimate actress from the Broadway stage, who had tried by medical means to reduce her excess weight so that she might appear to better advantage before the camera. The operation was a huge success, but imagine her surprise when she received a wire from an unnamed producer advising: "In Hollywood you've got to put on a big front."

The germ industry isn't the only thing that flourishes in a Hollywood hospital. Romance is proving itself a serious competitor. And where doctors can get rid of germs they can't even find a cure for romance. Among the late victims of this moonlightish malady one finds the names of Hoot Gibson, June Gale, Donald Cook, Evalyn Knapp, Lila Lee, Johnny Farrow, Ricardo Cortez and other unidentified romanticists. Cupid vaccinates the heart with his pricky bow—and a hospital bed does the rest!

ALL of Hollywood was feeling sorry for Hoot Gibson because Sally Eilers had left him to go to Europe to star in a picture, and from all reports to get a Paris divorce. But when Hoot's plane crashed and sent him into a state of bandages it soon developed that the cowboy star didn't need anyone's sympathy. He had a new romance in the person of pretty June Gale, Jack Dempsey's ex-fiance. Every day the little Gale came to call on the husky Hoot at the hospital bedside—and now the romance is going so strong it has developed into the speed of a hurricane.

The romance of Donald Cook and Evalyn Knapp bloomed beautifully too beside a hospital bed—but as soon as Evalyn was able to leave the institution, completely recovered from the injuries received in a serious fall off a Hollywood cliff, the love spell was broken. Now the handsome Mr. Cook is touring again—alone.

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The most concerned person in Hollywood over Ricardo Cortez' recent breakdown, which sent him recuperating to the Cedars of Lebanon, was Joan Crawford. Although she was not a frequent caller because she did not wish to give the scandal mongers food for Winchell, she burned the telephone wires between her house and the hospital. Many times Hollywood has tried to pin a romance on these two—but Ricky still insists that he is a friend of the young Fairbanks, and that his inclinations toward the beautiful Crawford are only platonic.

Speaking of Cortez reminds us that other sheiks that have been to the local hospitals lately include Cary Grant, Clark Gable, and Dick Powell. But confidentially the nurses are more thrilled about Jimmy Cagney, Hoot Gibson and Joe E. Brown. Some of the great lovers that come in on stretchers are so stiff they have to be thawed out! Instead of holding a nurse's hand and turning on the sex appeal, they would rather read the stock reports or sleep. Yes, yes, life is just a snore and a delusion.

SOMETIMES the sojourn to the land of little white beds gives the stars a chance to catch up with many neglected duties and ambitions. For years Joan Bennett wanted to learn to knit, but never could find the time. Thanks to a horse that threw her during the making of a scene in one of her late pictures, she finally realized her dream. She had a nurse who could juggle the needles—and now Joan is all prepared for her forthcoming blessed event.

Claudette Colbert has been working so steadily, jumping from one rôle into another, that it has somehow taxed her mental faculties. When assigned the lead in Cecil de Mille's new picture, "Four Frightened People" she was told to prepare herself for an immediate location trip to Hawaii. Claudette felt the time was too short; that she could never do justice to this rôle, a very important one, unless she could give it all the study it required. Then along came a convenient appendix, which settled the Colbert problem. So now Claudette takes her lines with her medicines, while a nurse sits by to cue.

As if it weren't enough that nurses must play at being knitting instructors and cue prompters there must also be party hostesses! Chester Morris tells this story on his little four-year-old son. The child, terrified with the thought of having his tonsils removed declared revolt against all doctors with a stubborn refusal to open his mouth even to consume food—a regular Mahatma Ghandi gesture. Finally Chester convinced him that on the morrow they were going to a swell party where everyone was going to wear white. At the hospital next morning they turned an operating room into a reception hall. There were toys and candies and fruits, and a radio threw off gay music. The doctor declared they were going to play a game of hide-and-go-seek, and little Chester was it. He must lie on a table and close his eyes with a mask over them while the nurses went and hid themselves. When he opened his eyes again the tonsils were gone and nurses were feeding him ice cream. He thought it was a swell party.

Practical jokers are so prevalent around Hollywood that when a serious mistake turns into a practical joke there is no explaining it away, as Alan Dinehart has learned. Once when Mozelle Brittone (now Mrs. Dinehart), was very ill in the Hollywood Hospital, Dinehart called his florist and ordered a mass of long stemmed roses to be sent to her. In the rush of sending out orders the florist made a mistake; sent the roses to a funeral service, and the somber funeral wreath to Mozelle, with Alan's card! For weeks Mozelle wouldn't speak to him—but now it's their favorite quarrel story.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 63*)

cidedly is, if you like that sort of stuff.

Biggest laughs come from Ted Healy and his insane stooges. But even they, with their madnesses, can't hog all the comedy honors, with such others in the cast as Eddie Foy, Jr., and Bonnie Bonnell and Trixie Friganza and those others.

Your Reviewer Says: For jingle-and-flash-and-laugh entertainment, it's okeh.

Not for Children:

✓Shanghai Madness (Fox)

You'll See: *Spencer Tracy, Fay Wray, Gene Pallette, Ralph Morgan.*

It's About: *A navy officer who's kicked out because he fights communists, gets back in for the same reason—all against a Chinese background.*

You'll love "Shanghai Madness." It's one of those melodramas about a heroic young American navy officer who takes regulations into his own hands in the mess of Chinese intrigue. And who, for doing so, gets terribly in wrong, then gets splendidly in right. And—of course!—finds THE girl.

Spencer Tracy is the lieutenant. Fay Wray is the girl. Next biggest part is grumpy Eugene Pallette's, as Tracy's liquor-loving friend on the gun-running scow he takes to when his navy kicks him out. It's on the same scow that Fay stows away because she loves her man and when she loves, she wants.

For Children: It'll excite them no end!

✓Bureau of Missing Persons (Warners)

You'll See: *Pat O'Brien, Bette Davis, Lewis Stone, Glenda Farrell, Ruth Donnelly, Hugh Herbert, Alan Dinehart, others.*

It's About: *Crosspurposes and assorted emotions, in the hunt-'em-and-find-'em department of a big city's police machine.*

Warners presents this inside story of what may go on inside the missing persons department of the police force.

Pat O'Brien is a hard-boiled detective who thinks he can apply the same strong-arm tactics he employed on the robbery squad. Lewis Stone is the gentle head of the missing persons bureau who tries to show him otherwise. Bette Davis is the love interest—in the shape of a gal hunted for murder. Around these central three swarm a host of other characters, more or less true to life—who cause the main story to gleam with scores of facets.

Your Reviewer Says: Darned good entertainment.

For Children: No.

The Girl Who Battles Alone

(*Continued from page* 34)

Square Garden Paul said, "I'm sorry, darling, I couldn't get very good seats—we decided to go too late."

"Oh, I don't care where I sit," Muriel told him. "That's perfectly all right."

Paul said he was still sorry he could not have done better and just then an usher approached, took the ticket-stubs and showed them to the best seats in Madison Square Garden!

He was always doing little things like that.

"Let's not look for jobs this afternoon," he would say. "Let's go to a movie."

And then the movie would turn out to be the best and most expensive theatrical show in town. And never did he grow tired of seeing her childish delight at these gentle surprises.

Oh, they were perfectly attuned—those two. Their ambitions flowed in the same stream. Their tastes were mutual tastes. Their love was sure and clean and infinitely beautiful.

THERE was but one cloud—Mack, away off there in India. Mack and Muriel had promised each other that day she told him goodbye that if ever one or the other fell in love with anybody else he should tell it and the other would understand. Muriel explained this to Paul when she knew that they were going to get married. But Paul wanted her to wait.

"It isn't fair," he said. "It isn't fair to tell him when he is away off there in India. It would be too devastating for him to get news like that there. Wait awhile. It would be much easier if you didn't have to write it. Wait until he comes back."

Paul, sensitive lad that he was, knew what suffering a letter like that would cause Mack, whom he had never seen.

And then Paul fell ill. At first they did not think it serious and Muriel went to the hospital every day with small gifts and books and read aloud to him and they laughed together as they had always done.

But his malady grew more serious and the doctor advised that he should go to his father's ranch in Arizona.

Without knowing that it was to be the last time she ever saw him, Muriel kissed him goodbye at the train. They would soon be together again, they said. It would not be long before they were married. Paul was to have a fine rest and return as soon as possible.

But while Paul was gone Muriel began to think that they had both done Mack an injustice. She knew that Paul only wanted to save him suffering but after all she had promised that she would tell him if there were anybody else. She could not go back on that promise. So she wrote him and received an answer which showed her again how fine a lad he was. He was glad that she was happy. It was right that she should marry this man she loved so well. But she was to know that wherever and whenever she should need him—he would be waiting for her.

At first Paul wrote regularly in his own hand. And then she began getting letters from Gilbert, Paul's brother, at Paul's dictation. But always on these Paul, himself, scribbled a few words.

When even these penciled postscripts stopped she knew that there had been no reason for her going into the theater after all. She had thought it was to meet Paul—to meet him, to love him and then to have him die away from her.

A letter from Gilbert told her that there was no hope and that even if she came Paul would not know her. He could not even lift his hand to scribble his name. He could not move his lips to tell her he loved her.

She was playing in Indianapolis when the three star message came. The message came in the morning. That afternoon she rehearsed a new play called "The Wooden Kimono"—a cheap horror story in which the principal prop is a coffin sitting in the middle of the stage.

And all during the rehearsal she worked with the coffin on the stage—seeing Paul lying there.

That night she played "Crime" in which the heroine—Muriel—bids her lover goodbye as he goes to be executed.

But somehow she got through that day and somehow she got through the rest of the days. Paul wouldn't have liked it had she been a quitter. Paul would have wanted her to go on. Paul's love carried her through.

When Mack heard about her sorrow—away off there in India—he wrote her a beautiful letter full of strong sympathy and she answered it. It was the most comforting thing that had happened, pouring out her misery to Mack, for even across all that space she felt that his understanding reached out to her. He was a strong rock upon which to lean. He had been staunch and true and now—with Paul gone—his kind letters were what made that terrific aftermath of grief possible to bear.

During those lonely months she began to see that it was to Mack that she must turn. She had been singularly blessed. Few women have two such fine men in their lives. It was Mack now who must not only take Paul's place but also fill her life.

NOTHING in her life had ever come easy for her. Her success on the stage had come only after innumerable disappointments and grilling work. No stroke of luck had ever thrown her into a part. That was the way her life ran—hard and bitter. Paul's death had been part of that bitter fate but now it seemed that fate meant that she should have Mack. She wrote that to him and he answered with his delight that she should come to him at last shining through every word.

A month later he told her he was coming back to America—and to her.

And for the first time since Paul's death she was happy. That was, apparently, the design, the way it was meant to be.

Mack took the boat for San Francisco. She had planned to meet him there, but work interfered and besides she knew that only five days later she would see him.

On the boat he was stricken with appendicitis. He died in San Francisco!

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Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 68*)

Harmless Deception

I'm twenty-four, married and have a baby, yet it seems I'm not my own boss. My mother is very religious and objects to my going to a movie. She says "They're no good" though I know in my own mind, she is mistaken. To avoid argument, I just slip into town three times a week and take in a matinee, and in this way I manage to see mostly every picture that comes to town.

Not because "stolen sweets" taste better—but because movies are the one thing I wouldn't miss. So go on, producers, with the good work, and I'll meet you at the matinee.

Mrs. E. R. Reineke,
Fort Payne, Alabama.

Travelogues and Newsreels Are Nicest

I want to express my appreciation and interest in the travelogues and newsreels. To me they are the most interesting features of the movies.

Nobody gets much enjoyment out of reading a geography book because it is so hard to visualize what you read about the customs, costumes, and languages of all nations. If you can see and hear all about them—well, that's different. It's so wonderful to me to sit in a comfortable theatre and see and hear perhaps about cold Iceland or tropical India or any country for that matter. Travelogues are such a pleasant way to study geography, don't you think?

Then there are the newsreels. They take us right to the scenes of all the important daily happenings. We are just as thrilled seeing them on the screen as we would be if we were right on the spot where they happened.

Three cheers and more power to newsreels and travelogues!

Esther Perrine,
Toronto, Ohio.

Dependable Players

I would like to say a word in tribute to a few certain players you can always depend on for fine performances.

Lewis Stone is one. May Robson is another. Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, Frank Morgan, Beryl Mercer, and Edna May Oliver are some more old reliables. When I see any of the above in the cast, I know I have a treat in store for me.

I shall miss the late Louise Closser Hale whose splendid work always contributed to the success of a picture.

Catherine Mullen,
Urbana, Ill.

Jean Harlow Ace High to Bridge Players

At every bridge game, there usually comes a discussion of the most popular screen star, and three times out of three, Jean Harlow draws the most votes.

I have only seen three of Jean's pictures and each one proved better than the last. I think she was wonderful in "Hold Your Man."

Maybe some won't agree with me, but I think Jean Harlow is the present "It" girl of the screen. Here's to many more of her pictures—I'll see 'em all.

Tommas White
Franklin, Texas.

You Can't Keep Lee Tracy Down

I recently saw Lee Tracy in "The Nuisance." He can portray most any character and he puts his entire heart and soul into his work. There is something about him that a good number of people lack. (Especially after this depression.) That is *Nerve.* You simply could not keep a man like Lee Tracy down, regardless of conditions.

He has a certain kind of grin that works wonders for any one afflicted with a bad case of blues. No! He is not exactly what one would call handsome, for he does not compare in looks with either Montgomery or Gable, but boy, can he emote and with what spice and pep! He gives us exactly what we want, without too much of the heavy love scenes. Give us more of Tracy!

Rosalie Debs,
Chicago, Ill.

Gaynor a Gainer

I think pictures are simply grand, especially when my favorite plays . . . Janet Gaynor. She is so sweet, kind and lovely. Her recent picture "Adorable" was my favorite talkie of the month.

Lorraine Lael,
Hickory, N. C.

And a Loser, Too

About Janet Gaynor, I think that personally I would like her, but on the screen *phooey!* Getting down to the point, I want to say I think the rôles she is given are so sickeningly sweet and childish that honey would come out her ears. I'm thinking of "Adorable," the way she capered and flitted around like a butterfly in powder-puff dresses, spraying perfume and such on herself!

Why not give her a woman's rôle, for a change? The next time I go to see her, I hope I won't have to bring my atomizer and knitting!

Loring Williams,
Waltham, Mass.

Personality Pays

Outstanding examples of personality among three certain actors are Eddie Cantor, Jimmy Durante and Maurice Chevalier. They can't act worth a handful of mud but by sheer force of their personality have reached the top.

Mrs. Clayton Roberts,
Springfield, Mass.

Now Garbo Is Roosevelt's Rival!

Wait a minute! Let me get you straightened out about Garbo. Garbo is a personage. She is beautiful and timeless. She has so great a place in the world, that if it came to a showdown some of us had rather do without a President than a Garbo.

Crichton Davis,
Warrenton, N. C.

Ever in My Heart

(*Continued from page* 59)

was packing his things and going somewhere else to live.

That was the first intimation of what was coming. Soon Mary's friends, old friends they were too, began refusing invitations . . . the men avoided Hugo. They might have guessed what would follow. Hugo was dismissed from the faculty. Even then they could not believe their unjust, precarious position.

They spoke of Hugo's getting another position in some other college in the autumn. Finances were a little tight, as Hugo's dividends had long since ceased to come from Germany. Mary suggested they visit her family for the summer . . . that would help, but Hugo, his self-control at the breaking point, flared up.

"Are you my wife, or are you still just a daughter of those frozen-up New England people? You can't be both, you know. Don't you ever think it. Go back to Archerville . . . crazy! Well, have you nothing to say for yourself?"

Mary, with the tact of a woman in love, answered him in German . . . from the old song:

"Du . . . du . . . machst mir viel schmerzen . . ."

THEY stayed by each other, these two . . . or rather these four, because there was Teddy, and Anna too, who endured the snubs and the wilful cruelty. Even Kammy learned to stay inside his own yard, because the boys threw stones at his unmistakably German little self. He and Teddy played alone through the long, hot summer. After a while, Teddy wasn't well enough to play, and then he went to bed, and then came that awful night.

The doctor had done what he could. It was no use. The heat had sapped the child's resistance.

"Puddy, lieber puddy . . . sing to me," he said faintly.

Hugo tried to sing . . . "Du, du liegst mir im herzen . . ." There was a long silence.

Neither Mary nor Hugo dared look, but Kammy knew. He raised his soft little black nose, that Teddy had so often caressed.

The wail of the heart-broken little dog rose eerily in the room where the dead child lay.

But still they had each other, and somehow, managed to go on. Even after Kammy was wantonly stoned by some neighbors, and Hugo had to shoot him . . . even after that, they managed to go on, because they were together. Faithful Anna stood by, and battled with the storekeepers over the unpaid bills.

"Don't fret your constitution, Mr. Trowe. They'll pay," she told the butcher.

But Trowe wasn't so sure.

"I got good paying customers ain't so glad to have folks like him in the neighborhood. I sh'd think he'd clear outa Rossmore, now he ain't wanted no more in the college."

"Where'd the poor fella go, I'd like to know? He's written all round, tryin' to git a teachin' job."

"Teachin'? Huh! I s'pose he's too good to drive a truck or somethin'? That'd help pay a *little* of what he owes me."

"He's tried for every kind a job, an' don't you forgit it."

And indeed Anna spoke the truth. Hugo finally begged for work at the freight house and had faint hopes of being taken on, but he wanted Mary to go back to her family!

". . . just till I work this out. You could be so comfortable there."

Mary told him: "There's no use your trying to send me away, because I won't go."

She continued to say that, all through the fall and into the winter, when they were left utterly alone, because they couldn't afford even to feed Anna, and the faithful woman was forced to leave.

The Christmas holiday approached, and with them, the bitter New England cold. Mary developed a cough, a bad cough. They made jokes about it, but Hugo was in anguish. He knew that an exposure and starvation rations can lead to serious results . . .and there was nothing . . . nothing, he could do.

The bills bothered Mary more than her cough. An Archer was never in debt. She grew to hate the sound of a knock at the door. It was never anyone but a bill collector.

She and Hugo were putting up a lopsided litte Christmas tree four days before Christmas when a knock came at the door, but it wasn't a bill collector . . . for once. It was Grandma and Jeff. Grandma, characteristically, wasted little time coming to the point.

She commented on the coldness of the house, on Mary's starved look, and ended up:

"You can't pull the wool over my eyes, Mary Archer. This stiff-necked nonsense of yours has gone far enough. Jeff and I drove over here today to get you . . ."

Jeff, catching Hugo's expression, added quickly, "To get you both."

"Naturally," resumed Grandma. "There's no mortal reason why you shouldn't spend the winter with us, both of you . . . and there's an opening in the mills for your husband."

"You mean the mills in East Archerville where they are making cotton webbing for the Allies?"

JEFF pleaded . . . "Can't you leave that out, old man? You're an American citizen, you know."

Grandma went on. She had come to say certain things and she intended to say them.

"Exactly, and as long as you are a citizen, you'll realize it's quite right and proper, the only thing we're asking you to do for us . . . change your name. Wilbur, for instance, Hugh Wilbur is a real good American name."

Something snapped in Hugo's head. Regardless of Mary's haunted eyes, regardless of everything, pent up bitterness burst forth.

"I won't change my name. It was my father's, and his father's before him, further back even than your Plymouth Rock. You have come to drive a bargain with me. I might have known . . . a bargain

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Mary could bear no more. She fainted where she stood, and grandma cried:

"I suppose when you've killed her with your obstinacy, you'll be satisfied."

This brought Hugo back to his senses. A little stupidly he watched them revive her. He heard her say to him:

"I couldn't let you, dear . . . or no, forget it. We stay." And he knew what he must do.

It was plain to him, so plain that he could be a very good actor and make his change of face seem real. Of course they would go . . . it was a splendid chance . . . the work at the mill and all. She would drive right back with them now . . . and he would come later, after he had attended to the closing of the house. And he carried it through.

He packed her suit case for her, folding each dainty thing with hands that trembled, searching her room for what she would need with eyes that were tearless. He saw them to the door, saw her cuddled in the luxurious car between Grandma and Jeff.

"Look out for her, will you Jeff?" As if Jeff would ever do anything else . . . Jeff, who loved her too.

Hugo watched the car disappear around the bend of the road. He stood a long moment after it had gone. This was goodbye . . . goodbye . . . goodbye.

Then he turned, and walked briskly into the house.

It was that night he wrote to Mary, though he waited to mail it till his arrangements were made. Mary received it the day before Christmas.

Martha and Grandma were planning Christmas dinner and Mary listened to them, trying to make herself believe that Hugo would be with her tomorrow. She had been sick and ill when she left him, but three days of release from anxiety, and the loving care that surrounded her had cleared her head. She was beginning to wonder if she had done the right thing. And then the letter.

She clutched it in her hand, scarcely realizing what she did, and hurried into the music room. It was in here they had translated the old song. But the piano was closed now and outside the garden was frozen and still. Hugo had written:

"Think of me, mein liebling, and remember that what I do is forced upon me. They let me be a citizen, but they won't let me be an American at any price. Everywhere I turn, they treat me like an enemy. When you get this I shall be on the ocean. I am going where I belong, to fight for my own people."

WHAT was done, was done. He was gone. Nothing could bring him back. Numbed by the finality of it, Mary allowed herself to be drawn back into the life of the little village. When America entered the war Archerville girded up its sturdy loins and prepared to do its bit.

The young men enlisted and the girls shared the war-work. Mary went into a canteen at Camp Devens and proved herself immensely efficient. She had been unable to withstand the insistence of her grandmother that she divorce Hugo. What did it matter? And it contented the old lady.

When Thanksgiving time came, Lizzie turned to and applied herself to give them Archers as fine a dinner as ever came out of a New England kitchen.

"Like old times," she said. "A good fat gobbler on the table."

Eli agreed with her. "Couldn't do no less, with Jeff and Sammy and Mary all home for Thanksgiving."

"All home, jes' to leave agin!"

"Mebbe the war'll be over 'fore they git 'cross."

"You mark my words. This war won't be over 'till they hang the kaiser to a sour apple tree."

"Is that what Mary's figurin' to do?"

"You can't keep an Archer to hum, male nor female, when the fife and drums git goin' good. Mary'd scoot off to this war even if she'd been married to the old kaiser hisself, an' the sultan o' Turkey to boot . . . the Lord forbid!"

IT was true. Before everything else, Mary was an Archer. She had never been anything else. Somehow, the years with Hugo seemed a fantasy . . . something alien and strange, outside the life she had come back into . . . the life with grandma and Lizzie, and Sammy . . . and Jeff.

And Jeff . . . that they were all so proud of, with his rank of captain. Mary thought he looked so handsome, and so dear, when she saw him in his uniform. She was walking through the garden toward the house and he joined her.

"You know, you gave me quite a shock coming through that door!"

"Me?" asked Jeff, surprised. "I! Shock?"

Mary nodded. "I had the weirdest feeling of something happening, something that had happened before. No fooling. Haven't you ever felt it? You know, somebody says something, or you say something, or do something, and all of a sudden you have the strangest sense that it's all happened before . . . in the same way?"

"I know what you mean. Say, I know, when I came home from Germany. You were in the garden here."

"That's it. Hugo was behind you."

"Yes, and your arms were full of roses." Jeff hesitated. He had something to say, and he groped for the words.

"Sorry?" he asked.

Mary shook her head.

"You came out of it the way I thought you would, Mary."

"Had to," Mary answered. Her tone encouraged him to go on.

"And here we are again. Just as before. It never would have worked out, Mary. Because you're American, and he was German. Don't forget there were three hundred years of Archers behind you, before ever Hugo came along. Folks can't get away from what's bred in the bone." Jeff waited. Then he said: "It's a long way to France and back, Mary. One way passage for some of us. That's why . . . in case . . . just in case, I want you to know . . ."

"Do I need to be told, Jeff?"

"There never was any other girl for

me," Jeff's voice was husky.

Mary said: "There never ought to have been any man but you, Jeff." And she believed it when she said it, and she gave Jeff such a smile that the old hurt in his heart vanished away . . . His Mary . . . God, how he loved her.

A MONTH later found Mary in France, at her old job as a canteen worker. Luck had stationed Jeff in the same French town, and they snatched what time they could to be together . . . which wasn't much.

Mary worked to the limit of her strength. There was always so much to be done. But there were compensations. She knew that she was giving the boys that came to the canteen a breath of home, she and the other workers. Those other workers! . . . such funny people, some of them, with the most melodramatic notions about things.

One of them kept Mary in stitches with her fears. She had even brought along "poison," to be used in case the "worst" threatened her. Mary promptly took it away from her, and refrained from assuring her that her general aspect would have frightened off any man! But they were dears in their way. They worked as hard as she did, and they took such an interest in her "beau," as they called Jeff.

There was word about of an advance and Mary had steeled herself to Jeff's moving up with the troops. Jeff expected it too, and he was chagrined at his promotion to Commandant of the town. He told Mary disgustedly:

"I'm stuck here in this miserable dump. They've turned me into a glorified policeman. I'm in charge of the M. P.'s."

"It's a promotion, and you know it . . . a big railway head, a key position, thousands of our men passing through . . . munitions stored here!"

Mary was right. It was a big promotion for Jeff, with tremendous responsibility. She saw much less of him, but was grateful to have him near her.

She had settled down into the routine of the job, handing out cigarettes, coffee and sandwiches, stationery, to the boys; hearing rumors; getting mail from home. It seemed she had been doing it for years . . . and suddenly, one day in the canteen . . . Hugo!

She knew it was Hugo, but she pretended to herself that it couldn't be . . . sitting there at the table in an American uniform. She makes an occasion to pass him. He refuses to notice her. Softly she cries:

"Puddy." Their baby's name for his father. She knows he sees her though he makes no sign. What does it mean?

She knows very well what it means. Her mind has only just grasped it, when she sees Jeff in the doorway . . . a stern, official Jeff. He has not come to see her, he is there on business. He is the man who catches people like Hugo . . . spies!

Somehow, she never knew quite how, she gets Jeff's attention. She does not need to simulate the faintness that makes him hurry her outside . . . and take her home. On the way, she hears him say:

"We're trying to run down a spy we've been warned of. The regiment is moving up and they're moving to their death unless we can get our hands on the man. One man may cost us a regiment, if he can get his information through."

"But he can't, he won't!"

"He can, and he will. It's up to us, every last one of us, to see he doesn't. If everyone could be relied upon the same as you, Mary."

"Same as me." Mary echoes his words. He pats her arm, advises her to get sleep, and leaves.

"One man may cost a regiment." But that man . . . he is Her Man. She sees those boys marching, marching. Jeff's words: "If he can get word through, where we are moving troops to, those boys won't have the chance of a snowball . . ."

She lights a candle, and turns with it in her hand . . . and Hugo is there.

"'Liebes Herzlein!" he says.

"Why did you come here!"

"It's the one place they won't look for me."

"You shouldn't have come."

"You saved me tonight."

"I didn't know what I was doing. I've got to give you up."

"Not this minute, liebes trues Herzlein!" His voice, his dear, dear voice. How changed he looks . . . and yet the same . . . always the same to her. "Have you forgotten," he goes on softly, ". . . everything we had . . . our baby . . . the night he died, we were together . . . the summer nights . . . do you remember when we used to sing, Du, du, liegst mir im herzen. . . ."

The tears come. Mary sobs in his arms . . . in his arms again, after so long. "You're my husband, more than all the world . . . always."

Just before dawn, Mary was awakened by Hugo moving about the room, dressing. She warns him: "You'll be taken as soon as you leave this room."

He nods. "All you have to do is lift your voice, and I'll be stopped and shot against a wall."

Does Hugo believe she will let him go? She loves him, she loves him. While he dresses, her mind works frantically. There is a way . . . she sees it. She shrinks from it . . . that silly woman with her poison tablets . . . they are in the cupboard.

Mary gets up.

"If only I had some coffee for you . . . but there is some wine here."

"Always the wife," he says tenderly. "We'll drink Breuderschaft," she says and goes to the cupboard for the wine, and the glasses . . . and . . . the other thing.

They drink Breuderschaft, those two lovers, while outside the pounding of guns rolls in from the front. Dawn is breaking.

"And now I must go," Hugo says.

"The sun isn't quite up. Let's sit down just a moment longer. Our last minutes together, dear."

"Mary! It's getting darker . . . Mary, what is it? My throat burns."

Mary's throat is burning too.

He slips down heavily and she takes his head in her lap.

"Just a little longer, liebes herz." It is getting dark for her too, but she begins to sing faintly:

"Do, du liegst mir im herzen. . . ."

She feels him relax in her arms. Her own voice ceases. Her head droops over his. They had had life . . . now they shared death . . . together.

So Jeff found them—Hugo and Mary, patriots—but forever, Hugo and Mary, lovers.

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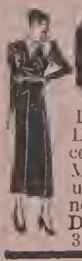

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The Ziegfeld of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 33*)

camera!" he exclaimed. "The day of 'beautiful but dumb' has gone forever from the screen, and even the humblest chorus girl is affected by the change."

"By the way," I remarked, "one of the important things I wanted to ask you is how, in your opinion, do Hollywood girls compare with the girls of the legitimate stage?" For the information of the reader, I may add that Buzz Berkeley was the producer of more than thirty New York stage successes, including "Connecticut Yankee" and Earl Carroll's "Vanities," before the Pictures claimed him, so he was in a position to judge—which he did without hesitation.

"Hollywood girls take their jobs much more seriously," he told me. "They must learn to *hold something*—to be something worth while, something real—or they can never hope to hold the screen. While, on the other hand, New York girls are very seldom serious at their work. That's understandable, because the average New York showgirl lives a life of glamour. She is recognized on the street, pointed out in cafés, given a lot of indirect publicity. There is gossip about her—she's the friend of this rich man or that—her clothes are copied. She makes, perhaps, a brilliant marriage—and the hope of doing so is usually more important in her mind than her jobs."

"BUT isn't that equally true in Hollywood?" I demanded.

"I should say not!" he exclaimed. "Why, the exact opposite is more like the truth. To begin with, the motion-picture chorus girl has no night-life to speak of. In Hollywood, no one recognizes even the best trained, most talented show-girl on the Boulevard. Fame, autographs, recognition—all that sort of thing is reserved for the stars. No, out here, the girls' long hours of labor are at most rewarded by a flash on the screen. And then again, perhaps their effort only ends on the cutting-room floor. I tell you, it takes courage—real courage and consistent ambition to dance and smile, hour after hour, when the girls know they are not even in the camera."

"Then why on earth do they do it?" I naturally wanted to know.

"Because some day the break may come," he smiled at me. "And when it *does* come—what a break it is!!"

"Do you know," he went on thoughtfully, "I've seen some very touching things in connection with my girls. A few nights ago at the Chinese Theatre, I recognized one of the ballet with her mother. They were watching the screen intently when, during a dance number, the daughter suddenly grabbed her mother's arm."

"'Look quickly, Ma!" she breathed. 'There I am—third from the left!!'"

"In a flash the dancing figure was wiped from the screen, but both mother and daughter relaxed with a sigh of contentment and exchanged a brief, understanding smile of encouragement. They had waited three-quarters of the way through the picture for that great moment—that very fleeting moment when daughter, after long weeks of effort, would appear in one of the season's outstanding screen successes. It was both pathetic and wonderful. And it was a type of truly grand ambition one seldom finds outside of this strange town of Hollywood. Incidentally, I don't mind telling you," Buzz added with a twinkle in his eye, "that I find more of my girls out with their mothers—their *real mothers*, mind you—here, than I ever did back East."

"Are you joking?" I asked, slightly incredulous.

"I am not!" he said a trifle grimly. "I know what I'm talking about—I've probably met more mothers first-hand than any other male on the West Coast! Come on over to the set, now, and watch me work for a while."

This was a much-coveted invitation and I hastened to accept. Everyone in Hollywood knows that it is all but impossible to get on a Berkeley set while production is in progress. One of the great elements of his success has been the absolute secrecy with which his productions have been guarded, so that the startling new numbers come as a complete surprise to the audience.

Outside on the lot as we left the dining-room, the sun was bright and hot and the alleyways between the vast sound stages were alive with girls, all hurrying toward No. 2 stage for the one-thirty call. They were laughing, gay, full of pep. One and all, they greeted my host with a friendly shyness. And as we strolled along I asked him a lot of questions about them—how they lived, what they earned and what manner of women they really were. And the catalogue I jotted down would, I think, greatly surprise the average old theatrical trouper.

For instance, the heaviest item of a Berkeley Girl's upkeep is her hairdresser's bill. She must be immaculately groomed at all times, and though the studio coiffeurs keep the girls' heads tidy on the set, this does not take care of them between times. Her hair must be neatly and fashionably dressed, or she will draw a sharp reproof from the boss if he happens to run into her when she's a bit careless.

CIGARETTES are no item in her budget, for smoking during a production-period is strictly forbidden, just as it is in football training or on any other athletic program and for the same reasons to wit, that deep, sound breathing is one of the first requirements for rhythmic dancing.

There are no hangovers, no late hours among the girls, and at the first signs of dissipation a girl is summarily dismissed. A good character is essential, and no girl whose reputation is in any way questionable would last a day in the Berkeley organization. It is not that Mr. Berkeley is a prude, but he feels that a high standard of morals is conducive to a high standard of work.

Although the pay which the girls receive is not high—they get on an average of $10.00 a day; the work is pretty continuous, for production runs anywhere from four weeks to three months, and, when one picture is finished, Berkeley favors keeping his old organization together and puts approximately the same crowd to work on his next ensuing production. Moreover, a girl trained in one of his pictures stands a far better chance of employment than the average extra, and often graduates to "bits" or small parts.

Another favorable condition is the fact that living is probably cheaper in Hollywood than in other parts of America. I myself have seen hundreds of pleasant little furnished apartments for twenty-five dollars a month with room in them for two girls or a girl and her mother. And in a town where a pound of butter is thrown in for five cents with fifty cents worth of groceries and the most luscious fresh fruits and vegetables cost but five cents a pound, a girl who can't live on $10.00 must have something very wrong with her common sense. All along the Boulevard are dress shops with really lovely frocks at five and six dollars, and the only heavy overhead the girls have is the aforementioned marcelling (no pun intended) and transportation. Hollywood is a big town, the studios are widely scattered with a bus-service which is not all it might be, and the bus-fares are high. But on the other hand, all living expenses are so moderate that the Hollywood chorus girl ought to be able to save a trifle on her salary.

"What becomes of these girls eventually?" I asked.

"A lot of them marry," he told me. "As a matter of fact, about twenty-five percent of them are married when they come to work. I like that. They are steady. Others get better jobs—parts. And, of course, there is always the occasional weak sister who gets into trouble. But she is surprisingly rare out here, believe it or not."

THE vast coolness of sound stage No. 2 was already a-twitter with femininity when we arrived and were admitted past the barrier where no less than three sturdy cops guarded against intrusions. A hundred girls in bathing suits flitted around in the semi-darkness, powdering pert noses, submitting to the curling irons of half-a-dozen busy hairdressers, pirouetting on one toe for practice, or running through a few calisthenics to limber up. Buzz is very strict about the daily calisthenics the girls take; about their diet and the hours they keep. Unless they are working at night, ten p. m. is the prescribed bed-time during production, and it's a well-known fact that a contract with Buzz is the equivalent of a health certificate. The girls must obey his rules, or else! As a result, I have never seen such a collection of healthy, enthusiastic femininity in my life as greeted me this hot June afternoon when I was ushered to the director's chair bearing Mr. Berkeley's name and settled myself to witness the most original Schoolmaster in Hollywood teaching his unique class.

The first thing I noticed about the girls, aside from their physical perfection, was their tittering. They emitted an almost incessant happy sound somewhere between laughter and chirping with much the same effect one hears from a large aviary full of well-cared-for birds. Their movements were fluttering as that of the above mentioned birds would have been. But it was not a nervous movement—just a healthy, pleasant excitement.

On the other hand, Buzz became a calm, detached figure from the moment he set foot on the stage. He stood for a long time contemplating the set, utterly unconscious, apparently, of the twittering femininity about him. And then suddenly he went over to a large blackboard and began to draw with a piece of chalk. The things he drew resembled snow-crystals: geometric designs. These he studied with furrowed brow, wiping out and re-drawing until he was satisfied with the design. Then he looked up and the air was torn by a shrill whistle. And at the sound, the girls instantly dropped whatever they were doing. Busby took the felt, wiped the blackboard clean, and when he had their attention drew his final design anew.

"Now listen carefully!" said he. "I want six girls here, and here, and here." Swiftly, he marked the corners with a design.

"I want twelve girls here," he went on, drawing a circle in the middle, "and groups of four here, here, and here." The design on the blackboard grew into a lacy pattern as he talked. Finally, the hundred girls were all disposed of. "Now let's try it," he said after a single explanation.

"First twelve!" said he. "Back to back." And so on, with an occasional glance at the blackboard. The pattern was formed as if by magic. And the strangest part of it all was that Berkeley never once called a single girl by name or gave an individual instruction. Twelve girls elected *themselves* to the corner—others went to the center circle. I was amazed at the swift intelligence with which they obeyed his design. Never, apparently, did thirteen girls rush in where twelve were needed! He merely said, "six girls" and six girls, suitably matched, took up the proper place. It was almost as if he guided them through some hypnotic power.

When the design was laid out, Buzz climbed up on a fifteen-foot tower to observe how they would look from above—one of those famous camera-angles you've noticed in his productions being in the making. And while he was in the act of climbing the steps to the platform, the girls instantly broke the pattern, ran about, gossiped and giggled. To me, the confusion looked absolutely hopeless. I felt sure that the girls, only having heard their instructions once, would forget where they belonged and that the whole business would have to be done over again. But no, at the first shrill blast of Busby's particular personal whistle, the pattern was restored.

ANOTHER curious thing occurred when he started them dancing. There had been absolutely no previous instruction as to what the steps or movement was to be. As a matter of fact, Buzz doesn't know himself what he wants the girls to do until he sees them on the floor in the first design. Like a musician who improves well, Berkeley makes those astounding dances up as he goes along. He merely speaks a few words into the mike and a dance begins. If it looks good to him, he lets the first movement go on and on in repetition until the girls have it perfect. If it does not look quite as he likes, he whistles and there is a chattering pause while he walks up and down, lost in thought, until he gets a better idea. But should he change his mind and go back to his original plan, the girls remember it and do it, merely because of his brief, "Do that first one again, girls, please!"

Intelligence? I'll say those girls have to have intelligence. And memories like a mathematics professor!

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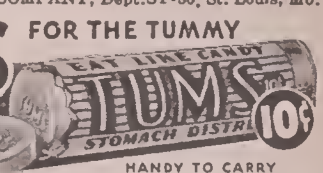

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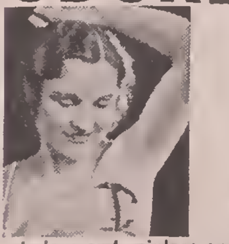

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"I'm taken for a dial ride." And what a ride our Gracie takes! Let her tell you about it just as she told it to us. Meet her on page 10, and be prepared for plenty of chuckles, too. WHO WANTS CANTOR? Probably you do. Perhaps you don't. Either way, you'll find yourself reading every word of the answer by George H. Corey which begins on page 14. See if you don't. A NEW ROMEO COMES OUT OF THE WEST. This one's about the rise of Phil Harris. The big chief of NBC goes on record in AYLESWORTH SEES RADIO AS THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE. That's a long title but his opinion goes straight to the point. AL JOLSON talks frankly with Jerry Wald and the result is a swell story captioned from Mammy to Mike. And so it goes for page after page, with twenty-two separate items listed in the table of contents for November.

RADIO MIRROR'S STAR GALLERY

Here they are! New and interesting portraits of Tamara, Vera Van, Gertrude Nieson, Howard Marsh, Ramona, Leah Ray, Vincent Lopez and Joe Penner. And don't overlook GARD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE—radio luminaries as the famous caricaturist, GARD, sees them. Get your copy today and enjoy this wealth of broadcast fact and fun at first hand.

Radio MIRROR

AT ALL STANDS 10c

Strolling Down Fashion Lane

(*Continued from page 49*)

why they never thought of such a thing; where she buys them; how she happens to be the first to frighten high French heels off the studio sets as well as out of the exclusive night clubs! For Miss Vinson wears a really low-heeled type of sandal with practically every costume in her wardrobe. These sandals are terribly feminine in spite of their low heels and when one stops to realize how greatly they must help her through long hard hours of work, one realizes that perhaps that is just one more reason Helen Vinson always looks so very-very vivacious. She is apparently as wise as she is beautiful and although a comparatively new star in the firmament she is very near the top of the list of fashion leaders. With a black net evening gown scattered with rhinestones, she wears a pair of shiny black satin sandals; with heavy white crêpe, embroidered in strasse, silver sandals; when attending a preview in a smart black street costume, black suede sandals. They are quite different and most interesting, and unquestionably the beginning of a lower-heeled shoe fad among the stars and those who like to do as they do.

WHEN THE STARS WRAP UP:

They do it as really befits them this year. Evening wraps, particularly, are more enveloping than ever. You should see Adrienne Ames in a fairly long cape of white, uncurled ostrich feathers. It's the most graceful, flattering sort of wrap you can imagine and so completely suitable for Adrienne's slender figure. There seems to be a bit of ermine trimming here and there but the classic coat of ermine has given precedence this season to these newer robes of ostrich and fabric. Elissa Landi descended from her car to the protection of the Vendome's canopy the other evening, wearing an interesting wrap of paisley velvet in pastel tones. Like nearly all of Miss Landi's clothes, its lines were simple and almost severe but the subtle gaiety of color was very becoming. Not a trace of fur—just richness of fabric and design. Gloria Swanson has a dusky red velvet wrap trimmed with bands of sable which immediately reminds one all over again of the fitness of high style finery for such as Swanson. Her best colors are those of the prevailing mode this time, and all Hollywood rejoices at having her back after Europe has threatened to win her over so entirely.

Capes must not necessarily be elaborate in every instance, as plain, fullish ones of velvet lined generously with contrasting crêpe are winning favor. Even the old-fashioned, heavy velvet will play an important part in Hollywood wardrobes as it once more becomes a leading material for formal wraps.

ON THE BOULEVARD:

Ginger Rogers jumps to the curb in front of the Brown Derby dressed for a shopping tour. She wears a becoming suit of dark grey wool with a silk scarf of azure blue showing under the jacket. Ginger gives herself away on the subject of these scarfs in her newest picture "Rafter Romance." In the picture she gets drenched in a rainstorm while wearing a suit similar to her new grey one and when she hurries home to pull off the wet garments we discover a clever little secret which we may all wish to adopt. Instead of wearing a blouse Ginger simply throws a scarf around her neck and tucks both its ends into the top of her skirt. The amazing part about it is that it not only serves as a blouse, but allows a pair of dainty step-ins to sufficiently solve the lingerie problem without the least trace of immodesty! Although Ginger looked a bit naughty in the skirt and scarf, it was a cunning naughtiness plus a very practical method. This type of costume should be most comfortable for those days when one rushes in and out of shops in search of this or that, or for the working girls who should always have a suit in their wardrobes. Leave it to that little Rogers girl to show us how things can be done cleverly!

Another young and lovely star who seems to know what fashions are all about is Anita Louise. Instead of jumping right out of the summer's sports frocks into velvet and tweed, Anita has a between-season wardrobe which is exceedingly chic. At luncheon with her pretty mother the other day Anita looked very "Rue de la Paix" in brighter-than-navy blue taffeta. It was a simply tailored one-piece frock with just a touch of lace at the throat and the jacket was three-quarter length with a bit of shirring across the shoulders. Her hat and bag were also of blue taffeta and she explained that this type of in-between street costume keeps her from noticing how long the winter is because it postpones wearing the furry, wooly things which are ready and waiting for the first cool breezes. Anita is one starlet we must keep an alert eye on, for her clothes are *always* the last word and lots of times the first warning of advance styles.

Even as you and I! As it is instinctive for us to enjoy dressing as our favorite stars dress, so is it instinctive for Katharine Hepburn to take clothes inspiration from those whom she admires. In her newest picture "Morning Glory," for instance, she has done this. While her part is that of a stage-struck embryo actress from a small town, her graceful figure is as interestingly dressed as ever. One very simple black crêpe frock predominates and has a fascinating history. It was inspired by a frock worn by Maude Adams, that famous actress of yesterday, and Miss Hepburn herself insisted that a frock be made for her as nearly as possible like the one Maude Adams wears in a well-known portrait. Just a narrow row of lace around the high neck and a rather princess line make this simple frock outstandingly desirable. And as Katharine Hepburn copies it from *her* favorite, so may we do well to copy it from our own idol, proving once more that this present fashion era is just another case of history repeating itself.

It's really hard to choose the most interesting things to tell you about this month—this season is so full of variety and changes, but if you have a fashion problem of your own, and wonder just what your favorite star would do in such an instance, write to me and I'll find out all I can about it and get the answer for you!

He Hitches His Houses to a Star

(*Continued from page 45*)

artistic things which his client already possesses and to incorporate them in the new scheme of things which he creates. Bill and Lionel conceive the idea of framing these etchings in bamboo and they are one of the most charming items of decoration in the new room. The loveliest thing in the room, according to Bill, is a screen which Lionel painted himself to suit the decorative scheme. He copied it from a screen made five or six hundred years ago and went to great trouble looking up documentation in order to make it authentic. It is in soft faded magentas, pinks, peach, and brown, and Lionel even put finger marks on it to make it look old.

As I have already indicated, the new drawing room is of no definite period. But it has a gaiety and charm that reflects Lionel to those who really know the man behind the gruff mask he loves to hold up to the public. It also complements Irene's blonde fragility. The objects in the room are *precieux*—yet they have a solidity about them that suits Lionel.

BILL says the room has an "air of Chinoiserie" about it. Every time he uses a phrase like that he watches me out of the corner of his eye, like a small boy who is telling a fib and wondering whether he'll get away with it. I've known Bill, been fond of him, and kidded with him for a long time and I think he suspects me of suspecting him of trying to put on an act with this interior decorator stuff. As a matter of fact, I know Bill's sense of humor includes himself, and when he uses the decorator's esoteric jargon it is with his tongue in his cheek. Which in no wise alters the fact that he is an artist, a man of taste, and a darn good decorator.

To illustrate this point further, he says almost worshipfully of Lionel that he has the great courtesy, appreciation and taste that a man of superior knowledge coupled with generosity and simplicity of spirit accords to those who know less than he. Rather a fine tribute and one that reflects Bill's own innate sensitiveness. You can talk to Lionel, says Bill humbly, about matters of aesthetics and intellectual topics you'd feel silly discussing with anyone else. He never scoffs at you—yet in the next moment, with a lightning change of mood, he'll turn to humor. Bill admits he was out-wisecracked for once in his life. He adds that the eldest Barrymore was very sweet to work with. Whenever a new thing went in the room he would telephone Bill, no matter what the hour he got home, to say he was pleased.

Franchot Tone is one client about whom Bill can tell no anecdotes. For the very good reason that he never saw Franchot during the time he was decorating his dressing room at M-G-M. Seems Joan Crawford planned the room as a surprise for Tone, who has been helping her forget her shattered marriage, and all Bill's dealings were with her. Which is a pretty good anecdote in itself.

Bill sought to carry out in Tone's dressing room his impression of the man himself. (He knows him slightly.) He says that to him there is something very subtle and mysterious about Franchot. Yet the boy is intelligent, open-minded, has beautiful manners and an easy social presence.

The walls of the dressing room Bill painted white because the room is small and dark. He put in a sand-colored plush day-bed which he says "makes you want to go 'ye-a-a-a' and stretch out." On it are huge pillows which make the whole effect "very lush." At either end are corner tables with bronze heads mounted into lamps. The white metal shades die into the background so that only the bronze heads stand out. Over the windows are Venetian blinds. (Always put Venetian blinds over dressing room windows "lest someone should peek in," says Bill with burlesque coyness.) Drapes are in sand-colored raw silk banded with maroon corduroy. Colors in the room all melt into each other, making the effect restful and comfortable. A dressing room, according to Bill, should be restful for a man, gay and uplifting for a woman.

Now some general statements of Bill's about this new profession of his. "People," he says, "never argue about major things—glaring things—but about silly little things you'll never see. For instance they'll argue about $1.25 a yard drapes and o.k. thousand dollar murals without a murmur. And it isn't your clients who give you the most trouble—it's their jealous and interfering friends. When a client comes in in the morning and suddenly starts complaining about something you can usually trace the criticism right back to its source by finding out where the client had dinner the night before. For instance, I ask, 'Did you dine with Mrs. Magoo last night?'—having a hunch where the knock originated. Customer is surprised, 'Why—ye-es—how did you know?' 'Never mind—but did you discuss the house?' 'Why—yes—we did— and Mrs. Magoo said so and so and so and so.' 'Do you like *her* house—would you like to live in it?' 'No, I think her drawing room is simply too—' 'Then why,' cutting in, 'do you let her tell you what to put in yours?' "

SOMETIMES Bill has trouble getting his staff to function on all cylinders when some particularly glamorous client puts in a personal appearance. On the other hand, he says with a devilish glint in his eye, he gets cheaper prices and better work from upholsterers, drapers, etc., if they're movie fans. "You wouldn't want Miss Crawford to have anything but the best?" he asks the dyer or draper impressively. And if the chap is a Crawford fan he'll break his neck to give super service.

The practical joker in Bill just will get the better of the serious artist and business man now and then. When he has a customer whom he knows respects his judgments and believes in him implicitly, he loves to take some especially atrocious gadget—a very rococo lamp or a hideous vase—place it conspicuously in the client's drawing room, and rave over it. He says the uncertain and distressed look on the customer's face is worth the price of the gadget. He'll gladly spend fifteen or twenty dollars "for a belly laugh."

There's just one thing decorator Haines says he'll never be guilty of putting in a house—and that's a pearl toilet seat!

Photo by Winemiller & Miller

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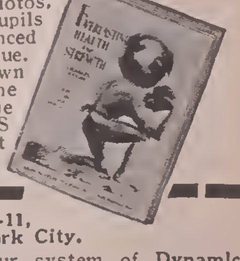

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NOVEMBER
15¢
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Garbo's Rise to Fame through Love
See page 40
Mary Pickford

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NEWSPAPERS headlined the separation of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks and three generations of movie-minded Americans read the news from Hollywood with regret. The most enduring marriage in the register of filmdom's socially elect was on the rocks. The home which was built on the most solid foundation in stardom was crumbling. The domestic idyll to which critics of Hollywood's unconventionality were once proudly referred was rudely broken. The usual press releases told nothing in thousands of words. Interested as you were you could find no satisfactory explanation in any of them.

What were the true facts? What are the basic causes for this tragic rift? Will you ever know?

It remained for True Story, the magazine whose understanding editors have studied thousands of true manuscripts dealing with every phase of human relationships, difficulties and adjustments, to get at the real reasons for the Pickford-Fairbanks break and to reveal them for you in an absorbing account that once read will never be forgotten. Read it and understand, completely, why Mary and Doug must go their separate ways. Like every true story, this masterpiece of human interest cleaves through the fog of gossip, supposition and unfair innuendo and reports the fundamental emotions which have created the story as it is. Naturally, The True Story of Mary Pickford's Broken Romance is the first story in the enthralling November issue. Read it today.

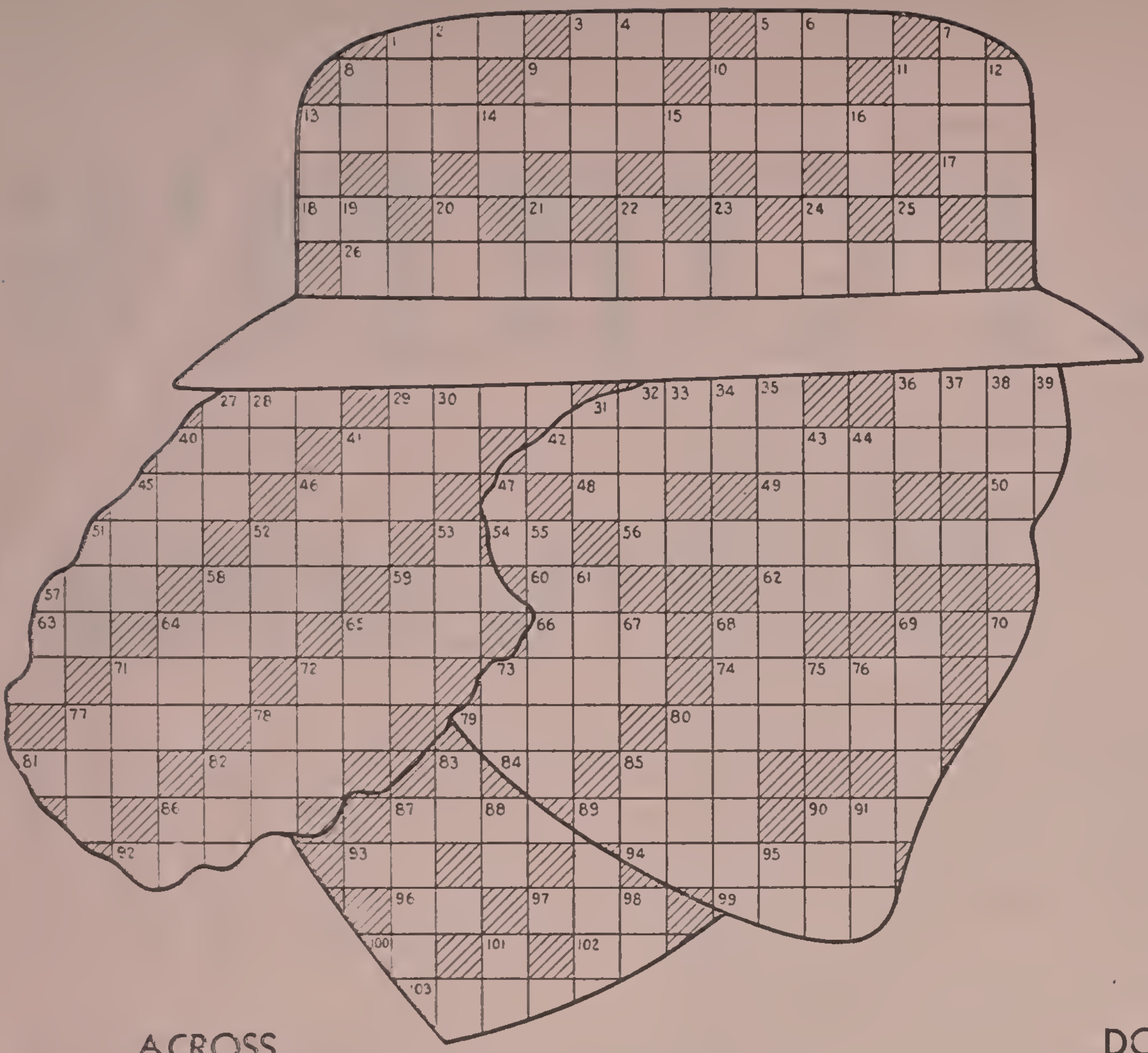
Did Greta Garbo Mean to Put Career Ahead of Love?

Seldom can any magazine give you one such remarkable true story about people you want to understand. Yet, in this same issue, you will find another smashing revelation from filmland—with Greta Garbo in the spotlight. If you are interested—and who is not?—in Garbo's rise to fame through love, you will find the account of her momentous choice between love and career revealed this month in exciting, thrilling narrative.

But do not think that True Story has "gone Hollywood." Far from it. This great issue brings you many enthralling true-to-life stories by people who must live in complete obscurity for after all the story's the thing. Be it Mary Nameless or Mary Pickford, Douglas Blank or Douglas Fairbanks, a great romance is a great romance and a dramatic decision is a dramatic decision no matter across whose life it flashes into emotional history. Get your copy of November True Story at the nearest news stand while the supply lasts. You'll love it!

TRUE STORY

NOVEMBER ISSUE—15c EVERYWHERE!



MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

This month's puzzle contest is won by Mrs. Palmo G. Murphy, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Movie Mirror awards $20.00 for the best puzzle submitted during the month of August.

Why not try your luck? Movie Mirror will pay $20.00 for the best original puzzle submitted before November first. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. All letters must be keyed. Work this puzzle, and then see if you can make up a better one. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

ACROSS

1. A Movie Lover
3. Color of Kay Francis' hair
5. A short sleep
8. Any speech or action intended to be humorous
9. Elongated fish
10. Ever (poetic)
11. To be somewhat ill
13. Pertaining to melodrama
17. Provided that
18. To have existence
26. Moving picture machines
27. Husband of Clara Bow
29. A movie
31. A show
36. The smallest particle
40. A receptacle
41. To fasten in a knot
42. A foreboding
45. A stick or club
46. Word describing a "sexy" picture
48. Sunday (Abbrev.)
49. Distant
50. Pronoun
51. Leading lady of Ramon Navarro in "The Barbarian"
52. A dessert
54. Part of the verb to be
56. Natives of the Philippine Islands
57. To dress
58. State of intoxication (slang)
59. Actor who co-starred with Irene Dunn in "Cimmaron"
60. Exclamation
62. The (French pl.)
63. By
64. Fluid contents of a plant
65. Prefix meaning six
66. The famed M-G-M Lion
68. College degree
71. To cuddle
72. Golf term
73. One of the requisites of moving pictures
74. A former actress of the legitimate stage
77. Female deer
78. Allow
79. To chatter (simplified form)
80. In whose likeness is this puzzle supposed to be drawn?
81. Dolores Del - - -
82. Husband of Bebe Daniels
84. Bushel (Abbrev.)
85. First name of studios producing "Our Gang" comedies
86. She made her comeback in "Call Her Savage"
87. A popular comedienne
89. Metal used for roofing
90. Exclamation to check rashness
92. Petty falsehood
93. Point of the compass (Abbrev.)
94. Star of "The Kid From Spain"
96. 3.14 (geometry)
97. Gangster's gun (slang)
99. Black
100. Upward
102. To perform
103. Popular bachelor comedian

7 Down

51 Across

DOWN

1. To drop (verb)
2. Past
3. Leading lady in "Hold Your Man"
4. Kind of tree
5. His last name is Hamilton
6. A bow or arch
7. Swedish actor who played in "Bitter Tea of General Yen"
8. Same as Gala (myth)
9. Suffix forming comparative degree
10. And (French)
11. Husband of Ruby Keeler
12. His first name is Ben
13. Hollywood term for a crowd of extras
14. Perform
15. One
16. Word denoting likeness in kind
19. Eastern Central (Abbrev.)
20. Half an em
21. Sacred word of the Hindus
22. Pronoun
23. King of Basham (Bib.)
24. Exclamation of surprise
25. Exclamation of pain
27. Decay
28. Former
29. To rest
30. Pronoun
31. Mistress (Abbrev.)
32. Egg (French)
33. Versus (Abbrev.)
34. That is (Abbrev.)
35. To rake lengthwise with shot
36. America (Abbrev.)
37. You (Spanish familiar form)
38. Blame
39. Mountains (Abbrev.)
40. To bark
41. A digit of the foot
43. Flat cord
44. Hollywood's term for closing aperture of camera gradually
45. A marsh
46. Word describing picture that receives public acclaim
47. Parent
51. Location for taking movies
52. Seed of an apple
53. Famous cowboy actor
55. Private beach of the stars
57. Popular dance
58. Loiter
59. Featured in "The Silver Cord"
61. Robert Montgomery starred in "——— Below"
64. Her last name is Carol
65. Hot (Scot.)
67. Sacred word of the Hindus
68. Actress who started latest trousers fad
69. Antonym for liability
70. To depart
71. An imitation of an owl's cry
72. A number
73. Name for well-known flake soap
75. An assimilated form of ad
76. Parent
77. To plunge or immerse
78. Played opposite Janet Gayner in "State Fair"
80. Festivity; gayety
82. His last name is Montgomery
83. Sun God
85. Sound made by an intoxicated person
86. Prefix denoting two or twice
87. One of the Marx Brothers
88. Note of the diatonic scale
89. To exchange
90. Also
91. A vessel; vase
95. Tubercle bacillus (Abbrev.)
98. Toward
101. Your answer when invited to see a good movie

3 Down

103 Across

Courtesy La Vie Parisienne Paris

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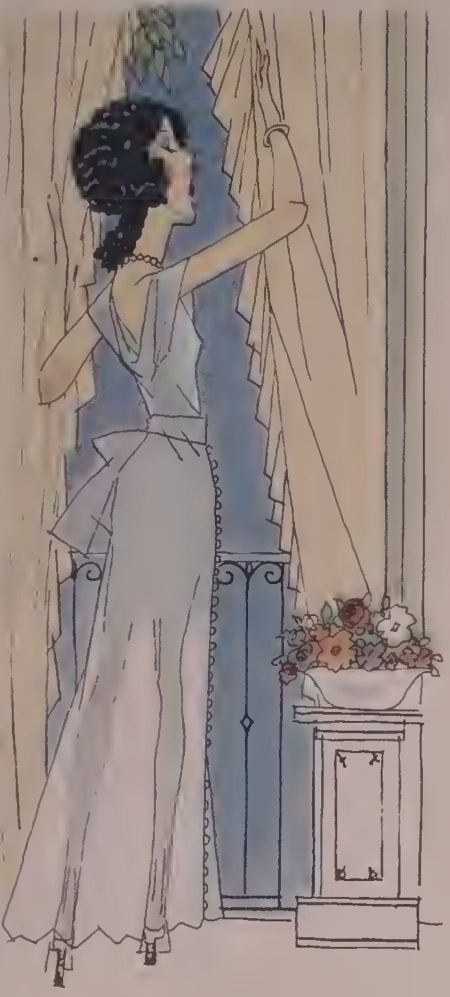
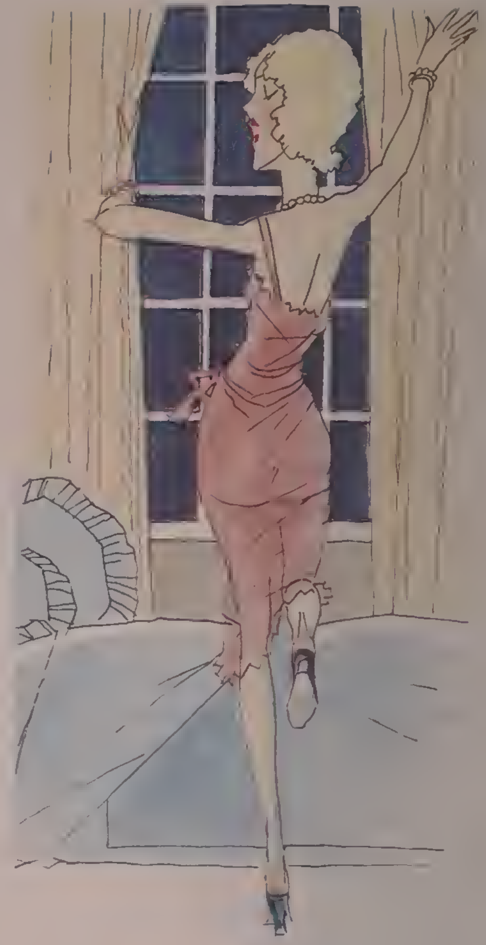


"How to Save Money on Home Decorations"

by JOHN HELD, Jr.



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